

But why do I keep Thanksgiving, Did I hear you aright, my dear? Why? When I'm all alone in life, Not a chick nor a child to be near, John's folks all away in the west, Lucy across the sea,

And not a soul in the dear old home Save a little bound girl and me?

It does look lonesome, I grant it: Yet strange as the thing may sound, I'm geldom in want of company The whole of the merry year round-There's spring when the lilac blos-

And the apple trees blush to bloom, There's summer when great moths flit

Through the twilight's star-lit gloom. Then comes the beautiful autumn, When every fragrant brier,

Flinging its garlands on fence and Is bright as a living fire;

And then the white, still winter time, When the snow lies warm on the wheat. And I think of the days that have

passed away, When my life was young and sweet. I'm a very happy woman

Today, though my hair is white, For some of my troubles I've overlived. And some I keep out of sight. I'm a busy old woman, you see, my dear,

As I travel along life's road, I'm always trying as best I can To lighten my neighbor's load.

That child? You should think she'd try me? Does she earn her bread and salt?

You've noticed she's sometimes indolent. And indolence is a fault; Of course it is, but the orphan girl

Is growing as fast as she can,

And to make her work from dawn to dark Was never a part of my plan. I like to see the dimples Flash out on the little face.

That was wan enough, and still enough When first she came to the place. I think she'll do, when she's older; A kitten is not a cat; And now that I look at the thing, my

dear. I hope she'll never be that. I'm thankful that life is peaceful; I should just be sick of strife, If, for instance, I had to live along Like poor Job Slocum's wife; I'm thankful I didn't say "yes," my

dear-What saved me I do not see-When Job, with a sprig in his button-

Once came a-courting me. I'm thankful I'm neither poor nor rich, Glad that I'm not in debt; That I owe no money I cannot pay, And so have no call to fret.

I'm thankful so many love me, And that I've so many to love at home. In the beautiful land above.

I shall always keep Thanksgiving In the good-old fashioned way, . And think of the reasons for gratitude In December, and June, and May, In August, November, and April, And the months that come between;

For God is good, and my heart is light. And I'd not change place with a

-Margaret E. Sangster.

## THANKSGIVING STORY



T was Thanksgiving evening in our camp on the Flambleaux river,in the northern part of the Badger state. After a dinner such as can only be gotten up in camp, we had seated ourselves about the fire and were in-

dulging in stories. Finally one of our number, a young man, remarked that the day was always one of thanksgiving to him, and in explanation of this remark, related the following story:

"I had been out three days with a party of Chicago people, and on the day in question we were camped about thirteen miles away from even a game warden, and I can say we had phenomenally good luck. It was the open season for deer, and we had already killed two fine bucks. The day had been a busy one in camp, in making preparations to move down stream, perhaps ten miles or more. My intention had been to move in that direction early in the afternoon in a light canoe, just to get on to the lay of the land. Heavy, leaden clouds had hung low all day and everything acted like one of those late electrical storms that often pass through the northwest as a gentle reminder that we had one last chance of bidding good-by to Indian summer. Had the weather not cleared I mi ht have changed my mind about making the move I did make. Leaving instructions that we would all start in the early hours of morning, I went down to the shore and stepped into my cance. I had with me my usual supply of matches and other incidentals. The moon shone out so clearly over the rippling water that I did not mind the bered the lynx. With a supernatural forebodings of rain that warned me. I effort I swung myself upward, and, by a beavy caliber rifls and consequently stones protruding from the side of the as well.

neglected doing it, but I had with me a couple of good revolvers.

"I pushed the canoe from shore, and in a few minutes was gliding over the rippling waters of the Flambleaux.with no care of what the journey might bring. For over half an hour I kept my course down the river. The moon had shone brightly until then, and was only occasionally hidden by a few dark clouds. A cold wind came up from the northeast and then I had some fears of the storm that had threatened all day. The clouds came thick and fast and with them rain, at first only a few drops, but finally an icy rain which was driven by the terrible force of the wind. With the storm came lightning and I roon saw it would be folly to go further. I endeavored to turn my canoe toward shore, but the storm had changed into a young tempest, and to stay long on the waters in that craft meant death. I drifted on at a fearful rate, and I also noticed that the current of the river seemed swifter than I had noticed it before.

While thus engaged a new sound fell upon my ears. It was a dull, deep roar, and every moment it seemed to increase. The water flowed more swiftly, and the roaring ahead of me became deafening. I knew too well what it was. My boat dashed madly forward, and I was entering rapids. How large they were I did not know, for the country was comparatively new



I HUNG ON WITH BOTH HANDS. to me. I dropped my paddle into the bottom of the boat and hung on with both hands. How I ever got through alive I don't know for as I viewed the rapids the next morning they were the worst I had ever seen on medium sized rivers. The foam dashed over me, and my canoe grazed scores of rocks. Then I heard the roaring far behind, and I found myself in tolerably smooth water, but I didn't care about running any more chances that night, and took to the northeast bank, which was on my left. My cance grated on the sand and with a feeling of safety I stepped my foot on shore.

"As I did so the woods for rods around seemed to tremble. I knew what it was. The river at this point widened into a lake, over the left side of which was a floating island, that is, a projection of the mainland over the The roots of the trees were closely woven together and a good quantity of soil was packed in between, I had heard many stories concerning these islands, but hardly credited them.

"I gathered a good quantity of wood Though my dearest and nearest are all down on the wet ground tried to make myself as comfortable as possible. Overcome by the exhaustion I had experienced I lay down and was soon asleep. How long I slept is hard to say, but it must have been about an hour

"I was awakeneo, and gazing about, darkness, yes, the darkness of an Egyptian night, met my eyes. A noise, at first very faint, disturbed the silence. It was like that of a crying child, but I had heard it before; it was the whining of a lynx. I drew one of my revolvers and laid very quiet. The noise grew louder and I heard the fiend creeping upon me. My nerves gave way to my first impulse and I fired in



AN AWFUL CRASH POLLOWED. the direction of the sound. A moment later and there was a quick spring and the beast lit upon my

oulders. "Over and over we rolled. I felt the ground tremble, and an awful crash followed. The lynx loosened his hold. perhaps from fear, and I clutched wildly about me. My hands came in contact with a root. I grabbed it and swung backward and forward for, it seemed to me, an age. The waters beneath me seemed to boil, and then all was still, a stillness that was more terrible than death. I heard a pattering in the water beneath me and remem-

well. I was soon on earth again. I crawled a rod or so away, and then

waited for daylight. "As the first gray light of morning lit the eastern sky I turned my head toward what might have been my grave. It was a circular hole, about ten feet in diameter. I could see the water about fifteen feet below. I thought of the lynx and the terrible but just fate he had met, and then creeping to shore I got into my canoe, and casting one look behind me on that treacherous shore. I turned my back on it for-

ever, and turned my face toward camp. "This is my experience of a Thanksgiving day that makes the day one of thanks to me-thankful for my life."

### THANKSGIVING EVE.

Hand in hand through the village streets. As the chill November twilight fell. Two childish figures walk up and

down-The bootblack Teddle and sister Nell.

With wistful eyes they peer in the shops.

Where dazzling the lights from the windows shine On golden products from farm and field.

And luscious fruits from every clime "Oh, Teddie," said Nell, "let's play to-

These things are ours, and let's sup-We can choose whatever we want to

It might come true, perhaps--who knows?

Two little pinched faces press the pane. And plan for tomorrow's feast

Of dainties their lips will never touch. Forgetting their hunger awhile, at

The pavement was cold for the shoeless feet, Ted's jacket was thin; he shivered and said,

Let's go to a place and choose some clothes." "Agreed!" said Nell, and away they sped

To a furrier's shop, ablaze with light, In whose fancied warmth they place their hands. And play their scanty garments are

changed For softest fur, from far-off lands. 'A grand Thanksgiving we'll have!"

cried Nell, "These make-believe things seem almost true; I've most forgot how hungry I was, And, Teddle, I'm almost warm, aren't

you?" Oh, happy hearts, they rejoice today, In all the bounty the season brings, Have pity on those who vainly strive To be warmed and fed by imagin-

ings!



The old wife sat in the chimney place Talking of days gone by To the small granddaughter close at her knee,

Eager and bright of eye,

'And only think," she finished, "dear, That sad Thanksgiving morn All that the Pilgrims had to eat Was, each one, five grains of cora."

Out from his corner grandfather Put in a quavering word: You're wrong, Priscilla Ann, you're wrong. "Twas six, I've always heard."

Pshaw, father, you've forgotten it. No. child, 'twas only five.' Priscilla Ann, I say 'twas six, As sure as you're alive!'

'Twa'n't six!" "'Twas, too!" "Why father!" "Well. I ain't so old, I guess, But what I know 'twas six!" "Oh land. What silly foolishness!"

Priscilla Ann!" "Yes, father!" "Six!" The small granddaughter stared. Then, crying, ran away. "There, now, You've got the poor lamb scared!" "I hain't!" "You have!" Here was

begun A very pretty quarrel, But that their daughter came in haste To hear and point a moral.

Why, father! mother! quarreling, And on Thanksgiving Day! And all about a grain of corn; That's foolish, don't you say?"

The old folks looked abashed. "'Twas "Twas five!" "Why, no, 'twas

And then it really looked as though "Twould all begin once more.

Till grandma, gulping down her wrath, Said, "Well, they hadn't many; But, sakes alive! if they hadn't five, I'm thankful they had any. - Florence E. Pratt.

We seed all the social agents there are to lift us out of the daily routine of life; music is one of these factors Parents who fall to cultivate where evident the musical gifts of their children, deprive them and through them the coming generations of that moral and intellectual agency which is their due. F. Royle.

Some men make a bluff at hiding their light under a bushel, when a pint did not think it was necessary to take clutching my feet on the roots and measure would answer the purpose just

# A LITTLE BLACK DOG.



LITTLE black dog, running frantically around the old stone mansion, paused suddenly pricked up his ears and listened. Then came a voice. "Here Beautiful!

Here I am! Here -at the cellar window! Oh, you darling dog!"

Four small feet pranced and skipped about, while a shaggy little wisp of a tail wiggled and frisked and endeavored to say: "I simply can't tell you how overjoyed I am to find you. I've looked everywhere for you. I really believe I could almost turn myself wrong side out from sheer happiness at

seeing you again." "Come close, Beautiful! But don't you dare to bark a word, 'cause like's not that dreadful, dreadful woman will come and take you away from me."

At this Beautiful plumped his nose through the small opening at the window, sniffing violently, and then giving voice to a loud and sympathetic whine. Just then two hands, coming from out the darkness of the cellar, closed round his soft, warm body. It was a hard, tight and uncomfortable squeeze, and such tugging and pulling you never saw in all your days. That the feat was accomplished at all was probably due to the fact that Beautiful's daily breakfast, dinner and supper rolled into one meal would not have made a respectable between-meal bite.

Beautiful, it must be explained, was, like his small mistress,a charity boarder at Miss Jane Smithson's Select School for Young Ladies. Suffering similar injuries, there was between the two a bond of deep sympathy.

Once inside, Beautiful was given a tender hug of welcome. Then, holding him closely in her arms, Lura sat down upon a pile of old carpets and proceeded to open up her heart. The dog, accustomed to those little secret sessions, showed his deep interest by looking up lovingly into his mistress' face and endeavoring vainly to bestow kisses thereon.

"She says I am very, very bad, Beautiful," Lura explained in soft whis-"She has said that an awful many lots of times, and I'm getting kind'er 'fraid, I am. But honest and truly, you know, I couldn't help it. Honest I couldn't. I broke a plate, I just told her that the plate was all soap-sudsy, and that it slipped right out of my hand quicker'n I could catch Oh, Beautiful, you ought to seen She got so ma-a-d. She said she'd teach me to break dishes and then talk back to her, and then she hit me-hard, just dreadfully bard, Beau-

she put me down here." A rat ran squeaking across the floor. Beautiful sprung up, stuck up one ear, and growled savagely. Lura caught hold of him and drew him back into her lap.

tiful"-here the dog's big, friendly eyes

looked tenderly into hers-"and then

'That's just as nice as can be of you, Beautiful, to say you'll keep 'em away, but I hadn't finished talking to you, and you know it's not a bit p'lite to interrupt. Why, I used to be as fraid as anything of rate but now when I'm 'fraid I just think what my dear daddy said to me. He said: 'Little daughter, it pretty nearly breaks father's heart to go and leave his girl. but she must be a brave and plucky little woman, and he'll come back and never never go away from her again.'

"Beautiful," she said, slowly, "he's a dreadfully, dreadfully long time acomin' back to his girl."

And then the flood came. It began by a single tear hurrying down a sorrowful little face and descending upon the dog's satiny black coat. He, feeling that his little mistress was in deep distress, shared her sorrow by whining piteously and burrowing his nose in the soft little hollow of her neck. For some time they sat thus, the girl sobbing and crying as if the burdened heart had reached the limit of endur-



"SHE HAD NEVER ROWED SO HARD BEFORE.

ance and could no longer bear up under its load of worries.

Suddenly Beautiful straightened up, growled mysteriously, and then assumed an air of defiant guardianship. Lura understood. The "dreadful woman" was coming.

and a face peered down into the darkness, while a shrill voice piped: "Put them down there-and don't be all day about it."

The cellar door opened with a bang.

At that, a little old man, from whose arm swung a basket filled with live, squirming lobsters, shuffed painfully down the stairs.

On the Atlantic coast these "lobster | Dear, loyal dog. men," as the peddlers of shell fish are called, are familiar characters in every she called, the tears of happiness mak- streets of London.

was a weekly caller at Miss Smithson's Select School, was a special friend of

Feeling the humiliation of a prisoner unjustly sentenced, Lura crept back into the deeper shadows. And then it was that a most unusual and unlooked for thing happened.

broke away, dashed up the stairway, and flew straight at Miss Smithson, clutching his teeth firmly in her apron. It was a most undiplomatic performance and one quite worthy of the faithful little friend.

Of course Miss Smithson screamed at the top of her voice and fought wildly, but Beautiful continued the attack with undaunted valor-until Lura and the lobster merchant took a hand, Then he was forced to desist.

"The vicious beast!" gasped Miss Jane Smithson, as soon as she was free to survey her torn, disheveled gar-"I have said time and again that I would not have him around." Then, turning to the old crippled vender who was looking dazed and wondering, she said: "I'll gladly pay you if you will take that despicable little animal where I shall never see him again."

Lura stood palsied and speechless. As in a hideous dream, she silently



"SHE BEGAN TO SOB."

watched her one dear companion being taken from her. Suddenly she gathered courage, clinched her small fists and cried out:

"How dare you! How dare you! My daddy gave Beautiful to me! Oh, I hate you, I hate you!"

"That will do, my lady," Miss Smithson replied, tartly. "Back you go into the cellar; I am unaware of having yet given you permission to come

The door fell to with a bang, Lura's brown curls barely escaping. A few hot tears of anger came, then Lura rushed to the cellar window, the one through which, but a short time ago, she had welcomed her dear Beautiful. She had now but one thought and ambition-to escape and to rescue the plucky little defender of her rights and privileges. It was hard work pulling off the rough boards and the poor fingers 1-led more than once before the task was finished. She heaped up the old carpets, and breaking through a curtain of spider-

webs, scrambled out. With flushed cheeks and flying curls she ran across the lawn and down the street to the shore. Miss Smithson's Select School graced a little village on Long Island Sound. Her anxious eyes hastily and eagerly scanned the groups of small fishing craft that dotted the calm waters of this picturesque arm cf the great Atlantic.

At last! She saw them! There they were, the old, bent lobster-man pulling at his oars, and Beautiful-her own dear Beautiful-sitting up as big as you please on the seat of the stern -as dignified as the captain of an ocean liner. "Beautiful;" she cried, "Beauti-

ful!" But it was no use; they were too far

away. Now if Lura had been like most girls of 13 or thereabouts she would have gathered up a corner of her pinafore and cried it soaking wet, but you see that wasn't her way. Reverses created energy, not despair, with her. It was scarcely a moment before her small feet were swiftly carrying her down the long stretch of sand to the boathouse Then she jumped into a dory. slipped the oars in the locks, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" she was in hurried, breathless pursunt of her dear Beautiful.

Like the majority of children brought up in towns close to the ocean, Lura knew how to handle a boat. Now and then she adroitly rounded the bow of an anchored vessel or sped past a fisherman who, with his long rake, was busily digging oysters from out their sandy ocean bed. She had never in all her life rowed so hard before, and she did not cease her strongest efforts for what seemed hours to her. Her heart gave a great bound when, after awhile, she discovered that she had not only gained in the race, but that the lobster man had stopped to rest. How she worked, (fighting the waves that were now running briskly and splashing in a white foam against the sides of the dory. She braced her feet more firmly and pulled with all her might and main. Then-oh, gladness-she heard a sound that brought a thrill of joy to her heart and caused a big lump to bounce up into her throat. It was Beautiful! He had seen and recognized her and was barking his happiness

across the water. There was a splash. Was it possible? Yes, yes, he had plunged from the beat and was swimming to her.

"Come, Beautiful! Come, Beautiful!"

town and viflage, and this one, who ing such a mist that she could scarcely see the black head bobbing among the waves. Rowing with all her strength, she pulled bravely toward him.

There was now but a few yards between them. She could hardly wait unts she once more had her shaggy Beautiful close to her heart. Had he not been the one friend and consolation With a growl and a bound, Beautiful during a whole miserable year of trou-

He had almost reached the boat when a low, heavy whistle sounded ominously near. Lura turned. There, coming directly toward them, was an ocean steamer.

Beautiful, hurry," she "Hurry. "We're in the steamship screamed. channel! Oh, hurry, hurry!"

She dragged him into the boat, wet, dripping, panting. She clutched the oars and pulled for her life-their lives, Beautiful's and hers.

The great steamer whistled again. It was bearing directly down upon them. like a monstrous swimming mountain. Beautiful, scenting danger, crouched to the bottom of the dory and whined dismally. Lura could hear the steady thump of the propeller, then voices shouted excited warnings. Her strength was fast being exhausted, and her poor, blistered hands gave up the race just as the towering hull of the vessel

swept past a few yards distant. The pilot saluted the little heroine with several sharp whistles, and the passengers, crowded together at the rails, cheered lustily. One man, more excited than the others, rushed frantically across the deck and called to the captain to lower a boat.

But Lura was quite unaware of all this tribute to her pluck and bravery. For as soon as danger was passed she collapsed completely, and putting her hands to her face, began to sob convulsively. The oars slipped from their locks and the dory tumbled about as it struck the steamer's swells, but she did not heed. She failed even to notice that the steamer had slowed down, and that a small boat was being swiftly propelled toward her.

But when a pair of familiar arms closed about her and the dearest voice in the world murmured, "My little daughter," she realized the first great happiness of her life, and each could only sob, "Daddy, daddy," while Beautiful, faithful and devoted, showed his love and gratitude by fondly burrowing his nose between her poor swollen little fingers.-Helen Follett.

#### To Detect Changes of Speed.

Engines used in electric lighting are required to run with great regularity. An interesting device for detecting, with extreme accuracy, any change of speed in such an engine is employed in an Elizabethport factory. Two metal plates are pierced with corresponding slits and placed one in front of the other so that, when the slits are in line, the spokes of the fly-wheel of the engine can be seen passing them. One of the plates is caused to oscillate, by means of an electro-magnet, at such a rate that the two slits are in line every time a spoke is passing. If there are six spokes in the wheel, and the wheel turns 400 times in a minute, the movable slit must oscillate 2,400 times in a minute. If the speed of the engine is perfectly regular, a spoke will always be seen directly in line with the slits; if the speed varies the spoke wil appear ahead or behind its proper place, according as the rate of the wheel's revolution is increased or diminished.

## Daisles in the South.

A southern man says the daisy was never known in the south until after the war. Now every part of it that was visited by the Union army is covered with daisies. "Sherman brought them to us," he said, "and the march to the sea can be followed in the summer time by keeping where the dalay grows. The seed seems to have been transported in the hay that was brought along to feed the horses. This is the only explanation that has ever been made of it."

Plenty of Teachers in Belgium. There are 10,800 teachers in the diminutive kingdom of Belgium

## HOW THEY ARE USED.

The lower grade of molasses, which is unsalable, is used as a fuel. It is sprinkled over the sugar cane from which the juice is extracted, and when put in the fire burns with a strong heat. One hundred thousand tons were used last year. Waste pieces of cork, when carefully

cleaned and powdered, are used as an absorbent called suberin. Burnt cork is an artist's pigment; linoleum made of linseed oil and pressed cork, is a floor covering and when embossed and decorated is Linerusta Walton. Slag, the refuse from smelting works

which accumulates at the rate of millions of tons a year, instead of forming mountains of waste near the furnaces as it used to do, has entered into the construction of roads and has been made into bricks, paving stone, tiles and railway sleepers.

The tree roots which have bothered farmers and those who have cleared away land have turned out mines of wealth. Logwood roots yield an exceltent dye, and those fortunate enough to have waste land covered with logwood stumps are making money. Roots of walnut trees are of value when cut and sawed and turned into costly French vencors.

Breken glass and the waste from glass furnaces are heaped together and melted down, dressed and cut into beautiful slabs, forming an artificial marble of decorative design. Designs in relief can be obtained while the material is still warm and soft, Every year a couple of thousand tons of broken glass are cillected in the