

# 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 katydids chat in the thicket,  
The locusts have ended their din,  
And even the last little cricket  
Has put up his violin.

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

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

## HOW THE GOVERNOR HELPED BOBBY

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

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 guv'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 guv'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 guv'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 along 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 guv'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 mullage, 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 Guv'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' 'no man that run Thanksgiving' and I tho't you w'd want all yore pe'ple to have a good time and we an't got enny turkey or enny thing like the teacher read about the pe'ple 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 size it's all rite. I am just past 8, but I am tolabul big to my age. I w'dn't ask for so much, but I an't got no papa like the other boys, and I tho't you w'd see that we w'd need more help than boys that's got papas. I ast mamma onct why I ain't

mittens and overcoat that fitted plump Robby perfectly, so, of course, they would fit Bobby Jenner.

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 mail, 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 turkey, plump and yellow, packed in with oranges, nuts and candies.

The committee shook hands with Jenner, wishing him a glad Thanksgiving; they sent messages to Bobby, and sent Jenner out into the world with a brave heart.

Jenner took the early train for home, and when he reached the town he went straight to the post office. Going to the general delivery window, he asked the girl if she was the person who had forwarded a letter to the governor. She answered "Yes," in a surprised tone; then he showed her the bundle and told her that he was Bobby's father.

The girl was delighted with the good news, and asked Jenner to wait inside the office.

Bobby was later than usual; he came with a lagging step and a sad little face. Jenner caught his breath hard as he saw his baby, grown so large. Bobby did not ask the usual question, but looking up into the girl's kind face said: "I guess it ain't no use to ask; it's too late now, and I guess they ain't ever going to be anything for the Jenners."

The girl came out of the office, followed by Jenner with the bundle. She showed Bobby the address in big letters and said: "You see, the governor sent you such a big Thanksgiving, he had to send a man to carry it home for you. Will you show him the way?" She laughed through her tears at the boy's glad surprise.

Bobby reached up and took the big man's hand confidently; not knowing who it was, he led the way home, and there was glad Thanksgiving for "The Jenners."—Ladies' World, New York.

**Making Preparations.**  
"I want to get a turkey and a bottle of paregoric, and some mince-meat, and some papsin pills, and some cranberries, and some furniture polish, and a quart of oysters, and a package of court plaster, and some sweet potatoes, and a fire insurance policy." Here the marketman smiled merrily and inquired: "Going to eat all that?" "No," responded the customer, "but the family Thanksgiving dinner occurs at my house this year."—Baltimore American.

**A SHARP DISCUSSION.**

"I would be his willing, yearning slave, sir!" she cried, with odd emotion. "You see I have yet the original idea of the woman's place, though I am an ardent Christian too. How would I treat him? I would toil for him, watch over him as a mother watches over her child; poverty could not dim the glory of my adoration; wealth could not dull the luster of my love for him. I—"

"Are you going to catch this train?" he interrupted, glancing at his watch and hoping that she would say no.

"Shall I? Shall I, James?" she whispered, coming closer to him, so that her sweet voice sounded in his ear above the shrill scream of the whistle.

"I would like to know more of you, Judith," he said. "Strange as it may seem, our brief acquaintance has convinced me that you may be the one woman in the world after my own heart."

"There was an unconscious joke in that last line, but the doctor didn't see it, because he was such a practical man, and, besides, he was excited."

"I have never believed in love at first sight," he was saying, "but you look all right to me."

"(That was horribly commonplace, but Rexford had not practiced in such affairs.)"

"And something tells me that I could learn to love you—"

"Here she is," shouted a gruff voice behind them, and a husky man with two assistants came rudely forward and took her arms.

"Excuse the interruption," grinned the first, "she's one of my patients—escaped from the 'tractable ward' this afternoon; glad you found her—yes, put her in the carriage—good-bye."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Inconsistent.**  
Optimist—So you have nothing to be thankful for?  
Pessimist—Not a deuced thing!  
"Well, such an habitual kicker as you ought to be thankful for that!"  
—Puck.

## HIS ONLY LOVE.

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

Dr. James Concannon Rexford was what you might call a "model man," and he knew it. He couldn't help but know it, because he had spent years of patient, self-denying effort to become so. He had a devoutly religious mind and a disciplined heart. He had never done anything frivolous or very sinful, never smoked tobacco, drank liquor or used the name of God in vain. He had practiced economy first from necessity from habit. When he got his medical diploma and put out his shingle he realized that he must begin to mix with the world. He didn't care for women—particularly, but he learned to dance because that is an easy way "to mix," and he saw that mixing paid. He danced as dutifully and with no aid from either his imagination or his heart. Some of his dancing companions became his patients, so it was a wise move.

When, by dint of incessant economy and hard work, his practice began to grow profitable, he was 35 and tired of boarding houses. He didn't have many friends, because, he explained to himself, friends are time wasters; they cost money, they lead one into shiftless ways. But he began to think it might add to his professional dignity, to his circle of acquaintances, to his personal comfort, if he were a married man. He began to "cast about" for a wife, much in the same way that he had "cast about" for a sound, city broke, handsome, gentle driving horse for his buggy. Having never given rein to whatever aptitude he had for lovelinking, he was a little awkward about it at first, but he was gratified to notice that there were plenty of "nice girls" always ready to "meet him half way." You see, besides being on the road to affluence and not wholly repulsive in appearance, Dr. Rexford was widely and well known of mothers, fathers, brothers and daughters as a "model man."

Having never made a mistake in any of the considerable affairs of life, Dr. Rexford was intensely determined to make no false matrimonial step. He "tried out" a dozen of the most feasible conjugal possibilities, taking his time to the process and devoting his best mental energies and quite a sum of money to the business of uncovering and vivisectioning the character, habits, temperaments, religious and domestic views, hopes, tendencies and ambitions of the several "candidates" for his marital favor. This, he knew by the books he had read and the sermons he had heard, was the proper manner to address the momentous question of matrimony. But he couldn't find a single woman who exactly measured up to his standard. Ginevra, who was mentally and spiritually O. K., had a catarrhal tendency; Lucy, a perfect physical specimen, was capricious and too fond of adultery; Jane had a penchant for religious heterodoxy that suggested future misunderstanding; Helen had everlastingly condemned herself with the admission that if she were married "her husband might go barefoot before she'd meet his sox!" Edith came very near touching the high mark of his approval, though even she showed occasional signs of having a mind of her own. And so it went. Poor Rexford began to think that the world did not contain the one, onliest one.

It was in this frame of mind that he started on his summer vacation. He was sitting on a bench in a little park at the edge of the small town of Brookhaven one evening, when a singularly beautiful young woman approached him and said:

"Would you be so kind as to direct me to the railway station?"

He rose to escort her, for he was a well-trained man, and was surprised at the frank look of admiration which she beat upon him.

"You are going with me? Oh, how kind it is of you!" And she took his arm with evident delight. He talked about the weather and other very proper subjects such as were best handled by men of his type, but was so impressed by her attention to his words that when they reached the station he gave her his card. She said:

"My name is Judith—Judith Homers—yes, 'Miss Judith,'" she laughed.

"I was afraid you were married," he answered, trying to think of some gallant bit of persiflage.

"No, no, I have—that is, I'm afraid I haven't—"

"Met the right man?" he helped her out. He was wonderfully impressed by her girlish, dependent manner, and continued, surprised at his own speed, "Who knows, Judith?"

"Ah, sir," glancing at the card, "ah, James. May I call you James?"

The doctor pinched himself to find whether he was awake.

"I sometimes fear I may never find him, but if I did, if I were married!" She blinked tearfully at the dim station light.

"How would you treat your husband, Judith?" he asked with a revulsion of "horse sense."

"I would be his willing, yearning slave, sir!" she cried, with odd emotion. "You see I have yet the original idea of the woman's place, though I am an ardent Christian too. How would I treat him? I would toil for him, watch over him as a mother watches over her child; poverty could not dim the glory of my adoration; wealth could not dull the luster of my love for him. I—"

"Are you going to catch this train?" he interrupted, glancing at his watch and hoping that she would say no.

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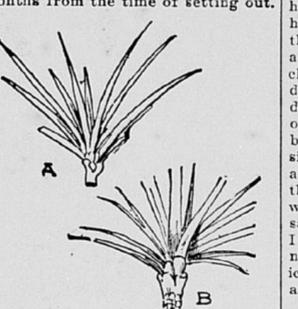
"I have never believed in love at first sight," he was saying, "but you look all right to me."



## GROWING PINEAPPLES.

Popular Description of How This Delicious and Profitable Fruit is Propagated.

It may be of interest to readers in general to know how so popular a fruit as the pineapple is propagated. Suckers are planted for the main crop of the common varieties. Well-matured suckers will produce a crop in fourteen to eighteen months from the time of setting out.



PINEAPPLE SUCKERS.  
(A, pineapple sucker trimmed ready to set; B, base of a properly trimmed sucker.)

The sucker should be set three to five inches deep, according to size, care being taken not to set it so deep that sand can be easily blown into the bud.

Plants may be set out at any time during the year, but the favorite time is during the fall after the suckers have made a good growth and are somewhat hardened off.

If there should be suckers fit to set out in spring, the pineapple grower should not permit any avoidable disturbance at that time, because it is the time of fruiting, when the plants need every advantage possible to produce the finest fruit.

Practically the time for setting pineapple suckers is limited to the season from July to November and in a more limited way to February 1.

## DRYING POTATOES.

A New Idea Which May, in the Course of Time, Develop into a Great Industry.

Drying as a means of preservation from decay is a very perfect and satisfactory method for those fruits and vegetables for which it is adapted. Its scope is continually being extended to include a larger list of these products than can be successfully handled in this manner. The Indianapolis Sentinel prints the following concerning the drying of potatoes:

"Dried potatoes is a new idea and industry, and like many other successful experiments, promises to be a big thing. It is the product of the South Carolina agricultural experiment station. During the process the potatoes are boiled, peeled and evaporated in a cannery, and will remain, it is claimed, in condition for years. The preserved potato becomes fit for eating after being soaked in warm water for an hour. Like many other new ideas, this promises to be a big thing. It insures to the farmer the perfect preservation of one of his most prolific and most important general food crops, at the same time fitting it for safe and economical shipment to distant markets heretofore closed to it, and effects these ends by a mode of preparation which is so simple and cheap that it can be employed on any farm. When it is noted that in one case an acre of land yielded 337 bushels of raw potatoes, which in turn yielded 105 bushels of the dried product, the possibilities of the process in the way of developing the culture of the vegetable in the south and introducing it to the world's commerce and comfort begin to appear in truly vast proportions."

**Drying Persistent Milkers.**  
Whether persistent milkers should be dried off for a certain time before they freshen or not is a question that all will not agree upon, says an exchange. But where it is a settled policy to do so, then extreme caution in some cases must be practiced, or injury will be done to the cow's udder. When the time comes to dry the cow off it will not do to simply stop milking her. If this is done inflammation will set in, and great harm may result. It is best to milk the cow once a day for a time regularly. Then skip for two milkings and milk regularly for a few days. Then skip three milkings and milk regularly for a few days, when she may be stripped irregularly till quite dry. I have seen cows that would not go dry with this kind of treatment. If they will not, the only thing to do is to milk them continuously and feed and care for them accordingly.

**The Iconoclast at Work.**  
The time-honored rule that moss grows on the north side of a tree, a rule which forms part of every woodman's catechism, and which he would no more dispute than one of the Ten Commandments, has received a few sharp blows from Henry Kraemer of Philadelphia. An investigation which he has conducted shows that on ten per cent. of the trees which he examined moss grew on the west side; ten per cent. on the northwest side; 25 per cent. on the northeast side; 35 per cent. on the east side, and 15 per cent. on the southeast side. What becomes of the old rule after such iconoclastic investigation?

## ICE FOR THE DAIRY.

Good Quality Can Be Secured and Safely Stored in Most of the Southern States.

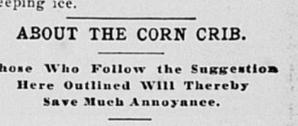
Every dairyman who lives in a climate where ice forms over two inches thick should have an icehouse, says a writer in Home and Farm. There are plenty of plans for houses to be used in cold climates, where the ice forms 12 or more inches thick, and can be cut to pack in a solid cube, making little trouble to preserve it through a comparatively short summer. But at the south, or at least between the Ohio river and central Tennessee, ice can usually be obtained thick enough to fill a house, and if properly put in and proper care taken of it, there will be ice when cold weather comes again.

My neighbors near Louisville had handsome residences and stylish icehouses that uniformly failed to keep the ice, for they were built of brick and stone, above the ground, and the climate was too warm for them. I dug a hole 14 feet square and 19 feet deep, laid a frame at the bottom and one on top of the ground, and nailed boards up and down all around. The sides of the house extended four feet above the ground, and made 12 inches thick, stuffed with sawdust. The roof was also made double and filled with sawdust. This I think very important. I had no ventilation, nor do I see any need for it. All the cold air over the ice comes from the ice, then why let air in?

I watched the pond carefully to see just when the ice was ready and, having my teams and negro men already engaged, the work was begun the first morning and finished by night, if it took all night. In this climate you can take no chances. Negroes will not work in ice unless you make a frolic of it with an occasional dram, but not too much. The ice was thrown in, breaking to pieces in the center of the house, while a man kept up the sides with larger pieces. Sawdust was put on the next day, and then the trouble began, for the ice soon melts from the sides, which spaces must be kept filled with sawdust, as also any crevices forming in the body of the ice. I had no drainage, as water will not stand in my ground. With daily care my icehouse was a complete success, and several others were built on the same plan with equal success in keeping ice.

**ABOUT THE CORN CRIB.**  
Those Who Follow the Suggestion Here Outlined Will Thoroughly Save Much Annoyance.

Every corn crib should have some means by which corn may be put in without having to pitch over the top from the first, and by which it can be easily removed at the bottom. The illustration represents a good method of doing this. Between two of the uprights which are several feet apart, the boards are sawed out with bev-

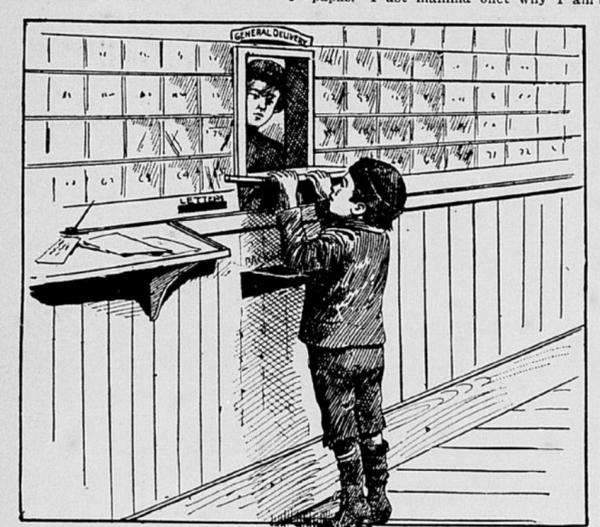


DEVICE FOR CORN CRIB.

eled ends before nailing on. The boards are not only beveled but are cut on an angle crosswise, so that in the section of the board cut out the longest edge is above. They are so beveled that the longest side comes on the inside, all of which is shown very clearly in the drawing. The beveling should be done with a miter, and the boards when once fitted, should be numbered or lettered that they may be kept in place. When filling the crib one board after another may be put in from the bottom up and in taking corn out a board may be piled loose at the bottom.—A. Franklin Shull, in Orange Judd Farmer.

**Sales of Process Butter.**  
It is reported from various markets that the effect of the recent legislation regarding oleomargarine and process butter has been to greatly curtail the sale of both. Process butter men declare that the effect has been disastrous on their business, especially on the exportable surplus of this butter. We think the great mass of dairymen will not find much fault with this result. While the maker of poor butter may not so readily sell it as formerly, the maker of good butter will not find process butter taking his trade away by means of an article that masquerades as fresh-made creamery butter. The present law merely prevents fraud, and should have the support of every honest man.—Farmers' Review.

**A Word About Cheap Plants.**  
Cheap plants must of necessity be grown cheaply. When you come to divide up the sum of \$1.25 between use of land, fertilizing, cost of original plants, setting, cultivating, mulching, digging and packing 1,000 plants, cost of catalogue and advertising, as well as meeting general expenses incident to doing business, each expense account must be cut down to a few cents, to balance income. It can only be done with plants having the viney habit, raked out with potato hooks, counted and packed by child or other cheap labor in the open field or some open shed exposed to sun and wind, since that price will not permit the expense of erecting suitable buildings for the purpose, and hiring a better class of labor.—R. M. Kellogg, in Farmers' Review.



"SAY, IS THERE ANYTHING FOR THE JENNERS?"

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 wanted 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

got no papa and she cried and sed he went away when I was a baby and an't got back. Ple-se send these things if you got plenty, so we can thankgive, to. Yore friend,

"BOBBY JENNER.  
"P. S. I like candy, but I don't ever have enny."

When the governor had finished reading the letter he was besieged by the children: "You will, won't you, papa? You won't disappoint the little fellow; just think, he knew you were so good just from seeing your picture. Say, let us get the things; we can fit the overcoat and mittens on our Robby, he's just past eight, and big for his age; and, oh, papa, won't you let us send some things he didn't ask for?"

The children were all talking at once.

"Hold on," said the governor. "I haven't said that I would send the things that he did ask for yet."

His own Robby looked up into his face and said, gravely: "I think you won't be good like your picture looks if you don't."

This speech settled the question, and 14-year-old Winifred was appointed chairman of the purchasing committee by the governor, who gave her a bill that sent them all flying at him, until he fled down the steps to keep from being smothered by their rapturous embraces.

Bobby Jenner and his thanksgiving became the topic at breakfast, dinner and supper, until the governor and his wife became almost as interested as the children.

## 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.

**Inconsistent.**  
Optimist—So you have nothing to be thankful for?  
Pessimist—Not a deuced thing!  
"Well, such an habitual kicker as you ought to be thankful for that!"  
—Puck.