



In the youth of the nation,
When the harvest had yielded its store
There was feast and oblation,
Or when danger had lifted its hand,
From the lips of the living
There rang through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving!

Our home was a wilderness then
With the floods to enfold it;
To-day with its millions of men,
We rejoice to behold it.
From the sea to the surge of the sea,
We have all for a treasure;
We are blest in the promised-to-be
In a manifold measure.

War flaunts not a red pennon now,
For the olive is regal;
Like birds that are twin, on one bough
Sit the dove and the eagle.
The clash of the conflict that clef
We in sorrow remember.
But the fire of the great feud has left
In the ash scarce an ember.

For the fruit of the time of our toil:
For what'er we have fought for,
Whether born of the brain or the soil
Be the deed we have sought for,
For the gifts we have had from His hand
Who is Lord of all living,
Let there rise through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

Clinton Scollard, in Ladies' Home Journal.



My skates. I need some exercise to get up an appetite for that Thanksgiving dinner we are to have at home. If you'll wait for me, I'll put on your skates for you.

"Oh, thank you, but they go on quite easily. There's Belle Parker. I guess I'll go with her."

Archie's first advance had met decided repulse. He turned on his heel and went after his skates. His next attack, he felt confident, would be more successful, for he was a famous skater.

The great millpond resounded with the ring of countless steel-shod feet. Bright faces and happy voices were there in profusion. Never had the skating been better, the weather finer or the crowd larger.

Diamond sparks, cut by keen, swift knives, glistened in the sun as skates fled past. Shouts from youngsters playing some exciting game, shrieks and merry laughter from groups of beginners, gay comments from their more independent companions, the low, musical detonation of the frozen field—all went to make up a scene delightful and inspiring. It was life, and life in its most favorable aspect—a combination of health, happiness and action.

When Archie Hendricks reached the pond he found Keith Walters putting on Irma's skates.

Archie was jealous.

Belle Parker at once became the flattered object of his attentions and he devoted himself to her, although she was but a mediocre skater.

Irma was both daring and accomplished in the art, and she was the object of many compliments and universal admiration from the onlookers. Keith, being a college man, was

The Walters and Dayton families had long been on the best of terms, so Irma felt free to greet Keith very cordially at the close of the service.

"College seems to agree with you, Keith," said Irma, after the first greeting was over.

"Indeed it does—especially the junior work. Oh, Irma, you ought to be a college girl—you'll never know what fun is until you are."

"Oh, pshaw, Keith! I'm going to have some fun this very day. See my skates?" And Irma disclosed them underneath her cloak. "I'm going out to the millpond. Won't you come, too?"

"Delighted! Only I must go home for my runners; didn't know there was skating. I guess mother will let me go—won't you, mother?"

"Yes, my boy—but don't venture where the ice is unsafe. It's early in the season, you know."

"No fear of my getting drowned if Irma will only take care of me," said Keith gayly.

He left Irma at the church door, after securing from her the promise of the first skate.

"Yes, if you'll hurry," said Irma.

Then turning, she saw Archie Hendricks at her elbow. She bowed calmly, but her brother's taunt of the morning still tingled in her ears, and she was not inclined to be as gracious as usual to her old friend.

Archie Hendricks was a sterling youth—physically, morally and financially. He was junior partner in the firm of Hendricks & Son, iron founders. Many a doting Marysville mother had him in her mind as a prospective son-in-law. By nature reserved, he seldom courted the society of the gentler sex, and, although he was a frequent caller at the Dayton household, he never paid marked attention to Irma. However, Irma's secret admiration for him was great, and Archie, from admiring her beauty and unaffected brightness, was drifting into a deeper feeling, which he apparently did not care to check.

The cordial greeting between Keith and Irma had nettled Archie, he knew not why. So his manner was cool when he lifted his hat and said:

"Off to the pond?"

"Yes; they say the skating is splendid. Are you going?"

"I think I shall, as soon as I can get

versed in all the latest figures and fancies of the skater, and he found Irma an apt scholar.

They crossed the pond with the "Dutch roll" in a most finished manner. They "cut the grapevine," trellis and all; they skated alternately backward and forward, but the admiration of the spectators knew no bounds when the graceful pair "did the Mercury," that difficult figure that must be done well if done at all.

Archie soon found excuse for relinquishing Belle Parker, who was not his ideal of a skater belle. The only girl he cared to skate with was monopolized by Keith Walters.

Archie was aggravated.

Once Irma separated from her partner and skated to the other side of the pond. Archie was about to follow, when her brother Jack took her in hand, and Archie's hopes again were blasted.

Archie's mental thermometer now registered one hundred in the shade. He skated fiercely. He performed marvels. He entered a game of "tag" and led the entire horde of boys an exciting chase before he allowed himself to be caught.

His flashing steel was never quiet. Now it was the "back roll," now the "outer edge." He cut wonderful devices upon the icy slate, and then acknowledged them by signing his name with a mighty flourish, which so aved the younger boys that they forgot to skate.

Then he wandered off to a deserted part of the pond to brood upon his misery.

Keith and Irma, tired of admiration, had skated up the frozen stream and away from the crowd.

"Isn't this great fun?" said Keith.

"It's just too splendid for anything," responded Irma, who was wishing, nevertheless, that Archie would ask her to skate. Why was he so stubborn?

"Irma, can you keep a secret?" said Keith.

"Try me."

"Well—I'm engaged."

"Keith Walters, you don't mean it?"

"Yes I do. But you're the first one I've told."

"Oh, tell me all about it, quick! I'm dying to hear!"

"Well, she's a college girl—one of my classmates—a lovely girl. I wish you knew her. We are keeping quiet



HE SLID THEM ACROSS THE ICE TO HER.

about it while we are in college, you know."

"What is she like? and what's her name? and where is she from? and when will you be married? and who?"

"Oh, one at a time, now, Irma! You are as bad as a college examination. Let me see—she has light, wavy hair—"

"And blue eyes?"

"No—brown."

"And a soft complexion?"

"Peaches and cream."

"And a pretty nose?"

"Truly Greek."

"Tall or short?"

"Just the right size."

"But you haven't told me her name yet."

"Her name is Nellie—Nellie Gray, but I expect that inside of two years it will be Mrs. Keith Walters."

Suddenly the skaters noticed that the ice around them was weak. It began to bend and crack.

"We must get away from this," said Keith.

They turned around. That half-stop was fatal. The ice gave way and as Keith pushed Irma from him he went down into the water.

Irma screamed. She turned back toward Keith.

"Don't come near me! The ice will break with you!" he shouted.

Then he tried to get out. The ice broke wherever he leaned his weight upon it.

Irma took off her long fur boa and threw one end to him. He caught it and it sustained him.

"Call for help, Irma!"

Keith was deathly pale and the water was chilling him through.

Irma called again.

"Can you hold on a minute longer, Keith? Somebody's coming."

That somebody was Archie Hendricks. He had been near enough to hear Irma's first cry of distress and he was coming now with furious speed. Yet the seconds seemed like hours to the waiting pair.

Archie took in the situation at a glance. Without stopping to say a word, but shouting: "Hang on!" he sped to the bank and landed, skates and all, at the nearest fence.

It was the work of an instant to tear off two long boards and return to the river. He went as near as he dared to Irma.

"The ice won't hold me there," he shouted. "Take these boards and lay them in front of Keith; then pull him up."

He slid the boards across the ice to her. She did as directed.

Cheered by Archie's words and aided by Irma and the faithful boa, Keith crawled forth more dead than alive.

It did not take long to get him away from the air-hole, and between Irma and Archie he was conveyed quickly to the pond, where there were plenty of wraps to cover him. In spite of Keith's protestations that he was "all right" and "only a little moist," he was bundled off home, looking more like a mummy than a human being.

The excitement of the day had culminated with Keith's adventure. Archie and Irma stood talking together.

"Irma, how did it happen you and Keith got so far away? Didn't either of you think of the danger?"

"Oh, Archie, he was telling me all about his ladylove—there! I've let out a secret—but I know you'll never breathe a word of it, will you? Because he asked me if I could keep a secret and I told him I thought I could. So I was asking him questions and I guess we didn't notice where we were. And, oh, Archie! if you hadn't come when you did, I just know Keith would have drowned!"

"Oh, you would never have allowed him to sink before your eyes. But I'm glad it was no worse."

"So am I, but you haven't skated with me any to-day, Archie."

"Well, it's not too late yet. We can take a turn around the pond before dinner time, I guess."

And off they went. They knew that Keith was well cared for, yet neither spoke for a few moments. Suddenly Archie said:

"Irma, a secret is no good unless it's divided, is it?"

"I never heard one that was," said the pretty girl, looking up at him.

"Well, I'm going to divide mine with you—one I've been keeping even closer than Keith kept his, for I have kept it entirely to myself. Do you want to hear it?"

"Yes, Archie."

"It is this: I am in love."

Irma did not reply. She merely looked away.

"Do you care to know the young lady's name?"

Irma nodded.

"Well, it is—Irma Dayton."

Irma leaned on his arm without reserve. Archie looked down at her.

"Now, are you going to rescue me, too, on this eventful day? Yes or no?"

"Yes, Archie."

Nobody was near them. Archie kissed the happy face turned up to his as he said:

"Then this will be the happiest of Thanksgivings days!"—Keyes Becker, in Chicago News.

"Where is Ohio, children say?"
The teacher asked her girls one day.
Four little hands immediately
Went up. "I know," said Margery.
"It's in the east," But Susie Guest
Responded: "It is in the west."
"The south," said Mary; and Helen Forth
Was sure that it was "way up north."

Now Helen lived in Galveston,
And little May by Lake Huron.
And Margery lived 'way out west,
While in New York lived Susie Guest.
And so they all were right that day
In saying where Ohio lay.

Because so much depends, you see,
On where the children's homes may be,
—Anna Temple, in Youth's Companion.

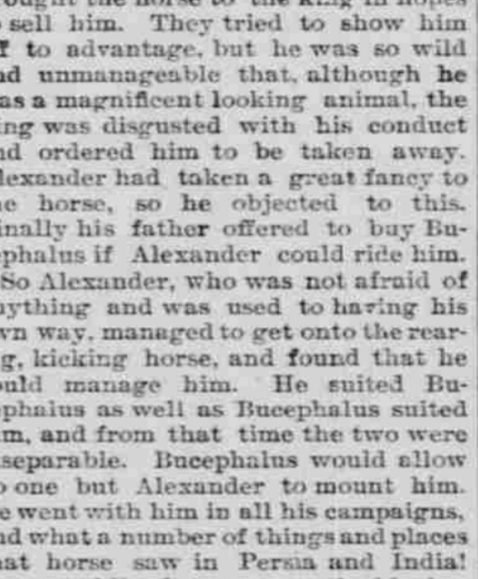
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
WHERE IS OHIO?

ALEXANDER'S HORSE.
How the Macedonian King Secured Possession of Bucephalus.

Of course every child who goes to school has heard of Alexander the Great. And one can hardly think of him without thinking also of his horse, Bucephalus. Perhaps no horse in the world is so well known, and no other horse's name is so familiar.

Plutarch, who has told us so many interesting things about people, says that he received his name because his head resembled that of an ox or because he had the mark of an ox's head on his flank or because he had a black mark on his head shaped like an ox's head, the rest of his body being white. This shows that in Plutarch's time people cared a great deal to hear about Bucephalus.

Alexander obtained him in this way: When he was at home with his father, Philip, king of Macedon, a Thessalian



brought the horse to the king in hopes to sell him. They tried to show him off to advantage, but he was so wild and unmanageable that, although he was a magnificent looking animal, the king was disgusted with his conduct and ordered him to be taken away. Alexander had taken a great fancy to the horse, so he objected to this. Finally his father offered to buy Bucephalus if Alexander could ride him.

So Alexander, who was not afraid of anything and was used to having his own way, managed to get onto the rearing, kicking horse, and found that he could manage him. He suited Bucephalus as well as Bucephalus suited him, and from that time the two were inseparable. Bucephalus would allow no one but Alexander to mount him. He went with him in all his campaigns, and what a number of things and places that horse saw in Persia and India! He was obliged to endure the blazing sun, and often he had to go without water, and he had to climb steep mountains and drag through long, weary marches, and he was wounded in battle, and perhaps he wished himself back sometimes in peaceful Thessaly, where he was from.

Still, he was taken good care of, for you may be sure that Alexander's favorite horse was not neglected. He had plenty of grooms to rub him down at night and to wait upon him, and Alexander no doubt often fed him with his own hands. There are different accounts of his death. Plutarch says that in a great battle with Porus, king of a part of northern India, he received the wounds of which he died. Others say that he died not long after of fatigue, worn out by the cruel marches and hard work, and that at his death he was thirty years old. That is very old for a horse. At any rate, he died in that region, for Alexander built a city near the river Hydaspes, which he called Bucephala in honor of his faithful horse.

The city was in ruins long ago, but Bucephalus is still remembered, and always will be as long as history lasts.—N. Y. World.

THE COMPASS PLANT.
Petals of Its Metallic Leaves Always Point to the North.

Among the many remarkable things in nature there are few more wonderful than the compass plant of our western plains. This singular plant has metallic leaves, and its petals point constantly to the north. It can be readily understood, therefore, that these plants have proved, on numerous occasions, to be of inestimable benefit to travelers who have strayed from their camps or companions and found themselves lost.

A traveler says that, in 1860, while he was on his way to the Rocky mountains by a wagon train, he and some companions, who had left the camp on a hunt for antelope, lost their way, upon the sudden approach of the dark, stormy night. They knew that their train was encamped about ten miles to the northwest of the place where they were.

The night was as dark as pitch, and they were beginning to be alarmed, when one of the party happened to think of the compass plant and its wonderful peculiarity. They at once dismounted and groped about, until at last one of them found the familiar leaves of the plant.

Then they were able to turn their horses' heads in the right direction toward the camp, which they reached in about two hours, but not until they had dismounted several times to feel among the leaves of their friendly guide to make sure of their course.—Golden Days.

"Where are you going, my pretty sister?"
"I'm going a-chestnutting, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"I prefer the kind in the trees," she said.
—Washington Star.

WISDOM OF GEESSE.
They Are by No Means As Foolish As They Are Represented.

Somebody who is indignant that the name of the goose should be a synonym for folly, has collected stories from all quarters to illustrate the true wisdom and dignity of geese. There are many varieties of wild geese, and whether they are all equally nice and dignified the book does not say. Still it is true that the bird is not a coward, and does not hesitate to attack birds much bigger than himself. The domestic goose is too well known to need a description of his person or habits, and most of the stories of this historian of geese are so old that you would hardly care to recall them here.

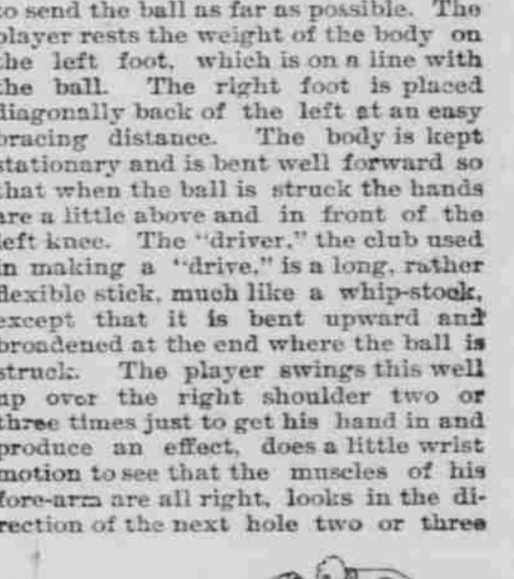
One or two stories seem somewhat newer. In Richmond park, in England, where many geese are kept, the nests of the setting geese were often destroyed by water rats. After consideration of the matter, the geese began to build nests up in the trees, instead of upon the ground. There they hatched out their families and brought their children—not up, but down carefully to the ground, one by one, under their wings. Such intelligence as this is enough to redeem the name of the goose forever.

The goose is certainly a dignified bird in appearance. Whatever the haste of his gait, even when driven along, he never loses his expression of grandeur and importance. It could not have been a goose who suggested that he was silly. If you ever looked a goose firmly in the eye, you would know that he was much too proud to imagine such a thing.

SOMETHING ABOUT GOLF.
A Scotch Game Which is Becoming Popular in Our Country.

The game of golf, which has been played in Scotland for centuries, is now becoming popular in the United States. The object of the game is to knock a ball over a course prepared for the purpose in a less number of strokes than your antagonist. At certain intervals there are holes into which the ball must be knocked. After it has been placed in one of these holes, the player takes it out, and placing it upon a little handful of earth, called a "tee," "drives" it in the direction of the next hole.

The object of a "drive" generally is to send the ball as far as possible. The player rests the weight of the body on the left foot, which is on a line with the ball. The right foot is placed diagonally back of the left at an easy bracing distance. The body is kept stationary and is bent well forward so that when the ball is struck the hands are a little above and in front of the left knee. The "driver," the club used in making a "drive," is a long, rather flexible stick, much like a whip-stick, except that it is bent upward and broadened at the end where the ball is struck. The player swings this well up over the right shoulder two or three times just to get his hand in and produce an effect, does a little wrist motion to see that the muscles of his forearm are all right, looks in the direction of the next hole two or three



TWO POSITIONS IN GOLF.

times, gets a sure footing and at last makes a stroke, and the little white ball sails off into the air or skims over the ground.

Almost every play has to be made with a special "cleek" or instrument adapted for the purpose. There is the "cleek" with a metal point for playing over ordinary ground between holes, the "lofter" for raising the ball over obstacles, otherwise "bunkers" and "hazards," the "putters" for "putting" the ball into a hole at a short distance, and others. The player preparing for a stroke is said to be "addressing the ball."

The grounds where the game is played are called the "links," and the boys who carry the club around for the players are called the "caddies." The game is said to be well adapted for women and girls, though the most of those who play are men and boys.

The accompanying illustration shows two of the positions taken in the game, the left being that known as "addressing the ball," the right preparing for a "drive." The two figures in the picture bear no relation to each other, being put side by side merely for convenience; that is to say, two players do not stand as here pictured, side by side, when playing.—American Agriculturist.

A Compliment with a Sting.
Two old school-fellows met, fifteen years after their graduation, and fell, figuratively, upon each other's necks.

"Well, well, dear old Smith!" said Green. "How glad I am to see you! What days those were! Ha! ha! Smith, you were the stupidest fellow in the class."

"Yes, I suppose I was."

"And here you are now! Why, (looking him over,) you haven't changed a particle!"

The Reason.
First Crow—Do you know, I think that small boy Tommy is just a crow like ourselves?
Second Crow—Indeed! Why?
First Crow—His mother asked him why he'd done several things the other day, and what do you suppose his replies were?
Second Crow—I give it up. What?
First Crow—"Cause,"—Harper's Young People.