

landscape of her heart.

look at me an' laugh, so pleasant an'

boyish. He wa'n't one that liked to

write. I don't think he was doin' very

well when I heard-there, it's years

ago now. I always thought if he got

sick or anything, I should have a good

home for him. There was Ezra Blake,

the deaf one, too he won't have any

The light faded out of doors, and

again Mrs. Robb's troubles stood before

her. Yet it was not so dark as it had

been in her sad heart. She still sat

made her feel not so much light-heart-

had fallen that autumn, and poor fire-

own, and she had burnt it most thank-

"I'll get me good an' warm," she

said, still talking to herself, as lonely

comin' on to storm." The snow

clicked faster and faster against the

window, and she sat alone thinking

said once. "They'd be sorry I ain't got

nobody to come an' no supper the night

afore Thanksgivin'. I'm dreadful glad

they don't know." And she drew a lit-

tle nearer to the fire, and laid her head

back drowsily in the old rocking-chair.

It seemed only a moment before there

was a loud knocking, and somebody

lifted the latch of the door. The fire

shone bright through the front of the

old stove and made a little light in

the room, but Mary Ann Robb waked

found her crutch and went to the door.

She was conscious of only her one

great fear. "They've come to take me

to the poorhouse!" she said, and burst

There was a tall man, not John Man-

"Come, let me in!" he said gayly, "It's

"Dear me! What is it?" she faltered.

stepping back as he came in and drop-

ping her crutch. "Be I dreamin'? I

was a-dreamin' about- Oh there!

What was I a-sayin'? 'Tain't true! No!

I've made some kind of a mistake."

Yes, this was the man who kept the

poorhouse, and she would go without

complaint; they might have given her

"Sit down, sir," she said, turning to-

ward him with touching patience.

"You'll have to give me a little time.

If I'd been notified I wouldn't have

kept you waiting a minute this cold

night." It was not the keeper. The

man by the door took one step forward

and put his arm round her and kissed

"What are you talkin' about?" said

John Harris. "You ain't goin' to make

me feel like a stranger. I've come all

the way from Dakota to spend Thanks-

givin'. There's all sorts o' things out

here in the wagon, an' a man to help

get 'em in. Why-don't you cry so,

Mother Robb. I thought you'd have a

great laugh if I come an' surprised you.

Don't you remember I said I should?"

It was John Harris indeed. The poor

notice, but she must not fret.

a cold night. You didn't expect me

did you, Mother Robb?"

der, who seemed to fill the narrow door-

"Who's there?" she called, as she

up frightened and bewildered,

into tears.

"There's lots o' folks I love," she

place to come to-"

wind overhead.

house that stood humbly by the roadside under some tall elms. Small as her house was, old Mrs. Robb found it too large for herself alone;

she only needed the

kitchen and a tiny bedroom that led out of it, and there still remained the best room and a bedroom, with the low garret overhead. There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself. She owned a pig. and was strong enough not only to do a woman's work inside her house, but also a man's work outside in her piece of garden ground. At last sickness and age had come hand in hand, those two relentless enemies of the poor, and together they had wasted her strength and substance. She had always been looked up to by her neighbors as being independent, but now she was left. lame-footed and lame-handed, with a debt to carry and her bare land, and the house ill-provisioned to stand the siege of time. For a while she managed to get on, but at last it began to be whispered about that it was no use for any one to be so proud; it was eas- herself, instead of fearing; and a curiier for the whole town to care for her ous feeling of nearness and expectancy than for a few neighbors, and she had better go to the poorhouse before win- ed as light-headed. ter, and be done with the At this ter-rible suggestion her brave heart seemed to stand still. The people Harris, perhaps he's thinkin' o' me, if whom she cared most for happened to he's alive." be poor, and she could no longer go into their households to make herself of there were tiny clicks against the winuse. The very elms overhead seemed dow. It was beginning to snow, and to say "No" as they grouned in the late autumn winds, and there was something appealing even to strange passers-by in the look of the little gray house, with Mrs. Robb's pale, worried | wood as it had been, it was Mrs. Robb's

Anniversaries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes when they come they seem to be full of shadows, and the power of giving joy to others, that inalienable right which with strange recklessness she began to ought to lighten the saddest heart, the most indifferent sympathy, sometimes | days, even this seems to be withdrawn. So poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before people do, "an' I'll go to bed early. It's Thanksgiving and felt herself to be poor and sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road she looked eastward over a great stretch of cold meadow-land, in the dark. brown and windswept and crossed by

face at the window.



THERE WAS A TALL MAN. lcy ditches. It seemed to her as if in all the troubles that she had known and carried before this, there had always been some hope to hold, as if she had never looked poverty full in the face and seen its cold and pitiless look before. She looked anxiously down the road, with a horrible shrinking and dread at the thought of being asked, out of pity, to join in some Thanksgiving feast, but there was nobody coming with gifts in hand. Once she had been full of love for such days, whether at home or abroad, but something had chilled her very heart now,

poor old woman. Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town-farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting patiently to get her tin/ farm into his own hands. He had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt. after he had cleared her wood lot to pay himself back. He would plow over the graves in the field-corner and fel the great elms, and waited for his poor prey like a spider. He had often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past and com- soul could say nothing. She felt now pressed.

and came in himself laden with pieces the sunshine through. One lovely of the nearest fence to keep the fire gogleam shot swift as an arrow and ing in the meantime. They must cook brightened a far cold hillside where it the steak for suppor right away; they fell, and at the same moment a sudden must find the package of tea among all gleam of hope brightened the winter the other bundles; they must get good fires started in both the bedrooms. "There was Johnny Harris," said Why, Mother Robb didn't seem to be Mary Ann, softly. "He was a soldier's ready for company from out West! The son, left an orphan and distressed. Old great cheerful fellow hurried about the John Mander scolded, but I couldn't see tiny house, and the little, old woman the poor boy want. I kep' him that limped after him, forgetting everything year after he got hurt, spite o' what but hospitality. Had not she a house anybody said, an' he helped me what for John to come to? Were not her little he could. He said I was the only old chairs and tables in their places mother he'd ever had. 'I'm goin' out still? And he remembered everything West, Mother Robb,' says he. 'I shan't and kissed her as they stood before the come back till I get rich,' an' then he'd

fire as if she were a girl. He had found plenty of hard times, but luck had come at last. He had struck luck, and this was the end of a great year.

"No, I couldn't seem to write letters; no use to complain o' the worst, an' I wanted to tell you the best when I came"; and he told it while she cooked the supper. "No, I wa'n't goin' to write no foolish letters," John repeated. He was afraid he should ery himself when he found out how bad things had been; and they sat down to supper together,



"DON'T YOU CRY SO!" just as they used to when he was a

homeless orphan boy, whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work. She could not be kinder now than she was then but she looked so poor and old! He saw her taste her cup of tea and set it down again, with a trembling hand and a look at him. "No, I wanted to come myself," he blustered, wiping his eyes and trying to laugh. "And you're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable long's you live, Mother Robb!"

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good, hot supper ready, and her own folks had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.



Oh! Turkey with cranberry jelly! Oh! Doughnuts and pudding and ple!

If there is ever a time when we want our turkey to be tender and juicy, it is for the Thanksgiving dinner. It is not every housekeeper who knows how to select a turkey, though it is not a difficult matter. The best turkeys have smooth, black legs with soft, loose spurs, and are short and plump. The end of the breast bone should be soft and flexible. The breasts are full, and the flesh plump and white.

The cooking is fully as important as the selection, and the preparation for it should be carefully attended to.

A turkey is greatly improved by drawing the sinews from the legs. This converts the otherwise coarse and tough flesh of the drumstick into delicate meat.

If you prefer to stuff your turkey, place enough in slit of neck to fill the cavity made by removing the crop; fill the breast with the remainder and sev firmly.

Thanksgiving Day is a timely preparation for Christmas. A thankful heart makes one desire to share good gifts with a poorer neighbor, and so have turned aside the fearful conse- "True. Shall you feel more at ease, by the time Christmas Day appears the spirit of selfishness has been sup

THE COCKSWAIN'S STORY.

You know that little lines who Stoutow the burning dress.
Breates his father was to so of To and him quie the wrong.
Some folks must thus it also to write A person wat he did.
But way he warm to market

To our captain's little hid.

We was cruisin' just off Sandy Hools, A shootin of a mark. An little Jack stood on the profile, An thought it miss tark. "Stay right up there:" his father said, An above the little hid. Would meet up them because he date Exactly as he was bid.

When, just like that, a shell with tuse All off came realing at.
An men an loss they slipped one suit dust like as they were dar.
Twas just a silly trick o some. Fresh mischer makin Ma.
Hat it seemed all dead in earnest to.
The captain's little kid.

He give one hosty look aroun', His lip curied up in scorn.
Then swamz hisself down on the deels.
An true as you were born.
He crabbed that burning fuse in both.
His utile hands, he did.

in yanked it out Say, did no shout. Then for the captain's kid

The captain come, an' he was mad
thow dared you disobey?
"Well, Pops," the little chap spoke out
'You see, 'two just this way
You wasn't here but Pops, I know
Just wat you would 'a did
'An' so I took my chances. Was
'I right?" The placky kid!

The captain, w y, he just broke down,

The captain, w.y. he just broke down,
An fairly paped he eye.
An modified 'yes' he was that checked.
Twas all he cauld reply
That's w.y the near all stick to Jack:
He touched their bearts, he do!
Say that Daco wasn't in it with
The captain's little is it.
— Harner's Young People.

BY FRANK BARRETT. CHAPTER III-CONTINUED.

"And Jan Van Hoeck?" "That's Israel," responded the Judge, indicating Van Hoeck; Pand darkness fell upon 'em," he relded.

explanatively. During a short space of his eventful career Brace had carned a precarious existence as a traveling

preacher. "Then you are Bernard Thorne," the baronet said to me, cand Lola

"The Kid," said Brace; ther mother was a greaser-a Mexican." he explained to Miss Lascelles. The dinner had warmed his spirits and loosened his tongue, and he related the story of the finding of the diamond.

"One thing is obvious," said Sir Edmund cheerfully; "you won't want to leave me to-night."

"Neery one on us, sir, you bet:" replied the Judge, while Van Hoeck and I expressed the same sentiments in other words.

"The next thing to consider is," he then said, "how can I be of service to you in this affair. To pura certain sum for your present convenience, and taking it back when you may feel yourselves free from

any restraint in accepting my offer." It took us but a few moments to agree to this proposal.

"In that case," he proceeded, "I should wish to have a voice in the from the garden where we met. We management of this business, and the came to a stream bridged by a single first suggestion I should make is, plank supported in the middle. that the finest artist in work of this There had been a hand-rail, but it kind be engaged to cut the diamond had fallen away in decay. I gave under this roof, and that during the her my hand, the fear of falling operation you should take up your made her clasp my fingers tightly. residence here. This precaution is She seemed to enjoy the little dannecessary for the safe keeping of the ger; it animated her face and eyes treasure, and for our own common security."

This arrangement was too obviously advantageous to us to require | ened pulsation of her heart. But it argument; we consulted together, and quickly agreed to accept the condi-

Sir Edmund read the agreement through again, and then said:

"We must consult a lawyer with regard to a legal form of agreement. Here there is a kind of tontine arrangement by which one would receive an enormous advantage by the death of his partners. It is an unmfortable clause, and I do not see the necessity for its existence, now on the way. I sought Sir Edmund that the circumstances which called at once, and finding him alone, told for its being made are changed. A him that I wished to make his lawyer may provide for our security daughter my wife. He was thunder-

without exposing us to ugly possibili- struck by this sudden and unexpectties. Your rooms are ready; Johnson | ed announcement. will show you to them if you feel you would like to turn in."

The prospect of sleeping once more in a good bed brought us to our feet at once.

Miss Lascelles, undaunted by a first rebuff, had got Lola's hand in been a poor compliment to my daughhers, and was talking in a low, endearing tone to her. The Kid snatched her hand away, started to her feet, and came to my side, seeing we were about to go.

In the morning her room was found empty, the bed untouched, the floor covered with shreds of the clothing Miss Lascelles had lain out for Lola's use, and which, undoubtedly, little savage had torn up.

Poor little Lola! She and I had always been the best of friends, except when a question of cooking or washing occurred to trouble us. She would yield to my persuasion when nothing else would bend her stubborn spirits. She feared my silent reproach more than the scathing sarcasm Van Hoeck treated with, or the heavy hand of her father. She respected no one but say yes nor no. me, probably because I alone re-

spected her feelings. sourse she was about to take. I might. with a little patient persuasion, have brought her to reason. My spirit is weighed down with regret when I think how perhaps a dozen words from me at that time would quences of that act-ar set se slight dear, if Mr. Thorne goes away-for why they're honester than men.

by crime aron erimo.

CHAPTER IV.

I must summarise as brinly as possible the events that took pince the week following Lola's flight, not because I find them lacking in intercst for indeed these were the happiest days I had ever spent—but because the lengthy description would unduly retard the progress of the history I have set myself to narrate.

On the morning of the 15th, search was made for Lola. She was not in the house. A little after midday, one of the keepers, sent out to explore the Abbey woods and park, reported that he had seen the fugitive in the fir plantation, about half a mile from the Abbey. At sight of him she bad "scuttled" away like a young deer, but he, obedient to orders, had not pursued her.

In the afternoon we went in a slowly through the woods, with the possibility of being seen by Lola, who would certainly then have followed us, but we saw nothing of her. At Southampton we bought decent ciothes, and spent some time in the hair dresser's. I had my beard shaved off; and we returned to the Abboy, very much altered for the better in appearance.

Sir Edmund returned in the evening from London.

"Now, indeed, you look yourself-The Great Hesper, a gentleman, he said shaking my hand cordially. He had made Ina gentleman," he said, shaking my quiries respecting a lapidary, and learned that the most expert known to the trade was a man named Carvalho, then occupied at Madrid. With our sanction he wrote at once offering this man his own terms to come to the Abbey and cut the Great Hesper.

> At night, the door by which Lola was supposed to have escaped from the Abbey was left open, and a night light was placed in her bedroom.

The next morning the dairymaid said that someone had been at her milk pans in the night: there was no other evidence of Lela having entered the house. After breakfast, I determined to go through the woods myself in search of her. Miss Lascelles wished to accompany me. I ought to have pointed out to her that her company lessened the chances of Loia suffering me to approach her. but I could not deprive myself the pleasure of having such a sweet companion. We saw Lola at the edge of a cleaving on the hillside. She watched us as we drew near. I called to her, but she shook her head, and, turning her back upon us, quickly disappeared among the pines. The forlorn condition of the girl; her gesture which seemed full of sadchase your treasure is of course alto- ness; the silent fall of leaves; gether out of the question. But I the tristness of the autumn woods, should like to buy a small—a very, overcame Miss Lascelles; and as she very small-share in it, paying down | walked silently beside me, with her head bent, I saw that she was crying. This episode made a deep imthe diamond is ultimately disposed pression upon me; yet while my of, with a reasonable percentage heart ached with sympathy for the upon the outlay. I make this sug- poor little savage wandering alone in gestion as a matter of business, that | those silent, still woods, an indescribable happiness stole over my senses. . It was the awakening of love.

On the 19th we went again into the woods, Miss Lascelles and I, straying thither without purpose with the prettiest, most bewitching expression imaginable. Her hand seemed to communicate the quickwas not fear-it was intoxication that agitated me; and when she put her foot in safety on the bank, and looked up into my face with bright laughter, I lost my head completely. I kept her hand in mine, and when she tried to withdraw it, I forced 1t to my lips and pressed a kiss upon it. The color left her cheek, and in a tone of reproach she exclaimed: "Oh. Mr. Thorne?" and I was ashamed. We walked home and were very silent

"I love your daughter." I said, "and I cannot stay in this house keeping my passion a secret."

"Well," said he, with rather rueful pleasantry, "you have lost no time, Mr. Thorne, but it would have ter had you failed to perceive her charms.'

"I should be dull indeed had she failed to impress me." I replied. We talked for some time, and finally he said, with emotion:

"I must give up my dear child, sooner or later. Her happiness is dearer to me than anything; and I can wish her no greater blessing than to find a good and worthy husband

At that moment Edith opened the door, but seeing us, she stopped in the entrance.

"Come here, Edith," said Sir Edmund; and, taking her hand, he continued, "Mr. Thorne wishes you to be his wife; is that your wish also?" She buried her burning face in her father's shoulder; she could neither

"It is a question that should not be decided hastily," the baronet con-Had I foreseen that night the tinued; "take time, my dear. Meanwhile. I see no reason for your leaving the house," he added, addressing

"Unless-" I faltered. "Unless Edith wishes it," the baronet said, helping me out.

yet followed by terror upon torror, a certain time, say? Shall be go?" Still screening her face, faith shook her head and then I knew that I had won a treasure greater than the Besperdiamond.

In the afternoon of the 2 th Sir Edmand said.

"I have been looking at your engag ment, Bernard, from a practical point of view, and a fact occurs to me that, at such a time as this, would probably escape you. That agrees ment of yours must be altered. You will see that, for Edith's sake, what I call the tentine claus, a clause conferring upon the survivor a deceased partner's share in the Great Hesper-should be abrogated. It entails a risk which she must not be exposed to-you understand me?"

I understo d what he said perfeetly, and agreed with him that the clause must be altered.

"Consult with your partners," he break to Southampton, driving I expect my lawyer here on the 24th, and he can draw up a legal agreement in accordance with our general wish.

I took the Judge into Van Hoeck's room that night, and there told him of my engagement to Miss Luscelles. Van Hoeck was visibly alarmed when he heard this; and when I went on to say that Sir Edmund wi hed the clause aftered by his lawyer on the 21th, he said quickly, in a low voice:

"The crafty old fox! What does he mean by that?"

"Ilis meaning is obvious enough," I replied: wif I marry Miss Lascelles, and die, she will be dispossessed of my share in the diamond. I can

leave her only a legacy of debt." "Yes, end thet ain't all on it." said the Judge, dragging his wiry thin tuft through his hand and bending his brow. "Thet ain't all by a lump. We're playing with a marked card in the pack-a card as might tempt e'er one on us to foul play.'

"What on earth do you mean? Speak plainly if you can," said Van Hoeck, in angry impatience.

"Well, I mean this 'ere," answered the Judge, with slow impressiveness, "that if one of my pardners wasn't a gentleman, and t'other wasn't helpless blind, I,m durned if I'd go to bed without a six shooter under my piller, and my finger on the trigger. I don't allude to one any more'n another, but we'll just take Israel's word for gospel, that everyone is a thief if you give him a chance of thievin'; end, at that rate, I'm just as likely as not to murder my two pardners, end get the whole of that diamond myself. Consequently, you will allow that the squire has a double reason for wantin' the agreement altered; fur it ain't only the money he's got to secure on to his daughter, but her husbin's life likewise. Time enough for the young lady to be a widder in the nat'ral order of things in gen'al."

CHAPTER V.

When I met Sir Edmund in the morning, I told him that my partners had agreed with me to alter the clause in the agreement, though we had not yet decided in what man-

"I am glad to hear it," he said; "anything will be better than that agreement as it stands."

Edith came down late to breakfast. See looked pale and said she had overslept herself.

"For the first time in your life, I eseve," said Sir Edmund. "You did not fall asleep quite so readily as usual-hey?" he asked, smiling.

"I could not sleep," she answered, but so gravely that I saw it was not from the cause the baronet impliedthe love that had kept me awake: and then she added, "I have been terribly frightened."

We looked at her in astonishment and anxiety.

"I will tell you all about it," she continued, because you may be able to explain what perplexes me, and that will be a great relief." She paused, as if to collect her thoughts, and then said:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Unworthy of Good Music. Gounod was a firm and devout

atholic, and adored religious music. During the rehearsal of his "Drames Sacres," at the Vaudeville theater. the manager called on him one morning and asked permission to make a suggestion. "I think, mon cher maitre," he said, "that there is something wanting in your score. For example, do you not think that the Barabbas incident might be improved by a little more orchestral effect?" Gounod, without replying, hid his head in his hands, and, after two or three minutes of meditation, suddenly exclaimed: "No. decidedly no; such a blackguard as that does not deserve more music."-Argonaut.

Heard Outside the Stock Exchange. First City Man-Why, who owns he country

Second City Man-The people.

"Who owns the people?" "The politicians."

.. Who owns the politicians?"

"The Stock Exchange. "Who owns the Stock Exchange?" "The devil."

"Pon my honor, I think you are right! Ta-ta."—Peck's Sun.

Well-Planned. Miss Capron-I'd like to have you do me up an empty five-pound box.

Put this gentleman's card in it and send it to me to-night at 9 o'clock. I want to make Mr. Long jealous. → Truth.

The Fair Sex.

Little Dick-Why do they call women the fair sex? Some of 'em are awful homely.

Little Dot-I s'pose it's 'cause