

THANKSGIVING TIME.

Thanksgiving time's a-comin—I kin hear the gobble-gobble
Of the turkeys in the barnyard on the farm
where I was born.
I kin see the Shanghai rooster walkin sort of
whistle-wobble.
Makin l'lore he's feelin sick an off his feed
of yaller corn.
An they're fixin in the kitchen for a good ole
fashioned dinner.
Choppin mince meat by the bushel that is
good for hungry eyes,
Seedin raisins fer plum puddin fit to save the
vilest sinner
If he ever had a mother an she made Thanks-
givin pies.
Ah, the mother, she's a smilin, standin in the
doorway, lookin
Down toward the railroad station when she
hears the engine toot,
Fer her boy is a-comin, an the pies most burn
a-cookin,
While her dear ole heart's a-thumpin for this
worthless ole galoot.
Doesn't 'pear to matter nohow that I'm bald
an gittin gouty,
Doesn't seem to make no dif'rence that I
smoke an cuss a bit,
She's the same ole lovin mother, never crosses
an never groaty,
An they'll be no more Thanksgiving's, boys,
when mother lex to quit.
—New York Sun.

UNCLE JOB'S TURKEY

"Forevermore!" wails Mrs. Tom.
"How provoking!" cries Mrs. Dick.
"But then he's reported rich," asserts Mrs. Harry, "and if that is the case it's assuredly one of those cases that circumstances alter wonderfully!"
"I don't believe he's a rich man, for one," affirms Mrs. Tom, looking ruefully at the letter in her hand. "Why, when I wrote to Uncle Job—of all the names I do detest, 'Job' comes first—when I wrote and ever so delicately hinted that I'd swallow no prejudices"—
"A terrible indigestible mass you'd find 'em, Bel!"
—and name Plantagenet 'Job' if it would be to the boy's interest later in life, what do you think he said?"
"Don't ask me. What did he say?"
"His answer was terse enough and brief enough to be easily remembered. He wrote: 'Dear niece, pray do not saddle upon your son a name I never should have chosen for myself had I had the smallest choice in the matter. If you must call him for some Biblical personage, I should suggest Malhalaleel as a cognomen euphonious enough to harmonize well with our family name, and, believe me, Niece Isabel, he will have just as much of my good will when I die, if that is your desire, as if he had been named after your affectionate uncle, Job Altick.'"
"Of course he's as poor as poverty, then, Bel. Poor people are always the witty ones, with sharp answers ever ready at tongues' or pens' points. One of us (or shall we take turns?) will be sure to have old Uncle Job foisted upon us, and if it wasn't for those heavy mortgages Harry has to clear off in the spring he would not mind, I know, one extra mouth to feed."
"And if I had an extra bedroom to spare!" says Mrs. Dick.
"And if I had an extra couple of servants!" whines Mrs. Tom. "To be sure, if I could be certain that he was a wealthy man, it would make a vast difference, and for the children's sake!"
"What a sordid sister-in-law I have, to be sure!" laughs Mrs. Harry. "Speaking of the children, Bel, how is Plant's love affair coming on?"
"It isn't 'on' at all, Ruth; it's off—and forever, I hope."
"Bel Altick, what do you mean?"
"I mean that he shall never marry that good for nothing Nan!"
"Mark my words, he will marry her, and neither you nor Tom nor your proposed heiress can keep him from it. Nan's worth a dozen Gwendolines!"
"Then Tom will disinherite him, and, though he's my own son, I shall not blame his father."
"You hard hearted, mercenary woman!" cries Mrs. Harry, moving toward the door. "How you can deliberately go to work to break the heart of so good a son as Plant Altick I confess I cannot comprehend. Good morning, Bel—if you think it's good—seems to me if I were you I'd be obliged to taste the bitter of too many selfish reflections to enjoy it much." And the hall door closes with a bang between the sisters-in-law.
Days, weeks and months pass by, and there is no outward showing of the presumptive wealth of Professor Altick. Save a penny now and then to the smaller fry of the Altick family, he has never shown to them the color of his money, and as he lives simply and indulges sparingly in life's luxuries he is at length accounted an eccentric individual of small means and left religiously alone.
Alone and uncared for—that is, if we except the little friendly "runnings in" of Plantagenet, his grandnephew, who has taken to the gentle old man from the first, and who is never weary of hearing of the professor's late trip to the petrified tree tract of Arizona or looking at the rare specimens so carefully collected, for Uncle Job is a learned geologist and has written several remarkable treatises on the subject, his "Sermons in Stones" having been adopted as a textbook in many colleges.
And from stones Plantagenet easily leads the conversation to scarcely less adamantine subjects—the hearts of his unyielding parents—for, cold, calculating and worldly, they have softened not one whit under the warmth of Plantagenet's young love, and it is Uncle Job who unconsciously encourages him in his grim determination to brave the ire of his parents and marry his sweet Nan in the teeth of all opposition.
And so they are quietly married—Plantagenet Altick and Nanette Gray—and go to housekeeping in a pretty little cottage in a pretty suburb, some miles from the splendid city home of his father.

Uncle Job, who has begun a new work on geology, shuts himself up in his third story back room and allows the world without to wag as it will.
And it soon begins to wag in a very

cheerless manner for the two wedded young folks.

But though shut out from one loved paradise, he has his Nan—his dear, little, brave Nan, who smiles through great, unshed tears upon him, when suddenly she meets his sorrowful gaze after many a long quarter of an hour's silent retrospection.
"Oh, it must come right soon, Plant—they never would shut you out of their lives forever!"
"You don't know them," mutters the boy.
"I'm pretty well acquainted with you, dear, and if any father or mother could treat such a son as you are so scurvily—there, that's an ugly word, I know, Plant, but it's the right one to use in this instance—all I have to say is that they don't deserve such a good child—there!" and two pretty arms, bared to the elbow for kitchen convenience, find their fond way about the neck of her chosen lord.
Her chosen lord smiles faintly at this speech and tries desperately to rally his drooping spirits.

It was a very humble position that the college bred Plantagenet Altick found himself obliged to accept to keep the little house going—the only position open to him when he, beside himself with a just indignation at an unreasonable opposition and a great and absorbing love, broke bounds and besought the faithful Nan to leave her position as governess in a wealthy family and share his five roomed cottage and his meager salary.
Nan, too used to poverty to let it frighten her, and imagining, innocent soul, that no one could long be angry at so dear a boy as Plant, consented, and the home coming, though a lone-some little affair, brought with it happiness enough to last a fortnight at least.

Then Plantagenet saw that there was to be no relenting on the part of those he loved and revered with all the strength of his boyish nature, and his grief grew greater with every passing hour. To crown all, he had lost his position the second week in the November following, owing to the insolvency of the firm by which he had been employed, and, though they have given him splendid recommendations, there is no position easily obtainable.
One morning a stray thought, finding its way from out that great, mysterious silence so full of untried possibilities, comes to him suddenly and sends him upon its own little errand straight to Uncle Job.

Up a long flight of front stairs, up a short back flight and several knocks upon a door's panel cause it to open and discover to young Altick a room littered with papers, books, trays of specimens and two or three volumes of Hugh Miller.

"Good morning, Uncle Job!"
"How d'ye do, Plantagenet?"
"I do miserably, thank you, sir. Uncle Job, I've lost my position, and—and—if I could help you in any way—copying or the like—I write a tolerably decent hand, sir, and I thought perhaps you'd like to hire me!"
"No—no—no! Not even though you're a Yale fellow well met, I'd not trust you with them! Not a soul save myself shall do a line of writing on these particular manuscripts. What's the matter?"
"Firm I worked for failed."
"Humph! How's Nan?"
"How should she be? Happy and joyous as befits a bride—the bride of a man shut out from home, and who has not a red cent in his pocket! Heaven knows where tomorrow's bread and butter will come from!"
"And it won't tell. It's a sort of habit it has got into, you see about being sort of mysterious over the ends it has in view. But there, you may sort out the numbered pages for me from among the litter yonder, and we'll see about the bread and butter for tomorrow. Tomorrow is Thursday—bless me, boy, it's Thanksgiving!"
"Thanksgiving! So it is. 'Thanksgiving.'"
"Your tone of voice would suggest that you hadn't the dearest little wife in the world to be thankful for. Shame upon you, my nephew. There, I'm not a rich man, as rich men go, but take this bill to Nan and tell her it's from her Uncle Job."
Late upon this same afternoon Professor Altick, basket on arm, goes from greengrocer to butcher shop, intent upon his purchase of a Thanksgiving turkey. The fowl he means to buy he will offer to his nephews in turn, feeling sure that he who accepts it will no doubt ask him to share their dinner, be it Tom, Dick or Harry or Tom's disobedient son. With an unmistakable grin of amusement the dealer in poultry places a very thin, very poor, very blue about the breastbone, low priced turkey in Uncle Job's basket.
Early Thanksgiving morning the old professor starts out through the cold, uncertain sunlight that shines fitfully through the rifts of hurrying, wind swept clouds, and, basket on arm, finds his way to Thomas Altick's elegant home. He rings and is admitted.
"Good morning, Uncle Job. Anything I can do for you this morning?"
"No, Thomas, thank you. It's something I want to do for you. I chanced to remember it was Thanksgiving—very odd indeed, my remembering it—and I bought you a turkey. Will you have it, Thomas?" and out comes the old gentleman's sad little specimen of the genus meleagris gallopavo.
It is too much for Tom Altick. With a laugh that fetches Mrs. Tom quickly from an adjoining room and provokes her to join in its hearty roulades he declines the poor fowl with thanks with a sarcasm veiled so lightly that the ugly features of a rude and insolent nature shine full upon poor Uncle Job.
Quietly he replaces the turkey within the basket, quietly he takes his hat and gloves, and as quietly, with a brief "good day," he leaves the house of his nephew Thomas.
As for Richard Altick, he "roars again" and has the turkey he has pur-

chased for his own dinner brought up into the very parlor that he may place it in "odious comparison" beside the small fry in Uncle Job's basket. Again rebuffed, the old gentleman bids Mrs. Dick and her laughing husband good day and finds his way to the house of the youngest of his three nephews.
It is the same thing over again, save that Henry Altick's refusal to accept the wizened bird is more politely veiled. Gentle Mrs. Harry even makes furtive little signs of acceptance to her courteous husband, but that individual, secretly enjoying the comical side of the affair too much to notice the performance stealthily signals of his wife, allows poor Uncle Job to take his wares to other parts.
Through Nan's kitchen door comes the sweet sound of her singing. Plantagenet has found a new position. Uncle Job has given them a "fiver" to start on, a little fat turkey is on the table before her, awaiting its fragrant dressing, and life has seemed brighter this Thanksgiving morning than for many a day. So she sings with a heart growing lighter at each merry measure—and her song reaches Uncle Job, who stands knocking outside the door.
"Why, Uncle Job, how nice of you! And you've come to take dinner with us, haven't you? Did you meet Plant? No? He went to fetch you over half an hour ago. Let me have your basket and your hat and your gloves—there!"
"Thank you, my niece. I think I'll stay. It all depends, though."
"And how does 'Paradoxides Tessini' get on, sir?"
"Famously, Mrs. Nan—famously! I shall yet live to show old Herr von Leimstein that what he chooses to call muschelkalk of the triassic period is nothing upon earth—or in earth, I suppose I should say—but quite of the jurassic!"
"Indeed, sir. Well, I'm glad I'm not in the mussel shell state of evolution, and I am also glad that you have come to dinner, dear professor."
"Honestly glad?"
"Honestly glad."
"Glad enough to accept this little turkey as an addition to your repast?"
"Oh, Uncle Job, how lovely of you! Why, what a feast we'll have, to be sure! I'm awfully hungry, and I'll confess to you now, sir, that I felt as if I could eat the entire turkey Plant brought home myself. I wouldn't tell him the whole truth, but I was afraid he'd find it out by my gnawing the bones. But now we're all fixed for a luxurious repast, and, oh, Uncle Job, don't you want to chop up this onion for me? I'm so tired of weeping, and onions always affect me so deeply."
"Tears have forgotten the way to my eyes. Give me the chopper."
"There's the bowl, and there's—Plant."
"Tisn't fair," smiles the newcomer, holding out his hands to the grateful warmth of the little kitchen stove. "You're a witch. Upon which particular broomstick did you fetch him in my absence, Nan?"
"A turkey brought him. See, here it is, a twin to ours, and just in time to be stuffed."
"Hooray for us—a tandem team! To be strictly candid, Nan, I meant to eat the turkey I brought home all myself. Now you can have a taste. Four drumsticks! Uncle Job, if I do have a weakness for anything besides Nan it's—"
"What's this? Plant—look—look—look!"
Loudly then her cries of wonderment is the noisy downfall of the strange contents of that little turkey. Silver disks clatter and jingle and chink upon the pine table over the echoing tinware, the iron pans, the dough board, the floor itself, and, as if demoted with their sudden liberty, the big round coins go rolling off into this corner, that corner, under table, chair and stove!
How many broad silver dollars that gaunt owl holds the astonished young people cannot tell, but to their widely opened eyes it seems a little fortune, and Uncle Job thinks himself amply repaid when two happy children kneel beside him and fall to caressing him as they weep, and the tears are not born of the chopped onions in his lap—they are bona fide tears of pure joy.
And afterward, when it comes to pass that the profits that accrue from the enormous sales of the new textbook are all made over to the little bride and Mrs. Nan is accounted almost as wealthy as the regretted Gwendolin, Mrs. Tom allows John to turn the horses' noses toward the five roomed cottage to which an addition is being built for Uncle Job's especial use, and in her gentle daughter-in-law's little best room eats humble pie very prettily, leaving a message for her son that, to him, brings heaven itself into the dining room, when at dusk, through the sweet air of a budding spring, he comes and takes his place at the supper table opposite his wife.
"But we owe all our happiness to you—all to you, dear, dear uncle! For unless you had come to our aid and played fairly godfather we should yet be as poor as—"
"Job's turkey," suggests the professor.—Detroit Free Press.

The Thanksgiving Peasant.
"What have I got to be thankful for? Guess the Lord isn't bothering himself much about me, and I won't trouble him with my thanks."
These are the folks with whom things always go wrong.—New York Press.

Up in a Balloon.
Mr. Spencer errs when he says that he made in England the other day the highest balloon ascent. He went only 27,500 feet. In September, 1863, Mr. James Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell, in behalf of the British association, ascended at Wolverhampton to a height of seven miles. At 5 1/2 miles Glaisher became insensible. At seven Coxwell lost the use of both hands, but opened the valve with his teeth, and the descent was made in safety.—New York Press.

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