THE RAFFLE AT CLANCY'S.

There's a raffle down at Clancy's; They are throwing for a "turk." By the way the dice box dances You can see it s hard at work.

Whew! the air is close and smoky! There's a crowd about the beer; Every stalwart thirsty bloky Downs his pint without a fear.

"Twinty-wan" called Jerry Clancy, And he pounded on the bar. Shure," the game is rather chancy. Lucky divil that ye are!

"Come, O'Brien, tak' the bir-r-d!" Then said Clancy with a wink; "Whirra, boys, an' haven't ye hear-r-o O'Brien ashk yes all to dhrink?"

There were twenty-seven husky men Gathered there about the bar. "Whisky here" each shouted then. Clancy answered: "Here yes are!

"Tin cints aich, ye lucky sinner!" "Falx!" O'Brien said, "that's nate! "Tis a moighty coshtiy dinner-Eight years old, four pound in weight

The Broken String.

Tinkle-tinkle, tinkle-tinkle, tinkle-tin-

The leading man, engaged in an attempt to remove a black spot from his dress cravat by means of an applica-tion of white grease paint, paused and

"It's a mandolln," he said. "That's a new wrinkle. We've had all kinds of fiends in this company since we start-e dout, everything from cigarettes to bicycles. Who's the musician, I won-der? Oh, I say, Jenks! Jenks! Who's the band wagon?" There was a step in the narrow pas-sageway that led to the dressing rooms, and Jenks, the property man, appeared in the doorway. "Bh!" he said, "not so loud. The old man 'll hear you." The leading man started. "The old man, did you say-not Merriam?" "Tes, Merriam," in a whisper. The leading man sat on his trunk. "That beats me," he said. "The An-cient Mariner tinkling a mandolin. Now I'm prepared to see Father Time playing sentimental ditties on a jews-harp." "It's a mandolin," he said. That's a

Jenks did not laugh, a fact which Jenks did not haugh, a ract which helped to sober the other man. "It's no surprise to me," said the property man, gravely. "I says to Mrs. Jenks before I left the hotel, says I, 'Mrs. Jenks, you know what night this is? "Thanksgiving? she says. 'Why, right,' says I, 'and it'll be a hard night for

Merriam.' "'Poor old man,' says Mrs. Jenks, a-wipin' of a tear. 'Poor old man, I suppose he'll be a playin' of his mando-lin again.' That he will,' says I. "He hasn't missed it, as near as 1

can judge for thirty years. As sure as Thanksgiving night comes, just so sure be gets out that old mandolin of his and tinkles away. And it's always the same tune. God! But it does make my mind go back. I'll never forget the first time he played it. You see, me and Merriam have been together, off and on, so long that I know his story 'most as well as he does himself. Not that he ever talks about it. To-night, after the show, that instrument 'll go back to the bottom of his trunk, and it won't come out again until this time next year."

The leading man was all ears.

"Thirty years sto I was stage door-keeper at the old California theater. Now, the stage doorman ain't so un-Now, the same folks think. There's mighty little goes on that he don't know something about. He gets the flowers first, and he usually sees the cards. He's a good friend to the actor when the actor's a friend to him, and he can do a favor now and then that's

worth the while. just beginning to climb

. Perhaps the former was thinking his own high tide of prosperity, and what the future had in store for

bin. But sympathy and curiosity are closely allied, and soon the two men were tiptoeing through the passage-way. They paused before the old act-or's room. A ray of light filtered through the crack in the thin pine door. Merriam was dressed and made up for a comedy servant. His green livery coat hung on a peg on the wall, and the red wig with which he covered his own white hair lay on the dressing table before him. There, too, was the faded portrait of a pure-faced girl ir the dress of Juliet. The actor was bent over his mandolin and the leading man now-caught the tune for the first time ow.caught the tune for the first time

broken, but recognisable. "When other hearts and other lips Their tales of love shall tell, Then you'll remember, you'll remem

ber-' Twang! There was the sound of a

"First act! All up for the first act!" The call boy came tumbling down the passage and the listeners hurried up to the stage. A few minutes later the call boy came hurrying up, too, and he found the stage manager fuming. "Where's Merriam?" he cried. "I can't hold the curtain all night for that doddering old fool. Hurry him up.

will you?" The boy disappeared and reappeared

almost instantly. " The tears choked "Mr. Merriam-" The tears choked his voice and he got no further. The stage manager made a rush for the stairs. Ten minutes later he came up dressed for the comedy servant, but the man whose name was down on the bills for the part lay in his dressing roo clutching an old mandolin, with his eyes fixed on a faded photograph.— Adolph Klauber.

Thanksgiving.

With this season of mists and mel-

low fruitlessness comes our Thanksgiving day and the festival of the family History tells us that this annual cele-bration of the fireside joys grew out of bration of the freshe joys grew out of a moment of great peril and marked deliverance therefrom. This new con-tinent gave our pligrim fathers but cold welcome, for the Mayflower entered Plymouth harbor midst a driving snowstorm. Wading ashore through treach-erous surf men cleared away the drifts

and erected rude log cabins. But exposure told heavily upon the pioneers, already exhausted by a voy-age long and tempestuous. Six of the heroes died during December, eight in January, seventeen in February, thir-teen in March, and when the last snow fell it lay like a soft, white blanket upon the graves of half the immortal

THE TURKEY'S FATE.

They trampled on the victim and They tore him with their claws. They swooped upon him in a band, They pecked him without pause. They pecked him without pause. They stalked across his aching form. They made him roll and shriek. They swooped upon him 14 a swarm, And ripped with claw and beak. He rolled and tumbled all about— At last he gave a scream. That in a jiffy put to rout That horrid turkey dream!

A CURIOUS CUSTOM

The opening ceremony of the festivi-ties connected with Thanksgiving day in New York used to be making drunk the turkey that was to be the most important feature of the holiday feast. When the bird that was to occupy the place of honce on the table head here place of honor on the table had been selected, it was taken to one corner of the farmyard and a cup of brandy was placed before it. The turkey would drink this eagerly and would then give drink this eagerly and would then give a first-class exhibition of being on a "tear" of the funniest sort. He would staggeringly strut up and down, his wings trailing on the ground. At one time he would seem to look extremely wise and then would appear to be over-come with the hilarious aspect of his condition.

condition. condition. All the members of the family and the relatives and friends who had come to spend Thanksgiving with it would gather in the yard and enjoy the sight. Finally when the poor fellow was exhausted and overcome with decoming the was killed.

was exhausted and overcome with drowainess he was killed. The good housewives imagined that it moreased the favor of the turkey 50 per cent to kill it when it was drunk. Families that would not allow a drop of liquor to be brought into their houses at any other time except as medicine, would not think it wrong to make their Thankagiving turkey drunk. Perhaps it was thought that the bird would feel less worried over its fate if the headsman's hatchet was put to it when it was in a state of blissful ignorance. gnorance.

A WORD FOR THE MOTHER.

Thanksgiving brings together the scattered members of the family. "Mother's turkey" and "Mother's chick-en pie" reached out from the kitchen of the old homestead in Maine to the shores of California, and from the green hills of Vermont to the sandy areas of Florida, and bid the wander-ers come home to Thanksgiving. The smell of "mother's doughnuts" come across the continent, and lure back the prodigals to the old roottree. Grandfather and grandmother a litt-Thanksgiving brings together the

Grandfather and grandmother, a lit-tie grayer and a little more slow of step, perhaps, than last year, brighten up at the thought of Thanksgiving. They will see the children-always "the children" to them, though they may be gray-headed-and the little folks, and the baby, who, since the last Thanks-giving, has taken up the burden which

we call life. The kitchen is filled with spicy odors and the smell of sweets. Everybody is willing to help now-even the ordinary lay boys are ready to crack nuts and sample the mince ples, to see if they are sweet enough and spicy enough. The mother of the family is full of care and bustle. Oh, dear, if there was something now that one could If someone would only invent only an entirely new specimen of ple! A kind that nobody had ever heard of! If there was some different method of frosting cake! If one could find some new recipe for pudding in the cook hook! book!

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR That we are alive and kicking-ey-

That we are a humble, healthy citi-zen, and not a dead hero. That we owe less than we can pay. That Christmas is coming, and with

It another turkey—If we are in luck. That the billious attack from which we generally suffer on the first of the month is yet some days removed. That we have never abused the trust

THANKS FROM THE HEART.

God, I think Thee for the strength with which I make my fight; I had been conquered, aye and crushed but for Thy might. I am not wholly overcome. I bow and bless thy name; I stood and waited for the strength and

lo, it came God, I thank Thee that while tests of mother, broke into the gusty air. For

But

though they took my youth. I thank Thee that I still can struggle, still believe and try, And that my faith in human nature did not die.

God, I thank Thee through my tears, I still can see the stars; There is of music in my soul a few

There is of music in instant sweet bars. With gratitude which has survived the sordid grind and strife, Oh, God, I thank Thee for the love which glorifies my life! MINNIE M. LAING.

One Thanksgiving.

We had never spent "a Thanksgiv-ing" in the country. And in town the Pilgrims' holy day was degenerated in-te an 'Arry and 'Arriet "blowout." It was decided in family council to

It was decided in family council to hie us in a body to a country box among the hills, where we had enjoyed four idyllic summers, and there keep the hoary old festa as Yankee pre-Raphaelite aquaraelies tell us it should e observed.

Snow fell two days before the im-Brow fell two days before the im-portant Thursday. All the better! It would have been all the best had the storm held off until we were actually housed and could read "Snow-Bound" over blazing logs answering roar for roar, the "grand old harper" smitting and twanging the oaks and hickories

of the grove. We took the 9 o'clock train from th city. It was crowded, mainly with one sort and condition of men. Each one sort and condition of men. Each of them was presumably going to the old homestead-gray, yellow or white, backed by the invariable red barn-"for Thanksgiving." Some chewed or-ange peel to tone down their breaths to the decorous prejudice of the old folks at home, others inhaled bad ci-mans in the "moker" and brought the

gars in the "smoker," and brought the evil incense into our car. At least two-thirds munched peanuts and strewed the floor with the shells. One and all talked loud and laughed boisand an taised foud and laughed bols-terously. A red-hot stove at each end of the car blew the reek of whisky, tobacco, orange peel and roasted pea-nuts into a nuisance. It was an accommodation train, halt-

It was an accommodation train, halt-ing at every "turn-out" to set down trippers moved by filial plety or farm-house romance and poetry to maintain the traditions of the day. At the end of the fifteenth mile we came to a dead standstill. A coal train had been wrecked and must be cleared away before we could go on. We were wrecked and must be cleared away before we could go on. We were stranded in the exact center of an un-comely expanse of field covered with sodden snow and criss-crossed by blackish stone fences. Now a farm-stead was visible for over a mile on all of the Thanksgiving toket. The cran-sides of us; half a dozen mean huts knotted into a sort of settlement about some railway coal sheds and twenty disreputable loafers lounged from them to inspect the wreck and our train. The They go together so harmoniously that several poets say that the cranberry's incarnated smile is intensified by the turkey's flush of pride. The turkey is a bird among birds, a one sort and condition of men affiliated right speedily with these, and whereas paterfamilias made divers abortive exdish among dishes, a dream among cursions in various directions in quest of a draught of milk and slices of bread dreams. for his hungry children and a reason ably clean spot where materfamiliar THE ORDER OF THE DAY ably clean spot where materfamilias might retire for awhile from the grow-ing strife of tongues dashing against the becalmed train, it was but too evi-dent that the mountain dew and Jersey lightning were to be had for good fel-lowship and for money. All babbled, more or less tipsily, of the day we were celebrating, drinking to it with every imaginable form of expletive, and some that until that unhappy hour were Now the festive rural dweller Now the festive rural dweller Descends into his cellar To begin a very pleasant Task, task, task. While his mouth he opens wider As he enguifs the sparkling cider, In his effort to empty the Cask, cask, cask. that, until that unhappy hour were quite unimaginable by materfamilias And the college footbal player Prides himself he is a stayer To smother his opponent, whom he'li and her terrified younglings. The av-erage American's one idea of a holiday is license, and the one idea increased Maim, maim, maim, He smiles-how he will mangle him, and prevailed as the hours dragged by. We were balted at 10:30. At 3 the Smother, kick and strangle him Till he's taken on a stretcher from the rails were free and the celebrants of the honorable anniversary tumbled tu-Now we take relaxation From work-day life's vexation, Waiting gleefully till the dinner bell Heard, heard, heard. reeking with richness, to the carver's blade; cranberries had bled by the For, even where we're boar Mrs. Hashcroft is affording million; pumpkin pies and plum pud-dings had surfeited the tens of thou-Up a turkey that simply is a Bird, bird, bird! sands of sensible people who had stayed at home and feasted conven-

we must we will starve in our beds, under plenty of blankets," Bhe took a child by each hand, pater-familias reshouldered the weeping baby and we pulled our feet out of the congealing mow. A plantation of ever greens hid the turn in the path a which we had our first glimpse of the cottage. A weak cry from the children, an astonished snort from the paterfam-

God, I thank Thee that while tests of truth found me untrue.
I have been faithful to my duty in a few.
That though my failures sicken me, I realise my blame.
And have enough sincerity to suffer shame.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.
God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible their truth.

rible their truth, they taught me self-control al-by the road, and, being a little behind

time, had missed us, who came across lots. While our trusty retainers made breathless explanations the odor of

still believe and try,
And that my faith in human nature did not die.
God, I thank Thee that the conflict did not make me cold;
That my pulses leap as quickly as of old.
That my sympathies still lead me, and though worldly wise,
That I still can look about me with kind eyes.
breathless explanations the odor of roast turkey was borne to us upon the food of warm air pouring through hall and doorway. Dinner would be on the table by the time we could get ourselves into dry clothes.
Never did another dinner taste so good; never was wood fire more joily than that in which the children roasted chestnuts, and beside which paterfamilias smoked the cigar of content and materfamilias dreamed and moralized.

To the home nook, "curtained and moralized. To the home nook, "curtained and closed and warm," came the shout of the wind-god, a very pacan of rejolc-ing for mishaps overpast and for the abundant compensations that crowned the outgoing of our one eventful Thanksgiving day.—Marion Harland.

PUMPKIN PIE.

The greatness and supremacy of the pumpkin are universally acknowledged, and the fact that it is sometimes called and the fact that it is sometimes called "punkin" does not detract from its fair fame. A golden seed, a golden blos-som, a golden fruit, and, finally, a golden pie, that lifts one to the realms of fairy gold, it is not wonderful that it should gild our passing thoughts at this particular season and fill our spirits with liveliest anitcipations of the glories of Thanksgiving. Whether the pumpkin pie be made at home by hand, or n a factory by machinery, the effect seems to be the same. You can-not taste the wheels in the factory-

not taste the wheels in the factory-made pies because the pumpkin pie is a wheel itself whose magnificence

wheel itself whose magnificence warfs the other wheels into insignificance. Furthermore, it is pumpkin pie, and when you say that you have no room for hostle argument. The pumpkin ple, whether square, round or oblong, is warranted to adjust itself to room any stomach, and that most gracefully exerting all its powers of elasticity that the ple may be comfortably located, to assimilate with the turkey, until the spirit is suffused with dreams of peace

Dick was silent. "Roberts," said Mr. Blair, sternly, "if you can say anything in explanation you had better do it." "Mr. Blair-Laura!" Dick cried sud-denly. "Does it seem to you possible that I could have harmed Mary? I love her. I asked her to be my wifs. I was to wait for an answer until she had returned, to her home. Do you think I would harm her under such circumstances?" spirit is sumused with dreams of peace and resignation, and the diner feels so kindly toward everybody and every-thing that he refuses to doubt the ac-curacy of ice-scales and gas meters, while the fact that the plumber is re-garded as a moral monstrosity strikes bim as a smith fastery in proved. proved." "He'll have a chance to prove it if he can," said 'Squire Woods. "Here comes the officer to arrest him." But at this instant wild shrieks were heard, and Cissy fiew in screaming: "Papa! Dick! Come-come, Mary!" and she turned back, followed by the record

THEY GO TOGETHER.

It is believed by many thinking people that Thanksgiving was invented to give the turkey a distinction and a prestige and to give us a medium through which to offer our gratitude while experiencing perennial thrills of pleasure. The selection of the turkey for the star part was happy, because

for the star part was happy, because every one likes turkey, be it hot, cold or canned. Unlike veal, corned beef and fishballs, the turkey is a concrete symphony that causes every soul to ripple in song. Old and young are alike victims to its peeriess quality. The young eat it with their first teeth, the middle-aged attack it with their second, and the old masticate it with their third or store teeth, and it

days ago. I was making a secret of it to tease the boys because they never had found it, and they play in those old rooms so much. When Dick left me last night I went there, intending

ALL ENDS WELL.

"Why, hasn't Mary got back yet" Mr. Blair asked, as he came in at 525 and Raiph Duncan, one of Mary's ad-mirers, who was with him, acowisd. "No, she hasn't come yet," Mrs. Blair replied. "And she said positively that she would be home to tea." "It's a lovely evening for riding. I think they've come around by the laks," said Laura. Nine o'clock came. Mrs. Blair walked about uneasily; the boys camped dewn to wait, refusing to go to bed antii Mary had disclosed to them a pr _sized secret.

Ten o'clock. "This begins to look serious," said Mrs. Blair.

"Perhaps she went at once to her room," suggested Duncan. "No; I looked before dark," said

Cissy. Clasy. All pretense was thrown away; they were openly anxious and went in a body to search the house. "Til go and see if anything has been heard of Dick," said Duncan, when they gathered again in the parlor. He rushed away and they waited si-lently. In about twenty minutes he came back accompany of an excited young man. "I brought Miss Statement home about 630," the other said. "Impossible!" excitent of Mr. Blair. "I swear I did!" he declared vehe-mently. "I left the horse standing and waiked to the door with her." They looked at each other blankly; then said Mrs. Blair solemnly, "Not s soul in this place has seen her since she left with you at 3." All efforts were useless, and as the crowd of searchers gathered toward evening of the next day there were many open expressions of opinion that there had been foul play. "It is unaccountable, unaccounta-ble!" muttered Mr. Blair, walking the "Just one person can explain it, and that's Dick Roberts," said Duncan forcely. "I have told you all I know over and All pretense was thrown away: they

that's Dick Hoberts," said Duncan fiercely. "I have told you all I know over and over again. I brought Miss Stanton safely home last evening," Dick re-plied. "You were seen about 7 driving on the Harris road with a woman," Dun-can went on. "The person could not say whith it was Miss Stanton or not. Explain that"

"That's your story," Duncan sneered jealous fury. "It remains to be

crowd. Down the hall she darted, through

the back entry into the old wing where there was a large room with a closet the length of one side. Into this Closet dived. "She is here! She is here! I

Hushing her, Mr. Blair listened a moment, then exclaimed: "It's true!

She is here somewhere." He struck a match, disclosing a small

door, against which Dick flung him-self furiously, bursting it in. In a moment he dashed out into the

air with Mary lying limp in his arms. Half an hour later she had recovered

sufficiently to tell her story. "I found that little dark place a few

Explain that!" Dick was silent.

dived. "Sh heard her!"

up the ladder in those days. He had up the ladder in those days. He had come into the stock three years before as utility, but he was a handsome chap, with brains and ambition to back his good looks, and it wasn't long behis good looks, and it wasn't long be-fore he got to playing leads. Bay, when Merriam went on as Romeo at the matinees you couldn't see three rows in front of you for the bonnets. Mrs. Jenks used to live in a regular garden those days, for Merriam would not have any of the flowers the silly girls used to send him. When I'd offer to bring them home to him he'd laugh. and tell me he reckoned my wife cared more for flowers than he did. "But I often noticed that he came

and tell me he rowers than he did. "But I often noticed that he came into the theater with a big bunch of violets or roses that he'd bought him-self to give to the little woman who played opposite parts to him. I asked him once why he didn't give her the him once why he girls sent him, instead of him once why he didn't give her the flowers the girls sent him, instead of spending money that way. I took a kind of fatherly interest in Merriam in those days. Lord bless you, to look at him now you'd think he was my grandfather. He looks that old. "Well, I seen how things was going with him and Nellie Moore, and every-body else seen it, too. When she was on the stage he stood in the wings, and has been kindly, the clouds propilious, and the soll full of

on the stage he stood in the wings, and his eyes followed every move she made. I remember one of the women saying that it was worth while to have a man care for you like that, and cer-tainly Nelle seemed to like it. She came to me one afternoon—the Thanks-giving I'm telling you about—and said that she was too tired to go home after the matinee. She asked me if I'd run across the way and order dinner for her. Then she whispered in my ear that she wanted it served for two, and asked if I couldn't fix a bunch light on the stage are do uncertained to reason and the solution of a state that she wanted it served for two, and asked if I couldn't fix a bunch light on the stage are do uncertained to reason and the states where corn is raised already the bins and barns are filled.

that she wanted it served for two, and asked if I couldn't fix a bunch light on the stage, so she and Merriam could already the bins and barns are filled. yet many yellow shocks still wait the coming of the huskers. Vineyards and orchards have not been less fruitful. How rich the crisp apples, pears and peaches. Sweet juices have filled grape clusters to the point of bursting. Au-turn has also plumped the nuts and their ripe kernels. How ruddy the wholesome roots and vegetables. a change of bill that night, so I came back early so as to get my props in shape, as I had them to attend to as well as looking after the door. When I came back into the 'heater I heard Nelle Moore playing a mandolin. She was always fond of music and carried the instrument around with her. "'Now, you try,' ahe said. There's an air I want you to learn and remem-her'

ber' "All right,' said Merriam, and he took the mandolin from her. She showed him where to place his fingers, and kept humming the tune until he could play it with only one or two breaks. Then she went to her dressing room to get ready, and Merriam sat there thrumming until the half hour was called. bere thrumming until the half hour

"That night there was a good deal of hand-shaking, and the word went around that there was to be a weddin' at Christmas.

"The next night, on my way to the eater, I noticed a crowd around the age door, and heard talk of a runa-y. I hurried up, and as I did so erriam came out, his face as white

Morriam Canto asks, get a doctor, "Tor God's sake, get a doctor, "Tenks? he cried. "I rushed to the nearest drug store, and, instally, frand one there. When we have to the mage door Morriam he

company. If the first summer was pro-pitious, the second refused rain, while autumn sent an early frost. When the harvest had failed in the field the game departed from the forests. What was worse, the Indians now became un-triandly.

friendly. Because winter and starvation threat ened the remnant of the intrepid band ened the remnant of the intrepid band, Governor Bradford appointed a day of fasting and prayer. But ere the ap-pointed day arrived the colonists wak-ened one morning to find that during the night a good ship from home had dropped anchor in the harbor, bringing letters, food and medicine for the sick, seeds and roots for a new sowing-bringing also old friends and new colo-nists. Never was deliverance more

spend it.

PREPARE TO CELEBRATE

When they've counted all the ballots When the votes are gathered in; When the razors, guns and mallets That are raising such a din; Public time no more are wasting-When the turkey comes in state, We will give the bird a basting

And prepare to celebrate.

Fashions have been changing lately; Innovations still increase; And the gobbler, large and stately, Now supplants the dove of peace. When Thanksgiving times are hasting. One and all in spite of fate, Join and give the bird a basting

And prepare to celebrate.

"Mamma said we were going to have a Thanksgiving dinner like mother used to cook." "Well, when you get home, tell moth-er that I have an important engage-ment at the club."

It was the day before Thankagiving. "Alas!" moaned the gobbler as he faced the block, "I thought the treatment of the Armentane would have turned the people against Turkey, but it seems

of our fellow man-particularly the grocer and butcher.

That we have never written poet for some other unfortunate to edit. That we are a cheerful giver-of a ine assortment of good advice.

That we don't believe all we hear

That we don't believe all we hear, and don't say all we believe. That if we have a cross to bear we don't go forth into the market place and invite all men to gaze on it. That we never lend anything on any

occasion-except the light of our countenance.

That we can live within our means though sometimes we feel rather mean

in doing so. That we admire all womankind-

with individual exceptions. That "Vox Populi," "Old Subscriber" and "Constant Reader" still make life pleasant for us

FOR THE ELDERLY PEOPLE.

Thanksgiving day is a festival for elderly people. The movement on that day is toward the home where the father and mother, the grandfather and grandmother live. It matters not if we have made a home for ourselves, and if it be ever so happy, it is to the home of boyhood or girthood that we turn on this day. It is to the old folk we must go to relate the sorrow and happiness of the year, to sit again at the bountl-ful board, share again in the hospitality ful board, share again in the hospitality and warmth of the family hearth and receive again the blessings of those who watched so carefully and lovingly over our early days. It was in those days that we first learned to give thanks for the benefits of a kind provi-dence and the spirit then instilled in us furns our thoughly ever homeword. us turns our thoughts ever homeward when the great annual feast of Thanksgiving occurs. Christmas, with its lighter current of happiness, is for the children, but Thanksgiving, with its deeper thoughts, is for the old people, and it is with them that we wish to fiding innocents of the sleigh drive they would have from the station, the

THE ABSENT ONES.

There will be vacant chairs. There are always faces to be missed on this are always faces to be missed on this Thanksgiving day, which last year were bright and smiling. This year there will be more whose light will not shine at you across the Thanksgiving table. Many of the bravest and bright-est of our young men have been laid to sleep under palmetto trees of the Phil-ippines, but let us hope that the sacri-fice of their hopeful young lives is not in vain. Let us hope that in the mys-terious marching on of events the go-ing out of the one we so dearly loved ing out of the one we so dearly loved may have helped on the Grand Inevita-ble—and that the hand of Destiny has written that one dear name where God and the angels can read it, and decree

CULTIVATE GOOD CHEER

Gratitude Cheerfulness, Unselfish-ness-all those good spirits which inev-itably bring peace and joy in their train-come not without invitation, and must be warmly entreated to stay with us. Strange that we are so diligent to cultivate the things which make not for our peace, and neglect these best friends, where presence might make the a perpetual thanksgiving.

tionally. Since our early breakfast we had eaten just one water cracker apiece; and we were lame with long sit-The sickened in body by foul air and in soul by foul language. What was left of spirit and soul re-vived with each mile left behind us. Materfamilias told stories to the con-

Game, game, game.

boarding

dinner and firee and fun awaiting us at home. We had managed to get off a

home. We had managed to ker at telegram to our caretaking gardener at 11 o'clock, ordering him to send to every train until we came and to keep day, and there's Christmas and New the dinner hot. At 4:30 we alighted at the shabby lit-

> "No," 'exclaimed the mother turkey. "I would prefer my children not to as-sociate with those incubator chicks." "Because they are so heedless and don't know how to feather their own nest?" inquired the duck.

"No, it isn't that so much I have brooded over," replied the turkey, "but there's something so artificial about them."

MEMORIES.

It was shut fast; no answer was vouchsafed to our knocking; no faint blue streak arose from the chimney. The children had behaved heroically up to this instant. When the father announced darkly that the villains had never got his dispatch and had taken themselves off upon a Thankagiving of their own, baby began to sob, and silent tears glazed the purpled cheeks of the eldest siris. up to this instant. When the father snnounced darkly that the villains had never got his dispatch and had taken themselves off upon a Thanksgiving of their own, baby began to sob, and silent tears glazed the purpled cheeks of 'he eldest girls. "This is the tassel upon the cap of the climax!" said the mother in deadiy calmass. "We will go to the house and break our way in. Since starve

to show it to them. They were no there, but I thought I heard them com in its relations with the turkey ing, and I called and then ran to the little closet and pushed the door to, and somehow it fastened so I could not

open it. "I called for help, and my voice sounded so muffied I grew frightened, fearing no one would ever hear me. It. seemed to be sealed up almost air-tight and but for the ratholes I believe I

and but for the ratholes I believe I should have smothered." A woman came pushing her way in. "Dick Roberts was with me last night!" she cried. "My son came home so crazed with drink that I could do nothing with him, and I had to go for help. I met Dick and he went home with me and stand he went home with me and stayed until Frank had gone to sleep. I came as son as I heard, for I asked Dick to say nothing about my trouble last evening. I am very glad that Miss Stanton has been found. I think you might have known Dick Roberts better," and she departed as quickly as she came. "Oh, Dick, did they think-" Mary

began

"I don't blame them." Dick broke in. "It looked hard for me."

"But to think that any one would suppose that you would—" She stopped and held out her hands. Dick took them close and kissed the bruises tanderly, he saw his any use in her tenderly; he saw his answer in her eyes.-N. O. Times-Democrat.

COUNTING BEES.

A shrewd old farmer once outdid a leweler in some transaction and the

TWAS BUT A DREAM.
I saw the well-filled bin of corn,'twould last me all the season.
With nuts and bugs and grasshoppers, enough for more than reason,
I gave a gobble, gobble, as loud as I could scream.
Then I awoke and saw the axe-alas 'twas but a dream.
Mr. Gobbler-What on earth are we to do, wife? All our supply of anti-fat has been used up for Thanksgiving day, and there's Christmas and New Year's day still on the calendar.
A shrewd old tharmer of the way in which he had been treated, says Tit-Bits.
Well, Fill tell you what I'll do wi' ye." said the farmer. "I'll sell ye all my live stock at five-bob a head, and I'll let ye come and count them yersel"."
The bargain was struck. The day was appointed to count and hand over the stock. The grasping jeweler and his assistants in due time arrived at the farm. They totaled up horses, cattle, sheep, pigs and the rest.
The jeweler then asked when he could remove the stock. "Bide a wee," said the keen old farmer; "ye haven't seen them all yet."

all yet.

He then led the party close up to dozen beehives, overturned one of the hives with his foot, and, amid the yells of the flying party the farmer was heard shouting: "Count now, ye ras-cals-count, count, count!"

NO TIME FOR BILIOUSNESS.

Don't talk about dyspepsis Thanksgiving day. Don't allow the However, when the incubator chicks heard this they thought of the funeral baked meats of Thanksgiving and re-marked significantly, "Death levels all the time being. Time enough for that tomorrow, or next week. Tou have got all the rest of your lifetime to talk about your stomach. Keep silent about it on Thankagiving day.

THE FUNNY BONE

That which is popularly known the "funny bone," just at the poin the elbow, is in reality not a bone all, but a perve that lies near the face, and which, on getting a bless knock, causes the well known that

It was shut fast; no answer ranks

At 4:30 we alighted at the shabby lit-tie staffon nearest our idyllic cottage. No sleigh was in waiting; not a living creature was in sight, and the station was locked. A bitter wind moaned up and down the valley, and the unsym-pathetic sun was hardly a yard above the hills. Paterfamilias shouldered the two-year-old baby and led the for-lorn procession "across lots" of un-broken and stiffening snow. By the air line we had projected for ourselves the walk was a mile long. We were wet up to the knees with snow water and exhausted to faintness when we reach-ed the gardener's lodge at the entrance ed the gardener's lodge at the entrance to our grounds.