

Thanksgiving

When Thankgivin' Comes.
Goin' to have a joyful day
'Bout next Thursday down our way
Relatives 'll all be here—
Comin' now fr'm far an' near.
Got a turkey home, I'll bet
Is the biggest we've had yet;
Always lots to eat, I've found
When Thankgivin' comes around.

Pa, he'll carve the noble bird,
Tellin' all the jokes he's heard;
Ma, she'll keep things movin' right,
Everyone'll talk a sight—
All exceptin' Bill an' me;
We'll be still as still can be,
Won't have time to make a sound
When Thankgivin' comes around.

Golly! but it's bully, though,
Havin' relatives, you know,
Ma jest smiles when Bill and I
Take a second piece of pie;
Pa, he'll only laugh and roar
When we pass our plates for more;
Never's scolded us her frowner
When Thankgivin' comes around.

Uncle Jim sez me an' Bill
'S jest about as hard to fill
Ez two elephants, but Gee!
If they'll only let us be
We won't care for what they say,
But jest grin an' eat away.
We'll be full clear fr'm the ground
When Thankgivin' comes around.
—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

A THANKFUL THANKSGIVING

I DON'T feel as if I should enjoy this Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Joel Nisbett, looking down into the basket of glossy, red cheeked Spitzbergs as if it were a family vault and taking up an apple as if it had been a skull; "no, I don't."

"Then, Sarepta," observed her husband, who had just thrown a huge log on the open fire, "you don't disarm nothin' to be thankful for! It's as handsome a turkey as ever flapped, and I don't know of a year when I've had nicer pumpkins on that ar' corn lot!"

"Tain't turkey or pumpkin pies or cranberry sass as makes Thanksgiving," sighed Mrs. Nisbett.

"What is it, then? Ef it's cold weather, I should ha' thought the last frost would ha' done the business for you pretty fairly. Them artemisias by the front door is scorched black, and the old maple is losin' its leaves as if they was rainin' down. Parson Jarvis is comin' all the way from Sloatesville to preach to-morrow, and the quire's larned a bran' new anthem just a-purpose, about bein' thankful for harvest and all that sort of thing. I'm sure I don't know what else you'd have."

Mrs. Nisbett only answered by a sigh. "I wonder if tain't possible Stephe'll be hum to-night," she said after a pause. "He writ not. He thought he'd drop in arly to-morrow mornin' if he caught the train he expected. Only think, old woman; it's five years since Stephe was hum to Thanksgiving!"

Old Nisbett rubbed his horny hands, with a chuckle, adding: "And I s'pose, if all accounts is true, he's gettin' to be a great man out in that western country. It was kind of a hard pull when he went off and left us, but maybe she boy was in the right."

"Yes," said Mrs. Nisbett dolorously, "but somehow I can't get reconciled to the idea of his marryin' a strange gal out there."

Joel scratched his head. This was a phase of the subject that he scarcely felt competent to discuss. "Maybe you'll like her. Stephen says she's a nice gal."

"Stephen says! As if a man over head and ears in love wouldn't say anything." "I wish he'd told us who she was."

Mrs. Nisbett groaned again. Joel went out to the woodpile, the everyday shrine whence he generally derived what little of philosophic inspiration he had.

"Mrs. Nisbett!"

It was a soft little voice, and the old lady's face relaxed instinctively as it sounded on her ears.

"Why, Lida Tremaine—tain't you!"

"It is. I've done everything that Aunt Constance wanted, and now I've just run over to see if you don't need a bit of help."

She stood in the doorway, a fair little apparition, all flushed and rosy with the November wind, while her blue eyes sparkled as if they were twin sapphires hidden away under her long, dark lashes. She was neither blond nor brunette, but a fresh cheeked girl, with nut brown hair, skin like the leaf of a damask rose, a straight, refined nose and lips as ripe as a red crabapple, though by no means so sour. Generally she had a demure sort of gravity lingering about her face, but when she did laugh a dimple came out upon her cheek and a row of pearly teeth glimmered instantaneously.

In one hand she carried a bunch of late autumn flowers.

"See!" she cried, holding them up. "I ransacked Aunt Constance's garden for these. I knew that big vase on the mantel needed something, and, with a branch or so of scarlet leaves, I'll have a royal bouquet to help you keep Thanksgiving."

Mrs. Nisbett took the fair oval face between her two hands and kissed the fresh little mouth.

"Set down, Lida," she said. "I wasn't a-calculatin' to have no sech fixin's up, but you're sech a way, child, I can't never say no to you."

"But you're going to keep Thanksgiving," cried Lida, throwing off her outer wrappings and dancing up to the looking glass like a little gale of wind, "because

you invited Aunt Constance and me to dinner and because your son is coming home."

"Yes, child, yes," said Mrs. Nisbett, subsiding once more into the mournful way from which Lida's sudden appearance had momentarily aroused her. "Joel's got the turkey shut up in a coop, and the bakin's done, and I'm just a-fixin' them apples, and—"

"Oh, oh," cried Lida, who had fluttered to the window, "what glorious red leaves speckled over with little drops of gold! May I make some wreaths for the wall? Oh, please say yes!"

Mrs. Nisbett said "yes"—it would have been hard work to say "no" to Lida—and the girl soon came in, her apron full of the sprigs of the old maple tree, whose shadowy boughs kept the window veiled with cool shadows through the glaring summer days and showered fading gold upon the dead grass when the autumn came.

Mrs. Nisbett looked with tenderness upon the graceful little figure seated on the hearth rug, when the shine of the high heaped logs lost itself in her bright hair and made sparkles in her eyes, as the wreaths and trails of autumn leaves grew rapidly beneath her deft fingers.

"Lida," she said softly, "Lida, my dear!" Lida looked up.

"I saw your Aunt Constance yesterday but there's somethin' reserved about her, and I didn't like to ask about you—whether you had decided to go out as a governess or not; because, my dear, Joel and I were talkin' last night, and we both thought what a comfort it would be to have you here."

"To have me here?"

"We're old and we're alone, and somehow we've both took a fancy to you, my child. So when your Aunt Constance goes back to the city, if you choose to come here—"

Mrs. Nisbett paused abruptly and burst into tears.

"We had a little girl once, my dear, and if she'd lived she would ha' been nigh about your age."

Lida let the leaves drop down on the floor as she sprang up and threw both arms round the old woman's neck.

"Oh, Mrs. Nisbett," she whispered softly, "you are so very, very kind. Believe me, I appreciate it all, but—I hardly know how to tell you."

Mrs. Nisbett listened intently. Lida smiled and cried a little and then whispered so low it was scarcely audible.

"I am going to be married."

"Married!" ejaculated Mrs. Nisbett, with all a woman's interest in this important piece of information. "And who to?"

"Your son lives in Iowa—in Parlington?"

"Yes."

"Well, did he ever mention the name of—"

Lida paused, her cheeks glowing roses. Old Nisbett had come in with an armful of wood, bringing a gale with him from the frosty outer world.

"I'll tell you by and by," whispered Lida as she went back to her work.

"Joel'll go out again arter awhile," thought Mrs. Nisbett, "and then I'll hear about Lida's beau."

But Joel sat down before the fire with a complacent satisfaction which boded ill for the gratification of his wife's curiosity, and finally accompanied Lida home, thus frustrating all his wife's designs and cutting off her chance of hearing Lida's story.

"Dear me!" thought she. "I don't believe the man was ever born who knewed when he wasn't wanted! How lonesome it seems when Lida's gone! What does the girl want to get married for when I could ha' took such a sight o' comfort with her? Oh, dear, dear! It does seem as if the world was all askew!"

The next day, in spite of the weather prophet's prediction of snow, dawned clear and brilliant as the dying smile of Indian summer. By 11 o'clock Mrs. Nisbett was dressed in her best silk and cap, with the turkey browning beautifully in the oven and the cranberry tarts doing credit to themselves as well as to their maker, the table set, the fire high heaped with crackling logs and the plates dressed with coronals of autumn leaves.

Aunt Constance, a tall, prim maiden lady of uncertain age, stood before the bedroom looking glass arranging her coiffure. Lida, in a blue dress with a late autumn rose in her hair, was tripping hither and thither as light footed and helpful as half a dozen household fairies merged into one, while Mrs. Nisbett stood regarding her with a loving eye, murmuring to herself:

"Well, well, it seems like it was the Lord's will to deny us of just what we most want, but if I had a daughter I could wish she was like Lida."

As the old kitchen clock struck 1 Mrs. Nisbett, looking from the window, gave a little cry.

"There he comes—there comes Joel, and, as I live, there's the boy with him!" Lida ran into the bedroom.

When she returned, Mrs. Nisbett was clasped in the arms of a tall, handsome man of four or five and twenty.

"Lida," said the proud matron, striving to disengage herself from the affectionate clasp, "this is my son Stephen, and—why, what's the matter?"

For Stephen had dropped her hands with an exclamation of surprise and amazement, and Lida stood there glowing crimson.

"Lida! Why, mother, this is a surprise indeed that you have prepared for me!"

"I prepared!" echoed the astonished old lady. "Well, that's a good un, when I'm ten times as much surprised as you be! Lida, what does this mean?"

"It means," said Lida, with a demure smile—she was beginning to recover her scattered self-possession—"it means that this is the gentleman I am to be married to!"

"Stephen!" cried Mrs. Nisbett, "is Lida to be your wife?"

"She has given me her promise to that effect, at least," said Stephen, looking proudly down upon his lovely little fiancée.

"Well, if it don't beat all how queer things do happen!" said Mrs. Nisbett, her face radiant. "And you've been livin' neighbor to me these six weeks and I never knowed it. Lida, why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I never dreamed that Stephen Rinsingham, my betrothed western lover, was anything to Mrs. Nisbett," said Lida, laughing.

"There 'tis, now!" ejaculated the farmer. "How was she to know that he was only my nephew, adopted when his parents died, twenty good years ago? We've always called him son, and he's always been a son to us. But Lida didn't know. Old woman, what do you say to Stephen's wife?"

Mrs. Nisbett clasped Lida to her heart.

"I do say," she ejaculated, "this is the thankfulest Thanksgiving I ever lived to see!"—New York Daily News.

Soliloquy of a Turkey.
I know that Thanksgiving day's most here,
And it makes me long to fly,
For I've reached my prime, and it's mighty clear
That it's time for me to die.

I saw the head of the house come out,
And he smiled as he gazed at me,
And he cried aloud that there was no doubt
What a comfortable meal I'd be.

Oh, I've got to go! And it gives me a fit,
Thought it isn't so much for my life
That I care about, but he can't carve a bit
And I've got to be hacked by his wife.
—New York Herald.



Eruptions.

Dry, moist, scaly tetter, all forms of eczema or salt rheum, pimples and other cutaneous eruptions proceed from humors, either inherited, or acquired through defective digestion and assimilation.

To treat these eruptions with drying medicines is dangerous.

The thing to do is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Which thoroughly cleanse the blood, expelling all humors and building up the whole system. They cure

Hood's Sarsaparilla permanently cured J. G. Hines, Franks, Ill., of eczema, from which he had suffered for some time; and Miss Alvina Walter, Box 212, Algona, Wis., of pimples on her face and back and chafed skin on her body, by which she had been greatly troubled. There are more testimonials in favor of Hood's than can be published.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

Sesine Meyer, the girl who had lain since December 17, 1888, in a trance like sleep, awoke recently in the village of Grambke, near Bremen, Germany, during the clanging of firebells. Her case had long interested physicians and had been the subject of many experiments.

The defendants in the postal cases who requested and were refused authority to inspect the official records of the postoffice department for data for their defense, have won their point and are now going over the records.

The threatened lockout by the builders exchange league of Pittsburg against all crafts affiliated with the building trades council has become effective, throwing 8000 men out of employment. With the 2000 men on sympathetic strikes, 10,000 are now idle.

The French steamer St. Simon, with General Jimenez, head of the Dominican revolution, on board, has left Port au Prince, Hayti, with the intention, according to report, of forcing the blockade of Puerto Plata, on the northern coast of Santo Domingo.

There was a large attendance at the recent session of the national convention of the Women's Christian Temperance union at Cincinnati.

According to an official statement, the Bulgarians killed during the disturbances in European Turkey from April 15 to the present time, a total of 15,000.

The will of the late William L. Elkins, the multi-millionaire traction magnate and financier, was filed with the register of New York recently. The estate is valued at \$100,000 and upwards, but is believed to be worth \$30,000,000. A codicil provides for the establishment of an orphanage in this city for the female orphans of Free Masons, to be managed by the Masonic home of Pennsylvania. The sum of \$240,000 is to be expended on the buildings.

It can be said that the senate committee has decided that Senator Hanna shall succeed Senator Morgan of Alabama as chairman of the committee on interoceanic canals. The decision of the committee has not yet been announced, but will be announced next week.

J. N. Evans, president of the board of regents of the state university and one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of Nevada, is dead.

Coroner Tuewiler has rendered his verdict on the Big Four wreck which occurred at Indianapolis October 31. The coroner's jury blames B. C. Byers, the chief train dispatcher at Kankakee, who, he says, failed to notify the Indianapolis yardmaster that the special train was coming. Sixteen people were killed in the wreck, 15 of whom were Purdue students.

Architect Walker has returned from St. Louis, where he went with Exposition Commissioner Hurtt to let the contract for the Idaho building. He reports they secured a fine site in a grove of pines on a knoll overlooking the agricultural and horticultural buildings. Some of these trees are to be left standing in a court inclosed by trees. The cost of the building will be about \$7500. Everything was found to be very high. The plumbing will cost twice as much as the estimates of Boise plumbers showed. All rates are from 25 to 50 per cent higher on the grounds than in the city. The exposition people, Mr. Walker says, were well pleased with the plans for the Idaho building.

Factories Close in Quebec.

Quebec, Nov. 17.—Twenty boot and shoe factories in this city have closed. The shutdown is due to trouble with the machinists, who have refused to abide by an agreement made in 1901 creating a conciliation board.

Thirty thousand automobiles will be placed on the American market this present year, which will only supply half the demand.

BIG FOOT BALL GAME.

Princeton Beat Yale—Harvard Lost to Dartmouth.

New Haven, Conn.—Yale went down to defeat before the men of Princeton Saturday in the annual football game on the Yale field, by a score of 11 to 6. The contest, which was one of the most spectacular ever witnessed on Yale's gridiron, was stubbornly fought throughout. Until the last five minutes of play, when Dewitt, the Princeton captain kicked a marvelous goal from placement and broke the tie score of 6 to 6, the result was in doubt. Yale made one touchdown, from which goal was kicked. Princeton equaled Yale's record, and added a goal from placement. At the end of the first half the score was tied and close observers looked for a Yale victory, but the New Haven men were unable to get the pigskin over the line again, while Dewitt's kicking ability gave to his team a victory.

While Princeton deserved to win, Yale deserved to lose, for Princeton's scores were practically the direct results of Yale's fumbling. Yale's small score, moreover, was due to fumbling equally as fatal.

Philadelphia.—In a game marked by fumbles and penalties, the Carlisle Indians defeated the University of Pennsylvania by the score of 16 to 16.

Cambridge.—A defeat more pitiful than any recorded by the friends of Harvard and one in which there was not a feature to give comfort to the undergraduates of the university, was administered to the Harvard eleven by Dartmouth Saturday afternoon. The final score was 11 to 0 in favor of the New Hampshire college team. Harvard displayed great weakness.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."
Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

25c a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Washington Farmers and Stockmen Indorse Prussian Stock Food!

READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS. THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

I have used Prussian Stock Food for the past three years for Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Pigs. AS A FAT PRODUCING FOOD IT HAS NO EQUAL. I find it a thorough renovator; it tones up the system in general and puts new life and vigor in the animal. In my dairy business I find in every instance when fed according to directions it will INCREASE the flow of milk to a marked degree. Also with young animals, calves in particular that are subject to SCURF Prussian Stock Food will check the scurvy as if by magic. I have tried many kinds of foods but I consider Prussian Stock Food the BEST on the market to-day.—E. M. GRAY, Davenport, Wash.



Trade supplied by Spokane Drug Co., Spokane, Wash.

BAD BLOOD

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often fished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them, my blood has been purified and my complexion has improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every way."
—Mrs. SALLIE E. SELLARS, Luttrell, Tenn.



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