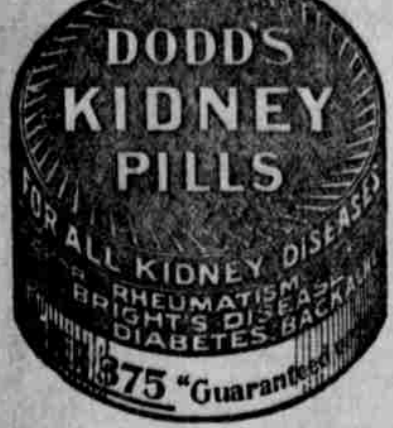


How to Keep Water Cold.
 Having tried it, I recommend the following method of keeping ice water for a long time a common pitcher," says a writer in Woman's Home Companion.
 Place between two sheets of thick brown paper a layer of cotton batting about half an inch in thickness; fasten the ends of the paper and batting together, forming a circle, then sew or paste a crown over one end, making a box the shape of a stovepipe hat minus the rim. Place this over an ordinary pitcher filled with ice water, making it deep enough to rest on the table so as to exclude the air, and you will be astonished to see the length of time that the ice will keep and the water remain cold after all the ice has melted.



RELIC OF OLD LOUISBURG.

Harvard's Cross that Peppercell's Men Brought from Stronghold.
 In a closet in the library at Harvard College is stored one of the few existing relics of the campaign of Sir William Peppercell and his New Englanders against the French stronghold of Louisiana, in the year 1745.
 This relic is an iron cross that is believed to have adorned a church in Louisiana. How it came into the possession of Harvard is not known at this time, as no antiquarian has ever taken the trouble, it appears, to establish its history, since it became a college possession.

About sixty years ago John L. Sibley, then librarian at Harvard, found the cross in a lot of discarded articles stored in one of the smaller buildings on the college grounds. It was marked with a tag, on which was written the statement that the cross was brought from Louisiana by one of Peppercell's soldiers. Mr. Sibley attempted to trace the history of the relic in order to discover under what circumstances, and by whom, it was presented to the college, but, so far as his successor knows, he made no headway in his quest.

In 1841, shortly after its discovery by Mr. Sibley, the cross was stored in a small building that stood back of the Charles River National Bank, near the college. The building was burned in 1845, and the cross was found in its ashes, undamaged except for slight pitting caused by the heat.

Taken in hand by Justin Winsor, then librarian, the cross was given a heavy coat of gilding, such as it had borne originally, and was fixed to the east wall of Gore Hall, in the library building. Here it remained for many years, until alterations made its removal from the wall necessary.

It was next stored in the cellar of the library, remaining there until the early '80s, when it was firmly fixed in the stone peak of the gable over the entrance to the library. Here it remained an object of interest to all who saw it, and heard of its origin until October, 1895, when some mischievous person broke it off near the base and carried it away.

No trace of the thief was obtained, and hope of securing the return of the relic was given up, when, in the night of Jan. 7, 1897, the cross was returned to the roof of the library portico and placed at the base of the gable, probably by the person who took it away.—Boston Globe.

Poor Man!

Pearl—it was a fashionable June wedding. Three columns were given over to a description of the bride.
 Ruby—Gracious! And did the bridegroom attract much attention?
 Pearl—A little. He was mentioned as "among those present."

ALMOST A SHADOW.

Gained 20 lbs. on Grape-Nuts.
 There's a wonderful difference between a food which merely tastes good and one which builds up strength and good healthy flesh.

It makes no difference how much we eat unless we can digest it. It is not really food to the system until it is absorbed. A Yorkstate woman says:
 "I had been a sufferer for ten years with stomach and liver trouble, and had got so bad that the least bit of food such as I then knew, would give me untold misery for hours after eating."

"I lost flesh until I was almost a shadow of my original self and my friends were quite alarmed about me."
 "First I dropped coffee and used Postum, then began to use Grape-Nuts, although I had little faith it would do me any good."

"But I continued to use the food and have gained twenty pounds in weight and I feel like another person in every way. I feel as if life had truly begun anew for me."

"I can eat anything I like now in moderation, suffer no ill effects, be on my feet from morning until night. Whereas a year ago they had to send me away from home for rest, while others cleaned house for me, this spring I have been able to do it myself all alone."

"My breakfast is simply Grape-Nuts with cream and a cup of Postum, with sometimes an egg and a piece of toast, but generally only Grape-Nuts and Postum. And I can work until noon and not feel as tired as one hour's work would have made me a year ago."
 "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. It is genuine, true, and full of interest.

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)
 The boy, who had made sure of a sale, took back the fruit reluctantly, and passed on, crying out: "Here's your oranges and apples!"

Walter set about thinking what had become of his money. The more he thought, the more certain he felt that he had put his pocketbook in the pocket in which he had first felt for it. Why was it not there now? That was a question which he felt utterly incompetent to answer.

"Have you lost anything?" inquired a gentleman who sat just behind Walter. Looking back, he found that it was a gentleman of fifty who addressed him.
 "Yes, sir," he said, "I have lost my pocketbook."

"Was there much money in it?"
 "About forty dollars, sir."
 "Who was that young man who was sitting with you a few minutes since?"
 "I don't know, sir."
 "He was a stranger, then?"
 "Yes, sir; I never met him till this morning."

"Then I think I can tell you where your money has gone."
 "Where, sir?" demanded Walter, beginning to understand him.
 "I think your late companion was a pickpocket, and relieved you of it, while he pretended to be reading. I didn't like his appearance much."
 "I don't see how he could have done it without my feeling his hand in my pocket."
 "They understand their business and can easily relieve one of his purse undetected. I once had my watch stolen without being conscious of it. Your pocket-book was in the pocket toward the men, and you were looking from the window. It was a very simple thing to relieve you of it."

CHAPTER XVI.
 Walter went through two cars, looking about him on either side, thinking it possible that the thief might have taken his seat in one of them. There was very little chance of this, however. Next he passed into the smoking car, where, to his joy no less than his surprise, he found the man of whom he was in search playing cards with three other passengers.

He looked up carefully as Walter approached, but did not betray the slightest confusion or sign of guilt. To let the reader into a secret, he had actually taken Walter's pocketbook, but was too cunning to keep it about him. He had taken out the money, and thrown the pocketbook itself from the car platform, taking an opportunity when he thought himself unobserved. As the money consisted of bills, which could not be identified as Walter's, he felt that he was in no danger of detection. He thought that he could afford to be indifferent.

"Did you get tired of waiting?" he asked, addressing our hero.
 "May I speak to you a moment?" asked Walter.
 "Certainly."
 "Then, gentlemen, I must beg to be excused for five minutes," said the pickpocket, shrugging his shoulders, as if to express good-natured annoyance. "Now, my young friend, I am at your service."

Walter proceeded to the other end of the car, which chanced to be unoccupied. Now that the moment had come, he hardly knew how to introduce the subject. Suppose that the person he addressed were innocent, it would be rather an awkward matter to charge him with the theft. "Did you see anything of my pocket-book?" he said, at length.
 "Your pocket-book?" returned the pickpocket, arching his brows. "Why, have you lost it?"
 "Yes."
 "When did you discover its loss?"
 "Shortly after you left me," said Walter, significantly.

"I'm very sorry indeed. I did not see it. Did you get it out of the door?"
 "Yes; but it isn't there."
 "That's awkward. Was your ticket in the pocket-book?"
 "No, I had that in my vest pocket."
 "That's fortunate. On my honor, I'm sorry for you. I haven't much money with me, but I'll lend you a dollar or two with the greatest of pleasure."

The older gentleman considered Walter. He felt confident that the other had stolen his money, and now here he was offering to lend him some of it. He did not care to make such a compromise, or to be bought off so cheap; so, though quite penitent, he determined to reject the offer.
 "I won't borrow," he said, coldly. "I was hoping you had seen my money."
 The pickpocket turned and went back to his game, and Walter slowly left the car. He had intended to ask him point-blank whether he had taken the money, but couldn't summon the necessary courage. He went back to his old seat.

"Well," said the old gentleman who sat behind him, "I suppose you did not find your man?"
 "Yes, I did."
 "You didn't get your money?" he added, in a surly, questioning tone.
 "No, he was perfectly cool. Still, I think he took it. He offered to lend me a dollar or two. What would you advise me to do?"
 "Speak to the conductor."

Just at that moment the conductor entered the car. As he came up the aisle Walter stopped him, and explained his loss, and the suspicions he had formed.
 "You say the man is in the smoking car?" said the conductor, who had listened attentively. "Could you point him out?"
 "Yes."
 "I am glad of it. I have received warning by telegraph that one of the New York swell-mob is on the train, probably intent on mischief, but no description came with it, and I had no clue to the person. I have no doubt that the man you speak of is the party. If so, he is familiarly known as 'Slippery Dick.'"

"Do you think you can get back my money?" asked Walter, anxiously.
 "I think there is a chance of it. Come with me and point out your man."
 Walter gladly accompanied the conductor to the smoking car. His old acquaintance was busily engaged as before in a game, and laughing heartily at some favorable turn.

"There he is," said Walter, indicating him with his finger.
 The conductor walked up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.
 "What's wanted?" he asked, looking up.
 "You've looked at my ticket?"
 "I wish to speak to you a moment."
 He rose without making any opposition, and walked to the other end of the car.

"Well," he said, and there was a slight

unpleasantness in his tone, "what's the matter? Wasn't my ticket all right?"
 "No trouble about that. The thing is, will you restore this boy's pocket-book?"
 "Sir," said the pickpocket, blushing. "Do you mean to insult me? What have I to do with his pocket-book?"

"You sat beside him, and he missed it directly after you left him, didn't he?"
 "Yes, that is true. You may search me if you like. You will find only one pocket-book upon me, and that is my own."
 "I am aware of that," said the conductor, coolly. "I saw you take the money out and throw it from the car platform."
 The pickpocket turned pale.
 "You are mistaken in the person," he said.

"No, I am not. I advise you to restore the money forthwith."
 Without a word the thief, finding himself cornered, took from his pocket a roll of bills, which he handed to Walter.
 "Is that right?" asked the conductor.
 "Yes," said our hero, after counting his money.
 "So far, so good. And now, Slippery Dick," he continued, turning to the thief, "I advise you to leave the cars at the next station or I will have you arrested. Take your choice."

The detected rogue was not long in making his choice. Already the cars had slackened their speed, and a short distance ahead appeared a small station. The place seemed to be of very little importance. One man, however, appeared to have business there. Walter saw his quondam acquaintance jump on the platform, and congratulated himself that his only loss was a pocket-book whose value did not exceed one dollar.

The conductor on seeing the pocket-book thrown away had thought nothing of it, supposing it to be an old one, but as soon as he heard of the robbery suspected at once the thief and his motive.

CHAPTER XVII.
 Walter stopped long enough at Buffalo to visit Niagara Falls, as he had intended. Though he enjoyed the visit, and found the famous cataract fully up to his expectations, no incident occurred during the visit which deserves to be chronicled here. He resumed his journey, and arrived in due time at Cleveland.

He had no difficulty in finding the office of Mr. Green, the agent of Messrs. Flint & Pusher. He found that this gentleman, besides his agency, had a book and stationery business of his own.
 "I don't go out myself," he said to Walter; "but I keep a supply of Flint's books on hand, and forward them to his agents as called for. Have you done much in the business?"

"No, sir; I am only a beginner. I have done nothing yet."
 "I thought not. You look too young."
 "Mr. Pusher told me I had better be guided by your advice."
 "You had better go fifty miles off at least. The immediate neighborhood has been pretty well canvassed. There's Earle, now, a flourishing and wealthy town. Suppose you go there first?"
 "I'll go this afternoon."

"You are prompt," said Walter, who had arrived in Earle in time for supper. He went to a small public house, where he found that he could board for a dollar and a half a day, or seven dollars by the week. He engaged a week's board, reflecting that he could probably work to advantage a week in so large a place, or, if not, that five days at the daily rate would amount to more than the weekly term.

He did not at first propose to do anything that evening, until it occurred to him that he might perhaps dispose of a copy of his book to the landlord in part payment for his board. He went into the public room after supper.
 "Are you traveling alone?" asked the landlord, who had his share of curiosity.
 "Yes," said Walter. "I am a book agent."
 "Meeting with pretty good success?"
 "I'm just beginning," said Walter, smiling. "If you'll be my first customer, I'll stop with you a week."

"What kind of a book have you got?"
 Walter showed it. It was got up in the usual style of association books, with abundance of illustrations.
 "It's one of the best books we've ever sent out," said Walter, in a professional way. "Just look at the number of pictures. If you've got any children, they'll like it; and, if you haven't, it will be like that book for your center table."
 "I see you know how to talk," said the landlord, smiling. "What is the price?"
 "Three dollars and a half."
 "That's considerable."
 "But you know I'm going to take it out in board."

"Well, that's a consideration, to be sure. A man doesn't feel it so much as if he took the money out of his pocket, and paid cash down. What do you say, Mrs. Burton?" addressing his wife, who just then entered the room. "This young man wants to stay here a week, and pay partly in a book he is agent for. Shall I agree?"
 "Let me see the book," said Mrs. Burton, who was a comely, pleasant-looking woman of middle age. "What's the name of it?"
 "Scenes in Bible Lands," said Walter.

He opened it, taking care to display and point out the pictures. So Walter made the first sale, on which he realized a profit of one dollar and a quarter.
 "It's a pretty easy way to earn money," he reflected, with satisfaction. "If I can only sell copies enough. One copy sold will pay for a day's board."
 He went to bed early, and enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep. He was cheered with hopes of success on the morrow. If he could sell four copies a day, that would give him a profit of five dollars, and five dollars would leave him a handsome profit after paying expenses.

The next morning after breakfast he started out, carrying with him three books. Knowing nothing of the residents of the village, he could only judge by the outward appearance of their houses. Seeing a large and handsome home standing back from the street, he decided to call.

"The people living here must be rich," he thought. "They won't mind paying three dollars and a half for a nice book."
 Accordingly he walked up the gravelled path and rang the front door bell. The door was opened by a housemaid.
 "Is the lady of the house at home?" asked Walter.
 "Do you want to see her?"
 "Yes."
 "Then wait here, and I'll tell her."
 A tall woman, with a thin face and a pinched expression, presented herself after five minutes.

"Well, young man," she asked, after a sharp glance, "what is your business?"
 Her expression was not very encouraging, but Walter was bound not to lose an opportunity.
 "I should like to show you a new book, madam," he commenced, "a book of great value, beautifully illustrated, which is selling like wildfire."

"How many copies have you sold?" inquired the lady, sharply.
 "One," answered Walter, rather confused.
 "Do you call that selling like wildfire?" she demanded, with sarcasm.
 "I only commenced last evening," said Walter. "I referred to the sales of other agents."

"What's the name of the book?"
 "Scenes in Bible Lands."
 "Let me see it."
 Walter displayed the book.
 "Look at the beautiful pictures," he said.
 "I don't see anything remarkable about them. The binding isn't very strong. Shouldn't wonder if the book would go to pieces in a week."
 "I don't think there'll be any trouble that way," said Walter.
 "If it does, you'll be gone, so it won't trouble you."
 "With ordinary care it will hold long enough."
 "Oh, yes, of course you'd say so. I expected it. How much do you charge for the book?"
 "Three dollars and a half."
 "Three dollars and a half!" repeated the woman. "You seem to think people are made of money."

"I don't fix the price, madam," said Walter, rather provoked; "the publishers do that."
 "I warrant they make two-thirds profit. Don't they, now?"
 "I don't know," said Walter. "I don't know anything about the cost of publishing books. But this is a large one, and there are a great many pictures in it. They must have cost considerable."
 "I don't see it's ridiculous to ask such a price for a book. Why, it's enough to buy a nice dress pattern!"
 "The book will last longer than the dress," said Walter.
 "But it is not so necessary. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'd like the book well enough to put on my parlor table. I'll give you two dollars for it."
 "Two dollars!" ejaculated Walter, scarcely crediting the testimony of his ears.

"Yes, two dollars; and I warrant you'll make money enough, then."
 "I should lose money," said Walter. "I couldn't think of accepting such an offer."
 "In my opinion there isn't any book worth even two dollars."
 "I see we can't trade," said Walter, disgusted at such meanness in a lady who occupied so large a house, and might be supposed to have plenty of money.
 (To be continued.)

ECCENTRIC GENIUSES.

Several Anecdotes Concerning Their Queer Behavior and Ideas.
 Some of the stories of musicians which have come down to us for generations are strangely lacking in humor as well as in point of any sort, and are responsible, as much as anything else, for the sort of "holy horror" in which musical geniuses are held by plain everyday people of this day and age. Here are a few anecdotes, however, which are really interesting and said by the best authority to be true:

Hans von Bulow, the famous leader and composer, was one of the most eccentric members of this profession wherein eccentricity is common. It is related that one day while walking the streets of Vienna Bulow came upon a regimental band on its way to the castle. Immediately he ran to the middle of the street and joined the small boys about the drummer. Following the band, he kept bowing to the surprised drummer, applauding him at almost every beat.

"That's rhythm! Excellent! That's the way I like to hear it!" he continued to ejaculate, to the surprise of all, and to the great delight of the small boys.
 Persons in the street began to recognize the famous pianist, and joined the procession, so that the band had one of the largest audiences to which it had ever played.

Bulow listened attentively to the end of the last piece, and then made a deep bow before the drummer and his instrument.
 "Thank you!" he said. "That was refreshing! That puts my nerves in good condition again."
 It is said that when the drummer learned who his strange admirer was he was the proudest man in the regiment.

A celebrated Italian tenor of the name of Mantini once became involved, politically speaking, with Czar Nicholas I. of Russia. The story, as told by a chronicler of the times, possesses a certain grim comicality.
 It appears that Nicholas was accustomed to walk the streets of St. Petersburg alone, wrapped in a large gray cloak. It was forbidden to speak to his majesty; but the Czar sometimes forgot that a subject could not obey the prohibition, if the Emperor addressed him. Once in a park the Czar met the tenor, then a popular favorite of the Russian capital, and exchanged a few words with him. The moment the Emperor was out of sight the police arrested the tenor. That evening the Czar attended the opera, where, after a long delay, the manager came forward with the announcement that Mantini could not be found. Nicholas, immediately suspecting the reason, sent an aide-de-camp to release the unfortunate singer.

Shortly thereafter the ruler and the singer again met; whereupon the former bowed to apologize—when the latter burst out with:
 "May I implore your majesty not to speak to me! Your majesty will compromise me with the police!"
 The coolness with which Adolina Patti always demanded the largest possible price was staggering to those who had occasion to negotiate for her services. In this connection a retort by her has become historic.

When she was told that even the President of the United States did not receive nearly so much for his services as she demanded for hers, she answered: "Very well; get the President of the United States to sing for you."

The population of Canada, according to the official estimates of that country, was 6,564,900 on April 1, an increase of 21 per cent in six years.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Somewhat as the vagrant winds waft in the fragrance of the rose, Or gleam of sunshine glids the path that leads through drifted snow. The memory of the time comes back o'er wastelands of the past, When clouds about our early ways no marring shadow cast; And more than all the Sunday morns, in summer glory fair, When mother sang the old-time hymns, and father led in prayer.

How vivid comes the picture of the church and village folk, The solemn filing down the aisle, the floor of sounding oak, The benches rude with occupants from the country side, The rustic lovers' tender looks that bashfulness would hide; While through the window meadows came on the morning air, Where mother sang the old-time hymns, and father led in prayer.

Out in the graveyard each white tomb loomed like a hoary head; The near-by brook sang tirelessly to cheer the dreamless dead; Upon the hillside one could see, where shimmering sunbeams lay, The butterflies seemed flowers a-wing, the lazy cattle stray; And up to God went thankful praise—it welled from everywhere— And mother sang the old-time hymns, and father led in prayer.

O, church among the circling hills, by well-nigh all forgot! O, voice that sang old "Happy Day" as saints, I thought, could not! O, sire who had your share of woe, but walked the ways obscure In patience and with dauntless breast, with thoughts and motives pure! If I could but be young a day, and spend that day back where My mother sang the old-time hymns, and father led in prayer.
 —Will H. Hale.

News of Interest

As he laid aside the batch of letters, Grandfather Hilditch sighed.
 "Here, Janie, don't you want to read them?" he asked the young girl, who sat at his feet reading her own mail.
 "The weekly budget from the uncles and aunts? We are a methodical family, aren't we? Your children are faithful about these Monday letters, aren't they, grandpa? I know that every Sunday father reminds mother to write. He isn't much of a hand at letters, but he certainly wants you to hear from us, and mother has so much time."

"Yes, the children are all good about writing. It is a habit they learned when they were away at school," replied grandfather, and again he sighed almost imperceptibly. Janet looked at him curiously, and then began with the letters.

She read them through, and then read them again. There was one from her own mother, hoping that Father Hilditch was quite well, and that Janet's visit of a week would not prove troublesome to him. She concluded with the information that all were well, that the weather was unsettled in Atlanta, and that there was no news of interest.

There was a six-line note from Uncle Sam, stating that it was rainy in Jacksonville, and the mosquitoes still bad, but that all were well. No other news of interest.

Uncle Tom's letter was comprised within a very few typewritten sentences, hoping that his father was well and comfortable, and requesting to be notified at once should there be anything to the contrary. He added that his family was well, and taking advantage of the fine autumn weather to make a little cruise with some friends on their yacht. There was nothing else worth telling, except what father had already seen in the newspapers.

"Grandfather!" Janet sat up very straight, after a few moments of deep consideration. "I wonder what people think they mean when they say, 'No news of interest?'"
 "Eh?" he laid down the paper and regarded her over his glasses. "News, you say, honey?"
 "Yes, news. These letters seem to have so little in them."

"Oh, yes, yes. Except for the dates, they are pretty much the same every week, but I am so thankful to hear from the children, and to know that they think enough of me not to neglect to write on the appointed day. I have good children—and good grandchildren, too." He smiled at her. "I tell you, it pleased me mightily that my young lady granddaughter should come to the old place in the country in her round of visits, when the other places are all so gay and lively for young folks."

"I think it is lovely here," replied Janet, absently; and then, returning to the subject of the letters, "Do you write every week to the others, as you do to us at home?"
 "Oh, yes, indeed," said grandfather; and then he proceeded to look over the death notices in his paper.

Janet sat with folded hands, trying to remember just what was in those thin letters that came weekly to her home, in their ready-stamped envelopes. It had been a good while since she had even taken the trouble to glance over one of them, and she knew how careless the others of her family were. On Tuesdays her father would ask at dinner, "Hear from father this morning?"
 "Yes, he is quite well," her mother would answer. "There was nothing else of any importance."
 Janet recalled that the homely epistles told of the thriving and garnering of crops on the old farm, of neighborhood happenings, of the household's tribulations with her feathered flocks, and of the outlook for the cattle and swine—little things, that made up so much of life to the lonely old man, who preferred the independence of his own vine and fig-tree to a place in his children's homes.

"And these didn't tell him a single thing!" said Janet indignantly to herself, and wondered why. A mischievous little twinkle crept beneath her lowered lids after she had pondered a while.
 "Grandfather," she exclaimed, suddenly. "I am going to stay four weeks with you, instead of one!"
 "So? You think you can stand the country that long?" He put his hand softly on her head.
 "I'll love it, if only you will let me feel that I am helping you."
 "Helping me, little daughter? Why, of course. You shall do anything you

like—you can drive me round the farm and read to me in the evenings."
 "And I want to be your secretary, too. See how your hand shakes. Let me do all your writing—farm accounts and all."
 "To be sure, to be sure."
 "Well, then, this is your day to answer these letters. Tell me just what to say to them all."
 Grandfather hesitated, and Janet looked away. She knew well that she was asking him to give up one of his greatest pleasures.
 "Why, let them know that I am well, and tell them the news about the place. You know that as well as I do," he said, slowly.

Janet left him to his paper, and wrote four letters exactly alike, informing the second generation of Hilditches that their father was in his accustomed health, that the weather was auspicious for the cane crop, and that there was no news of interest.

"And there isn't any of interest to them," she mused, cynically, as she sealed the letters, and then put them in the mail box beside the road.
 It was not very easy at first to either of them, for Grandfather Hilditch was not accustomed to being assisted about everything he did, and Janet had to compel herself to discuss her own affairs with him; but as the days went by, they gradually found common ground. Janet discovered that there was a certain fascination in driving

was suffering from a cold, that she were having lovely weather in Asheville, and that nothing worth mention had transpired since her last.

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 "Helping me, little daughter? Why, of course. You shall do anything you

through the fields, watching what changes a day and night had made there, and it was quite exciting to count over the big flock of turkeys every night to see that not one was missing. The bronze on their wings glistened and glowed.
 "This is a fine mast year, honey," grandfather explained, when she remarked upon their beauty. "You know it falls only every second year, and it makes the finest turkey meat in the world. See those four great two-year-olds? I shall ship those to the children for Thanksgiving. I save the pick of the gobblers in each year's hatch to keep over. At two years old they are at their best."
 "Where shall you go for Thanksgiving this time, grandpa?" Janet inquired.
 "To Tommy's, I reckon. You remember, I was at your father's last year."

Janet did remember. She had not thought of it at the time, but she now recalled that although there had been a midday dinner, out of respect for old times, her father had gone back to his office immediately afterwards, her mother had entertained callers all the afternoon, and she had gone driving with a party of young people. How grandfather had put in the time she had not the remotest idea. At Uncle Tom's it would be exactly the same, for Uncle Tom was the busiest of men, and his wife and daughters supplied a great amount of material for the society papers.

"Stay at home this time, grandfather, and you and I will have Thanksgiving all by ourselves, with maybe some of the neighbors!" she cried, impulsively.
 "All right, honey, all right!" he agreed, heartily, and she saw a sudden leap of brightness in his blue eyes.
 The two began planning at once, and for the next fortnight there was no lack of common interest.

Miss Lindy, the old housekeeper, entered warily into their consultations.
 "But I won't say a word about it to them," thought Janet, the next Monday morning. So the letters which she wrote and mailed were the exact duplicates of those of the week before, except that circumstances demanded a report of the chilly weather. In one or two of those which came from the children that week were inquiries as to where grandfather would spend Thanksgiving, so in her next communication Janet stated laconically that her grandfather had decided to stay at home.

"Something must surely be the matter with father," said Mrs. Isabel Huntley, uneasily, when she received her letter. "He hasn't spent a single holiday at home since mother died—fifteen years ago. I don't like these little notes of Janet's. She says father is well, but I don't believe it, for if he was he would do the writing himself. I'm going home!" So she canceled a number of engagements and went at once.

"Spending Thanksgiving at home! Why, that is queer!" mused Tom Hilditch. "I thought he was coming to us this time. There is something wrong, or he never would let Janet be attending to his correspondence this way." He slipped the letter into his pocket, and called up his brother Sam over the long-distance telephone.
 "So you don't know that anything is wrong? Well, I'm not taking any chances on it; I shall go to-morrow. What? Meet me in Macon? Good! If he is all right, we can have a day of it together, and if he isn't—Well, good-by!"

At Janet's own home there was consternation. "I don't know what on earth to think, Magnus," her mother said. "Janet was to have spent Thanksgiving with Sam's daughters. She has written such provoking little notes, anyway, ever since she has been at the farm. Something must be the matter. Sam's girls are giving a Thanksgiving ball for a few, and yet—"

"Will you just pack a few things, and get a Thanksgiving ball for a few, and yet—"

"Janet just packed a few things, and get a Thanksgiving ball for a few, and yet—"

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