



## STATE NEWS.

### Luce's Proclamation.

The following is Gov. Luce's Thanksgiving proclamation:

"The absence of famine and far-reaching pestilence and the unfeigned comfort and prosperity of our people have all contributed through the energy and goodness of an all-wise and over-seeing Providence. In recognition of the blessings, and in harmony with the sentiments of a thankful people, I do hereby appoint Thursday, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1888, as a day of general thanksgiving and praise. Upon that day let all remember and be grateful, by thought, word and deed, that in our own commonwealth of Michigan we are among the favored of people, and may our gratitude find expression in praise to Almighty God. Let the happiness that may come in the preservation of health, the success of our projects, the reunion of friends or through other channels be increased to each of us by some generous gift to another more unfortunate than ourselves. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed before the great seal of the state, this 10th day of November, A. D. 1888."

### Luce's Majority.

The official election returns from the counties of Munising, 10,000; Alpena, Manistee and Marquette have not yet been certified, but the total vote of every other county in the state has been reported. These show the following total votes cast for president: Hayes, 74,710; Cleveland, 20,480; Tilden, 1,100; Greeley, 1,100. Hayes's plurality is 53,230.

The state returns reported are said to tally nearly with those of the official plankholders, and will probably move from the above totals.

The government agents have arranged their meetings at Detroit, Chicago, Toledo, and Cincinnati. The returns to date from will probably very much increase that figure.

### Another Aberrant Affray.

A fight between two lumbermen occurred at 10 o'clock in the morning between John Allen and Frank W. Stover, by John Stover, who lives in Brown City. The latter had come to cut timber on the Allen farm. At 10 o'clock the two men started to fight. Allen was hit in the head with a log and fell to the ground. Stover then struck him in the face and Allen died.

The lumbermen association will meet in Jackson on Nov. 2.

The Lansing lumbermen's association has called a meeting to bar from

the Toledo & Ann Arbor machine shops in Toledo, who have begun work on a locomotive. A resident of Muskegon was killed in twisting the body of a deer which he had killed, some 10 days ago, when the bullet passed through the skull and the bullet fell on his head, crushing his skull. He died two days later.

A widow named Mrs. Winter of Bay City, while going home was assaulted and robbed of \$10, which she had just received from her brother at the depot. The officers of both cities are on the lookout for highwaymen.

James M. Boeche's livery barn, with all its contents, including five horses, buggies and harnesses, at Vandalia were burned to the other morning.

The cause of the fire is supposed to be incendiary. The buildings were owned by George Townsend.

John Jackson, one of the oldest settlers of Pinckney, dropped dead the other night.

The Michigan lumbermen's association will meet in Jackson December 12.

The widow of Wm. F. H. French of the Grand Trunk who was killed last July in an accident on that road, has started an action against the company for \$5,000 damages.

Henry Gilbert, an East Saginaw coal expert, is the promoter and manager of the Saginaw coal company, who are prospecting at Westfield. Mr. Gilbert says he has found a vein of coal which is supposed to be inexhaustible. The building was owned by George Townsend.

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## THE SOUL'S THANKS.

BY CARL AZEVEDO.

There is no joy in all this earth,  
There is no bird to sing,  
Scarce through the cold and silent air  
Some brown leaves quiver.  
Wen Nature in the dust of death  
Has cast her hope away,  
A sober joy, a braver faith  
Most glory to us.  
  
What music is in singing days,  
O soul, till thou rejoicest  
God's dumb creation patiently  
Is waiting for thy voice.  
For when this solemn bush is laid  
On all the lesser things,  
Then the sweetest bird He made  
Serenely soars and sings.  
  
What shall we render? Thanks alone  
For treasures of the dust!  
For beauty blighted in the frost!  
For wealth that turns to rust!  
The heavens lie deeper; Sing,  
O heart, though faint and sad;  
The gift thy poverty may bring  
Shall make thy Father glad.  
  
His peace shall fall where penitence  
lays down its burdened years,  
And grief that cannot smile as yet  
May consecrate its tears.  
He listens deep as deepest woe  
To hear the song begin.  
Whose grand rejoicing overflows—  
Shall ring His kingdom in.  
  
O love, that of thy dearest gifts  
Are still the dearest part!  
It is the sun and seal of bliss  
To see Thee as thou art.  
And we who see not yet can sing,  
Half knowing we are blest;  
In every winter Thou art spring  
In every winter we rest.

## THANKSGIVING THEN.

Remembered for Polly.

BY ETHEL TERRY COOKE.

Get up in my lap, Polly, and I'll tell you all about Thanksgiving when I was a little girl. Dear me! that is a long time ago, and sometimes mamma thinks there will never be any more such days, even for your little girls; but, after all, I know you do no more than now. I must begin with my grandmother's kitchen: for I know you will never see a kitchen like that. It was large and low, with two windows opening out on the back yard, out of whose green, knotty panes I used to watch the pigeons and the cats and see what Mammie was doing at the barn when it was too cold for me to play on the wood-pile or in the carriage house. There were all sorts of closets and cupboards about the kitchen, and a sun-room and kettle room opening out of it, and beyond these a well room. But the queerest thing of all was the fireplace. It was very wide indeed—so wide you could sit in each corner and look up the chimney to the sky. The fire was in the middle and was made of big logs piled up, on great iron stands; then there was an iron thing called a crane, a fat, strong bar of iron, that swung of a nail so you could put on the kettle without burning your arms in the same, and then swinging back to their place. They were hung in hooks, and these hooks put into short studs, that had other hooks which held them in the crane, so the pots-hooks could be put in higher or lower just as was needed. There was a bake-kettle stood in one corner of the chimney, and a charcoal furnace in the other, so that you could cook a great many things at once. What fun we children had here at that fireplace, when the cook was goodnatured. We used to tie apples to strings, and then fasten the strings to the shelf above and see the apples twirl and coast and drip into saucers. We used to melt loaf-sugar in little wrocks baskets tied to just such strings, and see it drop into battered pans, making cakes of clear amber candy. We had frozen apples in the dish-kettle, and roasted ears of corn by heating them against the andirons. We always begged the pigs' tails at "rolling time," and, rolling them in brown paper, baked them in the hot ashes. They never were good, nobody ever ate them; but we persisted in doing it year after year. But I am forgetting Thanksgiving. In those days we always began to get ready for it on Monday; for there were a great many people to come—aunts and uncles and cousins—and they must have more than they could possibly eat, or it would not be Thanksgiving. So Monday we began to stow raisins and cut up citron. My sister and I lived with my grandfather, and we had other cousins in the same town who came there every day; and I can tell you, little girls and boys were made useful then. I often wonder what you would do in these days if you had to help as much as we did. We stoned raisins, and picked over cranberries, and washed Santa currants, and sliced citron, and beat eggs till our arms ached. Sometimes I had to run up and down hill to the dressmakers; for if I had a new winter dress, it was always made for Thanksgiving, and so was my winter coat and hat. Monday the cake was made and the cranberry sauce. I never see such cranberry sauce now. It was hard as jelly and poured into molds which turned out stiff and smooth. But Monday was not so nice a day as Tuesday, for then we had apples to peel and wash and core, so they could be steamed and strained and spiced for the next day; great le-roz-colored mashed apples to cut up for the pot, and then the delight of seeing them rubbed in soft streams through the soft lemons to grate for the padding, and eggs to beat for the calves-foot jelly, that was a long time in making, and was at last poored into odd old-fashioned eye-glasses, where it looked like white wine. To-day also bread was made and baked. The great brick oven cracked and roared a long time, then it was cleaned of its coals and swept with a damp broom, and then one after another the white swelling loaves were put in the pans pushed to the end by a large shovel, with a very long handle, called a slice. Then Mary filled a stone jar with baking peat; put it in a cup of molasses and two or three of water, put on the cover, and fastened it down, all round

with a roll of dough. This went into the oven, where the bread came out, and stayed there till next morning. By that time the peats were soft and deep red, and the air full filled with syrup. How tired we were Tuesday night! But we did not mind tire, for Thanksgiving was coming, and really next day it began to come, for this was pie day. There in the kitchen Grandmother could be heard long before breakfast pounding the crust with her rolling pin, while the big oven rained and roared; and Mary baked biscuit in a little tin-oven before the fire, or a big shortcake on a pewter platter, set up again; a fatton and beld in place ty's stick browned and crisp steadily before the bright blaze. Then if I was good, I was allowed to tuck myself into a corner and look on and run of errands. I went for nutmegs for cinnamon, for pie-dishes, for more sugar, for milk and spoons and spices; but I was more than paid if I could only watch Grandmother roll the thick crust out, lay it so evenly over the dishes, shave off the edge so close, and then, after filling it with the red or yellow, or creamy mixture before her fat big bowls, cut strips of paste with the dough-spur and ornament their surfaces. What a work of skill it was to set those pies in the oven and never spill a drop or slop the broadedges of crust and leave a smear! How delicious they smell when they come out, glazed and crisp, and fit to melt in your mouth like the creams of Bedreddin Hassan!

And all this time somebody else has been cutting up chickens, and packing their nicely-jointed bodies away in an iron pot for the chicken pie. There they sit, being now and then tormented with a fork to see how they are doing; while Grandmother makes more crust and pounds it "like a Trojan" as the old sewing-woman used to say. Now the last pies are out and set on the buttery shelves—almost forty of them, as well as a small girl can count, rising on tiptoe and stretching her neck to see. There are cranberry tarts—lakes of clear crimson jelly in a store ofaky crust, with ornamental bridles across; apple tarts, dark with spice, their shining brown surfaces setting off the delicate cream-colored rims; squash pies (which we always called pumpkin pies), their pale yellow substance savory with ginger cinnamon and cream and eggs, besides the squash. Maribore's puddings rich enough to give an elephant despatch and which in my secret heart I always thought were made of pomatum, they looked so clear and yellow and stod so of tempo-peel—just as pouponna smells. Mince pies were never made in our house till Christmas; but we had covered apple pies, where the apples were piled in with out sugar or spice, till the covering crust looked like a bag of walnuts. And when these were baked, that upper crust was lifted off and the inside carefully mixed with butter, sugar and nutmegs and then the top replaced. This was a delightful performance to behold. Now was the chicken pie's turn. The oven was re-heated, and the great pastry, in a deep yellow dish, set out to bake, adorned with twigs and curlers or every sort, and a hole left in the top, much to my childish wonder. For the guests might come, and come they did—some from the other room, where they had spent a long wear, down some from the stage, that rattled and jumbled up to the door, and includes there more boudoirs and bairns than it ought to have had. And all who com it was to heat the house with fresh voices to see our dear, handsome old grandfather, who, using them all so heartily, to hear him crackle in the spare room and in the drawing room; to see the tea-table with an extra leaf for extra guests; and see them all eat by the hand and butter, the loaf cake, the cookies, the dried beef, the peans and cream that nobody ever got so nice anywhere but at grandmother's house. And then there was the last delight of the day, to see mother just as I was dropping off into sleep, starting close to the lamp to take in a bit of old lace into the throat of my green merino dress and pin on the front her own little pin of rouge garnet gold. Oh my mother.

Are you, dear, Polly?" "Come on." It is well for me to have her little girl likes "talker-tete," as the Indians say; for those days are gone, fresh in my mind, and sometimes I can't help crying when I think about them, and then I forget how much I have said. But the next day is Thanksgiving. Grandfather is down stairs early, and has a big bright fire all ready; and there is a sweet, gentle Aunt Clara, with the last baby beside her knee, and a smile and a kiss for all of us; there are half a dozen cousins and five or six other aunts and uncles; and I get into a corner, silent and shy. I love them all, but I couldn't say so, possibly. So I get out of sight; I can, swallow my breakfast, and am happily at play under the table with paper boats and handkerchief babies and my dearest cousin Tat, the dearest begin the world, thinking we might escape for me to be washed and dressed and go to church. Tat is a big man now and a general. He has taken posts, and conquered rebels and been trailed about the world from pillar to post, and been praised by the newspapers and honored by the country, but I last him not long ago if he remembered how we played boats under the table, and I have laughed and said he did.

I'm sorry to say I didn't like to be washed and dressed and go to church, Polly. My nose was always runred up, and soap got into my eyes, and my hair braided in dreadfully tight pig-tails. I wanted to stay at home and see the big turkey roasted in the roaster. I should have liked to baste him through the lid behind and starned him on the spit. I wanted to help set clothes into the cold ham, and scoop the mashed potato before it was put to brown in the reector, but I had to go to church for all that in my plain colored pelisse and the pea-green silk hood lined with pink and edged with squirrel fur, that was made for me out of a piece of old Aunt Eunice's petticoat. She left two of them—one sky-blue and one pea-green, quilted in towers, and scrolls and in the most elegant manner; and they made beautiful hoods. Hoh. But then there was church. We sat in a semi-circle close by, the pulpit and when the long prayer came I always got upon the seat and bent down and looked out of the window into the graveyard. There were two tombstones under the window, very small and brown, with a disagreeable cheub's head on each of

them and letters to tell about Mr. Joseph Hancock and two little sons, from New Hampshire living there. I used to wonder if they liked to be buried there and have buffaloes grow over them. I never did like buffaloes. Then I looked around a little at the people, and gaped a good deal, and slid down into my seat and heard Dr. Hawes come so very near the end, and say "Finally." Then I brightened up, and pretty soon they sang a hymn out of Dwight's hymn book, and old Mrs. Ellery, in the widow's slip, sung, "She hat a very sweet cracked voice," and I used to wonder what made her sing. But there was only one hymn. The rest were anthems and solo pieces, very loud and long. So was the sermon. The Doctor thumped the cushions and made a deal of noise, and I did not know about politeness, and got so tired. It seemed to me very hard that we had to go to church on a week day. But I suppose they wanted us out of the way at home. For when we got back there was the long table all set out with silver and glass and chinaware, the big bunch of cutery in the middle, in its sparkling glass vase, the moulds of crimson cranberry and the dough-spur and ornament their surfaces. What a work of skill it was to set those pies in the oven and never spill a drop or slop the broadedges of crust and leave a smear! How delicious they smell when they come out, glazed and crisp, and fit to melt in your mouth like the creams of Bedreddin Hassan.

But the room of a society girl whose name I could mention but may not, the odd things upon the walls and lying scattered about, writes Clara Belle in the Cincinnati Enquirer, are a wonderful mystery to the uninformed. A variety of cigars suspended from the baited by different-hued ribbons or a bunch of cigarettes attached to a picture frame by means of a large ribbon bow, these are easily known for what they are; but a pretty little box on the toilet table with the inscription: "Cremated July 12, 1887," calls for many a guess. The opened lid discloses a small heap of gray ashes with another inscription: "Mount Desert, July 12, 1887." It is the ash of a cigar smoked by the fair owner during a mild flirtation of the last season. A parcel of game trophies won in fencing matches occupies a prominent all space, and a velvet plaque mounted with pipes of all kinds from common clay, through cob and briarwood to meerschaum, are souvenirs of gentleman friends. All sorts of riding whips rise like cat tails from a large vase, a pair of ears marked "Isles of Shoals," are crossed over the door, and a genuine fish net is draped over a piece of statuary. These are quite common souvenirs of vacation delights and tender recollections, but many of the girls tie with each other in collecting oddities. One of them exhibits a tiny Japanese bowl filled with shining objects of ivory whiteness.

"These are the first teeth of my friends' tables," she explains. One has a punch bowl half filled with clippings of hair.

"From mustaches," she mysteriously whispers.

"From mustaches that have ventured dangerously near," the other grissay, "and who has a fancy for carrying some pretty gold scissors sheathed at her belt."

She herself decides that she is collecting hair for a hammock pillow on which to dream of what might have been. They do say that many an adolescent mustache has so suffered from those pretty gold scissors that the wearer has had to shave and begin over again. It might not be safe to infer that the hit-and-miss were surrendered gallantly as a tribute for a kiss.

In the same room a silken banner with designs from the cigar boxes of the favorite brands of favored friends, fringed with cigar ribbons, makes an ornamental affair, and feathers of dance orders and german favors are prettily arranged about photographs.

## AN IMPROVISED AIR-GUN.

Apparently an empty bottle, but really a very full one—a neat trick.

It is generally known that air is an elastic substance, but few persons have any idea how extremely sensitive it is to pressure. A New York *Mail and Express* reporter has the fact impressed upon him by the humorous demonstration of a professor in physics whom he had called upon in a college laboratory.

"Where shall I place this empty bottle?" asked the professor's young assistant, taking from the table a wide-mouth bottle which had been used in some experiment before the class.

"Take care, that bottle is not empty!" replied the professor, carefully taking the bottle from him, "there is something very powerful in it." He then took a small cork from the drawer and holding the bottle in a horizontal position placed the cork in the neck and said to the assistant, "Blow that cork into the bottle; we'll see if there is room for it." The boy brought his mouth quite near to the opening where the cork was loosely lying, and taking a long breath gave a sudden puff. To his great surprise the cork instead of falling in the bottle trembled a moment where it lay and then was forcibly blown into his face.

"You see," explained the professor, with a laugh, "that bottle is not empty. It is so full of air that no more can be blown into it. The only effect of blowing against the cork was to compress the air behind it, which is so elastic that the moment the pressure was removed it expanded quickly and forced the cork out of the neck, apparently against the current from your lungs. When you try the experiment with your friends you must see that the neck of the bottle is perfectly dry, or the cork will adhere to it and spoil the fun."

Hurt His Feelings.

"There you go!" she whispered, savagely, as he rose from his seat at the end of the third act; "another cocktail, I suppose?" "No, Mary. You wrong me," he retorted, earnestly; "it's straight whisky this time." —Puck.

It Would Relieve Her.

Inventor—I have just perfected a machine to—

His wife—oh, that's it. Why don't you invent a machine to help me with my work instead of inventing something to do the work of the men so that they can go around and drink beer?

Inventor—that's just what I have done. I've invented a contrivance that will save two-thirds of your time.

Wife—is that so? You are a dear darling of a husband, after all. What is it you have invented for me?

Inventor—A talking machine.

## SOCIETY GIRLS' ROOMS.

Some of the peculiar and unexpected things seen there.

But the room of a society girl whose name I could mention but may not, the odd things upon the walls and lying scattered about, writes Clara Belle in the Cincinnati Enquirer, are a wonderful mystery to the uninformed.

A variety of cigars suspended from the baited by different-hued ribbons or a bunch of cigarettes attached to a picture frame by means of a large ribbon bow, these are easily known for what they are; but a pretty little box on the toilet table with the inscription:

"Cremated July 12, 1887," calls for many a guess.

The opened lid discloses a small heap of gray ashes with another inscription:

"Mount Desert, July 12, 1887."

It is the ash of a cigar smoked by the fair owner during a mild flirtation of the last season.

A parcel of game trophies won in fencing matches occupies a prominent all space,

and a velvet plaque mounted with pipes of all kinds from common clay, through cob and briarwood to meerschaum,

are souvenirs of gentleman friends.

All sorts of riding whips rise like cat tails from a large vase,

a pair of ears marked "Isles of Shoals,"

are crossed over the door,

and a genuine fish net is draped over a piece of statuary.

These are quite common souvenirs of vacation delights and tender recollections, but many of the girls tie with each other in collecting oddities.

One of them exhibits a tiny Japanese bowl filled with shining objects of ivory whiteness.

"These are the first teeth of my friends' tables," she explains.

One has a punch bowl half filled with clippings of hair.

"From mustaches," she mysteriously whispers.

"From mustaches that have ventured dangerously near," the other grissay,

"and who has a fancy for carrying some pretty gold scissors sheathed at her belt."

She herself decides that she is collecting hair for a hammock pillow on which to dream of what might have been.

They do say that many an adolescent mustache has so suffered from those pretty gold scissors that the wearer has had to shave and begin over again.

It might not be safe to infer that the hit-and-miss were surrendered gallantly as a tribute for a kiss.

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# Northville Record.

E. R. REED, Editor and Prop'r.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1888.

The "flour trust" organized at Grand Rapids last week is the latest. It is a combination of the leading millers of the state to reduce their output 25 per cent so the price of flour will go up. Us poor fellows have to pay the rates.

An absent minded doctor of this place, perpetrated a good personal joke the other day. On retiring from his office, medical case in hand, to walk around a few blocks, he wrote on his coat attached to the door: "Back at 4 o'clock." On returning he abstractedly gazed on the inscription and calmly sat down on the steps to wait for him self. -Holy mackerel.

There is to be great rivalry in Washington this season between the ministers of Persia, Korea, China and Japan. They are all wealthy men and can afford to entertain, though the Chinese minister is the only one among them who has one great advantage, gossipy, in that he has a charming wife, who is fast making many warm friends in Washington.

The Rev Charles Goss, of Chicago, said in his sermon last Sunday: "On single saloon in a town of 3,000 people is more to be dreaded than all the thieves and gamblers in the state. In five years it will break up twenty-five families, cause at least three suicides and result in fifty infractions of the law. The tears cannot be counted nor the broken hearts red. God alone knows them."

If a man will chew tobacco who is addicted to the smoking ring he must have a palliative. I never found any but the following. This dropt might be recovered through a thin condensation into one of his shoes, or else it would be on where his clothes and hide would absolve and take it off. I don't know if this will be the circumstance, but nothing is better than a wide mouthful of such tea.

We find that some grain dealers are using oil to keep their seed piled upon vats in their store at some other place. We would like to ask them if it is right. The dealer does not like to have people of this village go to some other town to do their banking any more than we like to have the inhabitants go to some other town to get their printing done. We will do your printing just as cheap as we can afford to and will give as good, if not better satisfaction than outside parties support your home printer.

"The Northville Record says that the prohibition vote has increased. Will Editor Reed kindly show us here it increased?" - "No, indeed, of course we are always willing to enlighten our brethren in the dark. In '88 John had in Michigan 18,400 votes for freedom, this year 51,000. In the United States in '87 John had 157,800 and in '88 157,300, which according to our arithmetic is again in both Michigan and the United States. Another interesting fact is that in the thirty-eight states, all but two of them cast larger pro自由 than they did in '87. The two exceptions are Massachusetts and New Hampshire."

## COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Northville, Nov. 17, 1888. A special meeting of the Common Council of the village of Northville, was held in the council room Nov. 17. Meeting called to order by president Ralph. Present - trustees, VanZile, Brigham, Wild, Rose. Minutes of last meeting read and accepted.

The following bills were presented and voted on:

Bill Slaght, lighting gas pipes \$25  
B. A. Wheeler, oil etc. - 100  
John Greenough, oil & tools 100  
Linton Bros. oil - 25  
J. F. Macomber, marshals 100  
A. Hutton, Clerk - 100  
S. L. Linton, assessor - 100  
Motion presented that elect a marshal to Aug. 2 next.  
Bill presented that elect a fire chief and fireman of the village and shall be paid a salary of \$100 per month for the service etc.  
Motion presented that Marshal be required to clear the places of business before No. 10, Chippewa Street, or Section's restaurant on Sundays motion carried, carried adjourned.

C. S. Hutton, Clerk.



H. S. Robinson & Buttershaw, Detroit.

100 PAIRS OF TOE

ALL STYLES, ALL SIZES, ALL

WIDTHS FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,

Waistcoats, Trousers, Coats, Etc.

We have a large stock of men's

clothing, and can supply you

with what you want at reasonable prices.

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# Northville Record.

E. H. Bush, Publisher.

NORTHVILLE.

## GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN'S REPORT.

Powderly tells why the Order has declined and how it may be restored.

We make the following excerpts from the report of General Master Workman T. V. Powderly to the Knights of Labor:

To the officers and members of the general assembly:-For 19 years the order of the Knights of Labor has maintained an existence in the face of circumstances the most discouraging and disheartening; straining forward in its toil beneath a veil of secrecy, it met with opposition from those in whose behalf it contended. Later on it faced the world as the advocate of justice for the poor and to all who were enemies of the oppressed, arrayed against it in all of those years it has had to brave the tempests and insults of enemies whose interests it served.

Since the adoption of the declaration of principles 10 years ago, this order has had the opposition of all who despised those principles, but the year whose ending we witness at this season has been the most trying and discouraging to those whose wish was to see the harmonious blending of all classes of workers beneath the shield of brotherhood. Many causes combined to reduce the number of those who swore allegiance to the principles of the Knights of Labor. Their circulation of false statements concerning the strength of the order, more than 20,000, who regarded quantity as being superior to quality in the make-up of the membership, of a labor organization.

When the rumor went forth from the enemies' quarters that the numbers were dropping down those members who looked to others for what they should do themselves dropped out also. When the divergence of opinion between the general officers became heralded broadcast by those who always magnified, then the members who looked for unity among the officers instead of doing their duty by waiting until they could replace those officers with others, withdrew from the order temporarily. The story so often circulated and so wonderfully magnified, of the extravagance of the general officers frightened others, and they, too, stood still until this season would assemble.

In the ranks were men whose love of self predominated, whose selfish desires could not be suppressed for the common weal,

and no occasion would they consent to sink self for the good of all. The art told story of their grievances sickened and drove many from the order.

With an execrable whose members were not in harmony with each other, who traveled from place to place denouncing their fellow officers and condoning actions that they were not responsible for, it could not be wondered at that we have lost in numbers.

The unwise strikes which we witnessed

against the laws and principles of the Knights of Labor cost thousands of our members into poverty, and forced them from the order.

Add to all of these causes the campaign

which has, unceasing in the United States,

in which members and assemblies were pitted against each other as a question

which never was made a part of the declaration of principles, and of which they could very readily differ without

doing us any wrong in the laws or rules of the order, and we wonder not that there has been a falling off, but that we have passed through the crucial test with the ranks continuing to find them to day.

He states that these trials have resulted

in goings to the order, and denied anything

in regard to his connection with the order from his election to the present time, quoting from the official records of the publications of the general assembly to prove the falsity of the charges of disloyalty which had been circulated against him. He showed from the records that everything had been satisfactorily explained to the general assembly, and his course was approved by resolution of the Delegates.

He further states that the general master workman is required

to examine the statement of expenses as reported by the general secretary. At present he thinks the financial affairs are

not treated in too many hands. One responsible person should be entrusted with the management of the finances. He then con-

tinued:

We have been led to many a disastrous during the past year on the subject

of one man power. The chief trouble with our order is because of the lack of one man power. Our power has been divided in the past, and it has worked injury to us.

The will of this order crystallized into law

and inscribed upon the pages of our constitutions by the representatives here assembled should be carried out to the letter.

To do this the duty is assigned to one man

to execute these laws. Where the many

execute the laws themselves they always

fail; when each man interprets law for

himself there is sure to be a babel of sound

and confusion. Vest in one man the power

to execute the laws which the many farce

and pass upon; allow no interference with

that man in the performance of his duty,

and you may expect results.

Allow every self-seeker, every knave,

every dastard and scoundrel to interpret

the laws and we have anarchy pure

and simple. I wonder if ignorance can

somehow give rise to the impression that

the man who ruled amidst one man power

was a friend to the masses. No greater

mistake was ever made. The man who

tells the people that they can all act inde-

pendent of each other on every issue that

arises, and do it intelligently is a dan-

gerous. No matter how intelligent a people

may be they must meet to determine, not

what one wants, but what is best for all

men.

One man power is an absolute necessity

in order to insure success, but those who

confess that power should first know what

power to give and when the end of that

man's term of office arrives they should

know whether he has wielded his power in

such a way as best to serve his constituents.

If he has, accord to him the merit of having

done so, if not, then censure him, but do

not censure him for not accomplishing re-

suits when the artillery to do so was not

placed in his hands, and when the power to

thwart his every move was delegated to

others who were supposed to act in concert

with him.

Men have been placed in office with me

with whom I would not for a moment

associate in a private business enterprise

with any hope of success, yet for the sake

of the good that might follow silence, for

bearance under such circumstances has

been observed by me. Fancy the condition

the united bodies would have found

themselves in had the first ten years of the

government of the United States been de-

signed to such men as I describe, and the in-

terest of the \$10,000 of that day were no

greater than those which were placed in the

keeping of the general executive board of

the Knights of Labor.

Mr. Powderly then referred to the folly

of placing equal power in the hands of sev-

eral men in an organization. He consider-

ed the questions of finance, lands and trans-

portation the most important that could

come before the order. They should, he

thought, be placed prominently before them

for discussion, and an effort made to

cooperate the campaign of 1912 to be fought

out on two lines. He recommended that

a special committee of three be appoin-

ted to take up the matter. He advocated co-  
operation of energies on these questions  
and further recommended the formation of  
junior assemblies for educating younger  
working people. He advocated equal pay  
for equal work for women.

Dealing with the "provisional committee"  
Mr. Powderly took up his course.  
They organized in Chicago soon after the  
anniversary convention for the stated  
purpose of "purifying" the order. He said:

-Decided No. 216, which is herewith pre-  
sented for the action of the general assem-  
bly, deals with the question of the right of  
any member of the "provisional committee"  
to visit or otherwise meddle with an associ-  
ate of this order. That decision should be

approved and a law passed at this meeting  
which would promptly and forever expel  
from the order, the member who would en-  
gage in such dastardly work as never was  
infiltrated at the meeting of the Chicago  
provisionals. Reforms spring from noble  
impulses, but the impulse which fathered

the assembling of the provisionals was  
born in base, mixed in envy and greed.  
And couldn't get much that was good,  
And we hoped we'd be happy and thankful,  
And we just shouted out that we would.

Well, now, isn't it queer how things hap-  
pen?  
For only just one year ago,  
We lived at the top, let me tell you,  
And went in for splendor and show!

And this was only last year at Thanksgiving.  
Our table was gorgeous with plate,  
And every conceivable dainty.  
That ever was longed for we ate.

But we never once thought to be thankful,  
For we feasted just the same every day;  
And we children were cross and complain-

ing.  
And wanted things just our own way.

And father—I hardly dare tell you  
How angry and dreadful he grew!  
For he sat long at table after dinner,  
And that was the cause, we all knew.

And mother looked wretched and tearful  
When we went in to say our good-night,  
For father was raving so wildly,  
That she hurried us out of his sight.

Well, that was last year; then the crash  
came.  
And father's great fortune was gone;  
And from all of his hundreds of thousands  
Not a dollar was left as his own.

At first he just broke down entirely;

But mother stood up like a man,  
And encouraged, and cheered him, and  
helped him,  
—I tell it as loud as I can.

Let a man only get into trouble—

Then see what a woman will do!

How quick she'll forget her own sorrows,

And help him to carry his load.

Well, father took heart; now we're living

In three little rooms—all us four!

But will you believe it? We never

Were a quarter so happy before!

Every night we all kneeled down together.

And father thanks God for us all—

His "treasures on earth"—he calls us.

And prays that whatever befall,

"We all may have treasures in heaven,

Where none can corrupt or destroy;"—

I pray for each one of us as we know there,

Her wife, and his girl and his boy.

Well, I went to a restaurant for turkeys,

And chickens and ducks (no not crows);

And oysters and creams—and all these

But whatever we do have at our house

Shall be stored with love and good-

heat;

—If that doesn't make a Thanksgiving

We'll try to do better next year!

Written especially for this paper.

DINAH'S "FANKSGIVIN'."

A Story of the South.

MARY L. CAMPBELL.

Nice app's, Missus. You want to buy some?"

"Not today," I said.

"De Lerry likes apples yo' han fin,"

Missus; I consider got no such app's is

deep; yo' sweetin's ten; i han' member

say on dat deer tree o' mine. Tell 'em cheap misus.

"Well, I will take a few; but I'm

in this in this basket."

"I neither like to do no leggin', but it

bared yo' han' to buy 'em a few,

as I saw yo' yo' gran'chil,"

wot been a kin', be plain set her heart

to havin' chi kin' to cinch a Fanks-

givin', an ole Tom jea' a spile" to

faze her. She jes' desalin' while

when she feedig yo' ebber did see, but

when she git de milky in yo' li'l back

de a no use ter try to make her forget

it; she don't neither say much, missus,

</div

The Duchess of Marlborough is credited with saying, that the fate of nations has sometimes been decided on a perfectly matched ribbon.

There is not a judge in the city of Philadelphia who does not respect the legal ability of Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, the one woman lawyer of that town.

When Abby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became ill, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Embroidery, braiding and cording all appear upon cloth hats and bonnets, and the favorite metal ornaments are long, slender spangles, pins and daggers of oxidized silver.

**PAINLESS  
SEEKER  
FOR PAIN**  
ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON  
THE NERVES,  
THE LIVER,  
THE BOWELS,  
and the KIDNEYS.  
WITH CURE IN BUSINESS FILES,  
EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINE  
FOR ALL DISEASES,  
AND ALL  
KINDS OF DISORDERS.

Bring an understanding of the  
diseases of your body to  
your doctor or physician  
and he will prescribe  
the best medicine for you.

DR. SCHENCK'S  
Mandrake Pills  
are  
the  
best  
remedy  
for  
all  
kinds  
of  
disorders.

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### MRS. BARRY'S REPORT The Condition of Working Girls and Children.

At the annual meeting of the Knights of Labor in Indianapolis, Mrs. L. M. Barry, who has charge of the work among women, submitted her annual report, from which we make the following extracts:

"The organization of working women has done much to better their condition, but it has, of course, been gradual." She considers education the great relief for the masses of working people, and advocates all practical means looking to that end.

Mrs. Barry gave prices paid women and girls in various parts of the country visited, and described the disadvantages under which they work. She found much to criticize and condemn. At Cincinnati, she says, organization was in a deplorable disrepair and after expressing her inability in the time to detail the women employing industries, she says:

"But of one or two classes of toilers I would like to speak in hopes that the Knights of Labor are this convention closer, may devise some way or means to overcome, prohibit or restrict by legislation one of the most oppressive, pernicious and damaging to good public systems that affects our country to date. I speak of the contract sweating middlemen or stop-shop plan, which works ruin, misery, sin and shame to toilers and death or failure to the legitimate or regular established industry with whom it competes."

Instance the following: Men's pants that retail at prices from one dollar to seven dollars per pair, are taken by the contractor at 15 cents per pair. Operators are then employed and hedged together in a stifling back room, where the men operators furnish their own materials and most often thread and do all the machine work on men's trousers except the 15 cent pair. They are then passed to the number 50 pants on the button, men's belt and pocket buttons, and so on, through 100 pairs of trousers, and so on, until there are often more than 100 pairs made a day, while the workers have no rest and the contractors, who are the middlemen, take 15 cents per pair. Thus the men remain,

in the same place, from morning to night, without any rest, and the contractors, who are the middlemen, take 15 cents per pair. Thus the men remain,

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## Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a ringing buzzing sound, or ringing like the report of pistol are caused by earwax, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also results from earwax. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which cures by purifying the blood. It is better to drink than to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The doctor to clear my head in the morning by having and spitting was patient. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief in a trice. While in time I was entirely cured. I am never without the medicine in my house as I think it is worth its weight in gold.

Max G. Braga, 202 English Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

## CAUTION

Brown's Soap is my name on the pieces stamped on the bottom of all my advertisements before leaving the factory, which entitles the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at reduced prices, or says he has them without my name and stamp on the bottom, get him down at once.

I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for earwax, and received great relief and benefit from it. The earwax was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant ringing from my nose, ringing in my ears and pain in the back of my head. The doctor to clear my head in the morning by having and spitting was patient. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief in a trice. While in time I was entirely cured. I am never without the medicine in my house as I think it is worth its weight in gold.

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## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists, \$1.00 for 12. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Sold by all druggists, \$1.00 for 12. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

## Indigestion

is the first form of Dyspepsia. It may be the fault of the food, but the CHANCES ARE it is the stomach's fault.

Whatever the cause, it can be cured—and cured permanently—by

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