



THANKSGIVING AT LONESOME HOLLOW

"Seems awfully forlorn to eat a Thanksgiving dinner all alone," said Milly soberly, looking over at the young fellow who sat mending a harness strap beside the blazing hearth. "I haven't the heart to get up a big dinner for just us two."

"I don't see what else we can do. No neighbors to invite except old Pete Sprat, and he wouldn't come. We might send him something by way of being neighborly."

"And be turned away for our pains," the woman laughed. "You can't even go out on the highways and hedges and gather in stragglers like the ancient host of Bible fame. Maybe it is just as well not to have all the work of getting up a Thanksgiving dinner, for it seems to me that you look tired, Milly. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Jim, I guess I need a little outing. I'll take a run across the hollow and be back before supper."

Milly put on her cloak and went out into the crisp autumn afternoon. The woods were bare except for a few torch-like flames of red which marked the presence of an occasional gum tree. The sky was clear, cold and pallid, tinged with a greenish glow



Heard the sound of chopping, where the dark forests rimmed the far horizon. Not a sign of human habitation was visible, and not a sound broke the vast stillness save the steady tap-tap of a woodpecker. The loneliness oppressed Milly strangely. For two years she had endured it in cheerful silence, working patiently at whatever her hand found to do in the rough little shack which had gradually assumed a cozy, homelike appearance. They had left the busy, grinding east in quest of health for her young husband, who was slowly regaining his lost strength and vigor in the bracing climate of Colorado, which alone kept Milly's heart light and hopeful, but in spite of that joyful fact she could not dispel a shiver of loneliness when she thought of the long, dreary winter before them.

"I'm getting morbid simply for the want of a little company," she said, as she walked down the untraveled road in the face of the crisp north wind. "That will never do for you, Milly Bennet. For Jim's sake you mustn't give way to such foolishness."

Suddenly Milly's ear caught the sound of chopping, which seemed to come from the hollow beyond the divide. She turned and made her way easily through the leafless thicket, walking briskly over the hill and down the opposite descent until she distinctly heard voices. Further on, at the edge of a natural clearing, she came upon a party of travelers camped beside a newly kindled fire, where a lean, gaunt appearing fellow busied himself with preparations for the evening meal. They were eight in all, a rough, unkempt lot in leathern jackets and rusty boots. Beside the cook lay a bag of flour, a rasher of bacon and two jugs stopped with corn-cobs.

Milly stopped abruptly when she found herself observed by the curious eyes of eight strangers, then changed her mind and crossed the icy little brook and made her way toward the fire.

A big, black-whiskered man dropped his armful of horsefeed and looked at her piercingly. "Lost?" he asked brusquely.

"No. I live two miles up the divide. I happened to hear you chopping, and stopped out of curiosity."

The man's insistent gaze annoyed her, but the forlorn, gaunt appearance of the little group incited a little throb of pity and made her think gratefully of her own cozy, cheerful little shack, with Jim waiting for her beside the glowing hearth.

"I suppose you are simply camping here for the night," she ventured, looking about at the meager comforts of the camp.

"Well, no," answered the black-browed man who impressed her at once as being spokesman of the party. "We came down to prospect a bit.

There's talk of gold in this claim, and if it's worth our while we may set up for a week or two."

"Oh, then, you'll be here over Thanksgiving, won't you? I'd like to have you all take dinner with us tomorrow."

The man looked at his fellows with a curious smile, half questioning, half incredulous. "It's rather unexpected," he remarked humorously.

"Oh, we're all neighbors out here, you know," Milly explained cordially. "My husband would be very glad to have you with us. We are from the east, and we're used to having company for Thanksgiving."

"Your husband is a prospector, too, is that it?"

"Oh, no. He came out here for his health two years ago, when he was all run down with overwork. We expect to stay here until he's quite well."

"We didn't notice any houses as we passed along. Where do you live?"

"Two miles below here, on the Sunrise road, not on the trail. Will you come over to-morrow?"

"Well, being as you're so kind as to take the trouble to invite us we'll be glad to accept your hospitality, and thank you."

"Very well. I shall expect you promptly at 12. There are eight of you, aren't there? I want you all, remember. Now, I'll go, for the walk is rather long. You cross the hill and go straight south till you reach the Sunrise wagon road, which will take you directly to our shack, going west. Good night."

Milly returned in great good spirits. Jim looked dubious at first, but he was loth to damp the ardor of his good little helpmeet by voicing his doubts as to the wisdom of inviting eight strangers to their home.

"You don't mind, do you, Jim?" Milly asked, anxiously.

"Not a bit. If it pleases you let's have them by all means."

"You should have seen them! Great, gaunt, hungry-looking fellows who probably haven't had a good dinner for a year. I do believe Providence sent me across their path expressly to give them a treat."

"I hope we have enough stuff on hand," said cautious Jim. "It will take heaps to satisfy eight hungry men, you know."

"Of course we have plenty. We'll kill both turkeys and I'll make four pies instead of one, and two boiled puddings besides. We'll have potatoes and turnips and the canned corn I put up myself, and as much cider as they can drink. For dessert we'll have real good coffee and ice cake. Oh, we'll have enough, you may be sure. Jim, you must rig up a table big enough to seat them all."

They worked till bedtime that night, peeling apples, sending raisins, and picking the turkeys. The next morning Milly rose long before dawn and set about her baking and brewing, while Jim put up a big deal table that stretched almost the length of the room, and by noon it was set with all the luscious viands of an eastern Thanksgiving dinner, set with homely platters and dishes to be sure, but not rougher in appearance than the men who finally seated themselves about the steaming board. Jim beamed hospitably from his place at the head of the table and tried dutifully to "act as if the company belonged there," as Milly had said. The big black-whiskered fellow whom the other addressed as Blaisedale, had the place of honor because he seemed to be the



leader of the gang by natural selection, as the rest all deferred to him. He watched Milly with a curious interest which brought a flush to her cheek and made her slightly uncomfortable.

"You're mighty comfortably fixed for these diggings," said he presently, looking about the walls with their homely prints and ornaments.

"Yes, we are rather comfortable, thanks to Milly's ingenuity," Jim answered, with a glow of affectionate pride.

"You've lucky to be able to afford

such luxuries, for all those fancy-fixings are luxuries in Colorado," Blaisedale remarked significantly.

"Yes, I count myself one of the luckiest men in the world. I owe everything to Milly, even my life. I was a poor law student when we were married, and when my health broke down she simply took all responsibility into her own hands. It was her money that enabled me to come here. It's her bit of money that we're living on now. All that she has in the world is in the little bank at Sunrise, where she goes once a month to draw the necessary sum for our provisions. But now that I've got to work we're making our way along without much help from the bank. I tell you I hated to use that money but enough, but it hadn't been for that the Lord only knows what would have become of me."

Milly blushed deeply and becomingly. "Why, it doesn't amount to that," said she with a snap of her brown fingers. "All the money in the world



cab door Blaisedale, who was last to go turned at the threshold and held out his hand to Milly.

"You remind me of some one I once knew," he said, simply, "and for her sake I'd like to shake hands with you. Thank you for your hospitality. You won't regret your kindness, by the way."

"Queer fellow, that one," Jim remarked, as he watched the gang recede down the wintry road. "You may be sure he has a strange history behind him."

That night when Jim and Milly sat talking beside their cheerful hearth, a scrap of white paper crept mysteriously under the door. Jim rose hurriedly and threw back the door, but no one was in sight, and not a sound broke the deep stillness of the icy night.

Milly read the note over his shoulder, and this is what it said:

Some curious whim prompts me to tell you that it was our intention to break into and rifle the little eggshell bank at Sunrise before quitting these diggings, but for the sake of Milly's "bit of money" it shall go unharmed. Thanking you for a pleasant hour.

BLAISDALE.

—Helen F. Huntington, in New York Times.

An Indian's Thanks.

T. M. Buffington, principal chief of the Cherokee Nation, when he issued his Thanksgiving proclamation began it this way:

"Let us again commemorate the custom of our forefathers, which prevailed since time immemorial, and adopted by the Pilgrims and their descendants, by celebrating a day devoted to festivity and praise for the goodness of the Great Spirit, after the joys and sorrows of another year, and harvests have been gathered."

Some may be disposed to think the chief has assumed overmuch when he claims for his people precedence in giving thanks once a year, but he is really correct. The "Green Corn Dance" of the Indians which was annually celebrated when the corn was ready for food, was the occasion of a much more ceremonious rejoicing than is usual among the whites on Thanksgiving Day. It was the Indians' manner of showing their gratitude to the Great Spirit for the blessings of their grain and they made it one of the greatest and most memorable of their annual ceremonies. — Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

THE KING'S THANKSGIVING TART

By HOLMAN F. DAY

There once was a king, so minstrels sing, who ruled with a kindly sway, and his subjects true were allowed to pursue their own sweet, easy way.

He guided them, of course, but by no display of force did he arrogate, but was wont to state from them was his power's source. Now it chanced one time, so runs the rhyme, his subjects fancied tart, no other food seemed half as good—on tarts they set their hearts. They ate them early, they ate them late—just tarts for all their meals, until they grew all cold and blue, anaemic from head to heels.

Now, the goodly king had a war on hand and he wanted his men to fight, and he used to wish they would drop that dish that was making them thin and white.

He frequently would implore that they'd tough meat and gore. But they hugged to their hearts their love for tarts, and ate them more and more. Now, the gracious king of whom they sing was a king who was very wise, and he issued decrees that his folks should be indulged in their vagaries; He wished to steer as his people dear preferred that he hold the helm, so he ordered a poll of every soul that occupied his realm.

And the count was made etissoon, and the people sang one tune.

And as still their hearts were turned to tarts, their king vouchsafed a boon. "Since all have shown," spoke he from the throne, "that tarts are all they wish, I here proclaim that very same shall be the nation's dish. My job as your king is nice, smooth thing—I've had a real good year, and I'll please me much to set 'em up, as Thanksgiving day is here, so, my subjects dear, I now and here do issue my decree, and invite you all, both great and small, to have a tart on me."

So he issued commands and summoned his bands, and called a multitude of baker men, who there and then contrived and mixed and stewed. And with skill and art they built a tart that was big as half-outdoor, with crust so high that it hit the sky, amounting of jell its core.

They built an oven light, they baked a day and night; Then there it stood, all fresh and good, an appetizing sight. Then the king gave forth command, and thereto set his hand, that none might eat of fish or meat in all that loyal land.

He placed his royal lock on granary bin and flock, and he let them start on the public tart at exactly twelve o'clock. His subjects cheered till their throats were seared, then each backed up his cart, and, gracious my! how all did vie in loading up with tart. They ate one week, they ate one month, as much as they did like, and voted their king the smoothest thing that ever came down the pike.

They rendered praise and blessed his days, but the second month, alas! they all agreed on a change of feed, if 'twas nothing else but grass. So they sought the kindly king, to him explained the thing. Allowed his tart just reached the heart, as he'd heard them often sing. But they humbly begged he would lift the ban he had placed on things to eat, and grant each grace to stuff his face with 'taters, corn and meat.

With a twinkle in his eye, their good king made reply. That the tart had cost a lot of cash and could not be thrown by. "So it's up to you, my subjects true; you know I've a kindly heart. But so long as it's there I'll tell you fair, you just must eat that tart!"

They ate for a week, but I must not speak of the scenes that did ensue. —So like the scenes on a storm-tossed ship on the breast of the ocean blue. And at last they tore to the king once more, and beat their breasts and wept, and groveled and groaned, and writhed and moaned, and on their stomachs crept. With sighs and sobs of woe. They asked if they might, oh, please burn the part of the dattered tart they really couldn't "go." With a kindly look their king he took compassion on their plight, and passed decrees that the tart should be blown galley-west that night.

Then his subjects carved some good, thick steaks, and chawked on rare, red meat, and they loudly swore that nevermore would they tackle a tart to eat. And the good wise guy, their king, made a moral from the thing. As he used to do whenever he knew they felt contrition's sting.

And the moral holds to-day: If a Good Thing comes your way, I beg you'll go discreetly slow ere the deuce and all's to pay, Or else your plight may be like that of the folks of whom they sing, —Those chaps of old who tried to hold too much of a Real Good Thing.

NEBRASKA STATE NEWS

NEBRASKA MEN ARE MODEST.

Contribute Little to Flood of Bills for the Congressional Hopper.

WASHINGTON—The Nebraska delegation, outside of introducing a number of private pension bills, has not burdened the bill clerks with any bills of a general character thus far. The members are learning that it is not the number on the bill that secures favorable recommendation from the committee, but that it is the merit of the bill which secures recognition. The house had been in session but a few minutes when the contemplated rush of bills was upon it.

Senator Warren introduced a number of private bills for Senator Millard. Outside of these Nebraska figured slightly in the glut of bills in the senate. Senator Dolliver introduced a bill providing for the repeal of the bankruptcy law. Senator Gamble of South Dakota introduced a number of bills of a general character, one to settle the account between certain states and the general government growing out of the sale of public lands. The bill appropriates \$765,000 to South Dakota, \$175,000 to Nebraska, \$75,000 to Wyoming, \$890,000 to Iowa, \$495,000 to Minnesota and \$140,500 to Wisconsin.

NEWSY STATE BRIEFS.

There is not much doubt but what a big canning factory will be in operation in Fremont next season.

Lester Wiley and Donald McDonald, the two runaway boys who skipped out of York, having with them \$4.19 and revolver each, were captured by Sheriff Brott at McCool.

John Findlay, living two miles west of town, while building a new barn stepped on a scaffold, which broke, letting him fall a distance of twenty-five feet. It is thought he will recover.

A letter from Riverdale, Cal., brings news that John An Cleve died there on election day. He was a Jefferson county pioneer, and, with his wife, departed for California in October in hopes of better health.

At Seward Anton Dey, jr., of D town, who was arrested some time ago for boot-legging was brought into court and plead guilty. Judge Sornborger assessed him a fine of \$100 and costs, amounting in all to \$217, which he paid.

Some one left a baby girl upon the doorstep of Mr. and Mrs. D. Eckles of West Beatrice. The baby was securely wrapped in a blanket, and was apparently only a day or two old. Pinned to the blanket was a note saying: "Please care for baby, and the parents will settle for same at some future time."

The Beatrice Chautauqua board of directors met and organized for the year by electing the following officers: B. H. Begole, president; M. V. Nichols, vice president; F. B. Sheldon, secretary, and W. W. Duncan, treasurer. It was decided to open the assembly of 1904 on Thursday, July 7, and continue two weeks.

Joseph Saunders, an ex-banker, narrowly escaped serious injury while handling a fractious team of horses at the farm of W. H. Williams seven miles west of Reynolds. The team became frightened while being hitched to the buggy and Mr. Saunders was dragged for some distance receiving a number of kicks and bruises, his right shoulder being badly lacerated.

Sheriff J. D. McBride of Cass county was notified that Richey's lumber office and the Burlington depot in Cedar Creek were entered by burglars. At the first named place the safe and desks were ransacked, but so far as known nothing of any value was stolen. At the depot the money drawer had been pried open, but it contained only small change and some postage stamps.

A clash between the school board and a number of the patrons of the schools in district No. 69, Gage county, known as the Dolan district, has been caused by the refusal of the board to buy text books to be used in the study of Latin. The teacher refuses to teach Latin during the regular school hours, but has expressed a willingness to do so after all other classes have been dismissed.

Mrs. Grant Cage of Columbus died a horrible death a few days ago. While working around the kitchen her apron caught fire while she was in the act of lifting a lid from the stove. Only her small children were in the house at the time. She frantically tried to extinguish the flames but without avail and when neighbors arrived she was burned in a terrible manner. She died soon after the accident.

Miss Mildred Glazier of Edgar was quite seriously burned about the face and neck. She threw kerosene into the furnace, which exploded instantly, throwing the flames into her face and about her neck.

C. D. Long, who has been engaged in the general merchandise business in Plattsmouth city for five years has sold his brick double store and stock of merchandise on Sixth street to P. Pearson of Silver City, Ia., for \$15,000, and accepts in payment for same 600 acres of land in Merrick county, Nebraska, valued at \$25 per acre.

Governor Mickey denies that he has stated positively that, in the event that the supreme court declares the revenue law to be invalid, he will assemble the legislature in special session to enact another measure. The governor declares that, while he may have discussed the subject in a casual way, he did not intend that his remarks should be quoted, and did not mean to anticipate the action of the court or say anything which might be calculated to arouse the ire of that body.

Almost the entire stock of jewelry in the store of W. J. Williamson at Hampton was taken from the store last week by burglars. Entrance was gained through the rear door which was found open in the morning when Mr. Williamson opened the store.

In Colfax county reports have been brought in of yields of eighty-two bushels of corn per acre, but such yields are exceptional, and are very few. The average throughout the county will run close to thirty bushels per acre.

AN EXTRA SESSION POSSIBLE.

It Will Depend Upon Decision of the State Supreme Court.

LINCOLN—A number of the lawmakers who helped to enact the revenue law have been here and all are interested in the outcome of the case. Several of them have called upon Governor Mickey and urged him, should the supreme court decide against the law, to call an extra session of the legislature for the purpose of passing a bill that would not be unconstitutional. It is argued that nothing in this line could be done at the next session of the legislature because a United States senator is to be elected and the matter will take up most of the time of the assembly. They who want the extra session believe it will be the only way to secure revision of the old revenue law. The governor indicated that in all probability he would call an extra session in that event.

Revenue Comes Slow.

State treasurer Mortensen announces that the revenues of the state are coming into the treasury very slowly, in fact are not keeping up with the disbursements. Receipts Monday were \$15 and the amount paid out \$3,613.68. Tuesday salary warrants aggregating \$9,000 were forwarded to the various state institutions. Neglect of taxpayers to pay their assessments is attributed as the cause of the low receipts.

Believes Law Will Stand.

LINCOLN—Governor Mickey is of the opinion that the supreme court will not knock out the new revenue law in toto. "It is my opinion," said he, "that the law will stand, although I expect that the courts will declare several of the sections invalid. The taxation of credits is what is causing all the trouble, and it is possible the legislature passed a few sections that may be defective."

State Will Take the Bonds.

The state will get the \$81,000 issue of Saunders county court house bonds at 3 1/2 per cent. They will be taken in blocks of \$15,000 as the money is required by the county. These are the bonds for which the state negotiated for the investment of the permanent school fund, this summer. A defect was found in the issue at that time, necessitating the submission of the proposition to the voters of Saunders county a second time. The bonds were carried at the last election and can now legally be issued.

Hand Crushed in Thresher.

PAPILLION—While Eugene Pfing was running a threshing outfit his hand was caught and badly injured.

Sarpy's Good Corn Crop.

GRETNA—Corn picking is in progress in this vicinity, and, notwithstanding the unfavorable spring and summer, the yield is proving to be good—about thirty-five bushels per acre would be a safe average.

Want an Omaha Grain Market.

YORK—Many York business men are interested in the establishing of a grain market at Omaha, hoping that another market would be a benefit and less charges for a shorter haul. Ninety per cent of the grain shipped out of York county goes to Kansas City. Before Kansas City was a grain market grain was shipped to Chicago, and since the opening of the Kansas City market Chicago, as a rule, is unable to make as good bids.