

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It seemed to Alice that she had only been asleep a minute, but when she opened her eyes it was broad daylight. "I suppose I must jump right up as this is Thanksgiving day and I give my party this afternoon."

"Most certainly," replied a strange voice: "but don't forget the baskets."

"What baskets?" she asked; and then Alice saw a queer-looking little old man set an immense basket on the table, and before she could count he had whisked out of the room.

She sprang out of bed and ran to peep into the basket, thinking some one had sent her a nice Thanksgiving remembrance.

"Oh, how provoking! Only one little empty basket inside a big empty basket. That's just my luck," she murmured; "I'm always disappointed! What a horrid, mean trick that was to play on me. I believe that little old man was a mischievous boy with a false-face on. I suppose now he is chuckling to himself and saying: 'He, he! How I fooled her!' If it was Cousin Dick I'll pay him back."

Alice lifted up the little basket. Under it was a letter. Opening it, she read these lines:

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND—I send you two baskets. One is for your thanks, the other for your petitions. After they are filled, return to the King.

MESSANGER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

"That is lovely!" she cried, clapping her hands. "I have wanted so much to visit a real King. I never knew there was one living here."

"Of course I shall receive some handsome gifts, for kings always give little girls beautiful presents; at least they do in fairy stories, which tell all about castles, kings and princes."

After carefully dressing herself she sat down at her writing desk to think of the things she wanted and of what she had to be thankful for.

"The big basket of coarse was meant for the things I want, and as I have had nothing but disappointments and bad luck all year, the tiny basket will just do for my thanks."

"I don't believe I have any blessings. I am sure it will be hard for me to scrape up a whole thank. I hope I spell the words right, and I'll try to write a stylish hand." But being only 10 years old there were many words that she did not know how to spell and her writing looked far from stylish.

In the little basket she put the cards, on which she wrote: "Thanks for the beautiful Bisk doll, but she had awful old-fashioned close. Thanks for the French nut-cracker; but two of his teeth were broken. My toy dog's tail did not suit me at all. My china set of dishes were nice, but one saucer had a crack in it."

Then she went to work and wrote the things she wanted on separate cards, and soon the large basket was heaping full.

She wanted a little World's Fair, a toy elevator for her dolls; a work box, some rings, a pair of bracelets, new dresses; she wanted a lemonade fountain that would spout all the time; she wanted it to snow ice cream; she wanted a whole confectionery town and a private candy manufactory and many other things.

This task done, she put on her new mink furs, tied her ostrich-tipped hat under her chin and started on her

journey. As it was to be a real adventure, she said nothing to her mamma or papa. She thought on her return she would tell them all about it.

Others were going up to the King's palace with petitions and thanks, so Alice had no trouble finding the way. At last she, with many others, stood with their baskets before the King.

"Now I am ready for your thanks," he said. "Will each one hold up the basket containing his thanks. Nearly everybody held up the little basket. In a few were dwarfed, dried-up thanks, or parts of thanks, while many were empty. Alice noticed that the little cripple girl whose mother went out washing had her large basket filled with thanks."

She had thanks for her home, her mother, a made-over dress; thanks for a flower, thanks for the sunshine, thanks for a bird that came to her window every morning to sing to her, thanks for Johnny Jones giving her a ride on his sled, thanks for a hat and dress Alice had sent her; in fact, Alice couldn't begin to count the things this little girl had to be thankful for. This basket seemed to please the King, and he ordered it to be filled with the choicest of gifts.

The farmer, too, had a big basket of thanks, but the rest of the large baskets were filled with petitions. The king then ordered them all to be emptied, and they made almost a mountain. He commanded a match to be struck and thrown among them. In a few moments there was a great bonfire. The blaze leaped up so high that Alice gave a scream. Imagine her surprise when she found it was only a dream. But that day when a little girl went to church she took a very grateful little heart. When she began to think of her blessings she had so many she could not count them.

Among the guests at her Thanksgiving dinner in the afternoon was the young cripple child, the little newsboy who brought her papa the daily papers, and Mary Ann Smith, the shoemaker's daughter, who lived in the cellar below the grocery store.

Alice gave her one of her own pretty dresses with a real silk sash. I would like to tell you more about the dinner, and what good things were prepared for the children; of the turkey, the fruit cake, nuts, candy and ice cream; and how the children played delightful games. But I have only time to send each of you a couple of baskets; one is small and the other is large. In which will you put your thanks?

COAL RESOURCES OF UTAH.

While our Territory is blessed with the scenery of Eden, the climate is such as to make coal a matter of general interest, which fact must be my apology for this essay. Coal is the most extensive of our minerals. From the Uintah reservation on the north, it spreads in massive strata south, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles to the Colorado, in a varying belt from five to twenty miles wide. The largest veins are those between Sanpete and Emery counties.

During a day's drive down Huntington canyon, the traveler's attention is constantly called to the coal beds peeping from beneath their caprocks. For a long distance the Huntington river

flows over a bed of the black mineral. The longest veins developed are those at Scofield and Winter Quarters. They vary from fourteen to sixteen feet in thickness, dipping to the south and west. During the year 1890, three hundred and fifty thousand tons of the best bituminous coal were taken out in these camps.

The quality of Castle Gate coal is unsurpassed in the world. There have been a hundred coke ovens built, which produced ten thousand tons of superior coke during the year 1890.

There are several mines and prospects near Coalville, on the Weber, the most important being owned by the Honie Coal Company, and Chalk Creek Company, which furnish the northern settlements with about thirty-six thousand four hundred tons yearly.

About fifteen miles east of Fairview lie the great fields of the Huntington. There are but two mines opened, one owned by citizens and the other by an English company. The latter had several coke ovens built about fifteen years ago, and found the coal to produce good coke. They ceased work, however, on account of the long distance to a railroad.

If the Rio Grande Western would build a branch line up Cottonwood canyon, scores of mines would be opened, and coal enough produced to supply a nation for centuries to come.

Wales, in the western part of Sanpete, has had in operation mines which have supplied Sanpete and Juab counties for years. The yield now is comparatively small, and the quality not so good as other mines.

The fields of Southern Utah are twenty miles in width, and terminate at the Colorado river. An analytical test shows coal to contain over fifty per cent pure carbon, and one half of one per cent sulphur, showing an excellent quality for smelting and blacksmithing.

Thus we see how nature has blessed Utah, and when the citizens fully realize the resources of our fair Territory, and make an effort to develop them, they will grow in riches untold.

JOSEPH HANSEN, Fairview.

AMAZONS IN WAR.

"The most warlike and powerful of the African states will be a thing of the past before the end of another month." This is what Col. Dodds wrote to the home government when reporting the progress he had made in the campaign against Behanzin, king of Dahomey. The entire civilized world will hail with delight the downfall of this blood-thirsty savage, whose entire reign has been marked by the most unheard-of cruelties, both toward his own subjects and the neighboring tribes.

This war has been brought about by violation of pledges on the part of Behanzin. At the close of the war of 1899 France made a treaty with the king, by which, in consideration of an annual pension of 20,000 francs, he recognized France's rights along the coast and agreed to stop his raids into the French protectorate of Porto Novo, long the favorite hunting-ground of Dahomeyan rulers for slaves and victims to sacrifice in their horrible fetish rites.

Late last fall the king violated his agreement by sending expeditions into Porto Novo, where they surprised