



THANKSGIVING AT KINGSLEY HALL.

Miss Victoria Kingsley, of Kingsley Hall, could afford to be a little eccentric, people said. Not only was she rich and beautiful and highly accomplished, but she had reached the mature age of six-and-twenty and was mistress of her own fortune. Prior to the death of her parents, both of whom had succeeded in the same month to a prevailing fever, the family had resided in the city, spending a portion of each summer only at their handsome country seat. But soon after her bereavement the young lady had gone into seclusion at Kingsley Hall, which was a part of her heritage, and had since lived in the strictest retirement there, receiving no visitors except when her younger brother, Robert, brought a party of his boon companions up from town for a few days' recreation during the shooting season.

It was now three years since Miss Kingsley had been left an orphan. At her age this was a long time to renounce society, and it was not strange that the world pronounced her eccentric. But that portion of the world residing in the wealthy and eminently respectable village of Pennstock began to have hopes for her when she suddenly emerged from her seclusion so far as to become the hostess of a Thanksgiving dinner party. The truth was that Miss Kingsley had been doing some serious thinking. It had occurred to her, upon reflection, that people had a right to conclude that she was supremely selfish and proud, and she decided to set aside this verdict, if possible, by giving a series of entertainments at her house. Thanksgiving day was at hand, and she began to put her plan into execution by inviting a number of her church acquaintances in the village to dine at Kingsley Hall on that day.

Of course the invitations were all promptly accepted, and the event was looked forward to as something out of



"MAURICE GRANBY!" SHE SAID.

the ordinary in Pennstock. As for Miss Kingsley, she was surprised to find that she took a lively interest in the preparations for the dinner, and when Thanksgiving day dawned, with a frosty and nipping air, she was inclined to be proud of the success of her undertaking in one respect. It had proved to her that there was a pleasant way of passing her time than in brooding over her sorrow. All day she was strangely buoyant and cheerful, as if possessed by a presentiment that something very pleasant was about to happen.

And that afternoon something did happen—something that was not down on Miss Kingsley's programme. The busy young woman had entered the kitchen to give some final directions to the cook, when she observed that a strange man was sitting quietly in a chair on the opposite side of the room. She paused abruptly and stared at him, with a flash of startled recognition in her eyes.

"A poor tramp, mum, what asked for a bite to eat," explained the cook, apologetically.

But Miss Kingsley did not hear. The color was coming and going in her cheeks, and she grasped the back of a chair as if to steady herself.

"Maurice Granby!" she said, in a low but distinct voice. "Can it be possible?" The recognition was evidently mutual. The stranger rose to his feet, a picture of astonishment and confusion. He was a strikingly handsome man, tall and straight as an arrow, with a drooping brown mustache. He certainly had not the appearance of a tramp, except that his clothing was threadbare, and even ragged in places, and he wore no overcoat.

"I beg pardon!" he stammered. "I did not know—"

But Miss Kingsley seemed to suddenly recover her self-possession. Turning to the cook she said:

"Never mind, Hannah; I will see this gentleman myself. He is an old friend of the family." Then, addressing the man: "Will you please come with me, Mr. Granby?"

He looked as if he would have preferred to sink through the floor, but she had turned and was leaving the kitchen before he could reply. He followed her hesitatingly, mechanically, like one in a dream. She led the way to a small room adjoining the library. There she turned and faced him.

"Mr. Granby, will you kindly tell me what this means?"

He stood before her, fumbling his hat in his hands. Her question seemed to increase his confusion, and he had to clear his throat several times before he could find his voice.

"It is all an unfortunate blunder," he exclaimed at last. "I did not know that this was your home. I chanced to be passing, and I thought—well, I was hungry, and I—no, I will not sit down," as she waved her hand toward a chair, "if you will be good enough to let me go now I will be careful not to intrude upon you again."

"You mistake my meaning," said Miss Kingsley, with a look of distress. "I am not asking why you are here. God knows I am glad to see you. What I want to know is what has brought you to this—this—condition? I cannot believe that you have voluntarily adopted the life of a—"

"Of a tramp?" he said, finishing her sentence with a bitter smile.

"Pardon me," she added, hastily; "I have no right to question you. Pray, don't misjudge my motive. I know that you are not to blame for the change in your fortunes; I know that you are incapable of a wrong act."

He gave her a sharp look, as if he would read her thoughts.

"That is a remarkable statement," he said, slowly. "Can it be that you have forgotten why I ran away from home five years ago?"

"I have not forgotten the miserable story that was told at that time," she replied, firmly; "but I have heard a different story since. Mr. Granby, my unhappy brother has told me everything."

The man started.

"He has told me," continued the woman, her face white with suppressed excitement, "that it was he and not you who forged the check for \$15,000!"

"He told you that? Good heavens! does your father know?"

"My father and mother have both gone to another world, Mr. Granby. Robert and I have been orphans for three years. It was not until after their death that he made his confession to me. He told me of his youthful infatuation for gambling and horse races; how he became so deeply involved that in a moment of desperation, to avert the disgrace he saw staring him in the face, he forged the signature of a depositor in father's bank, hoping thus to retrieve his losses and replace the money before its withdrawal was discovered. You, as teller of the bank, cashed the check without suspicion. Afterward, when the money was squandered, and Robert realized that he could not hope to conceal his crime, he confided in you and begged you to help him out of his trouble. He said that his exposure would kill his mother, bring disgrace upon his family, and cause his father to forever disown him. Then it was that you sacrificed yourself to save him and his family. You told him you would divert suspicion from him if he would keep his own counsel and promise on his oath to never gamble again. You kept your word by suddenly disappearing, thus bringing suspicion upon yourself, so that when the forgery was discovered nobody could doubt that you were the criminal, and that you had fled to escape the consequences of your crime. Oh, it was a noble thing to do! Not one man in a million could have made such a sacrifice!"

Miss Kingsley's voice betrayed her agitation now, and there were tears in her eyes. "But you do not know what a shock it was to—to—father and the rest of us to be forced to believe you guilty. We had

such faith in you. Thank heaven, the story never got into the papers. Robert and I have tried hard for two years to find some trace of you, that we might make such reparation as lay in our power. And Robert says that in some mysterious way the bank has recovered the amount that was lost on the forged check, including the interest."

Maurice Granby, by this time, was smiling with the air of a man who has had a great burden lifted from his mind. "I am glad you know the truth," he said, with an expression of profound relief. "When I left New York I went west and enlisted in the regular army under an assumed name. I served five years. But I was in communication with an intimate friend—a young lawyer—and when my aunt in Vermont died last spring, making me her sole heir, I had my friend convert the property into cash and turn it over to the bank. There was just enough, with what I had been able to save from my pay as a soldier, to replace the \$15,000 with the accrued interest. I had assumed the debt, you know, and thought I ought to pay it. On leaving the army I started back to New York, where I still have a few friends. I had not money enough to take me clear through, so I concluded that a tramp of a hundred miles or so would do me no harm. I am accustomed to marching."

"You have outdone Don Quixote himself!" exclaimed Miss Kingsley. "Of course, every dollar of that money will

be returned to you, and my fortune and Robert's are at your disposal."

"But, after all," said Granby, seriously, "you must not give me too much credit for what I have done. Perhaps I should have hesitated if your answer to that audacious note of mine and not made me wretched. Do you remember it? I felt that I had nothing to live for after that. Of course, I don't blame you; it was the worst kind of presumption on my part, a poor man, to offer myself—"

"Don't say that!" she interrupted, with a note of entreaty in her voice. "I could go down upon my knees to you now, in your rags, and beg your forgiveness for wounding you. I was young then, and scarcely knew my own mind, but I—I found out—afterward—"

"Victoria!"

"But we are wasting precious time," she said, hastily, glancing at her watch. "Do you know this is Thanksgiving day? I am to have some guests for dinner. You are to stay and dine with us."

"I? In these clothes?"

"My brother has a room and a wardrobe here, and I am sure his clothes will just fit you. You will find everything you need. No; I will hear no excuses. I will call a servant to show you upstairs, and will send up a luncheon at once. To-night you will stop at the village hotel, and to-morrow you will come and see me before resuming your journey to New York."

And so it came about that Maurice Granby, transformed from a tramp into a conventional gentleman in evening dress, sat at the right hand of the hostess at the grand turkey dinner that evening, having been introduced to the other guests as an old friend of the family. At least two persons at that table were in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, for their hearts throbbed with gratitude and joy during the whole of that Thanksgiving feast.

It was only two months later that Kingsley Hall was the scene of a brilliant wedding reception, and Maurice Granby had come there to stay.

Clara Norris—I invited Mr. Sandstone to dinner on Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Norris—Good gracious me! Didn't you know that it was a strictly family affair?

Clara—That's all right. He's going to be one of the family.—Brooklyn Life.



THE GRAND TURKEY DINNER.

Elia—Is Charlie a blond?

May—Well—er—yes; he is light headed.—Brooklyn Life.

The Old, Old Story.

Jack (of the slums)—If an honest heart—

Plozie (of Fifth Avenue, who has lost her way)—Do not detain me. I am anxious to find my way home before dark. Do not repeat your avowals. I can never be more than a sister to you, Jack, our stations in life are so different!

Jack (sorrowfully)—Aye, it's the old refrain—wealth versus poverty. You live on chicken, and I—I live on hash!

Thought It Best.

Eminent Specialist—Yes, madam, your husband is suffering from temporary aberration, due to overwork. The form of his mania is quite common.

Wife—Yes. He insists that he is a millionaire.

Eminent Specialist—And wants to pay me \$500 for my advice. We'll have to humor him, my dear. Collier's Weekly.

And now he's "sorry he spoke."—Philadelphia Times.



A Damp Flirtation.



And now he's "sorry he spoke."—Philadelphia Times.



Cutting.

Mr. Snippy—Your little boy strongly reminds me of you.

Mr. Seedman—Indeed! But—er—his only my stepson—

Mr. Snippy—Oh, I don't mean the face, but the overcoat, you know! It's the same pattern as the ulster you still owe for.—Ally Sloper.



Classified.

Elia—Is Charlie a blond?

May—Well—er—yes; he is light headed.—Brooklyn Life.

The Old, Old Story.

Jack (of the slums)—If an honest heart—

Plozie (of Fifth Avenue, who has lost her way)—Do not detain me. I am anxious to find my way home before dark. Do not repeat your avowals. I can never be more than a sister to you, Jack, our stations in life are so different!

Jack (sorrowfully)—Aye, it's the old refrain—wealth versus poverty. You live on chicken, and I—I live on hash!

Thought It Best.

Eminent Specialist—Yes, madam, your husband is suffering from temporary aberration, due to overwork. The form of his mania is quite common.

Wife—Yes. He insists that he is a millionaire.

Eminent Specialist—And wants to pay me \$500 for my advice. We'll have to humor him, my dear. Collier's Weekly.

And now he's "sorry he spoke."—Philadelphia Times.

OZANNE'S Tri-Weekly Passenger and Express Line

FROM
SAN ANTONIO to LINCOLN
VIA

White Oaks, Nogal and Fort Stanton!

Elegant new coaches have been put on this line, which will leave an Antonio every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately after the arrival of the train, for which it will wait, however late the train may be; and will reach San Antonio from White Oaks every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY and connect with the eastbound train. No more night travel. Passengers will stop over night at the Mountain Station ranch, and reach White Oaks in time for dinner next day. None but careful, sober men are employed to drive, and no expense will be spared to make passengers safe and comfortably. Coaches will leave White Oaks every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the railroad. In all my eight years experience in carrying the U. S. mail I have never had a single accident resulting in injury to any one. Passengers who regard their comfort and safety will do well to patronize the Ozanne Stage Line, and when they reach White Oaks to

Stop at the Hotel Ozanne!

Where they will be taken care of as well as if at their own homes. We strive to serve the public.

U. OZANNE, Prop.

JOB PRINTING!

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

THE EAGLE OFFICE

Is Thoroughly Equipped to Do All Classes of Job Work

From a Lady's Visiting Card to a 24x36-in. Poster.

We are not given to idle boasting, but are amply prepared to verify our assertions in this regard. A trial will convince.

Business Men

Who appreciate Good Work

Will save money and time by calling on us for Commercial Printing!

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Book Work!

Briefs, Catalogues, By-Laws, Pamphlets, Etc.,

Executed in a satisfactory manner, at prices commensurate only with good work, and delivered when promised.

Legal Work!

Blanks of All Kinds

On Hand and for Sale!

We print these blanks ourselves and guarantee their Legal Accuracy.

\$2 | | \$2

Will pay for 52 numbers of the best country paper in the territory,

THE White Oaks EAGLE

Which is also Unexcelled as An Advertising Medium