A THANKSGIVING FEAST.

WE TWO are the last, my daughter.
To set the table for two,
Where once we had plates for twenty,
Is a lonesome thing to do.
But my boys and girls are scattered
To the east and the west afar,
And he who was dearer than children
Has passed through the gates ajar.

I'm wanting my bairns for Thanksgiving.
I thought last night, as I lay
Awake in my bed and watching
For the breaking of the day,
How my heart would leap in gladness
If a letter should come this morn
To say that they could not leave us here
To keep the feast forlorn.

Samuel, my son in Dakota,
Is a rich man, as I hear,
And he'll never let want approach us,
Save the wanting of him near;
While Jack is in San Francisco,
And Edward over the sea,
And only my little Jessie
Is biding at home with me.

And I feel like poor Naomi
When back to her own she went,
And they said: "Is *this* Naomi?"
She well knew what they meant.
I've staid, and the lads have wandered,
And the time that was swift to go
When I was brisk and busy
Is laggard and dull and slow.

Oh! the happy time for a mother
Is when her bairns are small,
And into the nursery beds at night
She gathers her darlings all;
When the wee ones are about her,
With gleeful noise and cry,
And she hushes the tumult with a smile,
Her brood beneath her eye.

THE HAPPY TIME FOR A MOTHER.

But a mother must bear her burden
When her babes are bearded men,
On 'change and in the army,
Or scratching away with a pen
In some banker's dusty office,
As Martin is, no doubt—
A mother must bear her burden,
And learn to do without.

I know the Scripture teaching,
To keep the halt and blind,
And the homesick and the desolate,
At the festal hour in mind.
Of the fat and the sweet a portion
I'll send to the poor man's door,
But I'm wearying for my children
To sit at my board once more.

I tell you, Jessie, my darling,
This living for money and pelf,
It takes the heart from life, dear;
It robs a man of himself.
This old bleak hill-side hamlet,
That sends its boys away,
Has a right to claim them back, dear,
On the fair Thanksgiving day.

Shame on my foolish fretting!
Here are letters, a perfect sheaf;
Open them quickly, dearest!
Ah me, 'tis beyond belief:
By ship and train they're hastening,
Rushing along on the way.
Tell the neighbors *all* my children
Will be here Thanksgiving day.
—Harper's Bazar.

THE RAREST FEAST.

"We'll have a goose to-morrow, ma—
Thanksgivin' day, ye know—
An' have Josiah's folks come down!"
That's what I said, but no,
Ma 'lowed that turkey'd be the best,
An' said it out so flat,
It raised my grit, an' so I says:
"Well, now, jus' think o' that!

"That old gray goose is fit to kill,
An' just the thing to eat
Fer such a day, when folks'll want
To have some kind o' treat."
"Whoever heerd," says ma again,
"O' havin' Thanksday meal
Without a turkey, roasted hull?"
But I turns on my heel

An' starts up toward the door, 'n' says:
"Oh, talkin' ain't no use,
But common sense is on my side,
'N' I shall kill that goose."
Jus' then I looked at little May
Who sat there in her chair,
Just like she allers had to set
(She couldn't stir from there).

An' then I says: "Well, little one,
You settle this dispute!"
(Fer she was talkin' with her eyes,
Although her lips was mute).
'What'll we have to-morrow, dear?
Now, you shall have your say."
She looks up, shy, an' says out soft:
"Let's have Thanksgivin' day!"

Well, you can guess that little speech
Has staved with ma an' me,
Though she that said it's gone away
To where she's well 'n' free.
Thanksgivin's come again, an' we
Jus' think of little May,
So we don't worry 'bout the food,
But have—Thanksgivin' day.
—Myrtle K. Cherryman, in Detroit Free Press.

IT WAS Thanksgiving eve, and Mrs. Jones' city nephew had arrived to spend the festal day at her home in the country. There was quite an excitement in the household over this first visit of Brice Bellingham, who was considered one of the best of fellows in his social circle, and of whom his relatives might be proud without a penance involved. Slender were the facilities at Felton Falls for showing him off, while great was his aunt's ambition on that score. Some means must be found for bringing him into the focus of the Robinsons, who had just settled in the place, and were reputed very rich and refined people.

If you have ever been at Felton Falls you will recollect that as you come up from the little railroad station and leave behind the cluster of dwellings with a single white spire pointing upward from their midst, Mrs. Jones' ornate cottage comes into view, standing on the right hand of the road; and a short distance beyond, along the plain upon your left, rises by far the most pretentious residence of the place; close beyond which again is a cottage so humble as to seem poorly worth considering except for the connection its inmates have with this veracious tale.

It was to the house beautiful that the Robinsons had come. It had been built two years before, but never occupied, for the reason that its owner died at the very time it was completed, and it had taken the interval to settle the estate. Now it is well known that not even a melon patch or fruit trees in their season of luxury are more irresistible to raiding youngsters than is a vacant dwelling, however inexplicable the fact may be. The incoming family could hardly have been aware of the abuse the fine house had suffered, or they would have given it three weeks' grace in the hands of the repairers, instead of calling it home and afterward putting it into a homelike condition, especially with the husband and father an invalid, and just at Thanksgiving time.

In the small house nestled so near the large one lived Mrs. Brown and her daughter—"poor but respectable." Being Mrs. Jones' nearest neighbor hitherto, Mrs. Brown had received many attentions from that rich but respectable lady. But one day, alas! earlier in the year of which we are speaking, there came a breach of friendship. Their trouble began in the sewing circle, and Mrs. Brown was irreverent enough to say even in the church vestry that Mrs. Jones was no more nor less than a purse-proud aristocrat, and she wanted no more of her patronizing. This was repeated to Mrs. Jones, and the neighbors all at once ceased to be neighborly.

To return to Thanksgiving eve at Mrs. Jones'. Brice Bellingham had scarcely been an hour in the house when he followed his aunt to the kitchen—feeling already privileged—and found her standing at a table packing a hamper with such provisions as grace the cuisine of the well to do when a Thanksgiving dinner is in course of preparation. Conspicuous among these were a fat turkey, stuffed and made ready for the roasting pan, two mince pies of glorious diameter, and a head of celery beautifully bleached and of a quality to almost melt in the mouth.

"Ah," exclaimed Brice, "my good aunt is on benevolent thought intent, if I read the signs correctly. Now so far as a good dinner goes," he went on, smiling and watching the basket, "I might as well be some poor neighbor of yours as to be what I am, your adoring nephew."

"I have a neighbor who is not an object of charity," began Mrs. Jones, "or would not be but for present difficulties. I wanted to lend a hand but am feeling dubious at the prospect. My man Peter drove away this afternoon for Hoosic, with directions in case of not finding there what he was sent for to go on to Parkboro. It looks as if he had gone on, otherwise he would have been at home before this; and if so he will come too late to carry out my basket to-night. I should prefer on several accounts to send it under cover of dusk. I have let Bridget go to spend to-morrow at her cousin's, and Mary has lamed her foot; so there is no one—"

"Pray, aunt, allow me to be your almoner," interrupted Brice, eagerly. "I will manage to turn it into an adventure to tell at the club when I get back to town."

Aunt Jones could not resist his persuasive eloquence, that so well harmonized with her desires, and consented with thanks expressed and unexpressed—her dinner device including rather more than she chose to tell. With the knowledge that the "unexpected had happened" to the new family in the non-arrival of servants, this method of leaping into free relations with them had suggested itself; that she looked forward with satisfaction to the stinging jealousy poor Mrs. Brown would feel—her unhappy and only share in the social intercommunication going on before her eyes—was Mrs. Jones' own secret. In her strained relations with Mrs. Brown, she hoped that person would see what she had brought upon herself, and she had no idea of conquering a peace by milder measures. An outline of the existing state of things with the Robinson family that his aunt gave Brice by way of preliminary to his undertaking was in the exhilaration of the hour as good as lost upon him—it went in at one ear and out at the other, as the saying is.

BRICE STOOD TRANSFIXED.

"If you should get a glimpse of one of those pretty young ladies," finally remarked Aunt Jones, balancing the burden on an arm fairly well equipped with muscle through athletic exercise—her smile was a captivating finish to the sentence.

Immediately the young man was off on his errand under the starry canopy of the broad country skies, finding the situation, taken in all its bearings, sufficiently novel and even intoxicating. He had forgotten to don his goloshes, and tramped through miry places regardless of the fact that a "shine" was no more to be had at Felton Falls than was a chariot of the Pharaohs. As he was about to turn in at the mansion gate, he made the discovery that the name of the people to whom he had been sent had dropped out of his mind.

"'Twas something common—very," reflected the nephew of his aunt in striving to remind himself—"not Smith, though. No matter—it's gone from me; I will inquire for the lady of the house, or bridge the difficulty some other way. If I blunder, these children of the frontier won't know it. Well—but how is this?—I am blundering woefully already."

Brice had surprised himself facing a low, broad flight of marble steps conducting to a stately veranda supported by Corinthian columns, with French windows, uncurtained and unlighted staring across at him. The truth was that the family were meeting their exigencies in the rear rooms as quietly as possible. Brice had good reason for thinking nobody lived there; and he added—oblivious of his aunt's explanations—that neither was this a home to welcome donations for the mortal body. What was it his aunt had said about a house that had suffered from ill-usage, and that sort of thing?

"Ah!"

In returning toward the gate Brice got his first view of the cottage, crouching in the shadow of the grander edifice, and for a moment stood transfixed. At a little window sat a young woman sewing by the light of a lamp that presented her clear-cut portrait to the beholder. "This is the place, of course, and that the pretty girl," thought the young man. His memory had been faithful where a pretty girl was concerned. He passed into the road. A lad was seen approaching who just then broke into whistling a popular tune—a kind of proclamation of innocence, probably, in regard to the desecration that had been going on close by, at the mansion just come out of its long swoon.

"Can you tell me who lives in that cottage, my boy?" asked the stranger in Felton Falls.

"Mis' Brown lives there now," drawled the young native, with hands deeply pocketed in a pair of immense trousers.

Brice thanked his informer and was passing on, when the other recovered from his wonderment sufficiently to call out: "Und she lived there al'ays, fur's I know."

"Yes, yes, Brown's the name," thought Brice, with much satisfaction. "I won't get it mixed with Smith and Robinson any more. Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Brown—that's it. And a young lady as pretty as a pink sitting with bent head at a window, the unconscious object of admiration."

The conscious admirer had reached the door over whose threshold, only a few inches above the surface of the ground, trailed the sere weeds of autumn. Having fumbled in vain for a bell knob, he knocked. At the sound the fair needlewoman arose quickly, paused to reach up and lower the shade from the top of the window, opened the door and appeared before the stranger with modest self-possession, a tall, slender figure in a pink print wrapper ruffled low about a white and shapely neck.

"My aunt, Mrs. Jones, sends compliments, and begs Mrs. Brown's acceptance of a few articles suited to the season: hoping, as well, that she will kindly excuse all deficiencies and informality."

Except for the accidental substitution of Brown for Robinson, Brice had delivered his aunt's message verbatim, and had done it with the address she credited him with when she withdrew from the basket the note prepared in view of sending it by the serving man. Then saying another good evening, he turned away as hastily as if each moment were precious.

Aunt Jones sat building air castles when Brice reentered, running his fingers through his dark curling locks and announcing triumphantly—as if the experience had not taken his breath away, "I saw her, sure enough, aunt."

"Which one?" was inquired.

"Oh, then there are more of her! The lovely girl who received your Thanksgiving offering with such grace may be about quitting her teens, I should say."

"Yes, that is she," responded the other, smiling her gratification. "Alicia is her name. There is a married daughter, I have heard, and there are twins of fourteen or fifteen. When you come again, Bricey, say before the holidays are over, I will have the young lady and her mother to tea. Miss Alicia is said to be very accomplished and charming. I expect to be on terms of intimacy with them directly."

At this interesting point a rumble of wheels came to their ears, and Mrs. Jones and Brice Bellingham hurried forth to welcome a carriage full of friends—further arrivals in honor of the occasion. From that hour until another nightfall joy and duty centered in themselves.

It was Thanksgiving night and Mrs Jones was temporarily alone, Brice having gone to the station to witness the departure, as he said, of all but himself.

A boy, the same whom Brice had met on the road—the too early inheritor of his father's greatness in trousers—rang the bell and put into the mistress' hand a note. With a glance at the neat superscription she opened and read:

"DEAR MRS. JONES: Mother requests me to express her almost painfully deep sense of your goodness in making so bountiful provision for our wants on this ever-favorite anniversary, asking also that you will in the same Christian spirit forget, as you have evidently forgiven all words and acts which have disturbed your friendly intercourse and been a source of infinite regret to her.

"I am gratefully and respectfully yours,

"MARY J. BROWN."

Thrice the bewildered recipient read this missive; then the truth flashed upon her. But even at this point she was rather overwhelmed with humiliation than sorry for the mistake her messenger had made in the delivery of her Thanksgiving supplies. The apparent error struck her as an interposition of Providence, the wisdom whereof she durst not question. "The woman need not ask my pardon," she murmured with bowed head; "I have been far more at fault than she in this quarrel that might, if it had gone on, infected the whole parish."

Brice Bellingham on his return from the station noted his aunt's air of abstraction, attributing it to the departure of those dear to her heart, amid the uncertainties that attend our fleeting years, also doubtless to tender associations of the day with kindred and friends who were now only a blessed memory.

How Mrs. Jones builded better than she knew, and what share his ridiculous inadvertence had had in the transforming of events, Brice never dreamed. No, not even when a year later his marriage was celebrated in that lady's smiling presence, and he bore away his bride (guess whom?) the proudest and the happiest man who ever breathed the atmosphere of Felton Falls.—Lavinia S. Goodwin, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

For His Health.

Mrs. Hen—"Why don't you come out from under the barn? They are throwing corn out and all the fowls are there." Mr. Turkey—"Thanks; I'm here for my health at this time of year."—Minneapolis Journal.

Young Benedick's Trial.

Although he wears a smiling face
His humor's somewhat jerky,
For well he knows that after grace
He'll have to carve the turkey!

—Judge

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

COMMON SENSE AND DRINK.

Natural Principles Governing the Needs of Man.

There was never any science that has seemed to me so beneficial and so useful as this very simple science of teaching why people should abstain from strong drink. There is common sense in science, and when science is not common sense, it is not, strictly speaking, scientific in its character. Science is simplicity. It is nature speaking to man. When we look at the details of life and consider how they are put together—so that living creatures may be brought into action, and may exist and have power, and may go through the phase which we call life—we see that, with regard to the means by which a living being is brought into existence and carried through it, there are certain methods for the construction of the body, for the supply of its wants and necessities, and for the maintenance of its power, which remain inviolate. Men may change their views and opinions, but these eternal laws go on.

So when we come to the investigation of the food and drink of man we find that, according to nature, there is one principle at work, and none other. There are two things given us to live upon in nature—things which are combustible and things which go to build up the body. These we call food. Then we have something given to us to carry these solid parts of food round the body and dispose of them in the same way in which the merchant distributes his goods up the rivers, and so on. The bearer of all these substances which go to build up our bodies is a fluid, and that fluid is water. It makes up sixty-four per cent. of the weight of all our bodies, and it carries like a mighty river all through our vessels the food which we require. In nature we always find this water present. The smallest or the largest animal cannot live without this fluid. Beasts require no other fluid than water. It is not until we come to man, and then only to a very small part of mankind, that we see any interference with this universal law of nature.

Man must at some period of his history have dropped upon a stray kind of product which exists in nature, and, thinking it different from water, began to drink it. He called it wine, and then spirit, when he had discovered the art of distillation. Then serious evils took place. He was off the line, was not running with the natural state of things, but by and by men began to learn. Then not learned men but poor men began to think it wise to return to natural principles. Poor men rather more than fifty years ago began to start this great principle that man should be content like the rest of creation with the natural fluid sent to him.

There has been a great controversy as to whether it is not bad to give up the fluid alcohol. You will ask: Is this fluid positively harmful? Yes, it is harmful. It changes the natural order of the body and produces a fascinating effect for the moment. It quickens the pulse and the breathing, excites the mind, leads to sudden impulses which make men or women feel for the time that they are strong and happy, but in all that it leads them from the natural course of things. Everything is carefully ordered as to time in the human body, and if this regulation be but preserved, there is a long stage of life before every living man. But nature will not be interfered with. Change that order; put into the body a substance like alcohol, which is foreign to it, which quickens the pulse, the breathing, the impulses, and the thoughts, and you hasten the period of death. That is the peculiarity of all, or nearly all, those persons who indulge largely in strong drink—they become prematurely old. And so, is it not common sense and common science too, when we see effects like these following a misuse of the substance before us, that it is better for every man, woman and child never to vary from the natural course of nature so as to induce these pleasurable sensations and this quickened life in the organic life? I think you will all be of opinion that this is the right and proper view for everybody to take.

We are all born to drink no other fluid than water. Why should we ever depart from it? Why break the pledge which nature has given, and make man cease to be what he was intended to be? Not one bit of good ever comes from the trial. When we take a pledge with nature, there is no service rendered ourselves by the breaking of it. This substance called alcohol goes to form no tissue or give warmth. It imperfectly dissolves everything in the way of food which comes in contact with it, interferes with the digestion and the distribution of food, produces false products in the body, disease in the organs of the body, sadness always after a time, aberration of the mind, so that at least fourteen per cent. of the unfortunates in our asylums are there because of its presence. It makes diseases, some of which are specifically its own and are called after it; and we can calculate by figures what will be the value of life in a person who is freed from this agent, and the value of life in one who continues to take it. This in common sense should make every one of us resolve to go back to nature if nature has been departed from, and to let our lives pass from beginning to end in pure obedience to nature and in obedience to that power from which all nature springs.—Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., in Good Health.

DRINKING WOMEN.

Members of the Fair Sex Who Have Become Inveterate Tipplers.

Women are being accused by members of their own sex in a way that is calculated to startle the public. At a recent meeting of the church congress in London Lady Frederick Cavendish declared that the members of her sex were becoming "inveterate tipplers." Alcohol, she said, was not the only fashionable failing, but chloral, chlorodyne and morphia were used by many women in fashionable life. Many other prominent women in England made like complaints at the same meeting.

It was an odd coincidence that on the same day the Women's Christian Temperance union of the state of New York in annual convention at Newburgh listened to somewhat similar accusations against American women. Mrs. Homer A. Nelson, whose husband has long been known as one of the prominent lawyers and politicians of that state, declared that the "use of opiates was more widespread than generally imagined, and that in the better class of society it was rapidly gaining ground." She told about its being a common practice for "well-to-do ladies to drive up to the drug store, send in for a four-ounce vial of laudanum, get it, and drive away," and she added, "women use opiates as men use liquor, and it is a growing evil."

This is surprising, and the average reader will ask, what are we coming to? If the mothers of the land, particularly those in the "best society," are addicted to opiates "in the same way as men use liquor," it is time that the men waked up to a realization of the effect it will have on the rising generation. Opiates will injure the health generally infinitely worse than liquor. It would be much better for the women to "accompany the men to the smoking room after dinner and share not only the cigars but the spirits," as Lady Cavendish says is done in England.

It is difficult to believe that either in England or in this country the use of alcohol and opiates has become the great evil these ladies represent. It is the general belief that the tendency is the other way. The man who uses liquor to excess now finds it increasingly difficult to gain admission to good society, and a woman who does so would be excluded altogether. There is unquestionably greater laxity in that respect in England than in this country; but even there the Victorian age has been characterized by a very great improvement in that respect. The world is growing better instead of worse so far as the use of liquor and opiates is concerned. Still, the evil is great, and these Christian women do not make these assertions without reason.—Philadelphia Press.

A MORPHINE SLAVE.

The Terrible Consequences of Indulgence in the Deadly Drug.

She stands behind the bar of a squalid saloon near the river waiting on sailors from the lake boats. She is not old in years, they say, but her face is seamed with the lines that misery brings so quickly. Her form is bent like that of one weighed down with the burden of many years and her eyes are dim save when the morphine gives them an unearthly glitter.

Despite her seeming age they call her with unconscious irony "the English girl," because they remember her as they first saw her. She is strangely changed since then.

"It's the drug as has done for her," is their explanation. Then as an afterthought—"An' then her man left her; she is crazylike now."

Sometimes a maudlin sailor proffers his uncouth sympathy and with staring eyes she mutters dreamily of a "river shinin' in the sun, where the boats goes up an' down wi' their sails a-flappin' to the breeze. My man's a-singin' an' a-comin' home to me."

The voice sinks to a whisper. "There's children there a-playin' by the water, an' flowers an' birds. We're goin' back, goin' back across the weary, weary sea."

Sobbing childishly she moans over and over again: "Across the weary sea, across the weary sea." Then her head falls upon her arm and she is still.

The weird eloquence of the morphine eater causes a hush to fall over the assemblage of noisy men.

"She will die in one of them spells some day," they whisper. Then they go softly away, for the moaning voice is not a pleasant thing to hear, and it lingers so long in one's ears—that sad, unmeaning refrain: "Across the weary, weary sea."

"It's the drug as has done for her, an' her man left her," that is all.—Chicago Times.

THE HABIT OF NIPPING.

Physical Dangers of Moderate Indulgence in Alcoholic Drinks.

Whatever may be the opinion or judgment, based on experience or science, as to the value of the reverse of taking some form or alcohol with the meals, there is no doubt that the custom of taking wine or spirits or beer between meals and on an empty stomach—in one word the pernicious habit of "nipping"—is highly injurious. The morning nip, between breakfast and the midday meal, which is so frequently taken by domestic servants, nurses, work people, and "city men," renders the taker less fit for his daily work than he would otherwise be, and is often in women the first fatal step towards dram-drinking, and the shameful life of the woman-drunkard, of which we are hearing so much at the present time. The flushing of the face, caused by the dilatation of the small blood-vessels, usually induced by alcohol when taken alone, is symptomatic of what takes place in the stomach. The direct action of alcohol on the mucous membrane is to produce temporary congestion or blushing of the internal surface of the stomach. This congestion ultimately becomes chronic if "nips" or "drams" of spirits are frequently indulged in, with the result that the mucous membrane becomes thickened and indurated, a quantity of tenacious mucus is secreted, the digestive ferment is paralyzed or destroyed, and alcoholic dyspepsia is established.—London Hospital.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

It takes the confirmed toper a long time to find out that he has any bad habits.

The London police court mission does a good work by visiting prisoners in their homes, providing homes and situations for women and girls, helping the sick, and obtaining pledges from drinkers.

The Belgian Patriotic League for the Suppression of Alcoholism has caused to be written, for representation on the stage, a drama entitled: "Martin, the Shoemaker; or, The Effects of Drunkenness."

A supreme court has rendered a decision to the effect that a saloonkeeper who receives his friends on Sunday in his office connected with his bar in another building by archways, but separated therefrom by damask curtains and barricades, is guilty of keeping his saloon open on Sunday.

The saloonkeeper put water, sugar and whisky in a tumbler for his customer. Now, what came out of that tumbler? In the first place, the customer's wife got a beating out of it, and, in the second place, the customer himself got six weeks in prison. Beats all the sleight-of-hand in the world!

A circular was sent recently to the leaders of religious bodies in Leeds, England, to ascertain the extent of their sympathy with total abstinence and the total suppression of the traffic. To the question: "Do you use non-alcoholic wine at the communion?" Fifty-one ministers replied "Yes," and fifteen "No." On the question of the direct veto, sixty-seven ministers and fifty-three laymen reported in favor. The replies came from all denominations.

Animals That Get Drunk.

Close observers have noticed that flies will gather upon a half-drunken, sleepy sot, while a dozen sober men in the same room are not molested by them. The flies will buzz around their subject with great delight, frequently alighting upon his perspiring face. Off they go and return again and again, quaffing the alcoholic nectar issuing from his pores. After awhile their flight becomes uncertain and eccentric, and sometimes they come in collision. Recently a drunken man raised his hand and brushed them from his face. Some fell to the floor and lay there paralyzed. After awhile they got on their feet and wearily flew off, half dazed. Perhaps they had a head on. Many animals yield to the seduction of rum drinking, especially elephants, horses, cows and swine. Poultry, especially turkeys, will absorb the tempting drink till they tumble over in a leaden sleep, lying around as if dead, and utterly ignoring their accustomed roots. On awaking they stagger for a few moments and soon recover, but it is hours before they renew their cheerful cackling.—N. Y. Sun.

HIS HONOR'S SECRET.

The Disinterested ~~ess~~ of a Kansas Judge Put to a Test.

The following story has been told me about James Legate, the lobbyist, and a certain judge of Lawrence, Kas. Jim, it seems, wanted to enlist the service of the judge in the Galveston deep-water project:

"You can steer 'em up to me, judge," said Jim, "and get them to hire me to promote their little scheme. They want deep water and an appropriation. I want $10,000. You put me in line to make it, and it's a divy. We take $5,000 apiece."

The judge hesitated, but he wanted that $5,000 just the same.

"Of course," said the judge, gingerly, "I would be very glad to serve you, Mr. Legate. The money I don't care for, but I would like to do you a favor. But," he continued, impressively and low, "mind you, if I do, my name must never be mentioned in the transaction. That you must promise. My name must never occur or be mentioned in the transaction at any stage."

Jim promised, and the judge "saw" the Galveston projectors, with the result that Legate was engaged and paid the $10,000. Then the judge came around.

"Well, Mr. Legate," said he, in amiable anticipation of getting his five thousand dollars, "we managed that very nicely."

"And I'm eternally obliged to you, judge, too," interjected Legate. "I don't think I could have turned the trick without your aid."

After a pause, during which Legate had a dim, far-away look in his eye, the judge concluded to spur him gently.

"You got the money all right, Legate?"

"Oh, yes; got it in my war bags right now," and Jim slapped his enriched pocket approvingly, "and I'll always remember the help you were to me, too, judge. When a man in a friendly, disinterested way does me a favor I'll never forget him. I'm a callous man but that sort of thing touches me."

"Well," said the judge, after a brief wait, "I suppose you remember your promise?"

"Oh, distinctly," said Legate, warmly grasping the other's hand, "and I'll keep it, too. Your name shall never be mentioned in connection with this transaction. Never in any way or form. You can rely on my secrecy implicitly."—Kansas City Times.

TALKED HIM OUT OF IT.

A Police Sergeant Exposes a Libel Upon New York's Principal Street.

A badly battered citizen walked into a police station the other morning, and said he was the victim of a highway robbery in which he had lost three hundred and forty dollars. The robbers, he declared, had sandbagged him and run off.

"I was walking up Broadway," he began, "when they attacked me. It was—"

"Hold up!" interrupted the sergeant. "Did you say this thing occurred in Broadway?"

"I did."

"Now I know you're a liar. No such thing could happen in Broadway."

"But it did," persisted the victim. "Here are five witnesses," and he pointed to that number of people who were with him. "One of them is the president of the 'Steenth National bank, another is an English lord, the third is the governor of a state, the fourth is a New York city congressman, and the fifth is an ex-president of the United States."

"I don't care a blame," said the sergeant incredulously. "If a whole regment of generals were passing and made affidavits I wouldn't believe them. New York is too well policed for a thing like that to happen in Broadway."

"But my money's gone."

"You probably spent it on drink and are ashamed to tell your wife."

"Look where I've been sandbagged, though. They chipped a piece right off my head."

"Did it yourself, probably, to help your story. If you people think you can fool me you make a mistake. Now, get right out of here, or I'll lock you up for perjury."

After they had gone he turned to the door man and said: "All sorts of liars come in here, but I'm equal to 'em. As if such a thing could occur on Broadway. Pshaw!"

"Perhaps the old cove did get belted," the doorkeeper suggested. "It might have been as well to investigate the facts."

"Tain't any question of facts," said the sergeant. "It's a question of probability. It don't look probable on the face of it, and that settles it."—N. Y. Herald.

Christmas Wide Awake.

The December Wide Awake is a true Christmas number and has, therefore, the full Christmas flavor, from the beautiful colored frontispiece that opens it to the fantastic flower piece that ends it.

This frontispiece is a representation of the Ice Queen in her grotto, drawn by Henry Sandham to accompany Mrs. Sandham's article, "The Vagaries of Santa Claus."

"The Bluecoat School," the famous English school in which Charles Lamb and other noted Englishmen were educated, by Louise Imogen Guiney, is highly interesting and fully illustrated by Joseph Pennell. "Mr. Van Gelt's Case," by William O. Stoddard. To this strong story succeeds an equally strong Christmas ballad by R. Macdonald Alden, "How Lajla Found the Christ-child," beautifully illustrated by Merrill.

The new serials that commence in this Christmas number are of unusual excellence. They are W. O. Stoddard's Revolutionary story, "Guert Ten Eyck;" Molly Elliot Seawell's naval story, "The Midshipmen's Mess," and Theodora R. Jenness's Indian story, "Piokee and her People;" all finely illustrated. A delightful Christmas play for young people, "Wishing," by William Grant, is given complete, with directions for home representation.

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WHEN a barber talks too much his stories are generally illustrated with cuts.—Texas Siftings.

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"CHICAGO, Oct. 25, 1892.

"I reached Chicago this morning 'on time' via 'The North-Western Line,' and feel that a word is due with respect to the superb equipment on their 'Limited.'

"Their Compartment Sleepers are certainly the most remarkable combination of comfort and luxury ever put on wheels, and every appreciative traveler will bless the genius which has contrived to make the journey of life so smooth! I certainly do, and will never forget the enjoyment I experienced. I felt as if I were 'rolling in wealth' all the way. It is a grand improvement to have the smoking compartment independent and apart from the sleeper, and I am sure that the managers of that line will receive the thanks of the ladies

"It is a great point to gain the good will of the ladies.

"N'est ce pas?"—St. Paul Globe.

COLD contracts. That's why your pocketbook is so small when you have coaled up for the winter.—Danville Breeze.

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It is our earnest desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines to Milwaukee, Chicago and all points East and South. Two fast trains leave St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth daily, equipped with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of the latest design. Its Dining Car Service is unsurpassed, which accounts, to a great degree, for the popularity of this line. The Wisconsin Central Lines, in connection with Northern Pacific R. R., is the only line from Pacific Coast points over which both Pullman Vestibuled, first class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated via St. Paul without change to Chicago.

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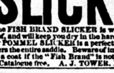

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