

THANKSGIVING.



Now the joyous year has flown... Spring, with her green brooderies... And stork-like flowers, and leafing trees...

there was the boy, and Harry couldn't afford to board him out, and so Essie had to take care of him.



"I COULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT IF I'D MARRIED."

sensitive little creature. He never praised the poor dear for anything he did, let him try ever so hard to please him; he never smoothed his hair or patted his cheek or gave him a kind word or any other word.

MISS TRUDY'S VIEWS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY BY HARRIET FRESH-COTT SPOFFORD.

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The long wire of the doorbell was still vibrating when Miss Trudy, a woman of quick motions, shut the front door to which she had been summoned by a Thanksgiving beggar, having run there at once, with a pie out of the batch she always baked to give away on Thanksgiving.

"Humph!" said Miss Trudy. "If I hadn't any better reason than that for thanking, I shouldn't say much about it." And then she went back to her pretty little sitting room, its blazing fire and rugs and rocking chair, its peacock feathers and fruits and the great fragrant lemon tree that she had raised herself from a seed.



what is? And then there's this house. It's mine. Aunt Gertrude left me a trifle of money for my name, and I put it out at interest, and in 20 years it bought me this house, this garden, this little orchard of peach and pear and plum and apple trees, this pasture, this cow and this grapevine.

pantry and seized the pie and hurrying to the door opened it and thrust out the pie into the night, crying: "There! It's the last one! Take it!"

"No," he said, "I don't believe you did. Nobody did. I didn't myself. I didn't suppose myself I'd ever see you again."

"Where did you come from, Geoffrey?" stammered Miss Trudy, when she could speak.

"Nowhere," said Geoffrey. "And where are you going?" she returned, after a little.

"When I had money to spend, maybe." "Not likely to be now then," said Miss Trudy, half to herself.

HANDICAPPED BY SLEEPINESS.

A Kansas Statesman Whose Love o Sleep Checked His Rise.

From the Topeka State Journal: Last evening people passing S. Barnum's store, on the west side of Kansas avenue, noticed a large man sleeping soundly in a large covered spring wagon near the street curb.

A close inspection would have revealed the chubby face of a man well advanced in years. His cheeks were covered with a thick growth of short gray hair and his head with an old slouch hat.

When Mr. Clover was in congress he contracted the sleeping habit, and it made him famous. When an important measure was being considered he was wont to steal out into the anteroom and stretch his portly form on the luxurious cushions of a government sofa, and while his colleagues wrestled with some intricate question affecting their constituency Congressman Clover of Kansas slept and, it is said, snored, not softly or gently, but loud enough to be heard in the adjoining legislative hall.

Then Mr. Clover's constituency got angry and elected some one else, and since then he has been compelled to take his naps in less convenient places. Other people have contracted habits in congress, but it remained for Congressman Clover to make a departure and become, like Dickens' fat boy, a confirmed sleeper.

THEY RIDICULE IT.

Many People Ridicule the Idea of an Absolute Cure for Dyspepsia and Stomach Troubles.

Ridicule, however, is not Argument, and Facts are Stubborn Things.

Stomach troubles are so common, and in many cases so obstinate to cure, that people are apt to look with suspicion on any remedy claiming to be a radical permanent cure for dyspepsia and indigestion.

This fear of being humbugged may be carried to far, so far in fact, that many persons suffer for years with weak digestion, rather than risk a little time and money in faithfully testing the claims of a preparation so reliable and universally used as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Now Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly different in one important respect from ordinary proprietary remedies, for the reason that they are not a secret patent medicine, no secret is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows them to contain the natural digestive ferments, pure aseptic pepsin, the digestive acids, Golden Seal, bismuth, hydrastis and nux. They are not cathartic, neither do they act powerfully on any organ, but they cure indigestion on the common sense plan of digesting the food eaten promptly, thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour and cause the mischief. This is the only secret of their success.

Cathartic pills never cure indigestion and stomach troubles because they act entirely upon the bowels, whereas the whole trouble is really in the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, taken after meals, digest the food. That is all there is to it. Food not digested or half digested is poison, as it creates gas, acidity, headaches, palpitation of the heart, loss of flesh and appetite, and many other troubles which are often called by some other name.

They are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. Address Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., for book on stomach diseases, or ask your druggist for it.

Concerning Alfalfa.

It seems to be the impression among people not having experience that alfalfa requires a certain kind of soil. A contributor to The Farm, Field and Fireside, writing from Kansas, says:

Now, there is no plant with which I am acquainted that is worth anything that will grow on a greater variety of soil. In fact, it will grow on almost any soil the taproot can penetrate, providing it is well drained. Water will kill it, and it is about the only thing that will, except a sharp plow. Many believe it will not succeed on a clay subsoil and have not tried it for that reason, but letters written by those who are raising it and published in Secretary Culbert's book, show that many of the most successful ones are growing it on heavy clay subsoil, some on gumbo. But it is not water soaked—that is the point. It prefers to go six to ten feet for water and will go much farther, but will be short lived where the water is within less than four feet of the surface.

Why Should They? It is a clear indication of public sentiment that the honorable title of senator is so seldom proffered to Mark Hanna's name. In fact, few people ever think of him as a senator.—St. Louis Republic.

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IT'S RELIABLE The Best and Cheapest Mill on Earth. Peerless Feed Grinder. JOLIET, ILL.

The Warm Turn. "One moment, madam," he said to the excellent woman who had been quoting statistics to him. "do you realize that the hours wasted annually by temperance agitators in estimating the amount of liquor sold would be enough, if placed end to end, to age all the brandy in the world twenty years?"

married life before that baby came had been just a slavery to his folks, the old father and mother who gave him the place if he'd take care of them, and they saw to it that he did, and that she did too.

"Do you drink?" said she, gazing steadily into the fire. "About as much as you do, I suppose. I like brandy in my mince pies, though."

"I don't know but I do, Geoff," said she. "I guess I should do as well as the others have done if I did. And, my goodness, there's the minister! I'd most forgot. He always comes for his chickens and tarts the night before Thanksgiving."

"What a woman wants to marry for who's got enough to live on without marrying passes me. She can't go anywhere, she can't do anything, she can't give away, she can't invite home, she can't draw an independent wealth. She is a cipher, a nonentity; she hasn't a right to herself or her children or her labor or her property. Marry! And what in the world for? To lose her freedom, to give herself a master, to make herself a slave."

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"Then take me now," said Geoff. "I've got nothing. I'm nobody, but we might be happy yet."

"With a sort of afternoon happiness," said Miss Trudy, swallowing a sob.

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