For the Children.

Clean, Charming Stories for Youths and "Grown-Ups."

Tailless Kitten's Thanksgiving Apple.

"Allan, little lad, what do you think I found on my way home from town last night?" asked Mr. Barber, as he pushed his chair from the breakfast table. "When I was crossing the plain I heard a little cry and I got out of the buggy and followed the sound till I found this." He lifted from a basket behind the stove the prettiest kitten you ever saw; a beautiful maltese with four white feet and a white nose, but not the least little bit of a tail.

"Oh, papa," cried Allan, "where's her tail? Did a naughtymobile cut it off?"

"No," said his father, "she never had a tail and never will have one; so you see she will never get it caught in the doorway."

"Nixie," Allan named her, and every day he fed and cared for her. Every time he gave her a saucer of milk he whistled a little and it was not long before she would come whenever she heard that call, just as a dog does, and she followed him all about the farm.

One morning in the fall Mr. Barber called: "Come, Allan, I am going down to the old orchard to pick the apples. Don't you want to come along and save a basket of those reddest Baldwins to pack in the Thanksgiving barrel for the little city cousins?"

"Course I do," and Allan got his basket, whistled for Nixie, who came running from the barn, and ran off after his father.

They put the largest, finest apples into the boy's basket.

"Oh, papa," called Allan, "I 'most forgot the two apples mamma helped me fix for cousins May and Bert. I cut some pretty letters from old papers and she pasted 'em tight on two of these apples. The apples were all green then and they hung right on this limb, one for May and one for Bert, for a s'prise."

"Well, here is Bert's," said Mr. Barber, "but the other must have fallen off and you will have to find it."

Allen took the apple and picked off the pasted letters. There in pale green letters upon the red apple was the name "BERT." "How pretty," said the little boy, "and I must find the other one."

He hunted and hunted all around under the tree, but could not find it.

"I do hope 'tisn't lost," he said. "Nixie, you come help look for it," and at his whistle the kitten came jumping through the grass. At a small clover-covered hollow she stopped and began to play, jumping and rolling and pushing something with her feet. Allan went to her and from under the grass pulled the other apple.

"Here 'tis," he called. "Nixie's found it. Here is the name, 'MAY.' Why it is even prettier than the other one. And Nixie helped to fill the Thanksgiving barrel. Won't they be s'prised at those two apples, though?"

CHAPTER VIII.

The boys had great hopes that the dog would lead them out of the forest before night, but in this they were to be disappointed. The animal kept steadily to one course, looking back now and then to see if they followed, but the forest was dense and it was hard work to push a way along except when they found the trails made by wild animals.

Dan's sore heel had also given him a great deal of trouble for two days, and now, when the sun was still an hour high, he sat down on a log and said he could go no further.

"All right," replied Joe. "It may be miles yet before we get out of the woods, and I am tired enough to go into camp myself. We will sleep here under this tree and build two or three fires and perhaps we shall not be disturbed."

He hunted about and found some chestnuts, and when roasted these with the venison formed their supper. The dog seemed anxious for awhile to go on, but as he saw the boys making camp he lay down and was content.

It was hardly dark in the woods before Joe and Dan were asleep. Had it been a month later in the season they would have suffered for the want of blankets, but the warm spell continued and they stretched out on their beds of leaves in the most comfortable manner.

Three fires were built around their camp, and before going to sleep they provided themselves with extra fuel. The dog curled up at their feet, and by and by the camp was quiet except for the chirp of the crickets.

The Indian whom they had worsted wanted revenge for the bite the dog had given him and for his failure to get possession of the ax and knife.

Had they taken the direction he gave them they would soon have been tangled up in a great cranberry swamp. This was what he hoped would befall them, and as soon as they were out of sight he loaded his rifle and followed on. Although he kept out of their sight, he could track them through the woods with the greatest ease.

When he reached the spot where they had turned away and followed the dog he gave utterance to savage curses. For a moment he thought to turn back, but then changed his mind and hastened along the trail. Presently he came in sight of the boys, and from that moment he kept them in view.

They pressed forward without the slightest suspicion that they were being dogged, and when they built their campfire the red man was watching them from behind a tree not over ten rods away.

There were two things he meant to do. He meant to kill the dog and to get possession of the ax and knife and anything else of value the boys had about them. He must wait till they were asleep, and on account of the dog he must approach their camp very carefully.

The boys had been asleep for an hour before the Indian moved. No fox or rabbit would have made less noise. He crept along on hands and knees, inch by inch, and he carefully moved every limb and twig from his path with his hands. Now and then he paused for two or three minutes and remained so quiet that had one of the boys been wide away and looking at him he could not have detected a sign of life.

Then he would go creeping forward again, drawing nearer and nearer, and at last he was close to the boys' feet and the dog.

The ax and the lance were lying beside Joe, and the Indian reached over and removed them without a sound. Then he drew a hunting knife from his belt and made ready to stab the dog.

The dog may not have been as keen-scented as some, or perhaps he was over-tired. He did not get the scent of the redskin until the knife was raised.

Then he suddenly sprang to his feet, and a yard away, but turned at once and sprang upon the intruder. He leaped for the Indian's throat, but the man threw up the hand in which he held the knife, and the dog caught him by the wrist.

It was luck that he got such a hold. The knife fell to the ground, and struggle as he would, the Indian could not break the hold.

Joe and Dan were aroused by the dog's first snarl, but it was a minute or two before they understood the situation. They saw the dog and man struggling, but whether it was an Indian or a white man they could not tell until Dan threw some leaves and twigs on the fire and made a blaze.

Then Joe grabbed his ax and Dan his lance, and the revengeful but cowardly Indian lay down on the ground and called for mercy. Some strips of the slippery elm bark were peeled off and used as ropes, and the boys tied the fellow hand and foot before they said a word.

Then, when it was a question of what should be done with him, Joe said:

"He followed us to get revenge, and but for the dog there's no telling what he would have done. He had that naked knife in his hand when the dog seized him. He surely ought to be punished in some way."

"But what can we do?" asked Dan.

"I will think it over and tell you in the morning. You may go to sleep again. I will watch the rest of the night with the dog."

The excitement was too great for any further sleeping. Now and then the boys dozed for a few minutes, but as soon as they began to nod their eyes opened very wide. They knew that the Indian was a crafty fellow, and that he was ready to take any advantage he could.

There was no way of telling time, but Joe, judging that it was two hours after midnight when a familiar sound came floating through the still forest.

"By Crackey, but what's that!" exclaimed Dan, as he sprang up.

Joe waited until the sound came again, and then replied:

"It is the crow of a rooster, and not more than a mile away! Dan, we shall be out of the woods the first thing in the morning. Take notice from which direction the sound comes, so that we may not go wrong."

From that hour until daylight came stealing through the trees the clarion voice of the rooster was heard at brief intervals, and the boys felt sure that their tramp would soon be ended.

(To Be Continued.)

THANKSGIVING ON A WRECK.

A Tantalizing Episode in Midocean.

(By Captain A. B. Hawser.)

We had just settled down to our Thanksgiving dinner on board the old tramp steamer Rudgorn, somewhere off Cape Hatteras, when a crash in the engine room, followed by screams and yells, brought us up "all standing."

As we rushed to the deck house, the engine room force scrambled from the machinery pit. Some were bleeding and all were pale.

In a jiffy we were down on the lower deck amidships. The old chief engineer reported to the captain that the shaft had broken without warning and that before the engines could be stopped, the great mass of steel, whipping wildly, had beaten a jagged hole of unknown size into the bed of the shaft tunnel and at the same time the engines, being so suddenly relieved from the strain of the propellor, had raced themselves into rack and smash.

"The Atlantic is pouring into the shaft tunnel by the ton," said the engineer, "and my engines are nothing but a mass of twisted junk. They have ripped from the bed plates and the whole gear is so bent and cracked that never a cog will move again."

Even while he spoke there came a sharp report below. "The water's breaking into the bunkers," said the engineer. "No use wasting time over the pumps. No pump in the world could keep pace with that deluge."

We stepped to the entrance to the engine room and listened. Deep below we heard a frightening sound—the singing and roaring of great waters flowing fast.

The captain listened for only a second. Then he gave orders sharply to provision the boats and prepare for lowering. As soon as he had convinced himself that the work was going along all right, he hastened to the chart room under the flying bridge amidships to gather his papers and instruments and I followed to get my diary and other papers connected with my recent journey through the buried cities of Yucatan.

Hardly had we reached it before we heard a roar like an explosion and then shouts and the reports of a revolver. We sprang to the bridge in time to see the boats go down with a run and the crew tumbling into them, while the deck amidships was broken wide open and water spouted up as from a fountain. The 'midship bulkheads had burst and the sea had flooded the engine room and blown the deck up. This had driven the men into the panic and they had fled without the officers.

The two mates and the chief engineer climbed up the ladder barely in time to escape being overwhelmed. The next moment the ship sank literally under our feet. We gasped instinctively, for it seemed as if she would disappear beneath the waves in another second; but instead of doing that, she stopped after she had sunk so low that every part of her hull was hidden except the bridge on which we stood, the tops of her masts and funnels, and the high after-deck house which we had just left.

"If her remaining bulkheads hold," said the captain, "it is possible that she won't sink any further."

He was right. Two hours passed, and things remained as they had been—the bridge sticking about twelve feet high from the water and the chart room half submerged under us. Ahead we could see nothing but open sea, showing that the ship had settled enough at the bows to submerge the forecastle; but astern the deck house stuck high up, and our mouths watered as we thought of the turkey and "fixings" that had just been spread on the table when the smash came.

"If those cowards had sense enough to stick close to the ship," said the captain, "they could take us over to the cabin now and get some grub themselves." But the crew, which was made up of foreigners, picked up in chance ports, had pulled madly to get away from the swirl of the sinking ship, and after their first terror had abated they were so far to the windward that they could not get back against the heavy sea; and by this time the last boat was struggling far down on the horizon.

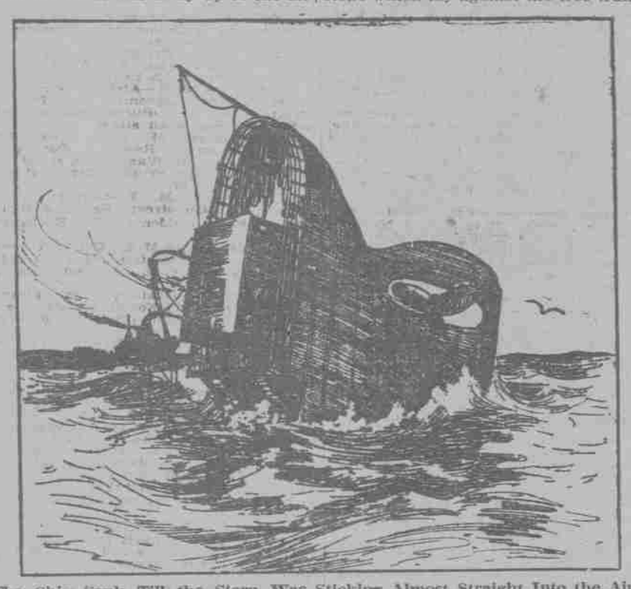
Well, there we sat with our mouths watering, and there was a fine Thanksgiving dinner not more than two hundred feet away; but it might as well have been two hundred miles. When the deck blew up, tons of wrecked cargo bobbed up from the hold, and now this stuff, with the remnants of our deckload of mahogany logs, was all swashing and rolling and tumbling around in the sea between the bridge and our cabin. It would have been sure death to try to swim there, for a mere touch of any of the driving timbers would have killed a man like a kick from a mule.

So there we were, and there was our dinner, and not a chance to get to it could we devise, although the four of us were pretty good at expedients, and our wits this time were brightened by keen hunger.

Yet we got our Thanksgiving dinner after all, and in a queer way. While we were debating, the sea had become worse and the waterlogged ship rolled more and more heavily. Down below there came constant muffled knocking, and we knew that it was the cargo in the holds breaking its fastenings and smashing at the bulkheads. Suddenly we heard a crash that told us that a bulkhead had given way at last, and then cash the rushing of waters again.

"It's a forward bulkhead," said the engineer. "I'm afraid she'll go now."

But she didn't. Instead of that she did a curious thing. She began to cant her stern up higher and higher until the cabin was away up in the air and the bridge on which we stood was almost flush with the water.



The Ship Sank Till the Stern Was Sticking Almost Straight Into the Air.

Of course this exposed the deck amidships, and the moment it was fairly clear of water we climbed over the piled-up wreckage and cargo and got into the deck-house.

We didn't know whether the ship would continue to sink by the head as the water filled her forward compartments, or whether enough bulkheads would hold to keep her afloat a little longer; but we made up our minds that we would get in as much dinner as possible while we were waiting to find out.

Well, the ship sank till the stern was sticking almost straight into the air, and instead of eating our dinner on the tables, we had to eat it on the side of the cabin, which was not the floor. But the other compartments held, and we had a jolly good time all that day. Just before dusk we were taken off by a coastwise steamship bound to Savannah, and our queer Thanksgiving Day was over. We had had our turkey, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie all right, and had not even wetted our feet in the wonderful shipwreck.

We told our rescuers where to look for our crews, and they were picked up early next morning, played out, hopeless, starved, and wet as drowned rats. They were a disgusted lot, you may be sure, when we told them about our jolly Thanksgiving dinner.

TWO THANKSGIVING DINNERS.

By Costella G. Washburn.

There was not much chance that the two little Welch girls would have a Thanksgiving dinner that year, and all the boys and girls in the District No. 3 School knew it.

The girls' mother had warned them early, so that they would not be disappointed, though she cried when she told them about it. She had been sick for weeks and there was hardly enough money to be had to keep them all from hunger and cold.

The two Putnam children, however, were not satisfied to have their little friends go without a Thanksgiving dinner, and with native self-reliance they went about righting the matter, without thinking to ask their parents to do it.

Little Timothy and Molly counted their pennies, but thirty-nine cents was all they had, and they knew it would cost seventy-five cents at least to get good chicken at Deacon Ware's, who had some for sale. Then the boy remembered that the Deacon was buying nuts and that they were so scarce he had offered fifteen cents a quart for god chestnuts. So on Saturday morning away went the two children to the hills nearby, old dog Tinker going along, too.

The dog barked and had a very happy time, but the children were disappointed, for they found hardly a handful of nuts, though they walked for nearly an hour.

At last they sat down to rest under a big chestnut tree. As they did so, Tinker came racing by after a squirrel which ran into a hole at the root of the tree. They watched him paw vainly at the entrance to the squirrels' house and then Little Timothy got a rail from the fence and pried up a big stone which lay against the tree trunk.

Thus, unexpectedly, he discovered the treasury of the little creatures' home. Two or three quarts of chestnuts, a few acorns and a dozen hickory nuts were ready to be put into the pails they had brought.

"There!" cried the boy. "Now we shall have money for that Thanksgiving dinner."

"Yes," said Molly, "that little fellow just had them picked up for us. I guess the reason we could not find any is that the squirrels got them all before we came."

"Well," said the boy as he began to put the nuts into his pail, "I'm 'fraid this fellow will be hungry sometime this winter if he doesn't fly around and pick up some more."

"Why, Little Timothy," exclaimed his sister, "I never thought a single thing about that. If we take these chestnuts that squirrel will starve to death and freeze right up."

"Well," was the reply, "we have to take them, don't we?"

They stopped to think about it and almost tearfully, under the influence of Molly's argument, the brother yielded the point and the children rolled the stone back into place and began again their search for the nuts that should bring the needed thirty-six cents.

Just then they became aware that Neighbor Robinson was watching them as he leaned over the rail fense, and as they saw him he grinned in a friendly way. "Pretty careful of the animals, seems to me," he remarked. Then without waiting for a reply, he added, "Guess you are about right, though. My hickory nuts need picking up, and if you will go over and help my boys this afternoon I will give you twenty-five cents, each of you."

All the morning and until the horn blew for dinner the children worked like little beavers. They went home proudly with their money and a pail of nuts which had been given to them, to tell their story to their mother.

Thus it came about that not only was there money for the chicken, but two squirrels had their Thanksgiving dinner also, and although they had not heard about the governor's proclamation, I am sure they felt very grateful for their blessings.

When the neighbors heard what the Putnam children had done, Mrs. Welch and her children not only had an abundant dinner, but found friends and good paying work for the long cold winter.

"If We Take These Chestnuts That Squirrel Will Starve to Death and Freeze Right Up."

HOW ISOBEL GAVE THANKS.

(By Euphemia Holden.)

"I wish I had some way of entertaining the people on Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Strickland at breakfast one morning. "If dinner's at five, it will make a long evening, and the family see a good deal of each other, so there's no novelty."

An idea flashed through Isobel's mind.

"Mamma," she said, "I know some one who plays just beautifully on the violin. I mean some one you could pay to come and play, some one who wants to be a really concert violinist."

"Why, whom do you mean?" asked her mother. "Where did you meet such a person?"

"It's Jean Stewart's uncle," replied Isobel.

Her mother laughed—a laugh which hurt Isobel a little.

"You and your Stewarts!" she exclaimed. "You're the funniest child! Can these Stewarts do everything?"

"Pretty nearly," returned Isobel, and her father said quickly:

"Tell us about the uncle, child."

Isobel told of the concert, after her dinner party at the Stewarts, and how beautifully Mr. de Puy had played for them.

"I believe that's just the thing," said her mother. "All the uncles and aunts are so very fond of music. Will you engage him?"

"Wouldn't it be better," asid Mr. Strickland, "for you to write, dear, just as though he were a professional? Then, if Isabel wanted to ask Mrs. Stewart and Jean for the evening, she could do that separately. We can ask some others, too. We mustn't be selfish about anything we can share."

It was a beautiful Thanksgiving dinner table, long, and laden with lovely flowers and silver and glass. Isobel and her mother had done most of it themselves to please Mr. Strickland, for he loved Thanksgiving best of all the festivals of the year.

There were fifteen guests, uncles and aunts and cousins and old-time friends, but Isobel remained the only child. Despite the laughter and pleasantness and the beautiful dinner—including all the old-fashioned things Mr. Strickland remembered as a boy, and many new ones—Isobel was glad when it was over, and Jean and Mrs. Stewart and Mr. de Puy and a number of others came.

She and Jean had jolly "punch and giggle" in one corner, while everybody was getting introduced to everybody else, and then Mr. de Puy played.

He played more brilliantly than he had for the girls, for he felt that this evening meant much to him. He looked very handsome, too, in his evening clothes and his tall, slender figure, bending with the rhythm of the music and the movements of the bow.

And Mrs. Stewart, in the freshest of muslin gowns, her pretty face bent earnestly over the piano looked, as Isobel whispered to Jean, "like Saint Cecilia herself!"

It was a small triumph but a sure one. Everyone in the room who wasn't busy wiping his eyes was clapping and crying, "More, more more!"

The early evening became the late evening, but no one knew nor cared, least of all Mr. de Puy. It seemed as if he grew less and less tired and drew from his instrument greater harmony and strength as he played.

"Your little girl has been kind to us and thoughtful as I never could have imagined any child would know how to be," Mrs. Stewart said to Mr. Strickland that evening.

"That's about the finest thing one could say of a woman, little or big, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Stewart nodded, while her eyes grew moist.

After Isobel was tucked into bed and almost over the border there was a tap at her castle door.

"Come in, papa," she called, and her father came and sat on the side of her bed.

"I like your Stewarts, child," he said. "I mean to do something for the young man. In spite of his talent he must do practical work for some time, for he ought to help his sister and niece. He is young, and business training will not hurt him. I am going to offer him a position as my secretary. Mr. Smith has to leave. If Mr. de Puy cares to take it, he will find time for his study outside; for the hours are short. If he has the right stuff in him he will soon make his way."

"It was so funny," said Isobel, slipping her arms around her father's neck. "I thought that first night when I heard him play that you would do the very best thing to help him. Do you think that is because I'm a clever guesser, or because you're such a perfect dear of a daddy?"

"Perhaps both," replied Mr. Strickland, laughing.

Peter had scarce begun to snore,
Ere some one thundered at the door,
And when he cried, "Come in," in fright,
What curious guests should come in sight,
But Gravy, brown and fat and glad,
And Oyster, looking pale and sad,
Behind them stood full many more,
And Gravy, turning to the door,
Cried: "This is Peter, mean and small,
Who thinks that he can eat us all!"
Stuffing stalked in, dressed in sage green,
And wheezed at him: "What do you mean?
You miserable creature, you!
Do you suppose I'm made for you?"
The Celery danced to the bed,
"Peter, if you eat me," it said,
"I'll grow into a tree in you
And crack your head to let me through."
"And I," said Oyster, "won't lie still,
But kick your sides until you're ill."
"Ho!" Gravy cried, "I'd like to see
A puny thing like you eat me!
Why, I know great strong men who tried
That trick until they nearly died.
I warn you now! If you touch me
Your death I certainly will be!"
Then Mince Pie came and said: "Me too!
I'll do a lot of harm to you."
Raisin and Cranberry and Cream
Approached the bed with glare and scream.
And Ladle, Fork and Carving Knife
Attempted to take Peter's life.
Then Peter woke and said: "Alas!
Perhaps these things will come to pass;
But all the same, I guess I'll stay
At dinner on Thanksgiving Day.
And if they kill me, why, I'll die
Stuffed full of turkey and mince pie."

Are You Ready

for the final test or are you one of the many who will again allow Thanksgiving to come and not be prepared to enjoy the annual feast on account of poor teeth.

Remember turkeys are going to be very high priced this year and the produce men may run in an old bird on you and if your teeth are not in good condition you cannot enjoy your dinner. Have them fixed at the following low prices. One price to all.

Best Set of Teeth.....$8.00
Good Set of Teeth.....$5.00
Gold Crowns, 22k.....$5.00
Bridge work, per tooth.....$3.00
Gold Fillings.....$1.00 and up
Silver Fillings.....50c to $1.00
Cement Fillings.....50c
Extracting.....25c
Extracting, freezing gum process.....50c

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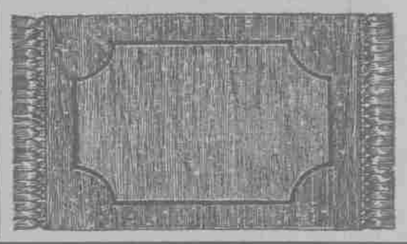

Save Your Old Carpets

And send them to us—we will make you fine rugs from them. Write for Booklet of Rugs or call up 'Phone 421 and we will call

O. McCormick Rug Factory

Bad for Thanksgiving.

Teacher, she tells us all along
That food is meant to make us strong.
Yet I don't think she can be right,
Because there is my appetite.
Before a meal it is so great
That I could almost chew a plate;
Then I eat just a little bit,
And something seems to weaken it,
And after that the more I eat
The more my appetite seems beat,
Till long before I have enough,
My appetite's all gone. It's tough!

Women's Incivility to Women.

In the close copy of man and his actions, the emancipated woman seems to have forgotten one thing—his ready civility to other men in almost all places and almost all times one man is willing and ready to speak to another. While on long journeys men often form pleasant acquaintances and even friendships.

But a woman invariably draws back her skirts when spoken to by a stranger.

In a restaurant the other day, a tired, harassed little woman left the table at which she had been sitting and crossed to another, at which a woman was eating her lunch. "May I sit here and talk to you while you are eating?" she said timidly. "I am going to be late for an engagement, my friends have not come as yet, and it makes me so nervous to sit and wait if I can't talk. I spoke to that lady at the table where I was, but she seemed offended."

"Why, bless me," exclaimed the woman addressed, moving back a chair by her side, "sit down here and if it is any relief for you to talk to me I'll stay until your friend comes."

The grateful smile she received was ample pay for this pretty speech.—Exchange.