Another year has slipped away
Into the dim beyond,
And once again Thanksgiving day
Is here, with memories fond;
What dinners at my call have I!
What headaches in their wake!

But, ah! I long for pumpkin pie
Like mother used to make.
Now will the lordly turkey fall
To grace the festal board,
And in the gilded banquet hall,
Where sparkling wine is poured,
I may, with boon companions nigh,
Thanksgiving dinner take—
But there I'll find no pumpkin pie
Like mother used to make.

What boots it that the city's best
Is waiting at my hand?
That I, forsooth, may be the guest
At dinners swell and grand?

Alas! no epicure am I—
The whole thing I would shake
To get one piece of pumpkin pie
Like mother used to make.

Not Dives' feast could tempt me now
This bleak Thanksgiving day,
I'll dine alone, with thoughts of how
The years have passed away
Since first I watched with eager eye
To see her fix and bake
That matchless, peerless pumpkin pie
My mother used to make.
—Chicago Post.

A Tramp's Thanksgiving.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

THANKSGIVING cheer was in the air; it spoke in the crisp activity of the village butcher, grocer and baker, in the appetising odors of home kitchens, in the eager faces of school children, elated and excited over "no studies for the rest of the week!"

Hobo Bill, gentleman of leisure, came down the winding country road with an eagle eye for the occasion. His rollicking glance took in the pretty town calculatingly, and settled upon its most pretentious mansion with conviction and hope.

"Day before Thanksgiving," he soliloquised. "Most likely to have the fullest pantry in the biggest house. Here goes!"

Bill observed a path cutting across a yard. It was somewhat overgrown, but he kept on, to come not to a gate, but a solid board fence. He clambered to its top, to be halted by a sharp mandate:

"Hey! get down there!"

Bill, astride the fence, confronted a fine-looking but angry-eyed old gentleman.

"All right," he said.

"And stay down!"

"Yes, sir."

"What you after, anyway?"

"Well, sir," answered Bill, "I was aiming for your kitchen and grub."

"Don't bother me!" gruffly growled the other. "Try the house there. They raise tramps there."

Bill took this auspiciously, viewing a neat cottage near at hand. The same blockaded path ran to its rear door.

"Wonder what kind of a raise I kin expect?" murmured Bill. "Hard-hearted old nob, that! Ah! there's the lady. She's all right! I'll tackle her."

Bill affected his most prim demeanor, approaching a sweet-faced, motherly woman.

"Lady," he said, "might I intrude so far as to inquire if there was any chanct of getting a bite to eat——"

"Certainly; come in, sir."

"Hey?"

Bill stared. With a welcome smile the lady opened the door and graciously waved him to a chair. Bill doffed his hat, and hid his ragged shoes and gave his wiry hair a smoothing toss.

She folded a snowy tablecloth over one end of the table. She set out a delicate china plate, a silver fork and a napkin.

"Ginger!" gasped Bill, "when I tell this to the gang, they'll say I dreamed it!"

And then the gentleman in Bill came to the surface. He could see, through an open doorway, the pantry, and what it held, one piece of pie, one piece of cake.

"All she's got, and she's getting it for me!" breathed the spying Bill. "Mebbe her to-morrow's feast. Nixy!" aspirated Bill, his heart swelling up, and he felt more of a man than ever.

"Lady," he said, as she set the food before him—and he was as solemn as an owl—"the last thing my doctor says to me afore I took this here tower for me healt', was to avoid rich vittals. I'm obliged, but——"

"There's plain bread and butter, sir, then?" suggested Mrs. Daintry, with an amused smile.

"I've—I've got a toothache! Thankee, ma'am, but I've mistook my capacity, and——"

Bill bolted. The widow stood looking curiously after him till his tattered figure disappeared beyond the fence.

"Perhaps—perhaps," she murmured sadly, "my boy is like that to-day!"

At 9 o'clock that night Mrs. Daintry heard a noise at the rear of the house. She went to the kitchen door. A man was prying up the pantry window. It was her tramp visitor of the afternoon.

"Have you come to rob?" exclaimed she.

"No, ma'am, I have not!" promptly responded Hobo Bill. "I came to bring you a present—for your kindness to me this p. m. I saw you had no turkey for Thanksgiving, ma'am, so I've brought you one."

And, sure enough, Hobo Bill swung his left hand around, holding as plump a fowl as ever graced a king's larder.

Mrs. Daintry was speechless. This was more singular than the man's behavior of the afternoon.

"I was trying to sneak it into yer pantry as a surprise, ma'am," suggested Bill, persuasively.

"But I cannot accept it!" declared the widow; "that is, without paying for it, and I have not the money to do that."

"Madam," said Bill, with dignity; "this is a gift."

"But how did you, a poor man, get it?"

"Worked for it, marm," lied Bill, unblushingly; "cut two cords of wood for a farmer. Had no money; paid me in turks. Four of 'em. Gave the rest away. This is the last. There you are! Good evening, marm."

Hobo Bill flashed away like a spirit, leaving the astonished widow lost in more consternation and bewilderment than ever.

Mrs. Daintry thought a good deal over her strange gift Thanksgiving morning. She finally concluded she had better cook the turkey, hoping her erratic benefactor would be along during the day to partake of it.

She tried to be cheerful and thankful—but many a tear fell by the time the turkey was cooked.

There came a tap at the rear door about 1 o'clock. The cook from the big house stood on the step.

"Oh, Mrs. Daintry, excuse me, ma'am," she said, "but could you loan me a little cinnamon. They've run out, and——"

She stared at the handsomely browned fowl, done to a turn, for she knew the widow's hard-scraping experience of the last year or two.

"Certainly," assented Mrs. Daintry, always accommodating, although she had no reason to favor the big house, or any of its inmates.

"What a nice turkey you've got," pursued the cook. "We have none to-day."

"Indeed!" observed Mrs. Daintry, in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am—it was stolen."

"Stolen!" echoed the widow, with a start.

And then she guessed all, as the cook went on to tell how the discovery of the theft had come too late that morning to admit of securing another fowl.

Mrs. Daintry acted a just and honest part—she insisted that the cook transfer the roasted fowl to the table of the big house.

Then she sat down to her humble meal, smiling, despite herself, at the quaint happenings of this queer Thanksgiving day.

There came a knock at the door about two hours later—the front door this time.

Mrs. Daintry drew back with a tremor as she answered the summons; her visitor was the iron-gray, stern-souled old owner of the great house adjoining.

"Eunice," he said, extending his hand, "I want you to come home with me."

"Brother!" panted the widow.

"Yes, Eunice, haven't we had enough of animosities for the past two years, you and I?"

"Edward, I have cherished none."

"Then, my ridiculous temper is to blame," said Mr. Aylmer in a rapid, shamefaced way. "When I heard the story of that turkey—when I once more sat down to a meal reminded of the old days—ah, sister! you were always the cook of cooks!" he said, trying to pass off a really serious occasion with a smile. "I say, let it all end! I've been thinking it over. I was in the wrong; I was too harsh to you. Your boy misbehaved, and I chided. You clung to him, and I put up that fence, and shut you out of sight and heart, and—forgive me, Eunice! Come over to the old home, and give it a rightful mistress!"

"And if Wilbur should ever return——"

"Repentant? Reformed? I'll go back on my word and try him once more," promised the old squire, but with a wince.

"'Scuse both—but here's where I had better come in!" spoke the voice of Hobo Bill.

Both turned. The door had been left open. There stood the cause of this strange reunion.

"Who is this?" demanded the squire, brusquely.

"Well, gent," answered the tramp, "I'm the feller wot stole yer turk—to give it to a more worthy cause, see? It's come out all right, so I takes back me first bad opinion of you, but lemme say something. I came down here, squire, and you, lady, as a spy on the prodigal land."

"What's he talking about?" muttered the squire.

"The best pal I ever had, squire, is a pard lying sick in the hospital in the city, longing for home—and mother!"

Mrs. Daintry clasped her hands, and uttered a quick moan.

"It is my son—my Wilbur!" she breathed.

"Yes, ma'am; that's right," nodded Hobo Bill. "Squire, the boy's not my sort. He ran wild, but now he's eatin' the huskiest sort of husks! He's brave, he's true to a friend, he's got over drinking. I came spying the land for him. Squire, what do you say?"

"Brother!"

"Yes, let him come back," said the squire in a broken tone.

Hobo Bill asked a chance to work out the good dinner they gave him—the squire set him at knocking down the fence that had been a barrier between brother and sister for two years.

The next mornong Hobo Bill proudly left, supplied with money to send back the prodigal son from the city.

"And when he comes," murmured the fond, longing mother, "we'll keep a second Thanksgiving day!"

SAUCE FOR THE TURKEY.

How Cranberries Are Raised and Prepared for Market.

Turkey and cranberry sauce! By force of long association and the eternal fitness of things, the two go naturally together. What is one without the other, or Thanksgiving day without both? And so to make the 2,000,000 turkeys required for the national feast more palatable 500,000 barrels of cranberries are raised on the marshes of Cape Cod and New Jersey. To be sure not all of these are eaten on Thanksgiving day, but a fairly large proportion of them are, and it is the almost universal use of the tart little berry on Thanksgiving that has led to the present wonderful extension of the business. The business of raising cranberries is a peculiar one in all its aspects. It requires a special kind of ground, considerable capital and a vast deal of labor, and it is a special trade, more or less irregular in its returns, like all of its kind. It is the chief industry of two sections of this country, where nearly all the cranberries used in America and Europe are raised, and which it has transformed from waste bog lands into rich farming communities.

The land on which cranberries will flourish is seldom fit for anything else. In the state in which it is usually found it requires about $300 per acre to make it fit, so that the transformation of a swamp into productive cranberry bog makes it a very valuable piece of property. The first requirement is a peat bottom. This is dressed by spreading over it a coating of seashore sand, into which the slips are stuck and left to grow at their own sweet will. In connection with the bog there should be an irrigating ditch or a reservoir, from which it can be flooded at any time. It requires several years to determine the worth of a marsh for producing cranberries, and the slowness of returns, together with the amount of capital required, has brought all the largest marshes into the control of stock companies.

It requires hand labor throughout to raise cranberries. The chief expense, once the crop is started, is in the picking, which is largely performed by women and children, who receive from one to one and a half cents per quart for the work, and are able to earn from 75 cents to $1 per day through the season.

As fast as the berries are gathered by the pickers they are measured out by the "boss," and unless they are to go at once to market are packed away in boxes for storage. This packing is done in what is called "chaff," the moss and leaves picked up in the field, in boxes with slatted sides to allow a free circulation of the air. In this way the berry "sweats" without decaying, and will keep for a long time. When the berries are to be marketed they are screened. The screen is like an old-fashioned fanning mill and serves the double purpose of removing the chaff and sorting the berries.

England takes thousands of barrels of American cranberries every year, and the West has become a great market for them on account of the scarcity of other small fruits. At present more cranberries are sold in Chicago than in New York or any other Eastern city. Cranberries are not injured by freezing, and so it is an easy matter to ship them in cold weather. They are often sent as far as Manitoba in ordinary open box cars.

A Proclamation.

Know all men by these presents that
We turkeys do protest
Against an annual outrage which
Brings sorrow to the nest.

We think it most becoming for
A nation to give thanks,
But we object in firm tones when
It cuts into our ranks.

Think of the widowed ones, and think
Of orphans in the flock,
Who must this year with sadness view
The cruel chopping block.

So now, good people, we request,
Our pleadings may be heard,
And if you must give thanks and feast
Please kill some other bird.

"Backing the Center."

Striking football play for a Thanksgiving day game.—Boston Herald.

REV. DR. HENRY.

Noted American Reformer, Who Is Fighting Intemperance in England.

Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, who is acting as chief lieutenant of Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer in the great temperance crusade which has been launched in London, and which, it is expected, will secure 1,000,000 total abstinence pledges, is now superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York City. He has been a conspicuous laborer in reform work in many large American municipalities, and became especially prominent in Chicago three years ago, when he proposed to lead a cleansing movement

REV. DR. HENRY.

similar to that of Dr. Parkhurst in New York.

Dr. Henry is a lineal descendant of Patrick Henry. He was graduated from the old University of Chicago and later from the Baptist Union Theological Seminary. He began his career as a reformer in Denver about twelve years ago, when he bitterly fought the saloons. Afterward he proved himself a terror to the evil doers and lawbreakers of San Francisco. He is one of the most eloquent preachers in the American pulpit.

MERIT APPRECIATED.

New Vice-President of the Wabash Ranks High.

Milton Knight, the new vice president of the Wabash Railroad, was born June 19, 1836, at Scio, N. Y. He entered railway service on April 1, 1863, as station agent at Utica, Pa., for the Atlantic & Great Erie system. He remained with that company as its agent at various places until January, 1872, when he was appointed general agent at Indianapolis of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad. After holding that position for six years he became assistant general freight agent of the Wabash, St. Louis & Atlantic Railway and continued in the same position with its successor, the Wabash Western Railway. When the company was reorganized under the name of the Wabash Railroad he was given the title of freight traffic manager, which he has held till now. Mr. Knight has earned the reputation of being one of the ablest traffic officials in the country. The remarkable and steady increase in the earnings of the Wabash is largely attributed to his efforts. His promotion to the position of vice president will gratify a host of friends.

MILTON KNIGHT.

THE NEW FIRST READER

See the hap-py man!
What makes him hap-py?

He mar-ried a so-ci-e-ty girl and her spring bill has just come from the dress-mak-er; it is for $1,000.00.

Then he must like big b[illegible].

Yes; be-cause he knows he can't pay it; and so his wife's cloth-ing costs him noth-ing.

What makes the man mad?
He won a for-tune in stocks.

Why, that ought to make him happy.

It would, but 68 of his poor re-la-tions have come in with their con-grat-u-la-tions.

Does he not like con-grat-u-la-tions?

No; the poor re-la-tions are con-grat-u-lat-ing them-selves.

Evolution of a Small Word.

Imp once meant a child. Shakspeare, speaking of the children in the tower, calls them imps. Jeremy Taylor, in one of his sermons, speaks of "the beautiful imps that sang hosannas to the Savior in the temple."

Sympathize with a woman and you will learn what a mean man her husband is.

When people discover a man's weakness they hit it every time they shoot.

GET EVEN FOR A SLIGHT.

Young Men Not Invited to a Wedding Send "Representatives."

A popular young man who lives on the West Side was married a short time ago, and this event in his life seemed to estrange him from at least three of his former companions. The ill-feeling grew out of the distribution of invitations in which the trio was innocently ignored. No explanation would convince the young men that the slight was not premeditated.

"I will have the young woman write each of you a personal invitation if you say so," the prospective bridegroom volunteered. "I want you to feel that it was all a mistake."

The three shook their heads dolefully and insisted that the bride be spared the annoyance.

"We won't be there," said one of them, with a wink that told of a plot in contemplation, "but we will be represented all right." The young man about to be married gave little heed to the covert threat of his friends.

Upon arriving at the young woman's house on the day set for the wedding the bridegroom was greatly annoyed at the discordant sounds that came from four handorgans that were ranged along the opposite curb. He thought that they had been retained by a political club in the neighborhood that had planned for a rally that evening. Their real purpose dawned upon him when, upon emerging from the church with his new-made bride leaning on his arm, he descried the quartette in a prominent place near the carriage. It was no time to cause a disturbance, so the youth passed on, swallowing his joy and indignation.

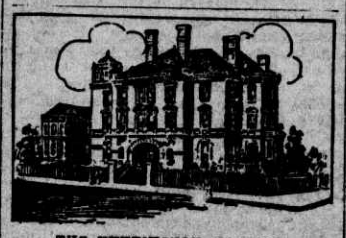
The serenade was continued at the bride's house. A policeman was sent for, but the operators displayed city licenses and could not be disturbed. At the depot they reappeared again, but on the last demonstration their employers stood beside them.

As the couple mounted the steps of the coach a cheer came from the three who had sent their "representatives." It is needless to say that the bride and groom continued on their way, never turning to wave adieu to the young men who had accomplished such a merciless revenge.—Chicago Chronicle.

WILL BE USED AS A HOSPITAL.

San Francisco Mansion of the Late Collis P. Huntington.

The San Francisco mansion of the late Collis P. Huntington, which is soon to be converted into a charity hospital by gift of Mrs. Huntington, stands on Nob Hill, the aristocratic residence place of the town, in a cluster of houses the owners of which are known to fame as California's wealthiest men. The Huntington house is a three-story residence, occupying an entire block. It is built of marble, and its simple, stately appearance gives it a charm which attaches to very few of the palaces of California's millionaires. Its color is pure white and its general architectural plan is modeled after the Pitti Palace in Italy. Its neighbors are the house of the late Charles Crocker, of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, the Flood mansion and the old home of Governor Stanford.



THE HUNTINGTON MANSION.

OLDEST CHURCH WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The Fee Fee Baptist Church at Pattonville, St. Louis County, Mo., erected in 1828, is the oldest church west of the Mississippi River. It was founded during the administration of Zenon Trudeau, Spanish commander of St. Louis.

Rev. Thomas Musick was the first pastor, and he remained in charge of the church till 1842. In 1876 a new building was erected on the St. Charles Rock Road, and Rev. William Barnes, the present pastor, was installed. The old building was abandoned, but some of its timbers were used in the new structure.

Laughs of European Nations.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian laugh is languid but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper class English as guarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

TRY TO MAKE IT A REPUBLIC

DAWSON AS ITS CAPITAL.

Story From Skagway, Alaska—Scheme Is to Overthrow the Local Government of the Northwest Territory—Several Meetings Held—Plan to Capture Police.

San Francisco, Nov. 18.—The Call prints an unconfirmed story from Skagway, Alaska, under date of November 6, telling of the discovery of what is alleged to be a huge conspiracy existing at Dawson and ramifying to Skagway, Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle for the overthrow of the local government of the Northwest Territory and the establishment of a republic with Dawson as its capital.

According to the details of the story, arms, ammunition and provisions have been taken over the railroad and cached at strategic points. Prominent American residents of Skagway are said to be ringleaders in the conspiracy. Miners to the number of 500 are said to await the summons to arms, ready to fight for independence from Dominion rule of the gold field camps and towns. The plan is to overpower the mounted police, arrest the civil officers and take the government into their own hands.

The adventurous arch conspirators hope for intervention or outside assistance by the time the melting of ice and snow will permit the invasion of their isolated republic.

It is further related that a hurried conference, lasting until midnight, was held at Skagway November 5, at which were present Captain Corrigan of the Northwest mounted police, who had arrived from across the Canadian border last evening; Judge Brown of the United States district court, United States Marshal Shoup, United States Attorney Friedrich and Major Hovey, commanding the United States troops at Skagway.

This was the last of several hasty consultations between the civil and military representatives of the two powers in relation to the mysterious transportation of supplies into the interior and rumors of a conspiracy to lead the miners in a revolt against the Canadian government in the Northwest Territory. Those present maintain the strictest silence concerning the new evidence laid before them.

Captain Corrigan took the early train back across the border the next morning, while United States Marshal Shoup embarked on the first steamer for Seattle, which port he reached several days ago. The object of his visit was presumably to confer by telegraph with the authorities at Washington. He sailed yesterday afternoon on the Dolphin on his way back to Skagway.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 18.—No credence is given here to the story of the alleged discovery at Skagway, Alaska, of a conspiracy to overturn the Canadian government in Alaska. United States Marshal Shoup, who is credited with having come here to communicate with the United States government regarding the matter, is said to have come only for the purpose of bringing some United States prisoners who had been sentenced to terms in the penitentiary at McNeil's island. He returned north yesterday.

Called on the President.

Washington, Nov. 17.—Senators Dubois and Heitfeld of Idaho were among the president's callers last Saturday. The senators called mainly to pay their respects to the president, and they incidentally discussed with him legislation in which the west is particularly interested. President Roosevelt laughingly recalled an incident of the last inauguration, when he, as vice president in the chair, and Senator Heitfeld on the floor, were the only persons in the senate, and on motion of the Idaho senator, adjourned. The president also called attention to the fact that Senator Dubois is a graduate of Yale, and expressed pleasure in the knowledge that so many Yale men are in the senate.

After the visit, both callers expressed themselves as satisfied with the president's views of legislation pertaining to the west.

Train Was Dynamited.

York, Pa., Nov. 17.—The southwestern express on the Northern Central railway was wrecked by a charge of dynamite placed under the tracks near Black Ridge, a short distance north of York. The train was running at the rate of 45 miles an hour when the explosion occurred. Passengers were severely shocked and panic stricken, but all escaped injury.

Colonel John W. French, commanding officer at Fort McPherson barracks, is dead, aged 53 years. Colonel French was a veteran of the civil war, the Spanish-American war and the war in the Philippines.

President Roosevelt has decided not to make any more appointments of importance until congress meets.

Men who have married sisters seem to have a great deal of genuine sympathy for each other.