

AROUND THE EARTH OCCURRENCES THEREIN TO AVOID STRIKES.

THE VIEWS OF REPRESENTATIVE STORER.

Chicago's Credit Shaky—Pante in an Abstract Office—Statistics Upon American Merchant Marine—Robinson Is Dead—Bear Broke Her Rib.

Told in a Few Words.
Representative Bellamy Storer, of the Commerce committee of the House, and one of the leaders in formulating legislation affecting railroads and commerce, says: "The recommendations of the National Strike Commission cannot be embodied into law at the present session, as the time is too short to take up such a great question. But a law on the general lines suggested by the commission is sure to come at an early day, and railroad men will consult their own interests if they will not be hired and discharged at will, but must be hired for a definite time, usually a year, and the Federal law protects them in the execution of this contract. The Government has been so careful to guard this class of employees that sailors have the extreme right of libeling a ship, and trying it up for non-payment of wages. It is rather startling, therefore, to hear surprise expressed at the suggestion that railroad and other interstate corporation employees should have the benefit of a national law. The shipping laws have demonstrated their usefulness, and we are not likely to see any unjustly discharged. There are no sailors' strikes. And the analogy between vessel-men and railroad-men is so close that what has proved to be good for one will undoubtedly be good for the other."

The Federal authorities of Chicago have begun to make the credit of the city. Tuesday the cashier in the wholesale stamp department at the postoffice refused to take a warrant on the City Treasurer for stamps. It is the general opinion that the city's credit has been seriously impaired by the failure to pay the salaries of the police and fire departments.

Sixty feet of the heavy steel smoke-stack of the University building, Chicago, was torn from its fastenings Tuesday by a terrific gust of wind and hurled westward to the roof of the building occupied by Handy & Co. Portions of the big cylinder partly cut through the roof, and a large section struck upon the big skylight, shattering the heavy glass, breaking the steel framework, and sending a shower of broken glass and deep clouds of soot into the room below, where 125 abstract clerks were hard at work. Scores of them were injured, and several were badly injured.

The report of Eugene T. Chamberlain, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, shows that on June 30, 1894, the documented merchant marine of the United States comprised 23,586 vessels, of 4,644,024 gross tons. The geographical distribution shows:

Vessels.	Gross tons.
Atlantic and Gulf coast.	7,146,274
Pacific coast.	1,520,456,350
Northern lakes.	3,341,127,401
Western rivers.	1,237,287,325
Coast and mackerel fish.	1,006,715,757

During the decade wooden vessels have increased 50,000 tons each in New York, California and Michigan. The total tonnage of the great lakes has increased 500,000 tons during the last decade, or nearly doubled. Iron and steel steam tonnage of the lakes has increased from 27,000 tons in 1885 to 290,000 tons in 1894. The total tonnage of the Pacific coast has increased 35 per cent. during the decade. The tonnage of all descriptions of San Francisco port is 307,226; Cleveland, 294,734; Port Arthur, Mich., 171,028; Detroit, 161,846; St. Louis, 122,746; Milwaukee, 83,767.

Antonio Robinetti, the world's greatest pianist and musician, is dead. He passed away Tuesday at Peterhof, near St. Petersburg. The cause of his death was heart disease.

While picking grapes on a country road near Guthrie, O. T., a big black bear suddenly appeared and attacked Miss Anna Wronbrugh, lunging her sword and broke three of her ribs and terribly lacerated her body. Her injuries will likely prove fatal.

A sheet of flame from the Volcano Colima, reaching to a height of several hundred feet, is lighting the country around the City of Mexico for many miles. The inhabitants are greatly frightened.

An Italian's carelessness caused an explosion in a mine at Collier's Station, W. Va. Seven men are known to be dead and four injured.

Toki, dispatch: It is learned that the Japanese Government has sent its reply to the note of United States Minister Dun asking whether a tender by the President of the United States of his good offices in the interest of restoring peace in the East and to the United States of Japan. Although the friendly sentiments which prompted the Government and people of the United States were deeply appreciated, the success of the Japanese seems had been such that China should approach Japan directly on the subject.

Mary Stevenson, oldest daughter of the Vice President, is critically ill at Asheville, N. C.

During a quarrel William Sheehan, a saloon-keeper at Croton Dam, N. Y., was shot and killed by his sister Mary. She claims to have acted in self-defense.

An annex to E. S. Jaffray & Co.'s New York dry-goods store was destroyed. A loss of \$300,000 was caused.

An attempt was made to wreck the first post-bound and the Atlantic Shore Road. The world-beat train-wreckers placed a pile of ties across the track, but a track-walker discovered and removed the obstruction.

Denmark has placed an embargo on American cattle and fresh meat.

The New York Retail Grocers' Union has appointed a committee to draft resolutions denouncing the selling of groceries in department stores.

DE BLUE-BLOODED TURKEY.

"His turkey 'as been reekin' on, 'Dil 'bout fo' months er go. Done broke 'is laig er flyin' on my shaid. He caught hit to de troubl, En den foul back 'is on. En lit on top ob 'de auntie's haid."

"We dectah'd 'im de bus' we could, En let 'im hab 'is run, En Elick made 'im up a par ob crutches, But 'e acts like 'is ter blame 'Fo' 'is fate or 'is lame, 'Bis he tracks de stoop on ebery whar 'e touches."

He seen ter palg er roon' all right, 'Es wot 's 'e did befo', 'Eit might be dat 'is off 'is leg is painfol, 'I hate ter see 'im hobble, 'But, goodness lan', 'is gobbles 'Is monus loud en do sou' so didadainfol."

Well, 'I fixed 'im up apa'ntments whar 'is roon' roon' by 'imself, 'Whar nobdy could fool wid 'im er ketch 'im."

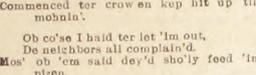


LIT ON TOP OB AUNTIE'S HAIR.

"'Im I stuffed 'im wid er nuff Ob de very best ob stuff, 'But 'is 'is de lines' fodder would' tetch 'im."

En side ob libblin' in de coop 'He gobbled all night long, 'En looked down on mah older fowls wid scornful, 'He come up all mah cocks, 'En all mah Plymouth Rocks 'Commenced ter crow en kep hit up till mornin'."

Ob co's 'I had ter let 'im out, 'De neighbors all complain'd, 'Mos' 'em said dey 's he'y feed 'im plin."



'HE SEEMS TER PAIG ER ROON' ALL RIGHT."

"But sance 'is turn'd 'im loose 'Is gettin' mo' abuse 'Fo' de way 'is spe'll in gardens 'is su'prisin'."

He's all de time er scierin' roon', 'En mos' 'is neighbors chasin' and er shoalin', 'De last washday while 'is scrabblin', 'E'y want de nuff 'imbin'."

'E done stole roon' en drunk up all 'er bluin', 'Hi wish 'is'd take 'im ob mah hands, 'En humor'd 'im so much, 'Hi kaint ezactly seem ter feel secure; 'E'y want de nuff 'imbin'."

'E'll find 'is er blue-blooded fowl 'o' shab."



—Ben King.

DOLLARS AND CENTS.

Thanksgiving day—a poor day to be traveling. Nevertheless, the Chicago express speeding toward Elmira, N. Y., has on board John De Long of Chicago, a fine, 30-year-old man. He is feeling in a hurry to get home for the arrival of the train at Elmira. On the station platform, in response to his telegram, are two gentlemen—Mr. Richard Robbins and Mr. Alfred Jameson—classmates and residents of Elmira. Jack jumps off, and an animated conversation follows. At this juncture a group appears upon the station platform—two young ladies, an elderly lady, and a 10-year-old girl.

"Jack—'Boys, who's the young lady in the ulster? I've seen her somewhere?"

"Dick—"Miss Dodge; you met her here last winter at our German. Don't you know the one in sealskin?"

"The young lady in the ulster bows to Jack's friends. The girl in sea skin enters the parlor car, opens the window and converses with her friends.

"Whispered chorus—"Can't you introduce me, boys?"

"Have'n't the nerve to do it, o' er on the elderly party."

Jack interrupting the conversation goes on through the window, and making a most profound bow to Miss Dodge—"Fardon me, Miss Dodge! Ah um—you remember me—Mr. De Long of Chicago?"

Miss Dodge's face reveals the fact that she doesn't, but she murmurs something politely indefinite.

"See you have a friend—we're in the same car—ah um—won't you be kind enough to introduce me?"

"At this critical point the conductor strikes the bell—All aboard!"

"Is this Dodge—Why, certainly. De-lighted, I'm sure. Isabel! Let me in-

roduce my friend, Mr. De Long. Miss Raymond, Mr. De Long. He's in your car."

"Mr. De Long," "Miss Raymond," "Jack takes a hasty adieu of Mr. Robbins and Mr. Jameson, and springs on board just as the train starts."

"He enters the parlor-car and takes a seat opposite Miss Raymond. Beside her sits the 10-year-old girl. He'd forgotten all about her."

"Hum—pleasant ray," "Yes, delight," "Do you think it will snow to-morrow?"

With this auspicious beginning the conversation proceeds pleasantly and easily until interrupted by the entrance of the train conductor and the parlor car conductor. Miss Reynolds gives her ticket and pays \$2 for her seat to Buffalo, her destination.

Train Conductor (tapping little girl on shoulder)—"Ticket."

Parlor Car Conductor (tapping little girl on the other shoulder)—"Two dollars to Buffalo!"

Little Girl—"I don't pay any fare."

T. C.—"Under 12 and over 5; half fare."

C. C.—"You take up a whole seat just like a grown person."

"She's under my charge, but her mother said she wouldn't have to pay fare. Where's your purse, Lizzie?"

C. C.—"I have it here."

Miss Raymond (examining her purse and much distressed at the result)—"I haven't money enough. What shall I do?"

T. C.—"Pay fare, anyway."

P. C. C.—"This little girl can go forward in the regular coaches."

Miss Raymond finds enough in her purse to pay half fare to Buffalo and hands it to the train conductor.

During this scene Jack has been intently looking out of the window in a decidedly unpleasant frame of mind.

His heart is not by any means broken at the prospect of losing the company of the little girl, but when he thinks he sees just a suspicion of a glister under Miss Raymond's downcast lids, with their heavy, soft lashes, he can stand it no longer.

Jack (producing his one five-dollar bill with the air of a millionaire)—"Allow me, Miss Raymond. Here, conductor."

The parlor-car conductor takes his money without the slightest scruple, returns Jack \$3, and passes on. Jack devotes the next ten minutes to assuring Miss Raymond that it is not of the slightest consequence, that it will not inconvenience him in the least of the world, etc. Miss Raymond says she will send it to him the next morning and asks his address in Buffalo. When she finds he's going through Chicago she is more distressed than ever, and declares she will not let it be known from her uncle that very night when he meets her at the depot. Of course her distress gives Jack an opportunity to say a great many things of a sort suited to the circumstances, and he ends like a juggler with the little girl, it is really a very interesting conversation that is interrupted by the appearance of a brakeman and a sound that resembles "Nell-vilentyimint-freshment."

"Thinking he will get his \$2 at Buffalo, a-ks if he may get them some 'freshment.' The decline, with thanks. He excuses himself, invests in a sandwich, a cup of coffee, and a package of cigarettes—40 cents. He then hunts for the depot at Buffalo, and pays him \$2 for the berth he had engaged, leaving 72 cents in the treasury. He then draws the parlor-car conductor aside.

"Conductor, I have a berth in the sleeping car and a young lady in my charge has seats in your car as far as Buffalo. I'd like to sit with them and see that they get through safely."

"Sorry, sir, but if you sit in the parlor car you'll have to pay. But it's only 50 cents."

Jack hands over 50 cents and rejoins Miss Raymond. The little girl goes to sleep; also the passengers. Time flies with a vengeance, and all too soon the train pulls up at the depot at Buffalo. They alight to meet Miss Raymond's uncle. The uncle kisses Miss Raymond with affection, but looks inquiringly at Jack. Miss Raymond introduces Jack. The uncle is not what one would call cordial. Miss Raymond is distressed beyond measure—"rattled." Jack relieves the tension by taking formal leave of Miss Raymond, nodding to the uncle, and seeking his berth in the sleeper. Time, 12:30 a. m.; distance sleeping home, several hundred miles; cash in the exchequer, 22 cents.

It is charity to draw a veil over the next day—5 cents for coffee and a sandwich for breakfast at Saratoga; five cents for a glass of milk for dinner at Marshall, Mich., noted for its fried chicken, its cold roast beef, its hot rolls; the 8 o'clock supper at the De Long mansion in Chicago that frightened his mother and astonished his father.

A week later a daily letter, post-marked "Buffalo, arrives. Jack opens it and finds a \$2 bill and a conventionally polite note of thanks, regrets for any inconvenience, etc. It is signed, "Yours sincerely, Isabel Raymond."

But Jack looks no can read between the lines, for below is "No. 173 Rhodes avenue."

Thanksgiving Day again. A bad day for traveling, but John De Long of Chicago does not look as if he regarded it as such. He is on his way to the Chicago express at Buffalo. And this fragment of conversation had rather a sound of thanksgiving than otherwise.

"Do you remember, Jack how you stalked me that night in the depot at Buffalo? I never expected to see you again. You looked positively savage. I fairly hated my dear old Uncle Bob."

"He was a trifle chilly. And then to see you waste a kiss on him and peer out of the corner of your eye, as much as to say, 'Don't you wish—'"

"I didn't—and s'pose I did?"

"By the way, how much do you suppose I had in my pocket when I said good-by?"

"I don't know. You put on airs enough for a millionaire."

"Just 22 cents."

"Why, you're kidding. I follow you must have starved! It served you right, though, scraping acquaintance with strange girls on a train. You won't do it any more will you, Jack? There! there!—I'll just repay you."

"No! you'll have to take that very same trip with me to make it square."

"But Jack! Do take more than 22 cents—there'll be two of us, you know."

"Taking a much worn letter from his pocketbook, opening it, and producing

a \$3 bill Jack said: "Isabel Raymond, did you even see that before?"

"Yes—no! I don't know."

"Yes you do. Read what's written right under your name in this letter."

Isabel (reading)—"I hereby dedicate this filthy letter to a dinner for one, to be eaten at Marshall Mich., the one to be John De Long and Isabel De Long, his wife. D. V."

"Ah, Jack, you won my heart that night in the car. But you wouldn't be stingy enough to leave out that dear little girl—"

"Wouldn't? There won't be any little girl around that trip to—"

"Hush, you wretch!"

TURKEY AND OYSTER SAUCE.

Directions for Preparing an Epicurean Thanksgiving Dish.

OILED turkey should be cooked exactly as the regular roast turkey, except that after being trussed it is bound in a white cloth and boiled continuously for from one hour and a quarter to one and a half, according as its weight varies from six to ten pounds. It is usually dressed with oyster sauce. To make oyster sauce, save all the juice in opening the oysters; cut off the beads and put them to boil in the liquor with a bit of mace and lemon peel; put the oysters into cold water and drain them, strain the liquor; add to it the oysters just drained from the cold water, with a lump of butter rubbed in a little flour and enough milk to make the amount of sauce required. Put on the fire and let it boil a few moments, stirring constantly. Serve at once. A little squeeze of lemon is an improvement.

Thanksgiving Day in the Barnyard.

He thinks the white plumes of the celery here.

Are waving him welcome, and when The glistering steel meets the turkey so fair.

It reminds him of old times again.

Perhaps at a table as dainty as yours.

Each guest an agreeable friend.

Be once to a robber made blind overtures And its texture was pleased to commend.

Perhaps he dispensed with the grace of a king.

The vintage of France and the Rhine.

And repeated each plate with a "drumstick" or wing.

As their preference each guest might define.

Perhaps—if you noticed him closely, you'd see.

A something familiar you know?

Perhaps—looking closer, you'd find him to be.

Somebody you used to know you.

Perhaps—well, it's hard to describe, but perhaps.

He would make your Thanksgiving seem real.

Just watch and you'll find one of these hungry chaps.

Whom I show you how thankful to feel!

—George E. Bowen.

ITS ORIGIN.

In 1621 Gov. Bradford Ordered the First Thanksgiving Day.

So far as history shows, the Jews had the custom of making thank offerings, a feature of which was the eating of the meat offered. This custom probably came from the older races with which the Jews were thrown.

The Greeks and the Romans had feast days. In 1575 the city of Leyden, in Holland, held thanksgiving on Oct. 3, the anniversary of the raising of the siege of the city, and a few weeks later the Pilgrims sought refuge in Holland, and sailed thence for this continent.

In 1621 Gov. Bradford ordered the first Thanksgiving Day.

So far as history shows, the Jews had the custom of making thank offerings, a feature of which was the eating of the meat offered. This custom probably came from the older races with which the Jews were thrown.

The Greeks and the Romans had feast days. In 1575 the city of Leyden, in Holland, held thanksgiving on Oct. 3, the anniversary of the raising of the siege of the city, and a few weeks later the Pilgrims sought refuge in Holland, and sailed thence for this continent.

In 1621 Gov. Bradford ordered the first Thanksgiving Day.

So far as history shows, the Jews had the custom of making thank offerings, a feature of which was the eating of the meat offered. This custom probably came from the older races with which the Jews were thrown.

The Greeks and the Romans had feast days. In 1575 the city of Leyden, in Holland, held thanksgiving on Oct. 3, the anniversary of the raising of the siege of the city, and a few weeks later the Pilgrims sought refuge in Holland, and sailed thence for this continent.

In 1621 Gov. Bradford ordered the first Thanksgiving Day.

So far as history shows, the Jews had the custom of making thank offerings, a feature of which was the eating of the meat offered. This custom probably came from the older races with which the Jews were thrown.

The Greeks and the Romans had feast days. In 1575 the city of Leyden, in Holland, held thanksgiving on Oct. 3, the anniversary of the raising of the siege of the city, and a few weeks later the Pilgrims sought refuge in Holland, and sailed thence for this continent.

In 1621 Gov. Bradford ordered the first Thanksgiving Day.

So far as history shows, the Jews had the custom of making thank offerings, a feature of which was the eating of the meat offered. This custom probably came from the older races with which the Jews were thrown.

The Greeks and the Romans had feast days. In 1575 the city of Leyden, in Holland, held thanksgiving on Oct. 3, the anniversary of the raising of the siege of the city, and a few weeks later the Pilgrims sought refuge in Holland, and sailed thence for this continent.

In 1621 Gov. Bradford ordered the first Thanksgiving Day.

So far as history shows, the Jews had the custom of making thank offerings, a feature of which was the eating of the meat offered. This custom probably came from the older races with which the Jews were thrown.

The Greeks and the Romans had feast days. In 1575 the city of Leyden, in Holland, held thanksgiving on Oct. 3, the anniversary of the raising of the siege of the city, and a few weeks later the Pilgrims sought refuge in Holland, and sailed thence for this continent.



REMEMBER THE OTHER FELLOW.

To-day, as you sit at your Thanksgiving feast,

And smile on the turkey, done brown, Just pause ere you eat—it won't hurt you the least—

And imagine yourself 'twixt the town."

Perhaps, even now, through the window there peers

Some fellow who's staving for bread, Just think of his starving scatter his half-frozen tears

To be asked in and decently fed.

Of course he is ragged and looks rather "tough."

Why a matter? He's hungry, that's plain. Your table is groaning with more than enough;

O, don't let his pleading be vain!

Just look at those features; he's clever, no doubt,

Perhaps, free-hearted and kind. He's sheltered his friends—been in turn crowded out.

And to sorrowful Fate has resigned.

Don't think that he envies your damask and plate,

Or is planning for plunder and poif. The vision just holds him out there at the gate;

For he's hungrier, man, than yourself!

He thinks the white plumes of the celery here.

Are waving him welcome, and when The glistering steel meets the turkey so fair.

It reminds him of old times again.

Perhaps at a table as dainty as yours.

Each guest an agreeable friend.

Be once to a robber made blind overtures And its texture was pleased to commend.

Perhaps he dispensed with the grace of a king.

The vintage of France and the Rhine.

And repeated each plate with a "drumstick" or wing.

As their preference each guest might define.

Perhaps—if you noticed him closely, you'd see.

A something familiar you know?

Perhaps—looking closer, you'd find him to be.

Somebody you used to know you.

Perhaps—well, it's hard to describe, but perhaps.

He would make your Thanksgiving seem real.

Just watch and you'll find one of these hungry chaps.

Whom I show you how thankful to feel!

—George E. Bowen.

PREPARING TO OBSERVE THE DAY.

"Thanksgiving Day," in 1623 a second was celebrated, and a third was held in 1622. The Dutch in the New Netherlands had such days in 1643, 1645, 1655 and 1663; and the English held them in New York City, in 1755 and 1760. There were no thanksgiving days at various times during our revolution, Congress appointing them, and when the American prayer-book was prepared provision was made for a yearly thanksgiving day on the first Thursday in November, unless the civil authority should appoint some other day. Thanksgiving Day was kept by State authority in New England, and by the Episcopal church in other parts of the country until 1840, when President Lincoln, at the suggestion of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, proclaimed a national day of thanksgiving. Since then we have had such a day every year. Canada has adopted the custom, the third or fourth Thursday of November being taken.

Thanksgiving Joys.
The watermelon days have gone. Green apples are no more. And peaches ripe no longer gripe The small boy, as of yore.

The ginger bottle's put away, And mother can now rest; And father's old pipe, when he hears That pain beneath his vest.

Thanksgiving Day is almost gone, And peace reigns o'erhead; And mother's joy—her own sweet boy—is trundled off to bed.

Yet what are those unearthly sounds That pierce the midnight air? And what's that throbbing noise we hear Come rumbling down the stair?

It is our little household pet, Who tumbles up on high, And wags an equal fight With turkey and mince pie.—Tom Mason, in Life.

Would Kill a Man.