

Vivian's Merry Thought

Vivian sat in a low chair in front of the big, open fire-place, watching the fire earnestly as the backlog snapped and crackled, sending forth showers of little sparks.

Grandma was sitting in her armchair knitting, and as the bright needles glittered in the firelight, glanced now and then at the sober little face. Presently a sigh reached her ears, followed by another, and she bent over and drew the curly head against her knee.

"What is the matter with my pet?" she asked, kissing the rosy cheek. "I was thinking about soynveers for my party," explained Vivian.

"Soynveers?" repeated grandma in a perplexed tone.

"She means souvenirs," said mamma, who had been listening to the conversation. "It is the fashion to give souvenirs to each little guest at a children's party."

"I should think that would be an easy thing to do, with all the big shops in New York to select from," said grandma. "I can't buy them; you see it's this way; we have a club—14 of my dearest friends, and we're on our birthdays this year to only invite each other, and we must make our soynveers ourselves so we will always have something to remember each other by."

"A very pretty idea," said grandma approvingly. "And what will you make? Perhaps I can help."

"Oh, if you could only tell me something new to make. My birthday is just four weeks, on Christmas day, you know," looking up hopefully into her face.

"It must not be expensive, the club said. Then the bright face clouded over as she added: "But of course, living in the country you don't know much 'bout soynveers."

Grandma smiled placidly as she answered: "I think I know something pretty and not expensive, if it is a country idea. I made some once for Christmas when I was a girl. First save all the merry thoughts until you get 14 and then—"

"But, grandma," interrupted the little one, "how can I give any kind of thoughts for soynveers?"

Grandma laughed merrily. "In my old home in England we call the bone you term a wishbone, a merry-thought. I've wished with them though many a time, and grandma's thought went back to childhood's days in "Merrie England."

"Yes, grandma," and Vivian patted the wrinkled hands impatiently, "but what will I do with them when I get them?"

"Dry them first; then get some liquid gliding and glid them nicely. Cut heavy bristol cardboard into squares, large enough to fasten the merry-thought in the center. Tie them on with bright colored ribbons in a pretty bow, or glue them on. Then above or below the bone paint with the gilt, "A Merry Thought For Thee."

"But I can't paint and it must be all our own work," objected Vivian.

Have mamma trace the words with a pencil and you can paint them over," suggested grandma.

"I knew you'd help me," cried Vivian joyously, giving grandma such a rapturous hug it sent her glasses flying "Be sure and save me the wishbones from dinner tomorrow."

"Yes, child, and now the souvenir question is settled it is time my baby was in bed," said grandma; and in half an hour Vivian was wandering in dreamland.

The next day Vivian returned to her New York home, having been down to the old homestead to spend a week with grandma.

At least a week before her seventh birthday the little one had her souvenirs all finished and each one placed in a dainty box. She had 12 chicken merry-thoughts and to complete the number two large turkey merry-thoughts. "And I'm afraid all the girls will want the big ones," she confided to mamma.

"You can put the covers on the boxes and let your friends choose for themselves, mamma suggested.

Christmas day Vivian's birthday came and a merrier group of little maidens was not to be found in New York that day. The souvenirs were declared a success, and to complete the happiness of the little hostess her dearest friend, Laurel Cousan, drew one turkey merry-thought and she herself the other.

She was so tired that night after the guests had departed that she went to her room as soon as she had kissed papa good night. It seemed to the weary child that mamma could not have heard her name called by what seemed a chorus of odd little voices.

Sitting up in bed she saw, standing close by her, 12 chickens and two turkey gobblers, all in a row. While she gazed at them with frightened eyes they all raised their right wings and pointed them straight at her. Then the largest turkey spoke:

"Vivian," he said, in a deep voice, "Where are our merry-thoughts? We have come for them."

"I have not got them. I gave them away," cried Vivian; then as each one looked at her sorrowfully, she added: "Don't look so sad. I will get them back," and burst into tears.

"Cry, that's right!" cried the big turkey savagely; "we want you to cry, we want to take your merry-thoughts away. You who can have all the merry-thoughts you want, to take away a poor turkey's who has only one."

"Why, I thought as you were dead you would not want them. I did not know," wailed Vivian, wringing her hands. Mamma was so far away.

"You ignorant child! Don't you suppose we chickens have a heaven," asked a pretty white hen. "And if we don't have our merry-thoughts we'll always be sad there?"

"Indeed, indeed, I didn't," sobbed poor Vivian.

"Well, get right out of bed and come with us to get them back," commanded the big turkey, whom the others called "general," and the first thing she knew she was walking through the snow, shivering with cold in her thin nightgown.

She went first to Gerlie Shaw, who lived nearest; to her astonishment the front door stood open and she went up the stairs to Gerlie's room unseeing, and there on the dresser stood the souvenir box. She seized it and handed it to the general.

He opened the box and held up the merry-thought, "That's mine!" joyfully cried a brown Leghorn, and she dropped her left wing, disclosing to the horrified child a large hole in her breast into which she thrust the merry-thought, carefully smoothing the pretty feathers over it.

Vivian looked at the rest and saw that all carried the left wing across the breast, and as the thought of the hole underneath each one she was more impatient than they to recover the merry-thoughts.

From Gerlie's they visited each little girl in turn until all the merry thoughts were recovered but the one belonging to the general. The small turkey had claimed his before Vivian knew they were in the room.

Laurel Cousan lived away at the other end of the city, near the park, and the poor child was tired out when they reached there. Here everything went wrong; the front door was shut and hard to open; when she got inside there was no light in the halls and she had to hurry through the darkness, followed closely by the whole flock. Then when she at last reached Laurel's room the merry-thought was nowhere to be seen, Vivian looked everywhere, through all the nooks and corners, and even under the bed. Just as she was giving up the search in despair, she spied the box on the pillow beside Laurel.

Not at all pleased to find her chum thought so much of it as to take it to bed with her, for Vivian was not only tired, but cross by this time, she gave the box a jerk as she handed it to the general, crying: "Take your old merry-thought!"

To her horror the box fell on the floor and in trying to get it she put her foot

room, and please, please leave the gas turned up high!"

JEAN INGHAM WHITCHER.

Poor "Old 999."

"Old 999," once the pride of the New York Central, king of the roundhouse, fastest express engines, will hereafter draw a milk train along the banks of the Hudson.

A fast life—the pace that kills—brought "Old 999" to his degradation. He was the fastest engine in the world when proudly exhibited at the World's fair at Chicago, and for years drew the famous

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JIM CORBETT NOW CO-RESPONDENT.



F. N. Innes

New York, Dec. 18.—Co-respondent in a divorce suit is the new role in which James J. Corbett, ex-champion pugilist, actor and monologist, now figures. F. N. Innes, the famous bandmaster, accuses his beautiful wife, Georgia, of infidelity, naming the fighter as her partner. The trial promises to be sensational.

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how five persons can play whist, but "shampoo whist" does not differ from the ordinary game.

It is only that the five women get together with a hair-dresser, and while four are playing whist the fifth is in the bathroom with the hair-dresser getting a shampoo. When she is through another woman takes her place and she enters the game. In this way each of the five gets a shampoo and the game is never interrupted except when the change of players takes place.

While their hair is drying they amuse themselves with the cards.—Chicago Record-Herald.

QUEER UNIFORMS IN ALASKA.

But They Keep the Soldiers Warm as Well as Picturesque.

Colonel Patten says that the military occupation of Alaska presented a new problem as to the particular clothing needed to comfortably protect the men in garrison or on the trail from the rigors of that trying climate. The fur and other heavy clothing furnished troops at the most northern posts in the states being manifestly inadequate for the purpose, a supply list of extra heavy clothing was made up for Alaskan service.

The cost of this extra supply per man was about \$30, and the secretary of war authorized that amount to be added to the clothing allowance of enlisted men serving in Alaska. Based upon experience, it has been found advisable to eliminate from future issues for Alaska Mackinaw overcoats, shoe and boot packs, felt boots, wildcat caps and sweaters.

Mackinaw clothing not having proved entirely satisfactory, especially in severe weather, a double-breasted canvas blanket lined pea jacket, blue in color, with trousers of the same canvas, but having a lighter weight blanket lining, has been devised as more fully meeting the requirements of the country and will, it is believed, eventually supersede all the Mackinaw garments. A muskrat cap of improved pattern forms part of the clothing shipped to Alaska this year.

The earflaps in front are extended to cover the cheek bones, a small detachable fur strap serves to protect the bridge and end of the nose from freezing, while the lower corners of the flap lap over and fasten by means of a snap fastener so as to cover the chin.

For field or trail purposes a garment

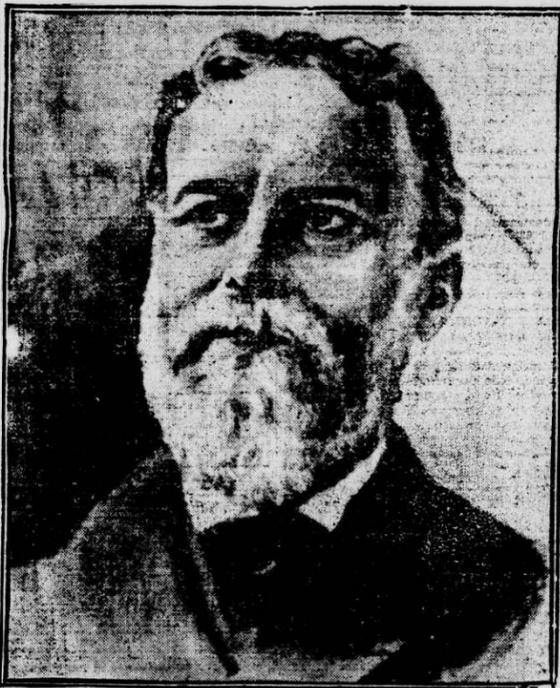
MISS ELIZABETH L. THOMPSON,



Librarian Hearst Library, Anaconda.

called a parka, made of blue denim, having a hood trimmed with wolfskin and a lining at the cuff of the same kind of fur, has been especially manufactured and furnished to meet an existing need not filled by the outer garments heretofore supplied. The muskrat mittens heretofore to be furnished troops in Alaska, will have the lining sewed in only at the cuffs so as to enable the wearer to pull it out and dry it when damp from perspiration, which frequently happens. The regulation heavy woolen underwear worn by troops in the states being found from experience

HAS CONFIDENCE IN NEW GOVERNOR.



THOMAS D. FERGUSON.

Washington, Dec. 18.—President Roosevelt places great confidence in Thomas B. Ferguson, whom he has appointed governor of Oklahoma. Major Ferguson is a strong democrat, and was appointed minister to Norway and Sweden by President Cleveland. He is widely known and honored in the capital.

on it, breaking it into a dozen pieces, the gliding having made it very brittle. Then what a babel of voices broke forth, chickens and turkeys all talking together, the dignified old general wringing his claws in despair. To add to her terror Laurel, awakened by the noise, sat up in bed and began to cry: Vivian heard some one coming and started to run.

Down the stairs she ran, the whole 14 in hot pursuit, crying: "Peck her eyes out!" "Don't let her get away!" "Claw her curls off!"

On, on she ran, stumbling now and then, cutting and bruising the tender little feet; she never before thought: Laurel lived so far away from her. Would she never see papa and mamma again! Her breath came pantingly, and just as she was sure she would never see her dear home again, she reached the front gate. As she tried to open it with her chilled little fingers she saw her pursuers were nearly up to her.

She made one last desperate effort and got inside, but as she was running up the walk she stumbled and fell—just as the angry fowls reached her.

She gave one despairing cry: "Oh, mamma, mamma!" and—woke! To find herself sitting up in her own little bed, just as mamma, alarmed by her cry came running in.

She took Vivian in her arms, and, as she kissed the flushed cheeks and wiped the tears from the brown eyes, she whispered: "Bad dreams, darling?"

"No, mamma," sighed Vivian. "I am sure it was a nightmare!" She rested securely in mamma's arms, hardly realizing yet that it was all only a bad dream. Then she asked mamma to show her the merry-thought. "So I'll know it was bad dreams," she explained.

She looked earnestly and then told mamma all her dream. And mamma stayed with her until she fell asleep, not wondering at her last request:

"Please take the merry-thought to your

Empire State Express between New York and Albany. His career has been short, but glorious, and his brilliant record will be perpetuated in moving pictures and railroad advertisements.

The steel racer has been breaking down for some months. The wisest engineers in the country have examined it, but shook their heads, for the old engine had fairly burned itself out.

Its usefulness as a pilot of fast express was over, only the drudgery of milk train hauling remained, and when even that proves too much for the once giant frame the scrap heap will be the last resort.—New York Dispatch.

SHAMPOO WHIST.

No Talkative Barber in Woman's Hair Dressing Parlors.

When the craze for whist takes possession of a woman she becomes a veritable slave to the game. An illustration of this is furnished by five women prominent in West Philadelphia society who get together one afternoon each week and play what they call "shampoo whist." One would naturally wonder

Have found out where they get the best Face and Body Massage. Hair and Scalp Treatment. Bust Development. Menstruating and Childbearing. I give the best work that experience and strength can give. Everything up-to-date. Call. I shall be glad to have a talk with you. MADAME LA BELLE, 82-83 Owsley Block Butte.

Scores of Ladies

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CORBETT WILL FIGHT TERRY AGAIN.

