

A THANKSGIVING PLAIN



Another year has slipped away into the dim beyond. And once again Thanksgiving day is here, with memories fond; What dinners at my call have I! What headaches in their wake!



But, ah! I long for pumpkin pie Like mother used to make. Now with the turkey fall To grace the festive board, And in the gilded banquet hall, Where sparkling wine is poured, I may, with happy companions agone, Thanksgiving dinner take— But there I'll find no pumpkin pie Like mother used to make.

What boots it that the city's best is waiting at my hand? That I, forsaken, may be the guest At dinners swell and grand?

A Tramp's Thanksgiving.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

THANKSGIVING cheer was in the air; it spoke in the crisp activity of the village butcher, grocer and baker, in the appetizing odors of home kitchens, in the eager faces of school children, elated and excited over "no studies for the rest of the week!"

THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE WOODS.



intently, and settled upon its most pretentious mien with conviction and hope.

"Day before Thanksgiving," he soliloquized. "Most likely to have the fullest pantry in the biggest house. Here goes!"

Bill observed a path cutting across a yard. It was somewhat overgrown, but he kept on, to come not to a gate, but a solid board fence. He clambered to its top, to be halted by a sharp mandate: "Hey! get down there!"

Bill, astride the fence, confronted a fine-looking but angry-eyed old gentleman.

"All right," he said.

"And stay down!"

"Yes, sir."

"What you after, anyway?"

"Well, sir," answered Bill, "I was aiming for your kitchen and grub."

"Don't bother me!" gruffly growled the other. "Try the house there. They raise tramps there."

Bill took this auspiciously, viewing a neat cottage near at hand. The same

blockaded path ran to its rear door.

"Wonder what kind of a raise I kin expect?" murmured Bill. "Hard-hearted old nob, that! Ah! there's the lady. She's all right! I'll tackle her."

Bill affected his most prim demeanor, approaching a sweet-faced, motherly woman.

"Lady," he said, "might I intrude so far as to inquire if there was any chance of getting a bite to eat—"

"Certainly; come in, sir."

"Hey?"

Bill stared. With a welcome smile the lady opened the door and graciously waved him to a chair. Bill doffed his hat, and hid his ragged shoes and gave his wavy hair a smoothing toss.

She folded a snowy tablecloth over one end of the table. She set out a delicate china plate, a silver fork and a napkin.

"Ginger!" gasped Bill, "when I tell this to the gang, they'll say I dreamed it!"

And then the gentleman in Bill came to the surface. He could see, through an open doorway, the pantry, and what it held, one piece of pie, one piece of cake.

"All she's got, and she's getting it for me!" breathed the spying Bill. "Mebbe her to-morrow's feast. Nix!" aspirated Bill, his heart swelling up, and he felt more of a man than ever.

"Lady," he said, as she set the food before him—and he was as solemn as an owl—the last thing my doctor says to me afore I took this here tawer for me healt', was to avoid rich vittals. I'm obliged, but—"

"There's plain bread and butter, sir, then?" suggested Mrs. Dainty, with an amused smile.

"I've—I've got a toothache! Thankee, ma'am, but I've mistook my capacity, and—"

Bill bolted. The widow stood looking after him till his tattered figure disappeared beyond the fence.

"Perhaps—perhaps," she murmured sadly, "my boy is like that to-day!"

At 9 o'clock that night Mrs. Dainty heard a noise at the rear of the house. She went to the kitchen door. A man was prying up the pantry window. It was her tramp visitor of the afternoon.

"Have you come to rob?" exclaimed she.

"No, ma'am, I have not!" promptly responded Hobo Bill. "I came to bring you a present—for your kindness to me this p. m. I saw you had no turkey for Thanksgiving, ma'am, so I've brought you one."

And, sure enough, Hobo Bill swung his left hand around, holding as plump a fowl as ever graced a king's banquet.

Mrs. Dainty was speechless. This was more singular than the man's behavior of the afternoon.

"I was trying to sneak it into yer pantry as a surprise, ma'am," suggested Bill, peevishly.

"But I cannot accept it!" declared the widow; "that is, without paying for it, and I have not the money to do that."

"Madam," said Bill, with dignity; "this is a gift."

"But how did you, a poor man, get it?"

"Worked for it, ma'am," lied Bill, unblushingly; "but two cents of wood for a farmer. Had no money; paid me in farks. Four of 'em. Gave the rest away. This is the last. There you are! Good evening, ma'am."

Hobo Bill flashed away like a spirit, leaving the astonished widow lost in mornal consternation and bewilderment than ever.

Mrs. Dainty thought a good deal over her strange gift Thanksgiving morning. She finally concluded she had better cook the turkey, hoping her erratic benefactor would be along during the day to partake of it.

She tried to be cheerful and thankful—but many a tear fell by the time the turkey was cooked.

There came a tap at the rear door about 11 o'clock. The cook from the big house stood on the step.

"Oh, Mrs. Dainty, excuse me, ma'am," she said, "but could you loan me a little cinnamon. They've run out, and—"

She stared at the handsomely browned fowl, done to a turn, for she knew the widow's hard-scrapping experience of the last year or two.

"Certainly," assented Mrs. Dainty, always accommodating, although she had no reason to favor the big house, or any of its inmates.

"What a nice turkey you've got," pursued the cook. "We have none to-day."

"Indeed?" observed Mrs. Dainty, in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am—it was stolen."

"Stolen!" echoed the widow, with a start.

And then she guessed all, as the cook went on to tell how the discovery of the theft had come too late that morning to admit of securing another fowl.

Mrs. Dainty acted a just and honest part—she insisted that the cook transfer the roasted fowl to the table of the big house.

Then she sat down to her humble meal,

smiling, despite herself, at the quaint happenings of this queer Thanksgiving day.

There came a knock at the door about two hours later—the front door this time. Mrs. Dainty drew back with a tremor as she answered the summons; her visitor was the iron-gray, stern-shouldered old owner of the great house adjoining.

"Eunice," he said, extending his hand, "I want you to come home with me."

"Brother!" panted the widow.

"Yes, Eunice, haven't we had enough of animosities for the past two years, you and I?"

"Edward, I have cherished none."

"Then, my ridiculous temper is to blame," said Mr. Aylmer in a rapid, shamefaced way. "When I heard the story of that turkey—when I once more sat down to a meal reminiscent of the old days—ah, sister! you were always the cook of cooks!" he said, trying to pass off a really serious occasion with a smile.

"I say, let it all end! I've been thinking it over. I was in the wrong; I was too harsh to you. Your boy misbehaved, and I chided. You clung to him, and I put up that fence, and shut you out of sight and heart, and—forgive me, Eunice! Come over to the old home, and give it a rightful mistress!"

"And if Wilbur should ever return—"

"Repentant? Reform? I'll go back on my word and try him once more," promised the old squire, but with a wince.

"Scuse both—but here's where I had better come in!" spoke the voice of Hobo Bill.

Both turned. The door had been left open. There stood the cause of this strange reunion.

"Who is this?" demanded the squire, brusquely.

"Well, gent," answered the tramp, "I'm the feller wot stole yer turk—to give it to a more worthy cause, see? It's come out all right, so I takes back me first bad opinion of you, but lemme say something. I came down here, squire, and you, lady, as a spy on the promised land."

"What's he talking about?" muttered the squire.

"The best pal I ever had, squire, is a pard lying sick in the hospital in the city, longing for home—and mother!"

Mrs. Dainty clasped her hands, and uttered a quick moan.

"It is my son—my Wilbur!" she breathed.

"Yes, ma'am; that's right," nodded Hobo Bill. "Squire, the boy's not my sort. He ran wild, but now he's eatin' the huskiest sort of husks! He's brave, he's true to a friend, he's got over drinkin'. I came spyin' the land for him, squire, what do you say?"

"Brother!"

"Yes, let him come back," said the squire in a broken tone.

Hobo Bill asked a chance to work out the good dinner they gave him—the squire set him at knocking down the fence that had been a barrier between brother and sister for two years.

The next morning Hobo Bill proudly left, supplied with money to send back the prodigal son from the city.

"And when he comes," murmured the fond, longing mother, "we'll keep a second Thanksgiving day."

OUTLAWS OF TURKEY

INTO THEIR HANDS AN AMERICAN WOMAN FELL

Previous Experiences and Adventures of Miss Ellen M. Stone—The Widest Region of All Europe—Character of the Roving Brigands.

The abduction of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, by Turkish brigands, directed the attention of the world upon this unfortunate woman and her cruel and daring captors. Miss Stone is a Boston woman, who for years has been in the employ of the American Women's Board of Missionaries and whose devotion to her work is as intense as was that of the early Christians. Frequently she has been halted by brigands and tested as to her capacity to furnish plunder. In one instance she explained the nature of her work and the fact that she had but little available money, and was allowed to continue her journey and work. In another case, while she was asleep in a small structure, she was aroused in the night and became conscious that hands were passed over her features, but she was not otherwise disturbed, and in the morning she found abundant evidence that brigands had been in the vicinity during the night.

Her most serious adventure occurred Sept. 3, when she was halted between Banak and Djoumania by forty brigands. She was accompanied by eighteen other missionaries, all of whom were relieved of their valuables and afterward were released. Miss Stone was carried into the mountains and a ransom of \$110,000 demanded by the leader of the brigands.

A Wild Region.

The country in which Miss Stone was captured is the same as the Thessaly of the Scriptures, the Thrace of Grecian history where Philip of Macedonia and Alexander the Great led their armies and where Socrates campaigned barefooted as a common soldier. It is wilder now than then. All the rest of Europe contains nothing as barbarous. Bands of roving, pillaging Turks or Bulgarian outlaws infest the whole region. Woman's honor is held in light

esteem. Up to within a very few years the most deplorable outrages were committed openly and are now even done secretly.

While the corps of Janissaries existed every fifth male child was forced into the Turkish military service and young girls were carried off by thousands to fill the harems of their conquerors. The haughty bearing and tyranny of the troops which marched to and fro in the country so cowed the Christian population that they became timid serfs. Many escaped death by embracing Islam and it was not uncommon for parents voluntarily to send their daughters into the harems of the Begg, or noblemen, so that they themselves might gain protection.

Cruel as the bandits are to foreigners they have a hold on the affections of the natives and are aided by the peasant population, who shelter and protect them. A curious state of affairs has resulted from this anarchy. When the peasants are maltreated by the Turkish Begg and other officials they appeal to the brigands, Haiduts, Kirjalis, or by whatever name they are known, for protection or revenge.

In one place a young Turkish nobleman had been guilty of the greatest cruelty and excesses, committing outrages on the wives and daughters of the peasantry, even capturing and selling children. He entered a village on one occasion on horseback, surrounded by his retinue all decked in silk and gold. He had not gone far when a band of Haiduts, led by a well-known chief, sprang from hiding places, pulled the Beg from his horse, broke his arms and legs and struck off his head. This bloody trophy they put on the end of a spear and carried it in triumph at the head of the band as they marched through the village.

Some Notorious Brigands.

Many similar instances are still told of brigand chiefs and their followers leading a kind of Robin Hood life in the mountains. There are even historic cases of brigand chiefs becoming so formidable that the Sultan had been obliged to take them into his service and recognize their authority. The most notable instance is that of Osman Pasvanoglu, the independent pasha of Vidin. As a young man he saw his father murdered by a Turkish official. He then left his home and adopted a brigand life in the mountains of Albania near Bulgaria. Tiring of that he took service with the Porte at the head of a troop of volunteers. But his power grew so rapidly that he exercised an almost independent rule, and

Know all men by these presents that We, turkeys do protest Against an annual outrage which brings sorrow to the best.

We think it most becoming for a nation to give thanks, But we advise it from times when it cuts into our ranks.

Think of the widowed ones, and think of orphans in the dock, Who must this year with sadness view The cruel chopping block.

So now, good people, we request, Our pleadings may be heard, And if you must give thanks and feast, Please kill some other bird.

A Thanksgiving Cinch.

She (after "yes") has been said!—What did you wish when you pulled the wish-

bone with me? He—I wished that you would accept me. And you? She—Oh, I wished that you would propose.—New York World.

The Day After.



Mr. Gobbler—Are you the fellow that had my wife for dinner yesterday?—Truth.

MINISTER WU TING-FANG.

Sagacious Celestial Holds a Foremost Rank Among Diplomats.

The Chinese minister to the United States, Wu Ting-Fang, is the most extraordinary person who ever came to us out of the east, says a writer in Ainslie's Magazine. He is one of the individuals rare in any country, whose intelligence is universal in its range. He is a man of the world in all that the phrase implies. There is no company of men or women among whom he would not be at home. His mind plays easily and swiftly. He is quick of apprehension and speedy in response. Sagacious, witty, astute, discerning and catholic in sympathy, his aim has been to learn the ways of the country and adapt himself to them. He is an untiring student of American lit-

MASSACRE OF BALANGIGA.

Military Disaster in Philippine Takes a Place in World's History.

As the American campaign against the Sulu of the Northwest had its Little Big Horn massacre, that of the British against the Zulus its Isandula and that of the British also against the Bala-weyo, so the conflict in the Philippines has its massacre which will pass into history—that of Balangiga.

where nearly fifty Americans were killed. When the assurances of those in authority that the rebellion of the natives was over were most confident, along came the report of a slaughter worse than anything since Aguinaldo's proclamation of two years ago. Part of the subjugating force, grown contemptuous of its foes and consequently careless, was surprised and a grief came to two score American homes.

Thomas W. Connell, the captain of the company which was almost annihilated, was born in New York and was a graduate of the military academy, which he entered in 1879. He was in Cuba during the Spanish war until August, 1898, then in New York and again in 1899, in Cuba as aid to Gen. Douglas. He went to China in May, 1901, and thence to the Philippines.

BOSSSED BY YOUNG AMERICAN.

Hamburg's Sanitary, Water, and Sewerage Systems are Now of the Best.

Hamburg boasts of the best system of docks and warehouses and the best sanitary arrangements, water supply and sewerage of any city in the world. The superiority of the latter is due to the energy and genius of a young American, Dr. Dunbar of St. Paul, who has become a citizen of Germany and is at the head of the sanitary department of Hamburg. During the century just passed Hamburg suffered from fourteen fearful visitations of cholera. The last epidemic, which occurred in 1892, threatened the health of all Germany and Prof. Gaffke of the University of Giessen was called to take charge of the quarantine and sanitary arrangements. He brought with him as an assistant one of his students, a young American who had distinguished himself as a bacteriologist—Mr. Dunbar—who remained during the terrible scourge and after it was suppressed was employed to carry out the recommendations made by Prof. Gaffke and Dr. Koch, who represented the imperial government in aiding and advising the local authorities in the struggle to subdue the plague.



MISS ELLEN M. STONE.

Journalistic Blunders.

I do not allude to what are obviously mere misprints, such as when the Morning Post announced at the head of its fashionable intelligence that Lord Palmerston had gone down into Hampshire with a party of hounds to shoot peasannts, but I refer to blunders due to crass ignorance of a pretentious order. Perhaps the best instance was when one of the "young lions" of the Daily Telegraph in a leading article enumerated the great masters of Greek sculpture as Phedias, Praxiteles and Milo—ignorant of the fact that Milo is not a sculptor, but an island. The Times was even worse when, mistaking Prussia for Austria, it devoted a whole leader to discussing why Prussia had joined the Zollverein. The Saturday Review once explained at great length that the population might be nourished gratuitously on young lambs, if killed unweaned before they had begun to crop grass, having, therefore, cost nothing to feed. Many other instances will doubtless occur to your readers.—London Notes and Queries.

Protection from Hail.

The plan of protecting vineyards from the ravages of hailstorms seems to have been successful in part only, if at all, in France and Italy. Some experiments have been made in both countries, but the inference drawn up to this time seems to be that whole parks of artillery containing many guns of large caliber will be needed if reasonable security against hail is to be insured. And it is not altogether certain as yet that even if hundreds of sixteen-inch guns were to be discharged at short intervals the protection would be complete. The bombardment of the heavens cannot yet be considered effectual.

The Vital Spot of Empire.

There can be no dispute for a moment as to the immense gravity of the issue raised by any question of the efficiency of the Mediterranean squadron. No matter where our chief fighting fleet may ride, that point, and no other, is the vital spot of empire. It is the very center of our strategical system, and the backbone of our whole defensive organism. If the Mediterranean force were crushed in some swift and stupendous disaster, following instantly upon any unexpected outbreak of war, our entire naval organization, for all ultimate purposes, would be like a watch with a broken mainspring.—London Telegraph.

Lombardy Poplars.

The first Lombardy poplar in America was planted in 1785.

When a woman's voice asks for a man over the telephone, his wife thinks she "trusts" him by calling him to the phone, and asking no questions when he is through talking.

London's First Official Census.

London 100 years ago had a population of 888,198, when the first official census was taken.

The cart naturally precedes the horse when a back-up is necessary.

RAILROAD CULTIVATES FISH.

The Grand Trunk Railway has a car specially built for transporting fish for stocking streams and lakes along its line. Acting in conjunction with the government of Ontario, this company recently carried thirteen car loads of bass from Lake Erie to the lakes and rivers of Northern Ontario. The fish were caught in nets in St. Williams, on Lake Erie.

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