

THE RAFFLE AT CLANCY'S.

There's a raffle down at Clancy's. They are throwing for "luck." By the way the dice boxes dance. You can see it's hard at work.

Whew! the air is close and smoky! There's a crowd about the beer! Every stalwart thirsty bloater. Downs his pint without a fear.

"Twenty-wan" called Jerry Clancy. And he pounded on the bar. "Shure," the game is rather chancy. Lucky devil that ye are!

"Come, O'Brien, tak' the bir-r-d!" Then said Clancy with a wink; "Whirra, boys, an' haven't ye hear-rd O'Brien ask ye all to drink?"

There were twenty-seven husky men Gathered there about the bar. "Whisky here!" each shouted then. Clancy answered: "Here ye are!

"Fin cints aich, ye lucky sinner!" "Palix" O'Brien said, "that's a nate!" 'Tis a mighty cooshty dinner— Eight years old, four pound in weight.

The Broken String.

Tinkle-tinkle, tinkle-tinkle, tinkle-tinkle. The leading man, engaged in an attempt to remove a black spot from his dress cravat by means of an application of white grease paint, paused and listened.

"It's a mandolin," he said. "That's a new wrinkle. We've had all kinds of fends in this company since we started out, everything from cigarettes to bicycles. Who's the musician, I wonder?"

"Oh, I say, Jenks! Jenks! Who's the band leader?" "That's a nate!" There was a step in the narrow passageway that led to the dressing rooms, and Jenks, the property man, appeared in the doorway. "Sh!" he said, "not so loud. The old man'll hear you."

"The leading man starts," the old man, did you say—not Merriam?" "Yes, Merriam," in a whisper. The leading man sat on his trunk. "That beats me," he said. "The Annet Mariner tinkling a mandolin. Now I'm prepared to see Father Time playing sentimental ditties on a jew-harp."

Jenks did not laugh, a fact which helped to sober the other man. "It's no surprise to me," said the property man, gravely, "to see Jenks here before I left the hotel, says I, Mrs. Jenks, you know what night this is? 'Thanksgiving' she says. 'Why, right,' says I, 'and it'll be a hard night for Merriam.'"

"Poor old man," says Mrs. Jenks, a-wipin' of a tear. "Poor old man, I suppose he'll be playin' in his mandolin again." "That he will," says I. "He hasn't missed it, as near as I can judge for thirty years. As sure as Thanksgiving night comes, just so sure he gets out that old mandolin of his and tinkles away. And it's always the same tune. God! But it does make my mind go back. I'll never forget the first time he played it. You see, me and Merriam have been together, and on, so long that I know his story 'most as well as he does himself. Not that he ever talks about it. Tonight, after the show, that instrument 'll go back to the bottom of his trunk, and it won't come out again until this time next year."

The leading man was all ears. "Thirty years ago I was stage door-keeper at the old Clancy theater. Now, the stage doorman ain't so unimportant as you think. There's mighty little goes on that he don't know something about. He gets the flowers first, and he usually sees the cards. He's a good friend to the actor when the actor's a friend to him, and he can do a lot for you now and then that's worth the while."

Merriam was just beginning to climb up the ladder in those days. He had come into the stock three years before as utility, but he was a handsome chap, with brains and brawn, and his good looks and it wasn't long before he got to playing leads. Say, when Merriam went on as Romeo at the matinees you couldn't see three rows in front of you for the bonnets. Mrs. Jenks used to live in a regular garden those days for Merriam would not have any of the flowers the silly girls used to send him. When I'd offer to bring them home to him he'd laugh, and tell me he reckoned my wife cared more for flowers than he did.

"But I once noticed that he came into the theater with a big bunch of violets or roses that he'd bought himself to give to the little woman who played opposite parts to him. I asked him once why he didn't give her the flowers the girls sent him, instead of spending money that way. I took a kind of fatherly interest in Merriam in those days. Lord bless you, to look at him now you'd think he was my grandfather. He looks that old."

"Well, I seen things was going with him and Nellie Moore, and everybody else seen it, too. When she was on the stage he stood in the wings, and his eyes followed every move she made. I remember one time when she was saying that was worth while to have a man care for you like that, and certainly Nellie seemed to like it. She came to me one afternoon—and Thanksgiving I'm telling you about—and said that she was too tired to go home after the matinee, and she'd like to have me run across the way and order dinner for her. Then she whispered in my ear that she wanted it served for two, and asked if I couldn't fix a bunch light on the stage, so she and Merriam could have a cosy Thanksgiving dinner all alone."

"Of course I done it for her, and while they was eatin' I went over to my boardin' house. There was to be a change of bill that night, so I came back early so to get my props in shape, as I had them to attend to as well as looking after the door. When I came back into the theater I heard Nellie Moore playing a mandolin. She was always fond of music and carried the instrument around with her."

"Now, you try," she said. "There's an air I want you to learn and remember." "All right," said Merriam, and he took the mandolin from her. She showed him where to place his fingers and kept humming the tune until he could play it with only one or two breaks. Then she went to her dressing room to get ready, and Merriam sat there thrumming until the half hour was called.

"That night there was a good deal of hand-shaking, and the word went around that there was to be a wedding at Christmas."

"The next night, on my way to the theater, I noticed a crowd about the stage door, and I went to see what was going on. I hurried up, and as I did so Merriam came out, his face as white as a sheet."

"For God's sake, get a doctor, Jenks!" he cried. "The nearest drug store, send Jacky, send one there. When we get back to the stage door Merriam was waiting, and, without a word, he

THE TURKEY'S FATE.

They trampled on the victim and they tore him with their claws. They swooped upon him in a band. They pecked him without pause. They drank his blood as it ran from them. They made him roll and shriek. They swooped upon him in a swarm. And ripped with claw and beak. He rolled and tumbled all about— At last he gave a scream. That in a jiffy put to rout That horrid turkey dream!

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

The opening ceremony of the festivities connected with Thanksgiving day in New York used to be making drunk the turkey that was to be the most important feature of the holiday feast. When the bird that was to occupy the place of honor on the table had been selected, it was taken to one corner of the farmyard and a cup of brandy was placed before it. The turkey would drink this eagerly and would then give a first-class performance of being on a "tear" of the funniest sort. He would staggeringly strut up and down, his wings trailing on the ground. At one time he would seem to look extremely wise and then would appear to be overcome with the hilarious aspect of his condition.

All the members of the family and the relatives and friends who had come to spend Thanksgiving with it would gather in the yard and enjoy the sight. Finally when the poor fellow was exhausted and overcome with drowsiness he was killed.

The good housewives imagined that it increased the flavor of the turkey so that the turkey was drunk. Families that would not allow a drop of liquor to be brought into their houses at any other time except as medicine, would not think it wrong to make their Thanksgiving turkey drunk. Perhaps it was thought that the bird would feel less nervous over its fate if the headman's hatchet was put to it when it was in a state of blissful ignorance.

ONE THANKSGIVING.

We had never spent a "Thanksgiving" in the country. And in town the Pilgrims' holy day was degenerated into an "Arny and Arriet" blowout. It was decided in family council to his us in a body to a country box among the hills, where we had enjoyed four idyllic summers, and there keep the hoary old festa as Yankee pre-Raphaelite aquarrelles tell us it should be.

Snow fell two days before the important Thursday. All the better! It would have been all the best had the storm held off until we were actually housed and could read "Snow-Bound" over blazing logs answering "roar for roar," the "grand old harper" smiting and twanging the oaks and hickories of the grove.

We took the 9 o'clock train from the city. It was crowded, mainly with one sort of condition of men. Each of them was presumably going to the old homestead—gray, yellow or white, backed by the invariable red barn—"for Thanksgiving." Some chewed orange peel to tone down their breaths on the decorous prejudice of the old folks at home, others inhaled bad cigars in the "smoker," and brought the evil incense into our car. At least two-thirds munched peanuts and strewed the floor with the shells. One and all talked loud and laughed boisterously. A red-hot stove at each end of the car blew the reek of whisky, tobacco, orange peel and roasted peanuts into a nuisance.

It was an accommodation train, halting at convenient intervals. Down down trippers moved by filial piety or farmhouse romance and poetry to maintain the traditions of the day. At the end of the fifteenth mile we came to a dead standstill. A coal train had been wrecked and must be cleared away before we could go on. We were stranded in the exact center of an uncomely expanse of field covered with sodden snow and criss-crossed by blackish stone fences. Now farms are so small that a mile on all sides of us; half a dozen mean huts knotted into a sort of settlement about some railway coal sheds and twenty disreputable loafers lounged from them to inspect the wreck and our train.

A sort and condition of men affiliated right speedily with these, and whereas paterfamilias made divers abortive excursions in various directions in quest of a draught of milk and slices of bread for his hungry children and a rative for his mother's ailments, paterfamilias might retire for awhile from the growing strife of tongues dashing against the becalmed train, it was but too evident that the mountain dew and Jersey lightnings were to be had for good food and for money. All babbling, more or less tipsily, of the day we were celebrating, drinking to it with every imaginable form of expletive, and some that, until that unhappy hour were quite unimaginable by paterfamilias and his children's youngsters. The avowed American's one idea of a holiday is license, and the one idea increased and prevailed as the hours dragged by.

We were halted at 10:30. At 3 the rails were free and the celebrants of the holiday were free to tumbled mutually into their seats, the one idea uppermost.

All over the broad and teeming land turkeys had offered their brown breasts reeking with richness, to the carver's blade; cranberries had died by the million; pumpkin pie and the tens of thousands of sensible people who had stayed at home and feasted conventionally. Since our early breakfast we had eaten just one water cracker apiece, and we were lame with hunger, skinned in body by foul air and in soul by foul language.

What was left of spirit and soul revived with each mile left behind us. Paterfamilias told stories to the confounding innocents of the sleigh-driving, they would have from the station, the dinner and free and fun awaiting us at home. We had managed to get off a telegram to our caretaking gardener at 11 o'clock, ordering him to send to every train until we came and to keep the dinner hot.

At 4:30 we alighted at the shabby little station nearest our idyllic cottage. No sleigh was in waiting; not a living creature was in sight, and the station and down the valley, and the unympathetic sun was hardly a yard above the hills. Paterfamilias shouldered the two-year-old baby and led the forlorn procession "across lots" of unbroken and stiffening snow. By the air line we had suffered for ourselves the walk was a mile long. We were wet up to the knees with snow water and exhausted to faintness when we reached the gardener's lodge at the entrance to our grounds.

It was shut fast; no answer was vouchsafed to our knocking; no faint blue streak arose from the chimney. The children had behaved heroically up to this instant. When the father announced darkly that the villains had never got his dispatch and had taken themselves off upon a Thanksgiving of their own, baby began to sob, and silent tears gazed the purple cheeks of the eldest girls.

"This is the tassel upon the cap of the climax!" said the mother in deadly calmness. "We will go to the house and break our way in. Since starve

THANKS FROM THE HEART.

I, I think Thee for the strength with which I make my fight; I have been conquered, aye and crushed but for Thy might. I am not wholly overcome, I bow and bless thy name; I stood and waited for the strength and lo, it came.

God, I thank Thee that while tests of truth found me untrue, I have been faithful to my duty in a few. That though my failures sicken me, I realize my blame. And have enough sincerity to suffer shame.

God, I thank Thee for my failures, terrible the truth, But they taught me self-control although they took my youth. I thank Thee that I still can struggle, still believe and try, And that my faith in human nature did not die.

God, I thank Thee that the conflict did not make me cold; That my pulses leap as quickly as of old. That my sympathies still lead me, and though worldly wise, That I still can look about me with kind eyes.

God, I thank Thee through my tears, I still can see the stars; There is of music in my soul a few sweet bars. With gratitude which has survived the sordid grind and strife, Oh, God, I thank Thee for the love which glories in my life.

MINNIE M. LAING.

PUMPKIN PIE.

The greatness and supremacy of the pumpkin are universally acknowledged, and the fact that it is sometimes called "punkin" does not detract from its fair fame. A golden seed, a golden blossom, a golden fruit, and, finally, a golden pie, that lifts one to the realm of fairy gold, it is not wonderful that it should give our passing thoughts at this particular season and fill our spirits with liveliest anticipations of the glories of Thanksgiving. Whether the pumpkin pie be made at home by hand, or in a factory by machinery, the effect seems to be the same. You cannot taste the wheels in the factory-made pie because the pumpkin pie is a wheel itself, whose magnificence creates the other wheels into insignificance. Furthermore, it is pumpkin pie, and when you say that you have no room for hostile argument. The pumpkin pie, whether square, round or oblong, is warranted to adjust itself to any size, and that most gracefully exerting all its powers of elasticity that the pie may be comfortably located, to assimilate with the turkey, until the spirit is suffused with dreams of peace and resignation, and the diner feels so kind toward everybody and everything that he refuses to doubt the accuracy of ice-scales and gas meters, while the fact that the plumber is regarded as a moral monstrosity strikes him as an empty fancy.

THEY GO TOGETHER.

It is believed by many thinking people that Thanksgiving was invented to give the turkey a distinction and a chance to give us a medium through which to offer our gratitude while experiencing perennial thrills of pleasure. The selection of the turkey for the star part was happy, because every one likes turkey, be it hot, cold or canned. Unlike veal, corned beef and fishballs, the turkey is a concrete sympathy that causes every soul to ripple in song. Old and young are alike victims to its peerless quality.

The young eat it with their first teeth, the middle-aged attack it with their second, and the old masticate it with their third or store teeth, and it is even toothsome to the toothless. The cranberry's chief distinction is that which it enjoys in being the tail-end of the Thanksgiving tucket. The cranberry sauce is sometimes strained, but not in its relations with the turkey. They go together so harmoniously that several poets say that the cranberry's incarted smile is intensified by the turkey's dash of pride.

"Turkey is a bird among birds, a dish among dishes, a dream among dreams."

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

Now the festive rural dweller Descends into his cellar To begin a very pleasant Task, task, task. While his mouth he opens wider As he engulfs the sparkling cider, In his effort to empty the Cask, cask, cask.

And the college football player Prides himself he is a stayer To smother his opponent, whom he'll maul in main, maim, maim. He smiles—how he will mangle him, Smother, kick and strangle him, Till he's taken on a stretcher from the Game, game, game.

Now we take relaxation From work-day life's vexation, Waiting gleefully till the dinner bell is heard, heard, heard. For, even where we're boarding Mrs. Hasheroff is affording Up a turkey fit simply is a Bird, bird, bird!

TWAS BUT A DREAM.

I saw the well-filled bin of corn, 'twould last me all the season. With nuts and bugs and grasshoppers, enough for more than reason, I gave a gobble, gobble, as loud as I could scream. Then I awoke and saw the axe—alas 'twas but a dream.

Mr. Gobbler—What on earth are we to do, do, do. All our supply of an' that has been used up for Thanksgiving day, and there's Christmas and New Year's day still on the calendar.

"No," exclaimed the mother turkey. "I would prefer my children not to associate with those incubator chicks."

"Because they are so heedless and don't know how to feather their own nest!" inquired the duck.

"No, it isn't that so much I have brooded over," replied the turkey; "but there's something so artificial about them."

However, when the incubator chicks heard this they thought of the funeral baked meats of Thanksgiving and remarked significantly, "Death levels all ranks."

MEMORIES.

Memories of Past Thanksgiving days will come to those gathered around tables today, and as the old people tell of the wonderful events of days now long gone by, many a youth will sigh as he thinks they are not half so fine now. Let him bide his time, for in future days he will miss the young vigor for the stories which he will describe to his children, and his children to his grandchildren.

THE FUNNY BONE.

That which is popularly known as the "funny bone," just at the point of the elbow, is in reality not a bone at all, but a nerve that lies near the surface, and which, on getting a sharp knock, causes the well known tingling sensation in the arms and hands.

ALL ENDS WELL.

"Why, hasn't Mary got back yet?" Mr. Blair asked, as he came in at 5:30; and Ralph Duncan, one of Mary's admirers, who was with him, scowled.

"No, she hasn't come yet," Mrs. Blair replied. "And she said positively that she would be home to tea."

"It's a lovely evening for riding. I think they've come around by the lake," said Laura.

Nine o'clock came. Mrs. Blair walked out, and she said that she had seen Mary waiting, refusing to go to bed until Mary had disclosed to them a pre-arranged secret.

Ten o'clock. "This begins to look serious," said Mrs. Blair.

"Perhaps she went at once to her room," suggested Duncan.

"No; I looked before dark," said Classy.

All pretense was thrown away; they were openly anxious and went in a body to search the house.

"I'll go and see if anything has been heard of Dick," said Duncan, when they gathered again in the parlor.

He rushed away and they waited silently. In about twenty minutes he came back accompanied by an excited young man.

"I brought Miss Stanton home about 6:30," the other said.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Blair. "I swear I did!" he declared vehemently. "I left the house standing and waited to the door with her."

They looked at each other blankly; then said Mrs. Blair solemnly, "Not a soul in this place has seen her since she left with you at 3."

All efforts were useless, and as the crowd of searchers gathered in toward the evening of the next day there was many open expressions of opinion that there had been foul play.

"It is unaccountable, unaccountable," muttered Mr. Blair, walking the streets. "Just one person can explain it, and that's Dick Roberts," said Duncan fiercely.

"I have told you all I know over and over again. I brought Miss Stanton safely home last evening," Dick replied.

"You were seen about 7 driving on the Harris road with a woman," Duncan went on. "The person could not say white it was Miss Stanton or not. Explain that!"

Dick was silent.

"Roberts," said Mr. Blair, sternly, "if you can say anything in explanation you had better do it."

"Mr. Blair—Laura! Dick cried suddenly. "Does it seem to you possible that I could have helped Mary? I love her. I asked her to be my wife. I was to wait for an answer until she had returned to her home. Do you think I would harm her under such circumstances?"

"That's your story," Duncan sneered in jealous fury. "It remains to be proved."

"He'll have a chance to prove it if he can," said Squire Woods. "Here comes the officer to arrest him."

But at this instant Dick's words were heard, and Classy flew in screaming: "Papa! Dick! Come—come, Mary!" and she turned back, followed by the crowd.

Down the hall she darted, through the back entry into the old wing where there was a large room with a closet the length of one side. Into this Classy dived. "She is here! She is here! I heard her!"

Flushing her, Mr. Blair listened a moment, then exclaimed: "It's true! She's here somewhere."

He struck a match, disclosing a small door, against which Dick flung himself furiously, bursting it in.

In a moment he dashed out into the air with Mary lying helplessly in his arms.

Half an hour later she had recovered sufficiently to tell her story.

"I found that little dark place a few days ago. I was making a secret of it to tease the boys because they never had found it, and they play in those old rooms so much. When Dick let me last night I went there, intending to show it to them. They were not there, but I thought I heard them coming, and I called and then ran to the little closet and pushed the door to, and somehow it fastened so I could not open it."

"I called for help, and my voice sounded so muffled I grew frightened, fearing no one would ever hear me. It seemed to be sealed up almost air-tight, but for the matter I believe I should have smothered."

A woman came pushing her way in. "Dick Roberts was with me last night!" she cried. "My son came home so crazed with drink that I could do nothing with him, and I had to go for help. I met Dick and he went home with me and stayed until Frank had gone to sleep. I came as soon as I heard, for I asked Dick to say nothing about my trouble last evening. I am very glad that Miss Stanton has been found. I think you might have known Dick Roberts better," and she departed as quietly as she came.

"Oh, Dick, did they think—" Mary began.

"I don't blame them," Dick broke in. "It looked hard for me."

"But to think that any one would suppose that you would—" She stopped and held out her hands. Dick took them close and kissed the bruises tenderly. "I saw his answer in her eyes—N. O. Times-Democrat."

COUNTING BEES.

A shrewd old farmer once outdid a jeweler in some transaction, and the jeweler complained of the way in which he had been treated, says Tit-Bits.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do for ye," said the farmer. "I'll sell ye all my live stock at five-bob a head, and I'll let ye come and count them yeast!"

The bargain was struck. The day was appointed to count and hand over the stock. The grasping jeweler and his assistants in due time arrived at the farm. They totaled up horses, cattle, sheep, pigs and the rest.

The jeweler then asked when he could remove the stock.

"Bide a wee—bide a wee," said the keen old farmer; "ye haven't seen them all yet?"

He then led the party close up to a dozen beehives, overturned one of the hives with his foot, and amid the yells of the flying party the farmer was heard shouting: "Count now, ye rascals—count, count, count!"

NO TIME FOR BILIOUSNESS.

Don't talk about dyspepsia on Thanksgiving day. Don't allow the yellow-visaged ghost of biliousness to sit at the feast. Forget your liver for the time being. Time enough for that tomorrow, or next week. You have got all the rest of your lifetime to talk about your stomach. Keep silent about it on Thanksgiving day.

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