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A HARD WON TURKEY.

How Ned Brought Home the Thanksgiving Dinner.

(Copyright, 1896, by S. & M. McClure Company.) "I've been looking, I have, so I ought to know," said Lucy, with a tearful face, "and there's only beans and pork and a wee wee piece of beef pot bought from the cowboys. There's no cranberries and there's no turkey and my mamma's not making no no-p-pie."

music in his ear. His cheeks flushed; his mouth half opened behind him; his eyes shone and he shouted with the novel delight. But he saw no turkey. He had known more he would have got up at night and "potted" them from their roasts in the branches of the scanty trees—unsporting-like, but effective. Now they were far abroad feeding. Ned stopped shouting, but he did not halt in his pursuit. At length his eager eye noticed a flutter amongst a clump of tall dead sunflowers and his young learning taught him that these birds were feeding on the fallen sunflower seeds. But he did not want prairie chickens; he wanted turkey. Once again he looked and there was a heavy flutter and movement



of the saddle, and mounted to go home. But that was easier said than done. His horse had been right when he had warned him how easy it is to get lost on the plain. After half an hour's riding, and recognizing none of the ground he had galloped over in the morning, and after doubtfully studying where it ought to be now, Ned, with a sinking heart, acknowledged he didn't know where he was. He rode to the highest point near him and saw nothing—nothing but rolling bluff and hollow. On and so he rode, until he was miserable. He forgot the glory of the two fat turkeys and it was now well on in the afternoon. At last he reached a higher bluff than his before and from it he could see a succession

his father's sickness, his mother's weariness and worry and his own desire for a Thanksgiving turkey. As he concluded a smiling sergeant led up Ned's horse. "It's our old Hairy, sir," he said. "We brought him down from Wyoming, and he was condemned and sold. Here's the U. S. brand on him yet. He ran, of course, when he heard the bugle, and ranged alongside like the veteran he is. The men crowded round the old troop horse with many jokes and caresses, but Ned looked at him in dismay. "My turkey!" he cried. They were gone, thrown off in that burst charge, and Ned broke down and burst into tears, thinking of poor disappointed Lou. But the captain sent two horsemen over the way the boy had come, and they brought them back safely. So that was all right and much more for the younger Ned. His white face doubtless led him to believe that a party of white men were cutting them off. Without a shot they turned and set right and left; utterly alone—save one—a huge man with a long rifle and a party of white men with rage and came swooping down on Ned. The instinct of self-preservation rather than reason made the lad raise his shotgun and shoot and fire, although no bullet, but mere buckshot, was in his cartridge. Dimly the boy saw something had happened and heard the Indian scream with pain, and again heard the commanding officer's voice hurriedly shout: "Case firing." THE OLD CAVALRY HORSE. While Mrs. Sidney Adams of Humboldt, Neb., was visiting with her relatives on Michigan avenue, Chicago, an amusing incident, portraying a characteristic of child nature in the latter's little 17-year-old boy, occurred in the following way: "Baby, will you go and buy something for me at the corner grocery store, so that I need not stop on my way home?" Ned took a sad and about starting for the door when something caused him to hesitate and finally a little embarrassment, so he shyly slipped to his mother and handed one dime in each hand, whispering: "Mamma, which one is for the lemons and which for the soda crackers?" "If there is one lesson which little Mattilda dislikes more than another it is her sewing lesson, relates Harper's Bazar. Her mamma, being a wise mamma, is determined that Mattilda's education in needlework shall not be neglected, but the little girl is never happy at the task. The other afternoon she was sewing and the sharp needle, guided by her unskillful fingers, often pierced the pink little hand. Several drops of blood had been drawn, they were dry drops, it is true, but the blood was real blood, and Mattilda was unhappy. She threw her sewing on the floor, contemplating mournfully for a moment or two, and then delivered herself of this remark: "Well, I don't wonder that dogs delight