

THANKSGIVING DAY



Our Thanksgiving.
By Helen Chaffee.
We'd thought on this Thanksgiving Day
To eat our punkin pie
With dear old mother at the farm,
As in the days gone by.

But greater Power than we had willed
That mother shouldn't stay,
An' then we couldn't bear the farm,
When she had slipped away.

So brother John, he sent me word
To visit him a spell,
An' eat in style Thanksgiving Day
Up at his big hotel.

Well, such a bill o' fare as that
I never see afore,
With all the things I ever eat,
An' several dozen more.

I labored hard to do my part
At talk an' etiquette;
Though John was hardened to this world,
Sometimes his eyes wuz wet.

I knew that though his purse could buy
The costliest kind of dish,
For mother's rare Thanksgiving treat
He often felt a wish.

An' when I left him for the night,
I couldn't help but say,
"It ain't the food ne' yet the style
That makes Thanksgiving Day."

The Children's Thanksgiving



"We are the first," whispered Nellie, as she seated herself near the reading desk.

"How queer Sunday school looks when it is empty," said her sister Ruth, climbing up by her side.

A scuffling step sounded in the aisle. "I know who that is," said Nellie, softly. "That is Annie Ridley. Her shoes are so old."

"Yes," said Ruth, peeping over the back of the bench. "Her shoes are all in holes, and her dress is patched, and—"

"Hush!" whispered Nellie. Annie Ridley passed by without turning her head, sat down on the very end of the opposite bench, covered her shoes with her dress, and frowned.

"Is she cross?" asked Ruth.

"Hush!" said Nellie.

One by one the other scholars arrived, and as each prettily dressed girl came in Annie Ridley frowned at her and turned her head away. No one sat close to her—the children seemed rather to prefer to be crowded than to do so. At last one girl came to Nellie and said:

"Move up, please."

Nellie tried to move, but there was no room.

"Why don't you go over there?" said Ruth, pointing to the vacant seat by Annie.

"She is so ragged," replied the girl. "I don't like to."

"She is clean," said Ruth. "You may have my seat. I will go and sit by her. May I, Nellie?"

"Yes," she said, after a moment, "but you must be good."

"I am always good in Sunday school," replied the little one, and crossing the space between the benches she said to Annie:

"Please may I sit here?"

"You may if you want to," replied Annie, rather crossly.

All the scholars looked at each other and smiled. Her sister blushed.

"She is so small," she said to her neighbor.

Then the teacher entered, and Annie and Ruth were forgotten.

When the scholars stood up to sing, Ruth offered one side of her hymn-book to Annie, who took hold of the cover with the tip end of her fingers and sang from it.

"How nice you sing," whispered Ruth. "I wish I could sing so."

Annie smiled.

"You are too little yet," she said, and moved closer. Then when the singing was over she added: "You are the nicest girl in the school."

But Ruth did not answer, for just then a gentleman began to speak, and she knew that she must pay attention. So she listened and he told them the stories of Thanksgiving day and ended by saying: "No one is too poor or too small to be of use."

"He don't know everybody," whispered Annie. "He don't know us."

Then she added suddenly: "Say, what is Thanksgiving for, anyhow?"

"Mamma said that long ago, when the people first came to America to live, they were so glad when the grain and pumpkins and potatoes were put away safe in the barn for the winter that they appointed one day to go to church and give thanks."

"Oh," said Annie, "but suppose they had no barn and no pumpkins and things. Then what?"

"We have no barn," replied Ruth, "but mamma buys the pumpkin and turkey at the store."

"My mother never does," said Annie.

"Why?" asked Ruth.

"Because she can't," answered Annie.

"Don't you have any Thanksgiving dinner then?" asked Ruth.

Annie shook her head.

"No," she said, "we don't often have bread enough, so you see I could not do anything for any one if I wanted to ever so much."

"And I am afraid I'm too little," said Ruth, thoughtfully.

Just then the collection plate was passed before them. Ruth had two five-cent pieces in her hand, but when she saw that her new friend had nothing to give she laid one of the coins on her lap.

Annie turned red, but she gave Ruth a shy smile and placed the money on the plate.

"Hush!" said Nellie.

"You see you are not too little," she whispered.

"That was nothing," replied Ruth. "When it was time to go home she looked around to say good-by to Annie, but the child had slipped away."

Ruth was thinking so hard of poor little Annie that when Nellie dropped her hand and turned to speak to another girl she forgot to wait and started to cross the street alone, and half way across she tripped and fell. Before she could struggle to her feet a

horse came swiftly around the corner. She had no time to be frightened, however, for the next moment her hand was seized and she was pulled back to the pavement.

It was little Annie Ridley, who had seen the accident, and ran back to help her.

"There," she said; "now wait for your sister."

She was darting away when Ruth caught her hand.

"You thought you could not do anything for any one," she said, "but you have saved me from being hurt. Mamma will be so glad."

"That was nothing," said Annie, and hurried away.

Of course when Ruth got home she told her mother all about Annie, and you may be sure Annie had a splendid Thanksgiving dinner that year, for Ruth's mother was so grateful to the little girl that she felt as though she could not do enough for her.

The next time Annie Ridley came to Sunday school she was dressed as nicely as any little girl need be, and her face wore a very pleasant expression instead of a frown.

Making a Record.



Reverend Party—"Young man, do you realize what you have to be thankful for this day?"

Brawny Footballist—"Sure, pop. I sent three fellers to the hospital today who belonged to the other team."

A Thanksgiving Discussion. "What use are my riches," I grumbled, "when there's never a sweetheart to share?"

With my watch fob I dallied and fumbled, As we two sat alone on the stair. The old folks still lingered o'er dinner.

While the youngsters played hide-and-go-seek, Dolly said: "I'm afraid you're a stammer, For you ought to be thankful and meek."

"To be thankful and meek were a folly When singleness hangs like a pall, And you don't know how lonely 'tis, Dolly,

To live in a bachelor's hall. Why, I've turned on the dog in a passion, Because the poor brute couldn't speak!

And here you go on in this fashion—I ought to be thankful and meek!"

So we argued, and I had the pleasure Of gazing down into her eyes, Of taking her fairy waist's measure Despite her reproving surprise;

'Till at last I grew stronger and bolder, While Dolly no longer demurred; For as her dear head touched my shoulder—

"Now, will you be thankful!" she purred.

STOPS FIENDS' WORK.

TORTURES OF MOST HORRIBLE CHARACTER IN PORTO RICO.

On Innocent Prisoners—Appearance of the Peace Commissioner Put an End to the Barbarous Deeds—Suffered for Others' Crimes.

A special from Ponce, Porto Rico, says: A few days before the joint peace commission met in San Juan the Correspondencia, a local paper, published the following news item: "Every day the screams and cries of the prisoners in the city prison are heard by those who occupy houses in the neighborhood, and by those who happen to pass frequently through the street beneath the windows of the jail." This was as strong a protest as the most influential paper in Porto Rico dared voice against the methods of the inquisitions which were practiced by the authorities on the whole island until June 25, 1898, and in the northern half until September. It seems hardly credible that almost within the shadow of the stars and stripes physical tortures of the most execrable kind, and of the vilest nature, have been inflicted day in and day out, and as living examples in almost any part of the island there are men, the bones of whose fingers have been broken, one by one, in order to secure from them confessions. Were not their mangled and misshapen hands in evidence the stories of Spanish official cruelty would be incredible. In the dark, underground cells of the prisons all over the island the outrages have been committed, and would be committed still were it not for the American invasion. The tortures were inflicted not only upon political prisoners, although they were the severest sufferers, but even upon men arrested upon suspicion of having committed minor offenses, such as petty thefts. A can of paint, for instance, was stolen from a Spanish sugar planter. He suspected a Porto Rican laborer in his employ, and notified the guardia civil. The laborer was arrested and professed complete ignorance. The police did not believe him, and thought to secure a confession by torture. A stout piece of cord was wrapped around the individual fingers, just above the knuckles and then around the whole hand. A short piece of wood was placed above and another below the fingers and then the cord was drawn taut. Then it was twisted around a cross-piece, and each turn increased the pressure and the pain fearfully. The fingers could not bend upward on account of the restraining pieces of wood above and below the hand, so the cord gradually cut in through the flesh. The victim could not confess, for he was innocent, but his silence was taken for stubbornness and the pressure was increased. Had the prisoner still refused to confess his fingers would be broken, but in his terrible agony he called out the name of a co-laborer whom he himself suspected. Then the torture stopped and the other was arrested. It happened that this one really was the thief, for when he was tortured to make him betray the names of his associates he named a priest, and said the paint was in the sacristy of the church. Search was instituted and the paint was found. This occurred at Manati, a few miles from San Juan. Had the first suspect not happened to have made a better guess than the Spaniard it might have gone hard with him. Even if he had pointed out an entirely innocent man, the latter would have been tortured and might have confessed to the theft in order to escape the physical pain. A case is on record where an entirely innocent man pleaded guilty to murder to escape this latter-day inquisition. Several years ago Celestino Sanabria, a well-to-do merchant in Guayama, mysteriously disappeared. The whole town wondered and helped search the surrounding country, but all was in vain. The guardia civil went to work, too, and one Manuel Cruz was arrested. Cruz bore a good reputation and his arrest created great surprise. This became open-eyed astonishment when it was learned that he had confessed to the murder of Sanabria. The confession was made to and announced by a civil guard named Vallareo, and, as a reward for his work, the citizens presented him with a gold watch marked: "For the capture of the murderer of Celestino Sanabria." Cruz was condemned to death by a court, and was sent back to jail to await the day of his execution. Then occurred a remarkable thing. A carriage drove into town one day from Arroyo, on the sea coast, and Sanabria stepped out. His friends almost fainted, but he convinced them that it was he himself, not a ghost, and then he told of a trip he had made to Venezuela on the spur of the moment. Cruz was released and admitted that he had made the confession to escape more of the terrible tortures which had been begun. He was able to withstand the finger-crushing, but other forms a thousand times more painful and barbarous to an unheard-of degree made death, even as a confessed murderer, seem desirable to him.

The Duck That Walked.
New Zealand is justly proud of a wonderful duck, whose exploits are told in a letter to the London Spectator by J. M. Ritchie, Esq., of Balvaird, Dunedin. This duck was of the Paradise variety. It lived at a sheep station twenty-one miles from Timaru, Canterbury, where its owner, a housekeeper, had clipped its wings so that it should not fly. When the housekeeper changed to a new place she took the duck with her in a basket by train to Timaru, by another train for ninety-five miles, and in a coach ten miles to her new home. Soon the duck which had been liberated from its basket, was missed and mourned for as lost. Some time after the housekeeper visited her old home, and was astonished to see the duck swimming on its familiar pond. That it had slowly and painfully waddled 120 miles was obvious. But how did it find the way through a rough and hilly country?

University Standards.
Leipzig university refuses to accept time spent at the University of Freiburg, in Switzerland, in the count of its degrees, on the ground that the teaching there has deteriorated below university standards since the Dominican monks have obtained control. The other German universities are likely to follow the example of Leipzig, and will refuse to recognize the Freiburg degrees as well.

Cost of Launching a Warship.
The total cost of the launch of a modern battleship often amounts to over \$10,000. About five tons of tallow and over a ton of oil and soft soap are used in greasing the ways—that is, the slip down which the cradle in which the vessel is placed, glides into the sea.

WHY?
Why is it that a free lunch is never free?
Why isn't asking a man's name a question of identity?
Why isn't the bride well dressed who is well groomed?
Why shouldn't a man be excused for being bigoted against bigotry?
Why isn't the bump of caution placed on the front of a man's head?
Why does the average woman prefer being idealized to being understood?
Why does the man who puts you on the back always turn his own back to be patted?

Adaptability.
Mrs. A.—"Didn't you think Mrs. Whitley a very refined woman?" Mrs. B.—"She was vulgar to me." "Well, she is adaptable."

Girls, of Course.
"Pa says I'm his treasure." "He isn't as wealthy as I supposed."—Truth.

BRUIN DESERVED BETTER FATE

Rode Safely on a Cowcatcher Only to Be Slain on Reaching Town.

Not long ago as a railroad train was passing through Wilder's cut, near Olcut, Pa., the engineer was astonished to see a black bear coming around a sharp curve. The cut is so narrow that there is hardly room for a man to stand aside and allow an engine to pass without striking him. Bruin was more amazed than the engineer. Instead of stepping aside, he reared on his haunches and awaited events. The locomotive was running less than twenty miles an hour, for the place is a dangerous one. Upon seeing the bear the engineer shut off steam and applied the brakes, but the distance was too short to escape an accident. The cowcatcher slipped under the hind legs of the brute and lifted him off the ground. Thinking all the trouble was over, the engineer put on steam once more, while the fireman climbed out of the cab window and stole along the guard rail to find out what had become of the bear. He was there, clasping the cowcatcher, the lower part of his body just grazing the ground and his head almost reaching the bottom of the headlight. He seemed to understand that the only thing he could do was to hold fast, and he did so during the run to the next station, ten miles distant. The station agent was standing at the door as the train approached. The sight of a full grown bear on the cowcatcher fairly took away his breath. As soon as the engine came to a standstill bruin slipped from his perch and made a break for freedom. This took him straight toward the agent, who dashed through the door, slammed it shut, leaped through the rear door and went up the street at a furious rate, calling out, "Bear, bear! Somebody get a gun!" Soon the town was in a turmoil, a yelling crowd following in hot pursuit of the bear, some of the boys pelting him with stones. Suddenly a big shepherd dog bounded out of a yard and dashed after the bear. Bruin paused but a minute or two, but when he passed on the dog had no future interest in the proceedings. At the street corner a lawyer carrying a double-barreled gun came face to face with the bear, but the latter turned down the nearest alley. The crowd increased and encircled the frightened animal, making escape impossible. Finding himself at bay, bruin backed up against a barn, rearing on his haunches. The lawyer sent two bullets into the bear, whereupon the wounded animal charged at the crowd. One urchin fell, was trampled upon and had a leg broken. The lawyer slipped another bullet into his gun and sent the shot through bruin's head and finished him. By this time the engineer and fireman recalled the fact that a trainload of passengers were waiting at the station, and hurried back and resumed their official duties after a bear hunt of about twenty minutes.

General Wheeler was the youngest man in the confederate army to attain the rank of lieutenant general. He was 26.

Speaking of the immense power of Boss Croker, Bourke Cochran says every financial house in New York city dreads his hostility, and that, if he declared that he needed \$1,000,000 for political purposes, \$2,000,000 would be immediately forthcoming.

It's just as easy to buy Diamond "C" Soap as inferior kinds. Your grocer sells it.

Young Doctor—I find it hard to draw the line between hay fever and influenza. Old Doctor—it is hard, my boy; but social distinctions have to be made; there's no help for it.—Detroit Journal.

The ceremony of ordaining Edwards R. Evans, a cousin of "Fighting Bob," as the pastor of a Congregational church in Danbury, Conn., got so far as crowding the church with spectators to witness the rite before it was decided that the candidate's views were not sufficiently orthodox. Mr. Evans, who is a graduate of the Yale divinity school, has preached several times in the church he was to have taken charge of and is quite popular with its congregation.

It's well enough to keep up to date, but it's foolish to borrow trouble ahead.

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