

THANKSGIVING, 1890.

[Copyright by American Press Association.] Before a hopeful ocean years ago, Upon a coast all desolate and low, Where lurked the wolf and still more savage foe, The starving Pilgrims knelt in gratitude...

A BELATED ROMANCE.

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING. BY HELEN K. CONANT.

[Copyright by American Press Association.] HELEN Herbert Russell arose Thanksgiving morning, a drowsy, half-awakened creature...

at the station and he rode to the hotel in a rattling, uncomfortable omnibus through streets ablaze with electric lights...

It was in one of the hours of loneliness which came to him often now that he suddenly determined to spend Thanksgiving in his native town.

As he walked along he saw here and there houses which he recognized—roomy, old-fashioned farm houses which once had stood among broad, open fields...

The old grave yard was a half mile from the church. Herbert remembered that it was reached by a country road that branched off from the turnpike.

"The first to the right leads to the new cemetery, sir," said the tallest of the boys. As the boy turned toward him Herbert started and came near saying, "Hello, Joe!"

center of the yard was the massive granite monument he had ordered erected over the graves of his parents.



THE FIRST FRIENDLY GREETING. Margaret had been ordered erected over the graves of his parents. It looked pompous and pretentious to him now as he saw it among its peaceful, humble surroundings.

Suddenly his eye fell upon a marble slab, "Sacred to the memory of Stephen Phillips." So the proud old squire was gone!

Margaret! Her face, rising up through the mist of years, had been before his eyes as he journeyed toward his native town. How ridiculous it was! He laughed to think that a boyish fancy should come back to him.

As an usher gave him a seat he noticed that the high, old-fashioned pulpit had been replaced by a broad, open platform with a small reading desk, and although the pews appeared the same their doors had vanished.

The congregation was gathering. There were many faces, those of new comers brought to the town by the mills, which revived no memories; but there were others, the sight of which made Herbert feel that he was living in a dream.

There were other faces which recalled many forgotten events of his boyhood—some of people he remembered in middle life, now grown aged, others of old school mates, serious now with the dignity of years.

Flissie—It's Fanksgivin', ain't it, mamma? Mamma (wearily)—Yes, Flissie. Flissie—What's your doin' to dive fanks for, mamma?

"Is this the best?" Is a question often asked when medicine is wanted. The following are a few of the medicines of known reliability sold by A. L. Shadler, druggist of his place. They have many other excellent medicines, but these are worthy of special mention:

HAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY, famous for its cure of severe colds, and as a preventative for croup. Price 50 cents per bottle. HAMBERLAIN'S PAIN BALM, a general family liniment and especially valuable for rheumatism. Price 50 cents per bottle.

ly turkey. As greetings and invitations poured in upon him he could scarcely realize his desolation and loneliness only a few hours before.

Joe Phillips, however, insisted upon claiming him. He had been the first to recognize him, he said, and had the best right. With many promises to "look in" before he left town Herbert entered the family carriage with Joe, Joe's wife and Margaret, the young folks following on foot.

The town had grown out around the old Phillips mansion, but it was still a stately residence, standing in the midst of generous grounds, with the same majestic elms sweeping its roof. As Herbert walked up the path to the front door between trim rows of old fir trees the years since he stood there saying trembling farewell words to Margaret were crumpled up to nothing.

Herbert was impatient for a chance to talk with Margaret, but not until evening, when the young folks went to a party, and he saw that her name was not there.



"MARGARET, DO NOT SEND ME BACK." Joe and his wife were entertaining a neighbor, did he find himself alone with her, and then he did not know what to say.

"Margaret, I have been a fool all my life!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I am very sorry to hear it. Did you come back to the old place to confess it?" she said, laughing.

"Well, I can't," replied the editor rather curtly. "I've got one of my own amounting to \$2 for the turkey. How much is yours?"

Head of Firm (the day before Thanksgiving)—Mr. Travers, I have ordered a turkey sent around to your home as a slight testimonial, etc.

Travers (at the table the next day)—Well, there's no question about its being well. Without irreverence it may be said that the negative side of things calls for unusual thankfulness this year. We are thankful that so many things did not come. The cholera stopped in Spain.

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Doctors Bailey & Goodell, office 1347 L street. Telephone, 917.

BRICK WHITE'S BANTIES.

It was the night before Thanksgiving, and two people were unhappy—J. Knox Faber, newspaper man, because he did not have a pathetic idea for a Thanksgiving story which was due on the city editor's desk the following morning; and "Brick" White, newsboy, because he did have a pathetic idea for a Thanksgiving story, and at 9 o'clock that evening Faber was crossing City Hall park, New York, when a pleading voice addressed him.

"Hey, boss, please buy a yuckstra. I'm stuck wid twenty, an' I don't sell 'em de ole woman's goin' to kill me banties." The speaker was a very small boy with a very large bundle of papers. Faber glared fixedly into the boy's eyes until they filled with tears.

"You're not lying to me? What's your name? and what are your banties?" "Hope to die, boss, if I ain't giving it to ye straight. Me name's 'Brick' White, an' I got a banty rooster an' a hen, an' they're me pets, an' I don't git enough money fer to buy a chicken fer Jen's Thanksgiving dinner de ole woman's goin'—goin' to chop off the banties' heads off." The boy was sobbing now, and boring one cold and grimy fist into his eyes. Faber drew him out of the rush and interviewed him.

"Ye see boss, when I was a fresh air kid las summer over'n Jersey I got stuck on a couple o' banties. They'd come when I called 'em an' eat out o' me hand, an' I had't never seen no banties before, an' he was such a regular little slugger, he was—w'y, say, he'd sail into de bigger rooster on de hull farm an' de 'em, too, he would—an' the woman she give 'em to me fer a present. I lugged 'em home wid me an' fixed up a coop in de windy, an' now every day de little hen she'll go 'chuck, chuck, te-cack!' an' lay de littlest white egg yever see, an' Sullivan—dat's de rooster—he'll walk around de coop prouder'n a if he owned 'F's' aven's. Me ole man was killed on de elevator railroad, an' de ole woman she—she washes, an' Jen, that's me sister, she's been sick a long time. Doctor says she'll die soon, an' she's been wanting a taste of chicken ever since she had some on't about four years ago, when she was in de hospital. I want Jen to have the chicken, but I do want her to eat my banties, an' she wouldn't neither if she knewed, but ma won't let me tell her. I got me eye on a big chicken down to Wash'n'ton market, and I been bustin' all day an' an' get half enough money yet. Ef I could git rid of these ere papers I could!"

"Where do you live?" Faber asked coldly, turning his head away. "No,—Bayard street. You'll take one of these yuckstras off me, won't?" "But the stranger had gone. With a despairing glance at the big bundle of extras "Brick" manfully dashed away his tears and again cried, "Yuckstra! Yuckstra!"

Thousands of people hurried by the little shivering figure, but at the end of an hour only three papers had been sold. "Brick" began to slowly work his way up the Bowery. At 11 o'clock he reached home, tired, hungry, cold, and weeping bitterly. He had fifteen papers left.

Early Thanksgiving morning a district messenger boy left two packages at the door of Mrs. White's rooms. One was a great fat chicken labeled "For Jen," and the other was a big bag of feed marked "For Sullivan," and when "Brick" saw them he yelled with delight, seized a wildly clucking bantam in each hand, and executed a bowery war dance on the floor, and the city editor of the brightest evening paper in New York assured Faber that his "Brick White's Banties" was the best thing he'd done for the paper in six months.

Ode to Thanksgiving. "I have here, sir," said the poet, handing the editor a roll of copy, "an ode to Thanksgiving which I hope you can use."

No Doubt About It. Travers (at the table the next day)—Well, there's no question about its being well. Without irreverence it may be said that the negative side of things calls for unusual thankfulness this year. We are thankful that so many things did not come.

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"I'm going to give thanks to-morrow for all the blessings I have enjoyed for the past year," said the old man devoutly on Wednesday. "Right!" granted his wife, "and it's all you ever will give, too!"

Something New for the Kitchen — THE — Keystone Freezer — AND — Beater Combination ALL FOR \$1.50. — AT — RUDGE & MORRIS, No. 1122 N STREET. Agents for Garland Stoves and Ranges.

PICTURE FRAMING! LOWEST PRICES. AN ELEGANT LINE OF MOULDINGS. S. E. MOORE, 1114 O St.

Scribner's Magazine For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest and among them the following may be mentioned: Sir Edward Arnold

Henry M. Stanley The Wrecker, Prof. James Bryce, M. P., Ocean Steamships

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A TWICE TOLD TALE! The wise man selecteth the "Burlington route" and therefore starteth aright. He arrayeth himself in purple and fine linen, for lo, and behold, he is snugly ensconced in a "lower center" on the famous vestibuled flyer, where smoke and dust are never known. He provideth himself with a book from the generous library near at hand, adjusteth his traveling cap, and proceedeth to pass a day of unalloyed pleasure and contentment. And it came to pass, being hungry and athirst, he steppeth into the dining car, and by the beard of the prophet, 'twas a feast fit for the gods. Venison, Blue Points, Bergundy, frog legs, canvassbacks, Mum's extra dry, English plum pudding, fruits, nuts, ices, French coffee,—verily, the wise man waxeth fat, and while he lighteth a cigar, he taketh time to declare that the meal was "out of sight." It occurreth to the wise man that the country through which he journeyed was one of wondrous beauty, inasmuch that it was with deep regret he noted the nightly shadows fall. However, tenfold joy returned as he beheld the brilliantly lighted car, and the merry company it contained. Verily, it afforded a view of Elysium. The wise man retireth to rest. Deliciously unconcerned, he sleeps the sleep of the righteous and awakes much refreshed. His train is on time, his journey ended. He rejoiceth with exceeding great joy, as he holds a return ticket by the same route, the "Great Burlington."

MORAL: Travel by the Burlington Route J. FRANCIS, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha. A. C. ZIEMER, City Pass. and Ticket Agent, Lincoln.