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THE bird was a turkey, not an eagle, and I'll not say that it met its fate Thanksgiving day, but it passed the way of all Thanksgiving birds about Nov. 29, 1863. This uncertain chronology is due to the fact that half a dozen of our war prisoners, who had escaped from the Georgia stockades, were making our homeward journey by the sole guidance of the north star. When we struck the eastern slope of the Cumberland mountains in southwestern Virginia late autumn was upon us. The plentiful wild grapes had been touched by frost, persimmons were dropping, dead ripe, and corn had been shucked and stored beyond our reach. We didn't know the day of the week, much less that of the month, for we passed days and nights sometimes hiding from pursuers in dark caves and slept from sheer exhaustion without reference to the rising or the setting of the sun. One day we came upon a cabin hidden in the mountain wilds occupied by a negro who, like ourselves, was a refugee. At the beginning of the war he had run away from his master in east Tennessee and started blindly to meet up with "Massa Linkum's soga."

"Tank yo', Black Sam! All de time dey eatin' dey kept lookin' up to dem poles overhead, musn't like dey want see behin' dare. Dey keep mighty still, dough. One seesh, he stan' outside, an' de odders take some turkey for him. Bynobdy dat man he say, 'Sh! an' dey all grab deir swords an' pistols an' sneak out, nebbor sayin' nuttin'.' Den I know why dey doan go peekin' behin' dem poles where yo' all hidin' an' doan take Black Sam along back to he ole massa."

We forgot our hunger and the vanished luxuries over this recital, for we had heard of Noah's company of bushwhackers, who was quarantined as Confederates, but never smelled powder in the field. They terrorized the ignorant mountaineers, seizing their pigs and corn in payment for their professed guardianship of the territory. Part of their business was to head off runaway prisoners and fugitive slaves and return them to captivity. This won for them the toleration of the local Confederate authorities. We knew the risk of crossing their beaten trail and breathlessly awaited the sequel of Black Sam's story.



SAM WAS SITTING LIKE A MOURNER.

"I looks at dem turkey bones an' dat empty pone dish," continued he, "an' I moan 'kase yo' all git none. Den I skeered call yo' 'kase yo' kill dis niggah for shuah. I stan' lookin' at de bones, gittin' hungrier ev'ly minute. Nex' t'ing somebody sneakin' up an' holler in de do'. 'What dem rebs?' 'What rebs yo' mean?' I say.

"Cap'n Noah's company," he say, "We seed 'em comin' dis a-way last night." Dis one a Yankee all in blue, an' I up an' tole 'im I rose dat turkey all by myself an' Cap'n Noah's men come eat 'im all an' den run away. Dis Yank he luff all acrost he face, but he make no noise laffin'. Speck he tink berry funny how de rebs eat dis chile's turkey an' pone. Den he go out de do', an' long come about 200 Yanks. "Den I git mad at dem Yanks, an' I say: 'S'pose yo' tink dis niggah cryin' 'kase he got no turkey an' pone, he an' Slim. I ain't cryin'.' 'I'ze laffin' on de inside 'kase I'ze a free niggah.' Den dey all luff ag'in an' go way down de lane, sneakin' after dem Noah's men. Now, what yo' all laffin' at?"

"Yankee soldiers, Sam? Are you sure?" gasped half a dozen in a breath. We didn't make any noise, either, nor being certain we were out of the woods yet; but every mother's son of us grinned like the man in the moon. Yankees of the right stripe were what we were looking to meet up with more than a feast of turkey and pone.

"Shuah, mars, shuah. Linkum sogers from up de Kanawha way. I heered from un de day of jubilee. Now I got de Thanksgiving tas'e in de mour, an' jubilee done come."



WE SCRAPPED TOGETHER A LITTLE YANKEE MONEY.

After more of his palaver it was settled that he would roast the bird in a rude oven built in the hillside, then serve it in the cabin. Meanwhile we wurout tramps would sleep ourselves into a fitting appetite for the jubilee feast, which was to be turkey and corn pone. Black Sam led us back to the cabin and shoved aside some of the poles which made a flooring for the left overhead. Climbing up with the help of a rude bench, we found a carpeting of mountain grass for our bed and a space just large enough to lie down spoon fashion, as we'd done in prison, and aired by a hole cut in the gables. Black Sam descended, and we moved the loose poles back into position. "Ain't no bushwhackin' seesh gwine luk fur yo' up dare," said he, with a chuckle, and went his way to prepare the turkey.

Reading and Talking. Books are no substitute for talk. They come out of talk and go back into talk. We doubt if reading alone ever made "a full man." It has been said that reading is thinking with some one else's head, but talking is thinking—if we may borrow a simile from the motor car—with two head power. As a book-worm is to the man of the world, so is the silent thinker to the talking thinker. The man who does not talk is a stranger upon earth. He does not know his fellows, and they do not know him, and those we do not know we cannot greatly like. "Little do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extends, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." Yet a man may do heroic deeds and never talk at all in our sense of the word, and he may be a learned man and never express an opinion on any subject of the first consequence. All the same, we agree with Bacon that, inasmuch as he is shut up in himself, "closeness doth impair and a little perish his understanding."—London Spectator.

Salad Days. Quite the simplest interpretation of the trite phrase "salad days" refers it simply to the fresh green quality and character of such vegetables as are taken for salad and which may be taken as typical of the raw inexperience of youth. Probably it was used in this connection by Shakespeare in "Antony and Cleopatra."

My salad days, When I was green in judgment. Another and very different derivation links the expression with saddle, or saddle, the block upon which in olden days schoolboys were birched. In this form the words are allied to the "open" of salad oil, for which, on All Fools' days, boys were sent to the saddler's shop, where they often met with a warm reception.

It is just possible that the term had some reference to the "Saladine-tenth," a tax imposed by Pope Innocent III, to provide funds for England and France for the crusade led by Richard I, but this seems needlessly farfetched.

A Round of Pleasure. The philanthropic lady sat in the midst of the McFadden family, expatiating with them in a pained voice on the frequency with which they chased "the festive can" around the corner to the nearest liquor saloon.

"You ought to provide some kind of wholesome amusement for your family," said the philanthropic lady sternly to the abashed McFadden. "You should do something to lighten the burden of living. Every life needs a little sunshine in it."

"Oh, missus," spoke up Miss McFadden, aged thirteen, eagerly, "we has plenty of fun. There's always a fight or somethin' entertainin' goin' on in the timin'. Why, oney last week a gentleman cut a lady's throat and drug her past our door."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Arctic and Tropic Sunsets. Sunsets in the tropics as I have witnessed them, although full of rich colors, cannot vie with the color harmonies of the poles. Even the nights of the tropics, full as they are of beauty and richness of color, are not comparable with those of the arctic night, when the moon is of a brilliance incomprehensible to southern eyes, and the sun, although hidden during the long night, makes its presence felt by an orange radiance at the southern horizon at noon, and on starlit nights the snow crystals give out a shimmering glow. The tropical blue sea has a charm which the green of the south Atlantic lacks entirely.—Frank Wilbert Stokes in Century.

A Bit of Browning Satire. A medley of young literary men were once gathered to meet Robert Browning. The most aggressively literary of the group was first introduced and at once began to pour out his personal delight and admiration with so unceasing a flow that the other introductions were being held in abeyance, and the other literary young men starved. Browning endured it with great good humor for some time. At last he put his hand almost affectionately on the egotist's shoulder and said, "But I am monopolizing you."

The New Woman's Quandary. "Yes," the new woman remarked, "I am greatly troubled." "By what?" "Well, I want to get married just to prove that I can, and I don't want to get married just to prove that I can't have to. If I don't, they'll say I can't; if I do, they'll say I have no more independence than any other woman."—Chicago Post.

Proud of Him. "Is your son Josh doing well in the city?" "I should say he is," answered Farmer Courtossey. "He bought a gold brick the first day he was there an' come home an' sold it to me for twice what it cost him. I tell you, that boy's got enterprise."—Washington Star.

Pulverized Sugar. If men are the salt of the earth, women are undoubtedly the sugar. Old maids are brown sugar, good natured matrons are loaf sugar and pretty girls the fine pulverized sugar. Pass the pulverized sugar, please.—Anniston (Ala.) Hot Blast.

Perfect Happiness. "Do you really believe there is such a thing in this world as 'perfect happiness'?" "Of course, but some other fellow always has it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A sunny temper glids the edges of life's blackest cloud.—Guthrie.



DE man who'd sot a b'ar trap in his chicken house on Thanksgiving eve am no Christian an' nebbor will be.

Dere's no place in hebben fur de man dat steals. Jess de same I 'spects de coon dat ain't got a cent an' yet brings home a turkey fur Thanksgiving will go to de good place.

De American people doan git half 'nuff sleep, an' I 'spects dat's jess why most ob 'em am allus complainin' ob feelin' run down. De white man oughter git to bed early, 'specially on Thanksgiving eve.

If any ob my fam'y gits to allin' I doan nebbor git no doctor, 'kase dey do a heap ob ha'm. When my Uncle Julius was taken sick one Thanksgiving an' de doctor said he couldn't cure had none ob dat fo'teen pound turkey dat was hangin' in de kitchen what was de result? Why, when Julius smelled dat bird, all brown an' juicy, an' heard de fam'ly smackin' der lips, he jess gib one groan an' died.

Yo' may s'arch through de almanac an' de dictionary an' all de histories ob dis kentry, but yo' won't find no mention made ob a cull'd man bein' lectured president ob de United States. I reckon it am just as well. If a cull'd man held dat office he'd kill himself on Thanksgiving tryin' to eat all de turkeys dat am sent to de White House on dat occashun.

I allus stick up fur de Bible an' belie every word in dat good book, but I'ze kinder a lectle bit 'spicious 'bout Mistah Noah an' his ark. Dat man might hev let all de birds an' animules in his ark, but did dey all git out



"IF ONE OF MY CHILDREN SHOULD INQUIRE WHERE I GOT DAT BIRD?"

again? Doan yo' 'spose dat de turkeys was dun missin' 'bout Thanksgiving time?

When Thanksgiving comes an' I take de head ob de table an' de ole woman an' chillen gather round an' smack der lips an' roll der eyes, when de hour comes dat I stand up wid knife in hand to begin carbin', when de minit arrives dat I reach out wid one hand to catch dat turkey by de laig an' hold him solid while I slice away, if one ob my chillen should look up an' inquire where I got dat bird den, I'm tellin' yo' dat sich a calamitous sarcasm would perspire dat dat child would remember de event all de rest ob his bo'n days! A. B. LEWIS.

The President's Turkey. For the past thirty years the turkey which has graced the White House table on Thanksgiving day has come from Westley, R. L., the gift of Hiram Vose. In 1873 Mr. Vose sent a thirty-six pound bird to President Grant. It was received with such favor that he has continued to supply the yearly presidential turkey, and his sons after him will keep on sending turkeys to Washington as long as the race holds out. Rhode Island turkeys are not as numerous as they once were, but their quality has not deteriorated. Bronze and Narragansett grays are the standard breeds. No change has been made in the methods of breeding turkeys as the years have gone by, but in view of the had luck farmers have had recently in raising large flocks Mr. Vose, whose turkey market is a clearing house for all the country round, is trying to discover some means to prevent the national bird from becoming extinct.

Thanksgiving Day Abroad. Wherever two or three Americans are gathered together on Thanksgiving day there is sure to be an elaborate observance of the epicurean holiday. In every foreign capital a Thanksgiving banquet at the American legation is one of the fixtures in the ambassador's or minister's ceremonial calendar, and to his official reception are welcomed all of his countrymen residing abroad or temporarily away from their own firesides. The American church-hold religious services, where there are American churches, and in their absence the natives usually offer their places of worship to the Americans for the day. Even in Peking Thanksgiving day is a notable event, its observance shared in by Christianized Chinamen and the members of other embassies than our own.

Rheumatism Is Not a Skin Disease.

Most people have an idea that rheumatism is contracted like a cold, that the damp, chilly air penetrates the muscles and joints and causes the terrible aches and pains, or that it is something like a skin disease to be rubbed away with liniment or drawn out with plasters; but Rheumatism originates in the blood and is caused by Urea, or Uric Acid, an irritating, corroding poison that settles in muscles, joints and nerves, producing inflammation and soreness and the sharp, cutting pains peculiar to this distressing disease.

Exposure to bad weather or sudden chilling of the body will hasten an attack of Rheumatism after the blood and system are in the right condition for it to develop, but have nothing to do with the real true causes of Rheumatism, which are internal and not external. Liniments, plasters and rubbing will sometimes reduce the inflammation and swelling and ease the pain for a time, but fail to relieve permanently because they do not reach the seat of the trouble. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism because it attacks it in the blood, and the Uric Acid poison is neutralized, the sluggish circulation stimulated and quickened, and soon the system is purified and cleansed, the aching muscles and joints are relieved of all irritating matter and a lasting cure of this most painful disease effected.



S. S. S. is a harmless vegetable remedy, unequalled as a blood purifier and an invigorating, pleasant tonic. Book on Rheumatism will be mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, price 75c. Hall's family pills are the best. since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, even the worst cases can be cured, and hopeless resignation is no longer a necessity. Mrs. Lois Cragg of Dorchester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all throat and lung diseases by Asa K. Leonard, druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

A Runaway Bicycle. Terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer, yielding to doctors and remedies for four years: Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for burns, in the world." Kiesau Drug Co. scalds, skin eruptions and piles. 25c at Asa K. Leonard's drug store.

Cured of Piles After 40 Years. Mr. C. Haney, of Geneva, O., had the piles for 40 years. Doctors and dollars could do him no lasting good. DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve cured him permanently. Invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, lacerations, eczema, tetter, salt rheum and all other skin diseases. Look for the name DeWitt on the package, all others are cheap, worthless counterfeits. Sold by Kiesau Drug Co.

Anxious Moments. Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little ones of the household have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles, and as it contains no opiates or other person. It can be safely given. Kiesau Drug Co.

Doing the Right Thing. The trouble begins with a tickling in the throat and a nagging little cough. Soreness in the chest follows and the patient wonders if he is going to have an all winter cold. Probably, if he does the wrong thing or nothing. Certainly not if he uses Perry Davis' Painkiller, the staunch old remedy that cures a cold in twenty-four hours. There is but one painkiller, Perry Davis'.

Dr. Weaver's Treatment. Syrup for the blood; Cerate for skin eruptions.

Doesn't Respect Old Age. It's shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just is the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, jaundice, fever, constipation all yield to this perfect pill, 25c at Asa K. Leonard's drug store.

W. A. Herren of Finch, Ark., writes, "I wish to report that Foley's Kidney Cure has cured a terrible case of kidney and bladder trouble that two doctors had given up." Kiesau Drug Co.

Don't Be Fooled! Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA Made only by Madison Medical Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitutes. Ask your druggist.

THE CLEANSING AND HEALING CURE FOR CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm. Ely's Cream Balm Cures Cold, Cough, Sore Throat, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Painful Swellings, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Sprains, Lacerations, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, and all other skin diseases. Look for the name DeWitt on the package, all others are cheap, worthless counterfeits. Sold by Kiesau Drug Co.

KIDNEY DISEASES are the most fatal of all diseases. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles. PRICE 50c and \$1.00.