

**Wiggle-Stick**  
**WASH BLUE**  
 Costs 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other kind of bluing. Won't Freeze, Spill, Break  
**Nor Spot Clothes**  
 DIRECTIONS FOR USE:  
**Wiggle-Stick**  
 around in the water.  
 At all wise Grocers.

**A Hint to the Ladies.**  
 A young lady of this city dislocated her shoulder by violently throwing her arm around the neck of a girl friend. If girls would put their arms only where they belong they would gain more sympathy in the event of overdoing things and incidentally make men's lives happier.—San Francisco Call.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 3/4-pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

**Largest Diamond.**  
 Unfortunately, the largest diamond in the world is not of the crystalline sort used as a gem. It is of the amorphous kind, known technically as carbon.

**Japanese in Frisco Schools.**  
 There are 15,000 Japanese in San Francisco. All the children attend the public schools, side by side with the whites. As the schools will not hold all the white children that seek admission a movement is on foot, for that and other reasons, to provide a separate school for the Japs. The Japs object to being put on the same plane as the Chinese.

Sea water is frequently recommended by physicians for many purposes, and there is now quite a large number of people who are making handsome incomes in eastern towns by the sale of bottled sea water. They have daily or weekly supplies from the sea, and this is put into stone gallon jars and sent around to regular customers.

**Autos to Feed Railways.**  
 Automobile trains are to run on wagon roads in German East Africa as feeders to the railway lines.

**TILL NOON.**

**The Simple Dish That Keeps One Vigorous and Well Fed.**  
 When the doctor takes his own medicine and the grocer eats the food he recommends some confidence comes to the observer.

"A Grocer of Ossian, Ind., had a practical experience with food worth anyone's attention.  
 He says: "Six years ago I became so weak from stomach and bowel trouble that I was finally compelled to give up all work in my store, and in fact all sorts of work, for about four years. The last year I was confined to the bed nearly all of the time, and much of the time unable to retain food of any sort on my stomach. My bowels were badly constipated continually and I lost in weight from 165 pounds down to 88 pounds.

"When at the bottom of the ladder I changed treatment entirely and started in on Grape-Nuts and cream for nourishment. I used absolutely nothing but this for about three months. I slowly improved until I got out of bed and began to move about.

"I have been improving regularly and now in the past two years have been working about fifteen hours a day in the store and never felt better in my life.

"During these two years I have never missed a breakfast of Grape-Nuts and cream, and often have it two meals a day, but the entire breakfast is always made of Grape-Nuts and cream alone.

"Since commencing the use of Grape-Nuts I have never used anything to stimulate the action of the bowels, a thing I had to do for years, but this food keeps me regular and in fine shape, and I am growing stronger and heavier every day.

"My customers, naturally, have been interested and I am compelled to answer a great many questions about Grape-Nuts.

"Some people would think that a simple dish of Grape-Nuts and cream would not carry one through to the noonday meal, but it will and in the most vigorous fashion."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

**LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA**  
 BY MARY DEVEREUX  
 WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON  
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**CHAPTER VI.**

It was the night of December 19, 1793, with a cold storm of wind and rain making still colder the living-room of the cottage, where, not far from the flames of the wood fire that made more ruddy the neatly kept red of the brick hearth, Margot sat spinning, while Jean, curled up in a big chair opposite, watched idly—as many times before—her deft fingers smooth and twist the flax.

"Hast thou heard aught of Languedoc since we left?" he inquired.

Wondering what new mood had taken hold of the boy, that he should bring up matters of which she had never ventured to speak, but relieved as well to feel that she might now impart to him information she had received some time before, Margot replied, "Yes. The chateau has been closed since the month after we left, with only Tatro there as keeper; for Monsieur Etienne has returned to Paris, where he is in high favor with the Great Committee."

"Peste!" The word, half sigh and half hiss, was full of vindictiveness. "The dagger did but slight injury, after all, for all the rust on its blade, that would surely have poisoned better blood, even if the thrust had not let out life."

"Jean, Jean, do not speak so!" cried Margot, looking aghast. "Surely thou couldst never really wish to kill thy brother! I always claimed that the act was only because of thy maddened brain; and with good cause, as any one with heart and feeling must admit."

"He is no brother of mine!" declared the boy, his face kindling into a fury of rage. "Never you say such a thing again, Margot. My name is not his, nor is he any kin of Jean Laffitte."

She made no attempt to calm him; but her face was troubled as she resumed her work.

which was to light them to their chambers above.

They parted as usual for the night, little thinking that this was to be the last of earth's nights for one of them.

It was the next morning—the morning after the flamelit, awful night that witnessed the capture of Toulon by the Revolutionists.

There is no need to repeat the story which history has told of its horrors; of the bombardment and assault; of the unspeakable woe that was visited upon those shut up within the doomed city. The night was past; and now had come the grief and sorrow of the living, to fill the day with tears for the dead; now had come the moans and cries of the mangled and dying.

In one of the lower rooms of a small, partially burned house, not far from the blackened ruins of her own cottage, lay Margot, who had been killed while she and the boys were making preparations for flight to a place of greater safety.

The three were in the living-room, where her whirling wheel had filled the peaceful silence of the evening before. She had made up the bundle each one was to carry (taking pains that Jean should conceal upon his person the money intrusted to her by the baron), when a large piece of shell tore its way into the room and entered her breast, killing her instantly.

Scarcely had the boys realized this when they found the cottage to be on fire over their heads. But they had time to half carry, half drag Margot's body to the street, and thence to the house where it now lay, stretched upon a rough bench and covered by a blanket, in this bare room, filled with men, women and children whom fire had rendered homeless during the night.

Outside, before the house, stood a file of soldiers in the uniform of the Revolutionary troops, at whom the homeless ones within stared apprehensively, as the sergeant in command stood listening to a woman who had guided him and his men to their present halting-place.

"In there you will find them," she said, in a dull, apathetic way, pointing to the door; "and with them is the dead body of their mother, or whoever she was."

The sergeant thanked her; and, after bidding his soldiers to stand where they were, he went alone into the house, the wretched occupants of which shrank away from him.

The bench upon which lay Margot stood in a far corner of the room; and near it, on the floor, Jean was stretched asleep, with Pierre seated beside him, his arms across his drawn-up knees, and his head sunk upon them.

He, too, appeared to be sleeping. But at the sound of the soldier's voice he raised his head to look at him, while a sullen light of grief showed for an instant in his heavy eyes. This, however, softened into recognition, as he heard the kindly tone and words.

"Ah, Pierre, I am glad to have found you!"

It was Murier who said this; and his dark face was full of pity as, after glancing at the bench, he added, "I have been sent here to find you, and—"

He stopped; for Jean, now awake sat up and stared at him.

"Good morning, young m'sieur. And I regret 'tis so truly other than a good morning," said Murier, nodding, and smiling grimly, as he looked down into the white face and dark-circled eyes.

Jean, making no reply, rose to his feet, staggering as he did so.

"Are you hurt, young m'sieur?" inquired the soldier anxiously. "Or either of you injured in any way?" And he turned to Pierre, who also had risen, and stood nearest him.

"Hurt?" repeated the peasant lad. "Aye, most sorely—in our hearts." With this he drew the cover from what lay upon the bench.

"Poor dame!" muttered Murier, his eyes resting upon the calm white face. "The devil himself was unchained last night; and he spared neither the strong nor the weak. Poor dame—the saints rest her kind soul!"

staring dully through the open door; and Murier, noticed that he shivered; touched him upon the arm to attract his attention.

"Young m'sieur"—and the soldier now spoke more briskly—"you are to come with me. My colonel has ordered that you be brought to him."

Jean glanced at Murier; then his eyes again sought the open door as he said slowly, "Pierre and I are going to Pere Huot. We are going to take Margot to his house."

"Aye; that is where I am ordered to take you," was the sergeant's quick reply. "And Pierre also is to come."

He was moving toward the doorway, when the same woman who had guided him to the house came forward with a cup of coffee, which she offered silently to Jean, while an expression of deep commiseration showed in her haggard face.

But the boy motioned her away as he exclaimed, turning to Murier, "I will not go without Margot!"

"Surely not, young m'sieur," the soldier assented. "Some of my men shall make a stretcher, and bring the good dame after us."

He had, while speaking, drawn Jean to the door and out of it, leaving Pierre to follow with the soldiers who were to construct a litter, and bear Margot's body to the convent of St. Sulpice, which was now Pere Huot's home.

It is not necessary to describe what Jean and Murier saw as they picked their way through the streets, some of them half-filled with debris, and all of them bearing witness to the horrors of the night before.

Jean was silent, with white face, and stony eyes that stared vacantly ahead, while the soldier held his arm in a close grasp, and occasionally uttered a few cheering words, to which the boy seemed to pay no heed.

And so they went slowly along, until, in a narrow street, which was comparatively free from evidences of the assault, the two paused before the heavy, iron-studded door of a gloomy-looking stone building, whose ivy-hung windows were not much wider than the loop holes of a fortress.

Murier lifted the ponderous brass knocker, to let it fall with a peremptory clang; and a few moments afterward the door was opened cautiously, while through its crack a single eye, under a shaggy brow, scrutinized him with manifest suspicion.

"Open up, Martin. 'Tis I, with the young m'sieur for whom our colonel sent me," said Murier, pushing through the doorway, and drawing Jean after him.

They were in a stone-paved, walled, and celled passage, along which Murier led the boy until they reached the entrance to a large apartment; and here, without a word, the soldier left him.

As Jean stood upon the threshold of the dimly lit room—as he stood leaning against the side of the doorway, his eyes downcast, and the sound of his feet on the floor, as he heard, even through this, Pere Huot's familiar voice saying, "Thank our Holy Mother, my son, that I see thee safe and unharmed, after this awful night." Then a tremulous hand was laid tenderly upon his bowed head.

A murmuring of other voices came to him; and one of them stirred Jean's benumbed senses strangely, half-delirious as he was from all he had suffered and seen.

Lifting his eyes, he saw before him a face which seemed to have shaped itself from out the drifting haze. It was thin and careworn, with tumbled locks falling over the pale forehead; and the gray-blue eyes were bent upon him with a sympathy which aroused all his swooning faculties.

"Pizarro—my Pizarro!" he cried, springing forward; and the cry was lost in a gasping sob, as he fell senseless upon the breast of Bonaparte, whose arms went around the limp form as though to shield it from further harm.

(To be continued.)

**How to Pass Hatteras.**  
 The late Senator Vest of Missouri was fond of telling a story regarding a friend of his who was in terrible dread of the ordeal involved in passing Cape Hatteras. The man was a confirmed victim of seasickness, and while he made many trips on the ocean, he always looked with fear to that period of time when the vessel would be passing the tumultuous sea in and around Hatteras. Returning from one of his trips, he announced with joy a cure for the dreaded Hatteras period.

"What is it?" asked a friend.  
 "Why," was the reply, "when we got within twenty miles of Hatteras I ordered up three quart bottles of champagne and sat in my stateroom and drank them one after the other."  
 "What was the effect of that?" asked the friend.  
 "The effect," replied the other, in astonishment. "Why, there was no effect. When I came to we had passed Hatteras."—Denver Republican.

**CHANT ROYAL OF THE TURKEY**

Bird of all birds! No one can thee deride;  
 Bird of two meats, the salient brown,  
 O democratic bird, our Nation's pride,  
 In thee might prince and potentate delight:  
 Hail to thy bosom, plump and brown  
 and fair!  
 Hail to thy drumsticks and thy side-bones rare!  
 Hail to thy heart and liver—rich morsels!  
 Hail to thy wishbones and thy bishop's nose!  
 All hail again! Accept this votive lay,  
 O bird that comes with coming of the day:  
 Thou sovereign bird of our Thanksgiving Day.

To gods, To sniff the juices as they slide  
 Allow thy breast! To mark with eyes grown bright  
 Each movement of the knife and fork that glide

Thou sovereign bird of our Thanksgiving Day.  
 Bird of our chill and bleak November-tide,  
 Unknown to thee the joys of migrant flight;  
 Thou barnyard bird, thy virtues far and wide  
 Are heralded in homely phrases trite;  
 Hail to thy carcass, hail! A last farewell!  
 Hail to thy bones that to the soup repair!  
 Hail to thy kickshaws rich in gastronomic woe!  
 Hail to the hash wherein thou shalt repose!

Such is the fate of all that are of clay—  
 Hail and farewell! 'Tis all that life bestows.  
 Thou sovereign bird of our Thanksgiving Day.

ENVOY.  
 Friend, you may journey far, or here or there;  
 All menus try, essay all bills of fare.  
 Dine with the Germans or the Eskimos,  
 And as a sycophant or gourmand pose;  
 But in the end you will return and say,  
 As I do now at this chant royal's close,  
 "Thou sovereign bird of our Thanksgiving Day."  
 —New York Times.



**Farmer Cuisine's Turkeys**

It all came about through Farmer Cuisine's reprehensible habit of discussing his affairs with all the world and his wife. It was natural that Cuisine should swell with pride as he viewed his flock of Thanksgiving turkeys. They were birds. Fat and feathery, with a strut like the foreign nobleman of cheap melodrama, they basked in the sunshine of local popularity and were rightly voted the finest in the county. So far all was well and the goose hung high in the Cuisine household. But fate, at the eleventh hour, a favorite time with fate, brought the turkey farmer in juxtaposition with his undoing, and so kindly provided this story for the edification of the public.

Heretofore it has been the belief of most people that turkeys are born to be fattened, killed and eaten. The expression, "He hasn't got sense enough to come in out of the rain," was coined, it is believed, on a turkey farm, for this species of domestic fowl will stay out in the wet until washed away unless its owner intervenes in his own interests. But it seems the turkey has been much maligned. He is in reality a sensible bird, as this story will prove.

Cuisine made the mistake of underrating turkey intelligence when he held forth one day to an admiring audience of friends and relatives on the astonishing success of his efforts at turkey breeding.

"Look at that big fellow," said Cuisine, pointing at a gobbler, who stalked disdainfully past with tail feathers elevated. "I have been fattening him especially for the table of President Roosevelt. He's bigger than anything around here, and I'm going to have him weighed and sent to the White House for Thanksgiving. Them newspaper fellers will get a hold of it and my name will be in print from New York to the Golden Gate. I shall kill him in a day or two from now. The others are all booked to go this week. I expect to do right well with 'em all."

Thus thought Farmer Cuisine, with an eye to the shekels after the killing. It never occurred to him the gobbler might be listening. Nor did he dream for a moment that turkeys were intelligent fowl and would just as soon continue to strut the earth as be trussed for the table. Had he understood the birds better, or had he attended a mass meeting of gobblers called that evening on the stone fence behind the barn, he might have refrained thereafter from taking the domestic fowl into his confidence when discussing his plans.

The meeting was called to order by the gobbler already referred to—he of the disdainful stalk. In a few well-chosen gobbles he retailed to the silent audience the story of their fate, repeating mournfully the remarks made by Cuisine concerning his plans. For them the speaker, or rather gobbler, explained the days were numbered. The glorious season of unlimited corn was drawing to a close. He pierced the haze of the future and there beheld the terrible apparition of a headless turkey, trussed and stuffed and garnished, borne aloft like a sacrifice while a hungry multitude applauded expectantly. He looked closer at the apparition, and lo! it was his own image that he beheld

there, headless, trussed, and stuffed, and garnished. The gobbler gulped with emotion as he followed the picture to its finish. A shudder ran through the audience, and feathers trembled like the leaves of the forest when a storm approaches. Each turkey saw his finish, too.

Farmer Cuisine will never know how narrowly he escaped death himself that night. It was actually proposed by some of the younger and more excitable birds that the flock unitedly set upon their confessed enemy and beat him to earth with claw and beak and wings. But, as some one has said, "Calmer counsels prevailed," and the unanimous decision of the meeting was that safety could best be found in flight. From that point the discussion was carried on in turkey whispers.

"The meeting stands adjourned," finally gobbled the forensic fowl, as one by one the turks trooped away.

The rest of the story is almost too distressing to be told, but an extract from one of the morning papers, published the day after the mass meeting, may be here reprinted. It ran: "Last night a band of skillful rascals completely cleaned out Farmer Cuisine's turkey house. So cleverly was the robbery effected that not a single feather remained on the ground, and not a sound was heard to disturb the farmer or his family. Some persons in this vicinity are sure of a turkey dinner on Thanksgiving day. From the wholesale nature of the steal it seems likely that the thieves contemplated supplying an entire township with Thanksgiving dinners. There is no clew to the robbers."

"Later—Some wag caused much merriment by relating a circumstantial story of seeing the Cuisine flock of turkeys, led by one solemn looking gobbler, walking in single file down the main street, in the dead of night. He watched them, said the wag, and could swear that they all marched on until they reached the edge of the woods, where they separated with a chorus of gleeful gobbles and disappeared in the bushes. It was a good little story, well told, and the teller's stock rose appreciably in the community. He repeated it with such gravity and apparent conviction of its truth that the listeners were convulsed."

But that didn't bring back Farmer Cuisine's turkeys, and he is still inconsolable. He has given up raising turkeys, and says he intends to raise turkey rhubarb instead.

**A Thanksgiving Song.**  
 It's comin' on—Thanksgivin', in the fulness o' the fall;  
 If we're thankful we're a-livin'—well, that's jest a-sayin' all!  
 If that much we can say—  
 A-journeymen on the way,  
 It means that life's had something like a glad Thanksgiving' day!  
 It's comin' on—Thanksgivin'—or the time fer givin' thanks.  
 We're somewhere on the sunny side of Jordan's stormy banks!  
 If that much we can say  
 Where winter mourns the May,  
 It means that life's had something like a glad Thanksgiving' day!  
 It's comin' on—Thanksgivin'—life had sorrows—life had sighs,  
 But still we read our titles to them mansions in the skies!  
 If that much we can say  
 'Neath bloomy skies or gray,  
 It means that life's had something like a glad Thanksgiving' day!  
 —Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.