The Watchman.

THURSDAY, NOV. 25th, 1897.

When the Feast Was Kept

A story of one thanksgiving, long years ago.

The elm tree stood etched against the still gold of a September sunset, but little pools of shadow were already settling in the hollows of the road and meadows when John Danforth set out on his way to Rachel Whitney's. As he rode along he met one and another who greeted him and to whom he returned greeting, but he heard neither his own words nor those that were said to him, for his heart was full of Rachel and the sweetness of her voice sounded in his ears. He pictured her as he often had seen her, moving about the room through light and shadow or sitting at her wheel with the strong red glow of the fire upon her, looking up rarely with some shy answer to his remarks. But this evening was not to be as other evenings. The young fellow's pulse quickened and his heart beat more quickly as he thought of the one between. To-night, Rachel would be waiting—perchance she was expecting him now—and after to-night! He hastened his long stride; never had the way seemed so endless before.

Presently the house appeared, a heavy blot against the golden sky. The firelight shining from two windows looked almost like holes in the sunset. As he strode up the lane the house cut off the yellow glow, and seemed to cast a chill shadow upon him. He shivered and shrugged his shoulders at the fancy and rapped loudly on the door. It opened immediately, and Rachel stood before him. There was a shy welcome in her serious blue eyes, and a faint color flashed for a moment over her quiet face, but her words were spoken with a manner of simple friendliness.

"I was looking for you, John Danforth," she said.

"And your father?," asked the young man,

He scarcely knew that he asked the question; it was an instinctive effort to keep her so—he could no bear to have her turn away.

A troubled look shadowed her eyes. She hesitated for a moment and then answered slowly, "He expects you. I have told him. I will call him."

She crossed the long room, and then suddenly turned and went swiftly back to him. She stood still for a moment before him, her head bent and her hands tightly clasped. Then she raised her eyes and they looked deep and dark with the strength of her pleading.

"Father was sorely angry," she said. "He is over-wrought and not himself now—he cannot see things clearly. Do not let him make thee angry, John, though he says hard things and e'en seems to doubt thee."

The young man lifted his head proudly.

"Doubt me Rachel? What mean you?" His voice rang indignantly through the room.

"There be no reason, John, 'tis only that father ill likes the thought of losing me. He desired me—" she stopped and then went on with an effort, "he desired me to wed someone else. John, I never asked you aught before; promise me that you will not be angry though he be angry. Promise me, John."

The young man's face was flushed and his mouth set in firm lines. Never before had he met anything like this. Then he looked down into the pleading face and his sternness melted away.

"I promise, Rachel, for thy sake," he answered.

The girl gave him a quick grateful glance and then left him. He could hear her voice on the still autumn air as she called her father, and it stirred him strangely. He looked down at his sleeve where her hand had rested, and he seemed to feel the light clinging touch. The whole room was full of her presence and his eyes grew as tender as a woman's as he waited.

There was a sound of hurried steps within, and then the door was pushed violently open and a man entered. His face was red and angry and his eyes glowed in the firelight. John Danforth looked at him in amazement. Many weeks had he met Reubeu Whitney on Sabbath and lecture days, and in discussion of township matters, and found him always grave and coldly courteous. Now the features were so changed that he scarcely recognized them. It was like entering a room whose order one had known well, and finding the familiar furniture all disturbed and thrown into confusion. Instinctively he drew himself up to meet the attack, but the older man spoke no hasty words; yet his voice, though quiet, was cold and edged with sarcasm.

"What is this my daughter tells me, sir? A pretty tale forsooth! Yet perchance, 'tis but a maid's foolish fancy and you can set me right?"

And John Danforth answered, trying to be patient, "'Tis no foolish fancy, sir, you do wrong your daughter by the charge. I love her as you, perchance, loved her mother years ago. I will do for her all that man can do for the maid he loves."

The old man looked at him suspiciously from under his heavy lids.

"'Tis easy talk," he said, "and maids are aye ready to believe a young man's light words against the wisdom of their elders. How know I that you be not some adventurer seeking my daughter's portion?"

The young man's hands clenched angrily and his eyes shone with stern indignation. His voice was husky from his effort to restrain himself.

"I am no adventurer, and that you well know. Came I not hither on busines for the plantations? I would not touch a shilling of your daughter's portion, an' I had my way she would not touch it herself. I have strong hands and willing heart, an' that were not enough, I could start to-morrow and by Thanksgiving day bring proof of my property and standing."

A shrewd look came into the old man's face.

"So be it then. I take your own word for't. An' you return with the proofs by Thanksgiving day you shall wed my daughter, but if you tarry later, e'en though you come as the govenor himself, 'twere of no avail."

The young man looked at him a moment in silence, but when he spoke his voice was full of resolution,

"I start to-morrow. I will be here Thanksgiving day. I ask but one favor, that I may acquaint Rachel with the cause of my sudden departure."

The old man went to the door and called his daughter. Rachel came quickly and then paused in the doorway, casting a troubled glance at her lover. He crossed the room and stood looking down at her and the compelling power in his look held her, she could not turn her eyes away.

"Rachel," he said, "your father says I be an adventurer. I have told him I am not, yet will he not believe me till I bring him proofs. I start for the Plantations to-morrow, and I shall be here Thanksgiving day with proofs. Dost believe me, Rachel?"

She answered him with grave sweetness, almost solemnity.

"I believe thee as I believe my own soul. I shall see Thanksgiving day, John Danforth."

They stood a moment so, looking into each other's eyes. Then he turned sharply away with no further word. The gold had faded from the sky and the shadows were close and chill about him as he walked down the road over which he had passed so joyously a few moments before.

On the morrow John Danforth left the village. He had been very popular during the week of his stay there and many gathered to bid him Godspeed, but Rachel Whitney was not among them. He had scarce expected it, indeed, he told himself, 'twas better so, and yet he had hoped for some sign. He tarried as long as he could make excuse in the hope of seeing her, but at last he mounted and rode slowly away. As he rode he looked about him at the familiar farms and meadows. He thought of the first time he had seen them three months before. He thought of the first time he had seen Rachel and his face grew tender over the memory of it.

Suddenly he looked up. The road was winding over a hill with a steep bank on one side. The bank was crowned with woods, but close to the edge were low thickets of sweet fern with here and there a glint of golden-rod. And there, knee-deep in the green things that seemed to sweep around her like a tide, stood Rachel Whitney.

He stopped and looked up at her, almost afraid to speak lest she should vanish. Then he called her name softly. She made no answer, but a tiny white blossom fell from her hands. He caught it and looked at it eagerly; it was a spray of life everlasting. And though in that second she had vanished, and only the sweet green tide swept over the hilltop, he rode on happily for he had had his word from Rachel Whitney.

Concluded next week.

WATER FOR ONE.

An Authority Tells How Much Is Needed by Persons In Various Occupations.

According to Professor Allen, we should drink from one-third to two-fifths as many ounces as we weigh pounds. Therefore for a man weighing 168 pounds there would be required 56 to 64 ounces daily, or from 1¼ to 4 pints. This is a very indefinite answer. The amount of water required depends on the season of the year, the amount of work done and the kind of food eaten. In hot weather we require more than in cold, because of the greater loss through the skin, though this is in part made up by the lesser amount passed away through the kidneys. If a man labors very hard, he requires more than if his labor is light. A man working in a foundry, where the temperature is high and the perspiration profuse, not infrequently drinks three or four gallons daily. If the food is stimulating and salty, more water is required than if it is bland.

Vegetarians and those who use much fruit require less water than those who eat salt fish and pork, and often get along on none except what is in their food. In most cases our instincts tell us how much water to drink far better than any hard or fixed rule. For ages they have been acquiring a knowledge of how much to drink and transmitting that knowledge to descendants, and if we follow them we shall not go far out of the way.

It is of more use to us to know that pure water is essential and that impure water is one of the most dangerous drinks than to know how much of it is required daily. If one lives in a region where the water is bad, it should be boiled and put away in bottles well corked in an ice chest, and in addition one should eat all the fruit one can if fruit agrees. Fruits contain not only pure water, but salts which are needed to carry on healthfully the functions of life.—Journal of Hygiene.

The Private Pig.

The number of pigs kept by the colliers and artisans of the north of England fluctuates with the price of coal and yarn. In good times every collier keeps a live animal of some sort, and, though dogs, guinea pigs, cage birds and homing pigeons are attractive, his fancy animal is usually a pig. He admires this on Sunday afternoons, and groups of friends go round to smoke their pipes and compare pigs and bet on their ultimate weight. They have private pig shows, with subscription prizes. Each animal is judged in its own sty, and it is interesting to know that the evolution of an almost perfect pig was due to the innate sagacity of the Yorkshire pit hand.

The sties in which these animals live are very rough affairs, often made of a few boards nailed over railway sleepers, but it is interesting to learn that when the author was acting as a peripatetic judge at the colliers' show he found young pigs as blooming and healthy as possible, and that, small though the colliers' back yard is, he always contrives that his pigsty shall be thoroughly ventilated and look toward the south. Architects of costly home farms often house the unhappy pigs under north walls and condemn them to rheumatism, cold and sunlessness. Yorkshire produces not only the best pork, but has long been famous for the best cured hams in the world.—London Spectator.

Some Queer Texts.

When ladies wore their "topknots" ridiculously high, it occurred to Rowland Hill to admonish them from the pulpit, and he did it by means of the words, "Topknot, come down," which he evolved from Matthew xxiv, 17, "Let him which is on the house top not come down." Of course nothing but the exceeding quaintness of the preacher could have excused such a liberty with the sense and sound of the sacred text.

It was almost as bad as Swift's uniquely brief discourse on the text, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." "My friends," said the dean, as he closed the book, "if you approve of the security, down with the dust." As a matter of fact, it is usually only the quaint preachers who do venture on such liberties.—Chambers' Journal.

Large Eggs.

It is a somewhat curious fact that the weight of eggs is materially larger in northern than in southern climates. Canadian eggs, for instance, are heavier than those shipped from the United States, and eggs in the northern states of this country are heavier than those from the south.

Bright Valet.

Valet (to officer's fiancee)—My lieutenant has sent me to bring you this bouquet of forest flowers, plucked by his own hands.

Fiancee—Oh, how poetic! And how long it must have taken to gather them!

Valet—Indeed, miss, it took me nearly three hours.—Fliegende Blatter.

In the northern parts of China there are many villages which are almost deserted in winter, the inhabitants going south, where they live by begging. They form regular guilds and literally compel shopkeepers to help them by threatening to cause a riot in front of their stores, which Chinese merchants ...

DECLINING A BULLDOG.

A Theatrical Stenographer Put It on the Same Plane as a Play.

Dog stories are plentiful, as are also fish stories, but here is a genuinely true one, vouched for by Manager Will J. Davis and Myron B. Rice, which alone should be sufficient evidence of its truthfulness. Mr. Davis is a fancier of dogs, and he is continually bothered by his friends for young specimens. In the summer Mr. Davis had a kennel of bulldogs which were unusually fine. He had remembered Mr. Rice visiting his farm in the Henry Irving engagement, where he much admired all of Mr. Davis' canine family. He thought Mr. Rice would be pleased to possess one of these fine bulldogs, so he forwarded one to New York city.

Mr. Rice while in New York lives in an apartment, and as apartments in New York are similar to those in Chicago the janitor protested against Mr. Rice having a dog in his rooms. He did not know what to do with the pup, having no place to keep him, and yet not wishing to give it to any one else. He therefore thought it would be best to return it to Mr. Davis. He took the dog to the office and there had it packed for shipment. In the meantime he had requested his stenographer to write a polite letter to Mr. Davis, telling him the facts and expressing thanks and regrets. Now, in Mr. Rice's New York office they are in the habit of receiving numerous manuscripts of plays.

"Will you dictate this letter?" asked the stenographer.

"No. Go ahead and write it yourself. I am busy just now. With all the experience you have had you certainly should have tact enough to decline a bulldog without giving offense."

A few days later Mr. Davis received the following polite letter of explanation and thanks from his friend, Myron B. Rice. At first he could not comprehend its meaning. He, however, kept it and expects to have considerable amusement out of it at the expense of Mr. Rice:

DEAR SIR—We regret that we are compelled to decline the bulldog you so kindly submitted to us. We have carefully examined it and are sincerely sorry that it does not seem wholly available for our use.

Of course you are aware that many considerations besides quality must govern the acceptance of bulldogs, and the rejection of any particular bulldog does not necessarily imply that it is lacking in merit.

This and a hundred other reasons may cause the rejection of any offered bulldog without reference to its intrinsic worth. The simple fact of refusal, therefore, does not carry with it any adverse judgment as to the excellence of the bulldog, but it is merely a statement that it cannot be used at the present time. We thank you for your courtesy in submitting same and remain, very truly yours,

MYRON B. RICE.
Per F. J.

—Chicago Tribune.

The Stomach.

There is a wonderful sympathy between the stomach and all other parts of the body, but that between the stomach and the brain is so active and perfect that the most skilled physician is often greatly puzzled in trying to decide when one is ill whether the brain or stomach is really to blame. Nothing is more common, for example, than to meet a long standing case of dyspepsia in which the prominent and almost the only symptom is a dull and fretting headache. While persons have suffered for many years from what they believed to be a grave organic disease of the stomach and were themselves fully convinced that cancer at least was the cause of their suffering, it turned out that when a postmortem examination was made that a healthier stomach than the average was found, but there were evidences of long standing and serious disease of the brain. In fact, sick headache is the result of eating too much and exercising too little. In the majority of cases its cause lies in the fact that the food last taken is so rich in quality or so excessive in quantity that the stomach cannot digest it.

A simple diet on grains and ripe fruit, with sufficient exercise in the open air to keep up a gentle perspiration, would speedily effect a cure. With some persons this headache comes on at regular intervals and is the stomach's signal of distress at having been imposed upon. To take two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in a glass full of water will sometimes give relief, or a tablespoonful of lemon juice 15 minutes before each meal and the same at bedtime.—New York Ledger.

The Perils of Posters.

An eminent scientist has been telling the sanitary congress that sensational theatrical posters are highly detrimental to the moral health of the community. It seems that they induce imitative actions. The argument appears to be that a man sees on the wall a pictorial representation of a murder scene in a thrilling melodrama and rushes home to cut his wife's throat or throw her out of the window. On the same principle, I suppose, when he sees a picture of an ox in a teacup, he will hasten to the nearest public house and endeavor to discover a man in a quart pot. We shall be told next that the pictures of fat babies which advertise various infants' foods are responsible for the alarming increase of the population, and I know not what besides. It may be so, but I would suggest a little healthy skepticism until some definite evidence is forthcoming of this new danger. It is not so very long since some enthusiasts on the county council got up a crusade against street posters on moral grounds, and the result was hardly encouraging. In spite of moralists and æsthetes there is probably more good than evil on the street boardings.—London Truth.

Cure People Don't Want.

"I see it has been decided that love is a disease."

"Then there must be a cure."

"Unquestionably. But it isn't known and probably never will be."

"Why not?"

"There's no incentive for any investigation in that line. You couldn't sell a pint of it in ten years. People don't want it. Instead of trying to find a cure they are lying awake nights trying to catch the disease. If you should get a roomful of the germs, most of the population would be fighting to see who could get in first."—Chicago Post.

She Supervises a Farm.

In spite of being college bred the ability to earn a living in the most businesslike manner has been proved by Miss Anna T. Hayes of Louisville. She is now taking personal supervision of her father's farm of 200 acres. She is devoting time and money to the development of a special breed of pigs for the specially cured hams of which there is a growing demand in the state. The pigs are fattened on sterilized milk, meal and apples and are brought up to a uniform weight. The hams are cured on the farm. The young woman is making a complete success of her venture.