

GRANVILLE'S THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL

BY HOPE DARING.

"POSE you knew Granville had a new doctor?"

Mrs. Smith dropped her meandering lip and fixed a sympathetic gaze upon Miss Lucy's face. Maude Smith looked up from the cushion she was embroidering upon a lunch cloth, and her sister Estelle from her Honiton work.

"Yes," Mrs. Smith said. "Of course we are very sorry for Doctor Terryll—and his friends."

Miss Lucy Ketchum's fair face flushed, but she bore the pause before the last words and the expectant looks remarkably well.

"I don't know 'bout that," and she drew through her fingers a tangle of the honeysuckle vine which clambered up the porch. "Doctor Terryll has had things his own way long enough. I'm glad there's going to be a change."

A moment's pause followed. Evidently this was not what the Smiths had expected Miss Lucy to say.

"Well, I must be going," and the plump little spinster rose to her feet.

"Don't be in a hurry. Can't you stay to tea?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Smith, but I couldn't think of it. I just stopped to rest a bit on my way home from the postoffice."

"Yes. By the way, have you seen our new physician, Doctor Lord?"

"Oh, yes, a couple of times. He looks as if he knew a lot, and I hope he'll soon have a chance to prove it."

"Why, Miss Lucy, you surprise me! Do you mean to say, if you were ill you would call Doctor Lord?"

"Me? Oh, I'm never sick. But I hope he will get on," and before another word could be said, Miss Lucy was down the walk.

"I never thought of dear Miss Lucy," pretty Estelle cried, as soon as the caller was out of hearing. "It must be true that Doctor Terryll has stopped again."

"I don't blame her," Maude said, critically eyeing a strand of pink silk. "Mamma, how many years has it been since Doctor Terryll began to court Miss Lucy?"

Mrs. Smith thought a moment. "It's about fifteen years."

Estelle threw aside her work. "He ought to be ashamed. For six months at a time, he will visit her every Sunday evening, and take her out riding and to lectures. Then, without a word of warning, he stops off and don't go near her for months."

"I don't blame Miss Lucy for praising Doctor Lord," and Maude took her golden head. "Mamma, what makes Doctor Terryll treat her so?"

"He once told a friend it was doubt of his ability to make a woman happy. He is naturally undecided and dilatory. In his profession, Doctor Terryll is sure of himself; but in other things, although one of the best of men, he lacks force of character."

Meantime Miss Lucy was plodding homeward, the August sun beating down on her head.

"There, I've started it," she said to herself. "How folks will talk! I don't care. I'm going to do everything I can to help Doctor Lord and to spite David Terryll. I wouldn't care so much 'bout his quitting this last time for I've got kinder used to it, but I encouraged him. I'm ashamed of it, but I did want a chance to refuse him. When a man plays fast and loose with a woman for fifteen years, she wants revenge or—"

Miss Lucy stopped abruptly, a dry sob in her throat.

Her active campaign began Sunday morning. As she approached the church, neat and dainty in her sheer black or gandy and modest, violet-trimmed hat, the two doctors stood upon the steps.

Doctor Terryll was tall, spare and dark. A short, stubby beard covered the lower part of his face, concealing his fine mouth.

Lorenzo Lord was short and heavy, with a florid face, pale blue eyes, and an auburn mustache. He was fashionably attired, and seemed only too well satisfied with himself.

The contrast was decided. Miss Lucy winced a little. However, she summoned up her courage and extended her hand to Doctor Lord.

"Good morning, doctor. I hope you have decided to stay with us."

"Ah, good morning. I think I shall. I have an impression that my presence is really needed here."

"Indeed it is," Miss Lucy said, unconsciously encouraging Lord's impertinence in her eagerness to throw the gauntlet to Doctor Terryll's face.

As the days went by, all Granville was surprised at Miss Lucy's marked preference for Doctor Lord. She sang his praises, she recommended his services to her friends, she indignantly compared his modern knowledge with Doctor Terryll's more antiquated modes of practice.

It was the hardest task the little spinster had ever attempted. Not only did her conscience reproach her for her shabby treatment of David, but Doctor Lord was personally distasteful to her. She could not shut her eyes to his self-conceit and coarseness.

At first he had been inclined to make sport of Miss Lucy. He soon saw that she was too strong an ally to be disposed of in that way. So he patronized her.

He was reticent about his past, aside from the fact that he was a graduate of a Chicago medical college, Granville knew nothing about him.

One thing was sure. Doctor Lord was on the flood tide of prosperity in Granville. He was winning Doctor Terryll's practice away from him. The younger man's pretensions deceived many. So daily he was received everywhere, as he was careful to cover his real boorishness with a veneer of politeness.

One warm September afternoon, he was passing Miss Lucy's little cottage, when he chanced to see the mistress of the house and Estelle in the back yard. He joined them.

Miss Lucy was gathering flowers for Estelle. She paused to greet the doctor, but his attention was all for her companion.

"How well kept your yard always is, Miss Lucy!" Estelle said, determined to draw her into the conversation.

"Thank you, my dear. It would do pretty well if it wasn't for that awful spider. There's a root of it now," and she bent down and deftly pulled the weed from among the masses of pink, white and blue verbena.

"What did you call it?" Doctor Lord

some reminiscences of her recent travels."

How Miss Lucy got upon her feet and made her way to the front of the platform, she could never have told. There she stood, a shrinking little figure clad in soft gray silk, with creamy lace at throat and wrists. A window behind her threw her face into strong relief and accentuated its paleness.

Her heart beat violently. She was unable to articulate a word. Just then her gaze chanced to rest upon the coarse, mocking face of Dr. Lord. Behind him sat Doctor Terryll. One glance into his sympathizing eyes, and Miss Lucy was herself.

"I spent several weeks in Lancaster, Vermont," she began, speaking in a clear voice that could be heard all over the hall. "I went there with an object. I wished to learn something of the early life of a young man in whom I had become interested; and I had reason to think that she had a cousin living there, and also suggested to her a cousin living there. He had had a good education, but had grown up an idle, good-for-nothing, spending a term in the house of correction for theft. After awhile, he left Lancaster because the officers were after him, went to Chicago, dropped the last part of his name, bought a diploma from a bogus medical college, and came to Granville as Doctor Lorenzo Lord, a man of honor and a practicing physician. I call his conduct mean—as mean as pusley."

A moment's silence followed the cessation of her voice. Then cheers for Miss Lucy and hisses for Doctor Lord filled the air. In the confusion he escaped from the room. Miss Lucy explained that, seeing the words, Lancaster, Vermont, written in a book loaned to Estelle by the doctor, had recalled to her mind that she had a cousin living there, and also suggested to her a cousin living there. She might learn something of his past.

The meeting soon broke up. As the crowd was leaving the hall, Mrs. Smith caught Doctor Terryll by the arm.

"Oh, doctor, won't you see to Miss Lucy? I'm afraid she is going to faint, and I must tend to the coffee. She's behind the flowers."

He nodded. Advancing to Miss Lucy's side, he took both her hands in his.

"You brave little woman! How did you find the courage for it?"

"I did it for your sake, David."

A half hour later they entered the dining room. The huge browned turkeys were on the tables, and the air was laden with appetizing odors. Some one had just brought the news that Doctor Lord had left town on a western-bound train. The cheers which this news provoked had not died away when Doctor Terryll appeared in the doorway, Miss Lucy on his arm.

"Friends, this is indeed Thanksgiving to me," he began. "Congratulations, Miss Lucy has promised to marry me next week."

And again Granville cheered.—The Housewife.

TO PURIFY WATER, FREEZE IT.

Ice Drives Impurities Out—Frozen Portion Retains Them.

That frozen water is pure water is an idea that has been handed down from generation to generation, and there is usually a good deal of fact in these old sayings, although we may wonder how the people of former times contrived to discover these things. Recent investigations prove the truth of this saying.

As water freezes so the impurities are eliminated, and if the ice be taken away before the whole body of water is frozen that ice is pure. If the whole of the water freezes it follows as a matter of course that the impurities must be included, writes a reporter in the New York American. Thus in pools where the water begins to freeze from the top the impurities are thrown to the bottom, and the ice taken away from the upper part of the body of water is pure.

The water that still retains the impurities is the last to freeze. Some makers of artificial ice produce it from water that is not pure, and they make a hole through the outer crust, before the liquid is completely consolidated, so as to allow the muddy portion of the fluid to run out.

Of bacilli, it is calculated that 90 per cent are thrown out in freezing, while nine out of every remaining ten are killed by the process, and thus rendered innocuous. Most of the remaining 1 per cent will die in twenty-four hours unless the ice be melted.

The Alphabet of Success.

Attend carefully to details.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few special acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to every one a kindly greeting.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right, and success is certain.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

Scarcity of Female Servants.

The scarcity of English female servants in London has led to the importation of many foreigners of the opposite sex fully trained for housework. This new field of labor gives the young foreigners, especially the Germans, a fresh chance of escaping proscription. Foreigners fitted for all kinds of domestic service are supplanting the girls all over London.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

One trouble with white lies is that they require too much whitewashing.

It takes a woman's dearest friend to tell her things she doesn't want to hear.

Perhaps the reason that money makes the mare go is that it is so generously supplied with wings.

About 22,000 Americans removed to Canada last year, and they were not all short in their accounts, either.

Bishop Hartzell says the South African mines are very rich. We suspected that even before the Boer war.

The average woman speaks her mind—but she changes her mind so often that it keeps her tongue working overtime.

The Emperor of Germany has begun to wear a monocle. He is probably endeavoring to re-establish friendly relations with Joseph Chamberlain.

Sir Thomas Lipton might try a flying machine instead of a yacht in the third cup race. Each time before he was up in the air anyway and felt awkward.

Mrs. Burton Harrison advocates more political discussion in the family circle. What Mrs. H. against the human race and the holy institution of matrimony?

If Dr. Lorenz can convince the American doctors that the knife should be more sparingly used his trip to the United States will have been worth many times the price.

Pension Commissioner Ware has promoted a clerk for doing his work well and not asking for favors. It is to be hoped that every employer in the land will take the Pension Commissioner's plan under advisement.

Sir Henry Irving has a new solution for the "deserted village" problem. He proposes to abolish "high kicking" in the theaters. So that is why we are becoming overcentralized. Down with high kicking and restore the equilibrium!

Formerly the papers called the President's wife the "first lady of the land." Now the yellow journals speak of the President's daughter as the "first maiden of the land," and the next thing the President's son knows he will be called the "first orphan of the land."

A writer in a current magazine discusses "Some Results of Electric Traction," but fails to mention two very substantial results—an era of prosperity for the general directors and the acquirement of a substantial competence by members of City Councils and State Legislatures.

A college professor, whose experience covers half a century, says that among students there is "less shame and fear of being in debt" than formerly. Members of entering classes had best begin their series of resolutions with the declaration of principle: An unnecessary debt is a form of personal dishonor.

So soon as your man of millions rears he begins to gather moss. It works into the crevices of his intellect preading there wider and letting in all sorts of little vegetative ailments that row ranker and ranker with time, asking to themselves more and more of the substance of their host until after a little he is ailments mostly. He has nothing to think about except his corns and his lungs and his rheumatism, and he more you think of your works the more they creak. Nothing is left then out something to do.

Only 56 out of 141 freshmen at the Northwestern University were able to pass an examination in spelling. They were tested with ordinary words, not with difficult and perplexing ones; and he test was too much for most of them. Probably similar examinations at almost any American university could show substantially the same results. Spelling is not an accomplishment in which college youth excel, or do the graduates of the common schools distinguish themselves in this useful but now somewhat supercilious regarded branch. The letters of the average public school graduate or university graduate are likely to be prolific in bad spelling. Professor Lark of the Northwestern University says the trouble is with the so-called scientific method of teaching spelling. The public schools turn out graduates who have learned with great aims how not to spell. The undergraduates and graduates of the colleges probably spell a little or considerably worse than the public school children. But the great thing is the method. Nothing can equal the pity which the enthusiasts of the new method bestow upon children who have earned to spell without reliance upon it. Spelling is nothing; method is everything. Let us remember that when we come across a fantastic or blundering speller. The worse he spells, the more superior is the method by which he came to that pre-eminence as a stammer and twister of orthography.

The sweetness of charity lies in its secrecy. When the right hand gives without the left knowing it the benefits are in value. A member of the board of school visitors of Winsted, Conn., has discovered this old truth

and seeks to put it into practice. He wants the poor children in the public schools to be well dressed, but does not want their good, clean, warm clothes to serve as a badge of charity. He does not want the children whose clothes are given to them to feel themselves demeaned and despised among their schoolmates as paupers. So he proposes that the selection, on information from the teachers, shall quietly and unknown to the other pupils buy the required apparel at the town's expense. This man is a bachelor. But he has a right idea about children. His head is level and his heart is in the right place. Nowhere in the world is there such cruel snobbery as among children. Many a little heart has been made to ache and a life warped by a sneering remark of a school fellow. If you are so touched by the years that you cannot meddle up with memories of your own childhood, just observe and listen to some group of school boys and girls and see it and hear it with your mature eyes and ears. It is shameful, but it is so. No child should be permitted to suffer loss of self-esteem because of faults or failures of its parents, but they do, every day, and so-called charity helps to make them do it more than all other elements combined. The Winsted bachelor has uttered a word of wisdom in a few words.

A certain rather well-known actress is devoted to her first-born, a baby boy of 5 months. She cannot bear to think of a moment's separation, so with the advice of her physician, and under the constant care of a trained nurse, her baby is touring the country with its mother. She was much interested to know what his babyship would think of the theater, and how he would behave. So she had the nurse bring him to matinee performance. She wasn't long in suspense. When the curtain went up on her comedietta, and the baby heard her voice, he fairly jumped out of the nurse's arms. It was a familiar sound, especially when he heard her laugh, which she does a great deal in the part she plays, and baby thought it was time for a romp. So he responded vigorously, and began to crow and shout his delight in true baby fashion. The actress heard the baby crow, and her laugh was real and genuine, not of the stage variety, for she was playing for the "deserted village" problem. He proposes to abolish "high kicking" in the theaters. So that is why we are becoming overcentralized. Down with high kicking and restore the equilibrium!

A venerable man now prominent in Western railway circles, but in his youth a comparatively poor boy in a little town in central Illinois in the thirties, told this story not long ago at a social gathering:

"I was only a boy," he said, "but I wanted to see a little of the world. My father hadn't much money, nobody had money, in fact, but he lifted me up as well as he could, with a suit of his own making, for he managed to pick up a living, even in that frontier village, as a tailor, and sent me to Springfield for a little visit. A hatter in town made me a sort of plug hat such as nobody of this generation ever saw; and with all my belongings, except what I had on, in a little, hair covered trunk, I went to Springfield. It was then a two days' journey.

"I made something of a sensation in my spike-tailed coat and high hat, but I was having a good time until a calamity happened to me. There was a big political meeting of Whigs in Springfield on the day I arrived there and my trunk somehow got mixed up with the baggage of the politicians and disappeared when they did. What came of it I don't know. I never saw it again.

"There I was, without a cent of money, away from home for the first time in my life, among strangers, and I was about as desolate a boy as you ever saw. When I discovered my loss I wandered about the streets, forlorn and forsaken, till I was nearly tired to death, and then I sat down on a door step and cried.

"Presently somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I looked up, and a pleasant-faced stranger was standing before me.

"'What's the matter, son?' he said.

"'I told him my story.'

"'So the Whigs have robbed you have they?' he said, patting me on the head. 'Well, that's bad. But cheer up, my boy! Things might be a good deal worse. What is your father's name?'

"'I told him.'

"'I know him,' he said. 'I'll write to him.'

"'He did, and this was the letter:—

"'Springfield, Ill., Aug. 7, 183—.

"Mr. Blank: Dear Sir—I found your boy on the street here to-day, without any clothing except what he was wearing. Please send him some more. Youn truly, A. Lincoln.'

"That was the end of my troubles and there is no recollection of my life that I cherish with a deeper sense of gratitude than I do that one."

Youth's Companion.

When to Use "Shall" and "Will."

"At what time shall you be at liberty?" is the correct form when you desire information, not consent or a promise. "At what time will you be at liberty?" is equivalent to "At what time are you willing to be at liberty?" It implies that being at liberty is dependent on the will of the person spoken to. "At what time shall you be a liberty?" is equivalent to "At what time are you going to be at liberty?"—being at liberty is regarded as simply a matter of the future, not dependent on the will of anybody. "Will you?" expects the answer "I will;" it denotes willingness, consent, or determination. "Shall you?" expects the answer "I shall;" it denotes futurity and nothing more.—Ladies' Home Journal.

MEN WHO DELIVER MAIL.

Heart Tragedies that Line the Route of Letter Carriers.

"Tell you a story? Why, yes, I might tell a good many stories if that was in my line." The gray carrier blew a pearly wreath of smoke upward and flicked the dead ash from his cigar.

"Let me see. There's an old lady on my route down in Alabama who sits knitting the living-day by from the front room window. Every morning and afternoon when I whistle at the door of her next door neighbor she lays down her knitting and peers with a tired, eager face out of that window until I go by. She's got a boy somewhere out West. He doesn't write to her twice a year. Yet twice each day the whole year through she sits there with that anxious look, waiting, waiting, waiting. I feel a twitch at my own heart every time I pass by and see the look of expectancy fade into disappointment. Sometimes I'd give \$50 to be able to stop and give her five lines from that good-for-nothing boy of hers for whom she's eating out her heart."

"That reminds me," said a younger man who heard the gray carrier's story, "of a pretty baby on my route in a Louisiana city. She's a dainty tot about 4 or maybe 5 years old. She has blue-gray eyes like a wood violet that look a fellow straight to the heart. Some little girls can do that after they are older. This tot's mamma died six months ago, and for a month afterward she used to come tripping down the walk to meet me with a little white note in her hand, and looking me to the heart out of those big, trusting eyes. She would say: 'Mr. Postman, won't you please take this letter to my mamma in heaven? I used to take the dainty missive from the wee pink hand. I couldn't tell her how far away her mamma was. One day she came with out a letter and there was pain in the great, sweet eyes. 'Mr. Postman, baby wants a letter from mamma. Please, Mr. Postman, tell my-mamma she wants some letters, too!' and, boys every day for a week I had to pass that baby with the pain in the gray-blue eyes, and I wondered the angels did not find some way some how to make her baby heart understand."

FOUND A FRIEND WHEN IN NEED.

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The Bible Issue.

The greatest number of complete Bibles ever issued in one year—viz. 869,706—was sent out in 1901 by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A man could quit smoking any day if he could forget about trying