

ON THANKSGIVING DAY.



THE robins are southward winging,
The sweet little phoebe has flown,
The wood-brooks no longer are singing,
All frozen as stiff as stone,
No catydid chat in the thicket,
The locusts have ended their din,
And even the last little cricket
Has put up his violin.

There what are these cheery noises
Of the cold November air,
These gay little laughing voices
That echo from everywhere?
There's a rattle of wheels a-clatter
Along the frozen way,
And a prattle of merry chatter
Or this glad Thanksgiving day.

These are the children coming!
No robin is half so sweet,
No little brook's softest humming
So blithe as the sound of their feet,
Thousands of loving grandmas,
Who are waiting with smiling eyes
For the little folks flocking to grandpa's,
All under the frosty skies.
—Persis Gardiner, in Youth's Companion.

HOW THE GOVERNOR HELPED BOBBY TO THANKSGIVE

BY LULU LINTON.



IT WAS the slack time at the post office—the hour just before noon, when the morning mail had all been distributed, and the clerks were chatting sociably or reading the morning papers.

The girl at the general delivery window was startled by the sudden inquiry: "Say, is there anything for the Jenners?"

Looking through the window she saw a boy, with big, brown eyes, just on a level with the shelf outside.

She took down the package of letters remaining in the general delivery box, looked all through them, then shook her head, and the boy turned away with a disappointed look.

In the afternoon, after the crowd had left the office, he came again and called up the girl: "Is there anything for the Jenners yet?"

The girl shook her head, but he was not convinced. "Look for Bobby Jenner," he said. "Maybe you didn't look for that name."

She knew there was no such name in the package of letters, but to humor the little fellow, she looked carefully through them and answered, kindly: "Not yet; perhaps it will come tomorrow."

In the days that followed the boy came twice a day, and the question: "Is there anything for the Jenners?" came to be a familiar sound in the post office, and the clerks listened for it with much amusement, but the girl at the window came to dread it.

She was haunted by the mournful look that came into his eyes every time she shook her head, and tried to console him one day by saying: "Your letter will surely come soon; you have been expecting it so long."

"Letter," he said, scornfully, "I never said I wanted a letter; I want a bundle, and I want it pretty soon, too. I've been 'specting it a long time, and—and—I'm just tired of you shaking your head, I am." The defiant little voice ended with something very like a sob.

The girl at the office window was accustomed to hearing complaints from people larger than Bobby, who wanted their mail and wanted it pretty soon, too; but none of them had ever affected her as this one did.

She came through the door into the outer office, and taking Bobby's hand asked, kindly: "Had you written to someone to send you something?"

Seeing the look of sympathy on her face, he told her all about it. "You see, it's this way: Mamma used to let me write to Santa Claus, and tell him what I wanted a Christmas time, and I always got something—that was when I was a little feller" (straightening back his shoulders). "My teacher has been telling me about the man that runs Thanksgiving, and she read a letter he had in the papers telling the people when to thanksgiving and all that, and I asked her was he a real sure-enough man or if he was just a put-up job like Santa Claus. She just laughed and laughed, and then she showed me his picture in the paper, and he was a man 'thout no white beard like Santa's, and she said they call him gov'nor. He looked so kind and good out of his eyes, I just thought maybe he would help us a little if he knew how hard up we was this fall. Mamma can't wash as much as she used to, and I can't help much yet, so I wrote a letter to the gov'nor one day when mamma had gone to the judge's to help clean house. I made my en-v'l-up out of paper like I wrote my letter on; the teacher in the first room showed me how, but it didn't stick good, and I'm afraid it lost my letter out and the gov'nor didn't get

it, and it's only one more week till Thanksgiving."

His voice trembled, and the girl turned her head for a moment to give him a chance to choke back his tears. "Where did you mail your letter?" she asked.

He pointed to a tiny crack under the shelf of the general delivery window. "Right here," he said. "I couldn't reach the holes where the big folks put their letters."

The girl told him to run long home and be patient, and pulling out the stamp drawer reached in behind it and found a crumpled paper. It was Bobby's letter to the gov'nor.

It dropped out of the envelope into her lap, and she read the pitiful appeal; then taking a sheet of paper she wrote:

"Dear Sir: This important letter has been mislaid in our office, but I hope it is not too late for you to answer it before Thanksgiving. Yours very truly, 'The Girl at the Office Window.'"

She folded this inside Bobby's letter, fastened the corners of the brown envelope with mucilage, addressed it properly, and taking a stamp from her stamp book put it on the corner. She took out her purse and counted her scanty savings; then she put a dime in the stamp drawer and put a special delivery stamp on the brown envelope, too.

The governor's mail was brought to him at breakfast time. In the package was the queer brown envelope, and the governor opened it first out of curiosity. He read it through once and smiled. He read it again and whistled softly; then the children called for an explanation, and he read aloud:

"Dear Gov'nor: I am a boy, but I am not afraid of you, for you look good out of yore eyes. The teacher told me about you bein' the man that run Thanksgiving, and I tho't you w'u'd want all yore peple to have a good time and we an't got enny turkey or enny thing like the teacher read about the peple hav'n'. I don't ker much for them things if you an't got enuff to go 'round, but mamma needs a new dress offel bad, and a shall, she an't got enny to keep her warm when we carry the close home; and I an't got no over cote or mitt'ns; but if you an't got enny my sise it's all rite. I am just past 8, but I am tolabul big to my age. I w'u'dn't ask for so much, but I an't got no papa like the other boys,

At the end of the week the committee agreed that they had never had so good a time in their lives before.

The governor came home with an important air one night, and, calling the children around him, told them the good news that Bobby's father was going home for Thanksgiving.

"Going home; where has he been?" were the eager questions, and the governor answered sadly: "Jenner made a mistake one time, and they sent him away from home for a long time, to make him sorry for it."

"Oh, papa, has he been in prison?" asked Winifred, in an awed tone.

The governor nodded; then he told them how very sorry Jenner had been for the wrong he had done, and they were letting him out before his sentence was out, on account of his good behavior. He had been to see Jenner and had shown Bobby's letter to him, and Jenner had cried like a baby over it.

When the children showed the governor the huge bundle they had ready to send, he said it would never go through the mail. Their faces clouded, for they had talked so much of Bobby's surprise, when he asked for his mill, and the girl at the window gave him the bundle.

All at once quick-witted Winifred thought of a plan to overcome the difficulty.

"We will have Bobby's father come here for the bundle when he starts home; he can go to the post office and wait for Bobby and carry the bundle home, and won't Bobby's mamma be surprised?"

This plan met the approval of the committee and it was settled.

In the meantime Bobby trudged to the office every day, morning and evening, and asked: "Ain't they anything for Jenners yet?" His tone grew discouraged, and the girl at the window found it hard work to comfort him. She felt a bitter resentment toward the governor, who had paid no heed to the little fellow's appeal.

Thanksgiving morning came; Jenner called early at the governor's home, feeling awkward and ill at ease in his new suit and his freedom.

The children had fastened a basket to the huge bundle; in it was a tur-

MEMORIES OF THE DAY.

Thanksgiving Should Be More Than a Day of Feasting and Merrymaking.

All over the country families have gathered to observe and perpetuate the annual festival of Thanksgiving. No holiday in the year can claim a nobler birthright than this, none is richer in tender memories. Other days may touch the pride of race or fan the fires of patriotism; this speaks of home, the family and the fireside.

Moreover, of all the days we celebrate, this alone is distinctively American. We mark the birthday of Washington, the anniversary of the declaration of independence, the dates of epoch-making battles; but in this we are not peculiar. Other countries observe the birthdays of their illustrious dead and the anniversaries of great events in their history. All Christian nations keep Christmas. But in this, our Thanksgiving, we have a day peculiarly our own.

It was instituted more than 250 years ago by the fathers who sought religious liberty on the shores of Massachusetts bay, and in spite of temptations to turn it into a mere occasion of feasting and merrymaking, it has always retained much of the reverent and thankful spirit which called it into being. Wherever the aims and achievements of the founders of this nation are honored, the day which they set apart "for thanksgiving and praise" is still observed.

We are apt to think of the Pilgrims and Puritans as a stern and joyless company, of noble aims, no doubt, and dauntless courage, but so given over to religious thought and observation as to have neither time nor tolerance for the lighter and pleasanter side of life. Let us remember, then, that this holiday, the sweetest and tenderest occasion in the year, comes down to us from them; and that joy and feasting and good cheer had with them as they should have with us, their surest foundation in the spirit which reverently acknowledges the Divine gifts of life and health and harvests.—Youth's Companion.

SPIRIT OF THE DAY.

On Thanksgiving We Should All Contribute to the Common Stock of Happiness.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." And that applies to the Thanksgiving dinner as well as to any other feast. No costly or skillfully prepared viands can make up for the lack of that genial affection and sympathy which we all understand through sympathy, but which is so difficult to describe. While you cannot extemporize this sentiment, you can avoid doing the things that prevent it from having free play. There is a season for everything; and the season for those truthful remarks or justifiable actions that might provoke resentment and ill-feeling is not on such a day as Thanksgiving. It is remarkable how much the coldness, indifference or failure to enter into the spirit of an occasion may do to spoil its whole atmosphere, and to make the feast a dismal failure. Whatever else you are on these high festivals at home, do not be a "kill joy." Do not suffer your pride or vanity, or even your desire to lead others to adopt courses that you regard as best for them, make you indifferent or unsympathetic to the mood of the hour. There are many occasions, and Thanksgiving day is one of them, when our highest duty is not to impose our consciences upon other people, but to contribute to the common stock of happiness and sympathy.—Boston Watchman.

A SHARP DISCUSSION.



Mr. Gobble—Oh, you're not so sharp. I'll get you some day.

Mr. Ax—Yes, and when you do it will be in the neck.

How to Celebrate.
Every one has so much to be thankful for that she should celebrate Thanksgiving day. Make your guests so many that you will reach the wishbone of the turkey at the first meal. Some people invite so few that they don't get the turkey's wishbone out in three days. This is not the proper Thanksgiving spirit.—Acheson Globe.

A TRULY GREAT IDEA.

Brilliant Suggestion for the Improvement of the Flagg Game of Football.

The supporters of football are assembled in convention, says the Baltimore American. "Gentlemen," says the spokesman, "something must be done to add interest to the game. I regret to acknowledge that in recent years, despite our efforts to wound main and kill the sport has dwindled in public favor. No doubt this is because of the increase in the number of wars, and the familiarity of the public with injuries from that cause; also because of the growth of the automobile fad. Hence, as I say, we must do something to put more ginger in the game. The point is, what shall we do?"

Here a shaggy haired man arose in the rear of the hall and begged for a hearing.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I represent the Russo-American society of anarchy, and am also an enthusiastic football player. It occurs to me that if the ball were filled with dynamite instead of air it would—"

But the rest of his remarks were simply drowned in a furious explosion of mad applause.

At Least One Symptom.

Kind Father—My dear, if you want to marry a good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart. He really and truly loves you.

Daughter—Are you sure of that, pa?

Yes, indeed. I've been borrowing money of him for six months, and still he keeps coming.—Stray Stories.

Truth is more of a stranger than fiction.—Chicago Daily News.

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