

Heartfelt thanksgiving! Oh! let it rise Like the mist of morn Toward the azure skies. Let the heart be glad And the song be gay. As we welcome the joys Of Thanksgiving Day.

How sweet is home With its altar fires! The meeting of sons With their happy sires! The fair young wives And their little flocks In brand-new coats And Sunday frocks,

We gather around The old-time board, The blessing is asked, The tea is poured, And the children laugh In their merry way, When the turkey comes in On Thanksgiving Day.

But what's this glee To that which comes With the smoking pudding So full of plums! And the rosy fruit Without stint or lack, And, last of all, The nuts to crack?

What beautiful seasons To him who roams, re these meetings rare In the land of homes, When the young and old, The grave and gay, Lift up their hearts On Thanksgiving Day!



My chum, John Meredith, was going He was always sighing for his e, and at times this longing possessed him so completely that he seemed on the point of abandoning his prospects of becoming a rich man.

Meredith had been in ill health, but ten years' residence in the west had de a new man of him. Success at last had come our way, and he suddenly announced that he was going home for his Thanksgiving dinner. He was a quiet, queer fellow, any way you put it; lately, however, he had seemed derfully alert. The arrival of the weekly mail found him in a state of great expectation, and after he had all evening looking very happy and emiling as he read them over again. He always was a non-committal chap, but this time there was no mistaking the signs, so I suspected his homesick-ness, and judged his case, as one is apt to do, by the light of my own. No wonder, poor fellow, that he wanted to wipe out the 1,500 miles which alone good between him and that Thanksriving tuskey! For my own part, I can rear that no power at yet known to ian could keep me back from Jim Mc-Kensie's Thanksgiving dinner, for Mary was to be there—Mary whom all se years I had remembered and loved so well. I had never forgotten her eautiful deep, dark eyes, which seemed to search one's soul with that penetrating look one sees sometimes in a aby's eyes.

There was but little out here in the

mountains to relieve the tedium of our ong evenings, so Jim McKenzie's weeky visits were always beralded with oy. We made merry over his coming, and our carefully prepared dinner we regarded as a feast. We talked it over in the morning, and when evening came we began to plan for next week's coming. No wonder McKenzie was always se. His mind was stored with thrilling adventures of early days in the mountains. We never tired of ening to the story of his own good ack; how, way down near the stream the side of the mountain, his quick had detected the bits of chining d; how, day by day and all alone, followed up the little thread of gold til he had discovered the secret of the cuntain's heart, the generous yield ore which had made him the rich-man in "Golden Point." With touchg pathos he would tell us of the brave ed men no less worthy than himif who had come out here to meet aly bitter disappointment and blaste es. At rare intervals he would ak to us of his own early trials, of is dead wife, to whose loving care ad gentle sympathy he confidently and roudly attributed his entire success ad all that was good in him. Ther oo, he always brought us news of his hter Mary. At first her letters were urings of her homesick, loveart; she was born to live in the tains, and declared she must have sedom of the mountain bird. After the letters breathed a more ed spirit. In an incredibly short untain bird had ceased to minst the bars of her cage quick and receptive mind soon

dent nature she pursued the work of have no existence in the world, and in adjusting her saddle, and how she her education.

Thus from week to week we listened with delight to the welcome budget Jim would bring. Sometimes Mary's letters were only of her life at school, her books, her new friends-and my heart would sink-for then she seemed so far, so very far away! Again, she would write of herself, of the love she bore her father and her home, with an occasional—a very occasional—message for Harry, at which, of course, my heart would beat with joy, and I would cough or light my pipe, do anything to hide the tell-tale light I knew was in my eyes. During the last year she had written most of her home-coming; and lately her letters had taken a tone of great seriousness, with many allusions to her "duty as a woman."

In her latest letter she begged that her father would take her more seriously; she "could not be a butterfly," and she spoke of "woman's sphere being broad and far-reaching." McKenzie only laughed and said, "Poor child! she is sighing for the mountain air." He wrote her of the beautiful filly he had trained and made ready for her use, and she would soon see for herself how very long and broad her woman's sphere could be.

At last a letter came telling that she was surely coming home, and telling how anxious she was to be with him on Thanksgiving Day. She complained ever so gently that she feared he had not taken her exactly as she wishedthat she was no longer a child, and that her mind was quite occupied with the problem of "Woman's Mission." In fact, she had lately been made president of the Woman's Emancipation Circle, which organization had originated in er school with every promise of becoming a power for great good among women. "I subjoin," she added, "the principal maxims for which we pledge ourselves to labor without ceasing: "We claim equal rights before the

"We ask equal pay for equal work. "We ask that men cease to impose upon us by their empty flattery, and

"That we be recognized as reasonable human beings with eyes to see for ourselves; hands to work as we will."

This time even McKenzie could not fail to catch her meaning; he looked puzzled and troubled, and finally said: "In the morning she will be half way home and I shall go to meet her. I think," he added slowly, "I think Mary needs her father. Yes, I'm sure dead sure she needs her father."

Meanwhile I had registered a solemn vow that every claim and every assertion of this New Woman should be disproved and contradicted by Mary in her own sweet self. When I closed my eyes that night it was to dream of Thanksgiving Day and Mary and I really believe that in my sleep I heard the sweet sound of wedding bells.

For some time the next day McKenzie was shyly making his daughter's acquaintance. He could not for the life of him see the slightest trace of the dread phantom her last letter had created. He thanked God that she was womanly and gentle; that her heart was right, whatever error of fancy had gotten into her head.

"Why, dear Mary!" he answered her, "you don't want to work like a man. You can't do it. When I was your age could handle a pick all day; I could do it now. A woman's work cannot be equal to man's; so it is hardly fair for her to ask equal pay-besides, it was to Adam the command was given 'to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

Poor Mary! She could not help being disconcerted. Her father's opinions, she knew, were always based on common sense. So it was some time before she spoke again; and then it The to ask why it was that women did not have equal rights with men before the law. He answered that women surely do have equal rights before the "You see," my dear, he went on, "their rights are really identical, their interests the same; and it is a man's first notion of duty to see that these rights are repsected. I would like to see any person interfere with your rights or hear of any law that would be unjust to you. By George! I would soon show that your rights were my rights, and that the law exists solely



"AN OCCASIONAL LETTER FROM HARRY." know, my dear, includes woman kind

even the 'New Woman,' too.' Poor Mary was confounded. After all, were men and women really equal efore the law? If that were so, what became of the enormous injustices and sigantic abuses that women had silently and patiently borne all these years? It all seemed so oufusing, so difficult, so very puzzling; she could not doubt that her father was right—he always was on practical questions. She looked out of the car window, and was stlent. Her eyes were full of tears. It was hard to believe that the Woman's

that all of her fine arguments, broad views on the woman subject were sure ly disappearing-melting away before her father's clear and convincing assertions.

She recognized at once that she had met defeat., and with all the bravery she could command, the conversation was turned to other things. In a short time they would be home and enjoy Thanksgiving day together.

Was it in truth necessary for me to see McKenzie at once about that broken fence, or was it only the crisp mountain air that tempted me from the house hours before I was expected to arrive at Jim McKenzie's? One thing was certain, I could not wait another moment, and in half an hour I was speeding along and nearing his place. As I rode up I saw her standing on the porch. She came quickly forward to meet me. I blushed like a schoolboy when I took her hand and looked into her eyes. Yes, there was still the deep, searching, truly baby look. I felt relieved at once and thought, "It won't be so very hard, after all; she could not look like that and be really a New Woman."

In a few moments I had forgotten about the broken fence, and we went together to see the beautiful brown filly. I suggested that there was time enough to try her before dinner, and May acquiesced at once. She had a fancy to saddle the horse herself. I never thought of interfering until she came to tighten the girth; then I simply said:

"You would better let me do that for

"Never mind," she answered; "why can't a woman use her hands and help herself?"

Of course I was disconcerted, and saw at once that I was treading on dangerous ground, but I only laughed and

"She can. She certainly has the right, but why not allow a fellow the privilege?'

Then, in a deflant tone, she plied: "We don't want privileges or aid; we

only want what is just." "At your hands," I answered, "I don't ask for justice, at all; but I do yearn

She tossed her head in reply, and stood ready to mount.

In a few moments we were off,scouring the country, riding up the mountains and walking our horses slowly down again. Near the base of the tim ber line Mary's horse suddenly shied. her saddle turned, but in her terror she called to me. In an instant I was by



"SHE CAME OUT TO MEET ME." her side and just saved her from falling to the ground. Of course I had to straighten the saddle; and I simply asserted:

"You see, I am stronger than you, and I yielded my right too easily. You will always let me saddle your horse in future!"

I suppose it was the shock that made her blush and look so baffled as she glanced at me, and I felt sure that I had scored a point. After this we rode quickly home. It was almost time for dinner, and McKenzie was waiting for us on the porch. We went together to look after the broken fence. When we returned to the house I found Mary in the parlor, struggling with a big log of wood that had rolled from its place, and I further noticed that her gown was in danger from the flames. So intent was she in her efforts to replace the burning log that she did not notice my approach. I stood there quietly. watching the smoking log on the rug, which momentarily I expected to see burst into flames.

She looked so pitiful and helples that my heart softened entirely, and I was about to go to her, when she turned and saw me quietly looking

"Why don't you come?" she said. "Dont you see I can not budge this

Surely this was my day for luck! saw another chance and took it. "Step aside," I said; "let me take

it up." With the aid of the tongs and a shovel I easily put the log back in "You see, men are stronger than women," I said. This time she would

give me no answer, but in her eyes l

ead that I had scored my second point. In a few moments dinner was ready, and a happier trio never sat down to a Thanksgiving feast. Mary had for the moment forgotten her misadventures

and a more charming hostess could not be imagined. In the quiet joy of Mary's return Mc Kenzie looked blissful and contented I confess to having felt a little nervous So far the day had gone well with me, but I wanted to score my third and last point. I anxiously awaited my opportunity, which presently came in shape of the great American turkey. The turkey was brought in just as I was telling in a triumphant tone of er, and with the full force of an ar- Emancipation Circle was, after all, to Mary's proud refusal of my good offices

did not hesitate to demand my obedience when she really needed my serv Jim ordered the turkey placed before Mary, and explained that her mother had always carved; no one knew so well as she how to select the choicest bits and give to each one just

the dainty morsel most coveted, and now Mary must learn to do the same She took the large knife in her hand and gazed at it, looking very dubious; then she stuck the fork well into the turkey's breast and made another attempt to use the knife.

She looked at her father a moment, but his attention was altogether bent upon selecting a choice bit of celery. Then she gave me a hurried, appealing glance! I moved my chair a little, but said nothing. At length she turned to me again and put her hand on my arm and gently said:

"I say, Harry, I believe men are stronger and bigger and braver than Won't you please carve this women.

My last point was scored, and can you wonder that I consider Thanksgiving the greatest day of the year, and the American turkey the greatest of birds? But here we call it the falconit sometimes catches mountain birds.



Pleasant games for Thanksgiving, in which both old and young people are interested, are played as follows:

Transpositions-Write a list of words for each person present by using only once the letters found in the names of certain flowers, states, authors, etc. or any words you may select. The letters of these words transposed give the word sought.

For instance, take Rhododendron. Using the letters we have the words odd, or, end, horn. From Bachelor's Button, chub, lose, tab, torn. Massachusetts gives seat, suet, smash; or hats, seat, muses. Newfoundland, weld, nun, do, fan. North Carolina, no, chair, la, torn.

From Constance Fenimore Woolson, we have Moore, stain, scowl, fence, noon. It is much easier to ascertain the word sought if designated as a flower, author, etc., but it sharpens one's wits wonderfully to find them without any clue.

In the list of ten or a dozen words, which is about all a person will care to have at once, it is nice to include his or her name.-Claribel.

Rhyming.-Arrange the company in line or circle around the room. Let the first one announce a line of poetry. The second must follow with a line that rhymes with the first and agrees with it in meter or measure. The third must follow with another, and so on around. If there are many in the company the last word of the first line should be one that has plenty of rhyming words. If the company is small, ore difficult rhymes may be selected. In a recent game the following was the result. The first one reneated a line from one of Bryant's poems, and the others followed as indicated:

1. "Heaped in the hollows of the

2. Lie all the ashes from our stove. We'll scatter them all round the cove.

4. And cover up the treasure-trove. Then you and I together, love.

6. Will all around this country rove A good deal of amusement is afforded by the odd and incongruous lines that are sometimes given. The line must be supplied in a given time, say one minute, or a forfeit must be paid.-G. C. H. The Messenger.-The party are seat-

ed in line, or round the side of the room, and some one previously appointed enters with the message, "My master sends me to you, madam," or, "sir," as the case may be, directed to any individual he may select at his option. 'What for?" is the natural inquiry. "To do as I do;" and with this the mes senger commences to perform some antic which the lady or gentleman must imitate—say he wags his head side to side, or taps with one foot incessantly on the floor. The person whose duty it is to obey, commands his neighbor to the right or to the left to "Do as I do," also; and so on until the whole company is in motion, when the messenger leaves the room, re-entering it with fresh injunctions. While the messenger is in the room he must see his master's will obeyed, and no one must stop from the movement without suffering a forfeit. The messenger should be some one ingenious in making the antics ludicrous, and yet keep within moderate bounds, and the game will not

fail to produce shouts of laughter. Another game, of much the same character, is known by the title, "Thus says the Grand Seignor." The chief difference is that the first player is stationed in the center of the room and prefaces his movements, which the others must all follow, by the above words. If he varies his command by framing it, "So says the Grand Seignor," the party must remain still and decline to follow his example. Any one who moves when he begins with "So." or does not follow him when he commences with "Thus," has to pay a for-

In North Dakota the killing of quail and English and Chinese pheasants is prohibited until 1906, and beaver and otter can not be trapped or killed until

A SKETCH OF NEBRASKA'S SKY-ROCKET STATESMAN.

A Man Who Has From the First Maintained the Reputation of a Political Fakir-His Weakness In and Out of Congress-What About His Next En-

As to Bryan Blographically. Indianapolis Journal: The recent

ection would not have been complete without a few false predictions be forehand and lying statements afterward by William J. Bryan. Whatever else may be said of the Nebraska statesman, it must be admitted that from his first appearance in politics he has maintained consistently the reputation of a political fakir. In congress he did not display a particle of legislative capacity, and the only mark c his service there is a rhetorical and flamboyant speech in favor of free trade. Having discovered that he had a voice and talent for proving the constant of the const had a voice and talent for posing, he cultivated these qualities until he found a chance to launch himself before the Chicago convention. His nomination on the strength of speech, without any evidence that he ssessed solid qualities of character, was a harlequinade unparalleled in the history of politics. His wild trips throughout the country after his nom-ination and his frenzied appeals to the people to free themselves from foreign domination by declaring in favor of a policy discarded by all civilized countries, showed he was a fit leader of the cause he represented. His speeches were characteristic of the man, plausible, superficial, rhetorical and empty, sound and fury signifying nothing. Defeated for president, he leaped'into the field of authorship and inflicted upon the public his autobiography— the egotistical story of a life barren of notable deeds or important results. He had long since tried law and journal-ism and abandoned both. From 'nuthorship he turned to lecturing, and, failing in that, became his own advance agent to make dates at county fairs, where he was billed with doubleheaded calves and other freaks and drew his share of the gate money. The county fair season had not end-d before the political campaign

opened and he was able to make engagements here and there for speeches. Excluded from New York and Maryland, he was welcomed by the fusionists in Nebraska and the free sil verites in Kentucky, two states which are competing for the honor of being the last ditch of Bryanism. With charactertistic fondness for political trickery and spectacular effects, he lent himself to a scheme by which he was to appear suddenly in Ohio a few days before the election and preach new propaganda of free silver. An enthusiastic follower said: "One blast upon his bugle horn were worth one thousand men." He was worth more than that per brast to the republicans. He made less than twenty speeches, and good judges estimate that they were worth at least 20,000 votes to the republicans. His date at Cincinnati was canceled for fear he would do more harm that good, and he was sent to Cleveland to defeat Senator Hanna. Result: Cuyahoga county gave the republican state ticket nearly 5,000 maority and elected three republican senators and nine republican representatives. On the Sunday before the election Bryan said in Chicago that the democrats in Ohio expected to elect the governor and carry the legis-lature. He added: "I feel sure the free silver forces will make large gains in Iowa. Instead of that they made large losses. Last year Bryan red 223,741 votes in that state, while in the recent election White, the democatic candidate for governor, received only 193,567. The vote for Shaw, the republican candidate, was 16,000 more than was ever cast for a republican gubernatorial candidate before. The free silver vote fell off 30,174 from last year, while the gold democrats polled 5,434 votes this year, against 4,516 last year. He is discredited at every point. his claims after the election as well as

his predictions before.

What will he say or do next? After having boxed the compass of occupations, from a lawyer without practice to a lecturer without audiences, and quit the county fair business just in time to get some engagements as a campaign speaker, he wound up by be-coming a false prophet and fraudu-lent claimant. His autobiography is written, the county fair season is over and the campaign is ended, but there is one resource still left him. He should get somebody to write a play entitled "A Political Fakir" and take the leading part.

The Calamity Party.

Kansas City Journal: The populist movement in Kansas was essentially a hard times movement. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Kansas farmers, under the revivifying effects of returning prosperity, losing interest in the doctrines of gloom and despair and renewing their old alle giance to republicanism.

The collapse of the Kansas boom of dozen years ago left the people of that state heavily burdened with mortgage indebtedness. The prices of wheat and corn went down and farmers had great difficulty in paying their interest and defraying the farm ex-penses. Hard times set in and with them came discontent. This was the opportunity for the demagogue, and the demagogue was there to improve

The people were told that hardships were the result of bad gov-ernment and that a new political party and new leaders were the remedy The republican party was thus made to bear the blame for the evil effects of the boom, and later it was shouldered with responsibility for the hard times which democratic misrule at Washington produced; or, at least those hard times strengthened the populists and republicans suffered ac-

cordingly. While the Kansas farmers were groaning and writhing under adversty, however, they were not otherwise idle. In those dark years they were paying their debts. The process was slow and painful, but it was going on and producing results. The present year of high prices and good crops was the climax, and the great work of liquidation is practically completed. As

"A POLITICAL FAKIR." the republican party was compelled to on account of conditions for which it was in nowise responsible, it is fair and fitting that it should now be benefited by a change of conditions for which it is only partially responsible. The high price of wheat this year is due in large measure to the failure of wheat crops abroad, but the republican party in Kansas is undoubtedly profiting by the prosperity which these prices brought the farmers.

ng out of debt and with money to their credit in the banks, there is no sensible reason why the Kansas farmers should longer desire to affiliate with a party of wails and lamentations, especially when that party has so freshly demonstrated its incapacity for intelligent government. The outlook for continued good times in Kan-sas is very bright, and the prospects for an early and complete reinstatement of republican rule are correspondingly promising. This year's election results are but the prelude to much better things yet to come.

Not Discouraging

Lincoln Journal: Handlcapped by the Bartley-Moore robberies the re publicans anticipated a few months ago the most overwhelming defeat at the fall election that they ever en-countered in Nebraska. They were simply paralyzed by the condition of the treasury and the discredit that had come upon them for their mis-takes in the selection of candidates for positions of trust They went in-to the campaign with faint hearts and the central committee having no funds to speak of, sent no speakers around the state to invite discussion or provoke severer criticism of the defaulting officials, but confined itself to simple measures for keeping up the

organization. They decided that the least said on the stump the better and that the main argument on their behalf, the great prosperity following the election of a republican president and congress, would speak for itself better than trained oratory. Some of the more sanguine felt some confidence that the effect of this silent appeal to the good sense of the Nebraska farmers and business men would be sufficient to turn the tide against populism and the

cheap dollar.

While these expectations were not fully realized, the reduction of the majority of last fall for Bryanism and foolishness lifts the party from its de-pression and affords a solid foundation for an expectation of success in the election of the next legislature and

state ticket. The tactics of the pop administra-tion in delaying the trials of the two defaulters by constant continuances on the plea of "other business" was shrewd, but will not avail to keep the people in suspense much longer. The charge that the republican courts were responsible for the delay has been the chief capital stock of the popocrats during the late campaign and is of a piece with the general basis of false pretenses with which

their cause has been bolstered from the beginning. But these cases will now have to be tried and the thieves will be brought to book and the state vindicated far as righteous punishment can vindicate the honor of the people. In the meantime the difference the republican policy of sound money and protection to American industries, and the collection of suficient revenues to pay the expenses of the gov-ernment, as opposed to the idotic sys-tem of the late administration, will impress itself on the minds of the people and there will be a return to rea-

son and righteousness. The movement is already begun and calamity howling is even now at a discount in Nebraska, will, like Kansas and South Dakota, purge itself of the disgrace of casting her electoral ticket for the enrichment of the silver barons of Colorado, Utah and Montana, at the expense of the producers of agricultural wealth on the prairies. The people cannot be fooled all the

The Foolish Gold Democrats.

Iowa Register: The gold Democrats who this year encouraged the Fred White fusion will find that they are not yet done with that ism. Sixteen to one is stil on deck. We expect to be compelled to meet it again next year in the congressional elections, and three years from now in the presidential election. There is only one thing that could have cured the democracy of Iowa of this ism, and that is a drop in the vote. If 30,000 gold democrats had withdrawn from White and voted for Shaw, the latter would have had a plurality of 100,000. That would have put an end to silver in Iowa. But on a free silver platform, 16 to 1, free, unlimited and without the aid or consent of any other nation, the democrats have come within 30,000 of the successful candidate The gold democrats, like Colonel Elboeck, who voted for Mr. White, we understand, missed the best opportunity to kill the free silver issue. Now they will have to swallow it next year, or else have only their own party again.

Bryaniam in New York.

Chicago Tribune: If anybody wants to know how strong Bryanism is in New York at this time, he has only to remember that Henry George about 20,000 votes of the total, which was more than 500,000. Then he should recall the facts that the George ticket was officially indorsed by two-thirds of the Bryanized Democratic national committee, as well as by all the recognized leaders of the Bryan faction, such as Altgeld; that the campaign was managed by Willis J. Abbott, Bryan's closest personal and political friend, who repeatedy affirmed that all the Bryanites would vote for Young George, for "no friend of Bryan could vote for the Tammany candidate," and that Mr. Abbott practically admitted that the Bryan cause would stand or fall by the result. It is evident that only one man in twenty-five is eager for the social revolution, though the night before the election Mr. Abbott was sure George would get 170,000 votes.

The Only Victorious Democra

The Tammany tiger is the only democrat who won a victory this year.
Tammany democracy, it may be remarked, has nothing to do with Bryan or Bryanism. Van Wyck was elected on a platform which took no more heed of the Nebraska boy than of the man in the moon.