A REPUBLICAN DIARY.

[Peck's Sun.]

Nov.
3. Every Republican must turn out to-morrow.
4. Bad weather, but it's a cold day when, &c.
5. Our majority seems to be growing less.
6. There must be a big hitch somewhere.
7. Quite a heavy "fog" in New York.
8. Oh, we didn't count on the south.
9. Let's all go to church to-day.
10. Blust the "Prohibitionists!"
11. They "cooked our goose!"
12. New York yet in doubt.
13. Must 'ave been frod.
14. Don't give up yet.
15. Darn Burchard!
16. Let us pray.
17. Scooted!!
18. Left!!!
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A WAYWARD WARD.

I.

It is the business of the philosopher, as the world knows, to find law and order in even the most abnormal phenomena, to suggest, at least, an adequate explanation of every enigma. For what other purpose does he exist than to throw light on the surrounding darkness? He is a torch bearer to humanity's ignorance. If now and again, by reason of a pessimist temperament or defect of training, the rays he sheds around intensify rather than dispel the gloom, and cast shadows as of Egyptian night across man's forward path, surely he miscontrues his mission.

But the wisest head is sometimes puzzled, and the shrewdest explorer of the all environing mystery is sometimes confounded. A problem presents itself which cannot be resolved by any of the familiar processes. The why of some suddenly disclosed fact is as inscrutable as the Sphinx of the eastern desert. It was thus with Bernard Ralston.

Those who thirst for fame as misers thirst for gold or coquettes for admiration, would have found much to envy in this young man's position. At an age when a statesman is currently supposed to be studying his parliamentary primer, and when a future general may still be writhing under the sarcasms of a barrack-room instructor, Bernard Ralston had been welcomed into the front rank of philosophical thinkers. His book on "Instinct, Conscience and Reason," was read and criticised by the few, praised and avoided by the many. The noisy heterodox claimed him as a new and promising recruit; and so also to the amusement of the onlooker did the staunchest maintainer of old landmarks. He was flattered, feted, and the lion of his season.

It was from this suddenly acquired distinction that his embarassment had approached. The solicitors letter that was the beginning of sorrows made this clear. It ran thus:

Dear Sir: We have to inform you that by the will of our late client, Mr. Humphrey Power, you are appointed sole guardian of his only surviving daughter, Olive. As this may be in the nature of a surprise, we beg leave to quote the precise paragraph of the will: "And I hereby empower Mr. Bernard Ralston to act in every respect as the guardian of my child. I am sure that Olive can have no fitter or wiser protector, none better qualified to advise and to regulate her life; and should he—as I earnestly beg—accept and fulfil this charge, I give and bequeath to the said Bernard Ralston, over and above such reasonable expenses as he may have incurred on my daughter's behalf, the sum of £5,000, to be paid by my executors on my daughter's twenty-first birthday, as a small tribute of my gratitude."

The young lady is a very considerable heiress in her eighteenth year, and at present at a private pension in France. Further particulars will follow on your reply. We are, dear sir, yours obediently,

FANSHAWE & FITCH.

The gift of the proverbial white elephant could have produced in no heart a greater consternation. What should a retired and solitary student, of serious pursuits and uncourtly manners, answer to such a challenge? If Cleethorpe Hall were large, it by no means followed that he wanted more life within its bounds; and a girl in her teens, a mere child, as with the sage wisdom of five-and-thirty years he considered her! How could her presence by his fire-side be harmonized with the quiet current of the life he elected to live?

Yet, the bait of five thousand pounds was a temptation. The glories of Cleethorpe Hall had been sadly tarnished through the improvidence of Bernard's father, and philosophy is not a particularly remunerative hobby to ride. Mr. Humphrey Power's legacy, if not precisely a fortune, would be an assistance in the keeping up of the restricted Cleethorpe establishment.

The matter was debated long and anxiously, and as the result Miss Olive Power arrived at the hall one snowy February morning. Slight of figure, winsome of feature, with merry, violet tinted brown eyes, and lips continually parting in a piquant smile over teeth of whitest pearl, Bernard Ralston was forced to admit that, if he was properly to protect his ward, his position might not prove a sinecure. Neither did it.

The girl's beauty attracted suitors as clover blossoms allure bees; and it was soon an open secret in the countryside that Miss Power, as well as being a lonely and a lovely young thing, was a richly dowered one. This brought the sometimes lugubrious voice of Prudence into reasonable accord with the chorus of adoration.

But Olive was not minded to be an easy capture for any of her wooers. With a woman's instinctive dexterity she kept them all at bay, and at twenty had escaped the necessity of as yet refusing any offer in formal and unequivocal terms. She was developing a taste for study which half amused, half interested her guardian. One evening he playfully rallied her on her application to sundry big tomes in the library.

"I shall be accused of transforming a merry and bewitching young lady into a blue stocking, a disciple of my own day-as-dust pursuits," he said; "some one may some day have special cause to blame me, I fear."

A sudden blush was on the maiden's cheeks, and her glance fell. It was impossible that she should misinterpret Bernard's meaning.

"There is Oswald Harbury to think of," Olive's guardian was daring enough to add.

Two shining eyes were momentarily uplifted. Was the flash they gave one of indignation, or scorn, or merely of confusion at a betrayed secret? Bernard could not guess.

"The nature of my employments can make no difference whatever, in any way that I can imagine, to Mr. Harbury," she answered. Then—it seemed to Bernard a strange transition—"Will you forgive me for asking a favor?" she went swiftly on: "I should like—oh, so much!—to help in your work. Could I not copy out your notes or revise proofs sometimes?"

What philosopher could have successfully resisted the volunteered help of such an amanuensis? Not Bernard Ralston.

It was summer three months later than the date of this conversation. Olive's guardian was seeking his ward in her own boudoir, with a gloom upon his face and a depression of soul which defied his analysis. He had a message to convey and a proposal to informally submit which he had little doubt would be accepted. Oswald Harbury, the young owner of half Cleethorpe, had asked permission to lay himself and his fortunes at Olive's feet. He loved her, he said; he would do his best to make her happy.

"And I believe that he will. He has a home to offer you and is a true hearted generous gentleman. As your guardian, Olive, I am bound to give my sanction to so fair and promising a suit. May I bid Mr. Harbury to come and plead his own cause?"

He had spoken hoarsely and in a queer, far off kind of voice that he hardly recognized as his own. It was surely singular and must testify to an unsuspected weakness of character, that a prospect of separation from the ward, originally received with so much doubt and dread, should thus make havoc of his peace. He waited for the answer in a suspense that was positively harassing. At last it came.

"No, you may not," Olive said, "unless, indeed, you wish to get rid of me—to send me away. And not even then, for I cannot consent to marry a man whom I do not love."

Send Olive away! Was not every pulse in his body beating with fierce, unbidden joy at the verdict she had given? The measure of his recent terror was the measure of his present relief.

"That is a fear which my ward—my wayward ward!—never need harbor," he said, with a slow, broad smile: "she said brought too much sunshine into my lonely life for me to wish to lose her. But change is inevitable some day."

"Why?" a low voice murmured; and again came the mysterious illumination of Olive's eyes.

"Because, Olive—if for no other reason—the years of my guardianship will soon be at an end," he answered steadily, almost sternly. He must face the future resolutely, as befitted a teacher of his follows.

And a few seconds later his quick, nervous step was echoing in the passage without.

II.

An early summer vacation in Switzerland—when the glorious Alpine flora should be at its loviest—had been the cherished dream of years to Bernard Ralston, and at last it was realized. A woman's hand had guided his steps thitherward. Olive Power had persuaded him to lay aside his work and make playtime of the sunny weather.

"You can finish your book on 'Vanity as a Force in Human Affairs' when you return, and the critics will all say that the last chapters are the brightest," she said, pleadingly. And when she added a slight involuntary expression of her own eagerness for the change, he surrendered. The trio—Miss Ralston, Bernard's sister and housekeeper, was Olive's chaperon—had now been from England a fortnight.

They had reached the Riffel and were thus encamped under shadow of the majestic (grim and uncouth, for variation of epithets) Matterhorn itself. Here Olive went into ecstacies. To watch the sunrise bathe the rugged, furrowed sides with waves of liquid light was an occupation of which she never tired. And then there was the Gorner Grat to visit, the Gorner Glacier to see.

At the hotel there was pleasant company, including a couple of young Americans, who swept the ordinarily reserved and cautious student forward into a participation in their own reckless adventures by the sheer force of enthusiasm. The three went off one afternoon on a quest for edelweiss. The gloom was thickening in gorge and pass and gray shadows were following the crimson sunset glow on the huge crests aloft before there was any sign of a return. The ladies grew uneasy. Stories of accident and of awful peril were staples of the conversational bill of fare in the hotel salon and inevitably exerted their influence on nervous minds. In this case the presentiment of evil was too surely justified.

Two of the venturesome explorers returned weary and dishevelled, but Bernard Ralston was missing.

"We thought he was before us," explained Mark Croxford, the elder of the brothers. "We drifted apart among the boulders and ice ridges of a glacier lee edge, and we looked for him to rejoin us at the lower end of the track. Not meeting him we supposed he had hurried away homeward."

A sudden chill had gone to many a heart in the little group of listeners. The thought of precipices and of their hidden and treacherous dangers was in everyone's mind. A search expedition was quickly organized and started.

"I hear steps behind," said the guide, halting on the first stage of the journey and prominently displayed his lamp.

"Way, it is Miss power!" cried Mark Croxford in astonishment

It was indeed Olive. With blanched cheeks and agonized eyes and dauntless resolution, she insisted on accompanying the seekers. It was at her request that Bernard Ralston had come to Switzerland. If he perished would it not in a sense be her fault? Better that her own life should have been sacrificed! To pursuade the girl to return was useless—only a loss of precious minutes. With a muttered growl of disapprobation the guide was compelled to allow her to proceed.

Hours were spent in a vain pursuit.

"Guide, is there any hope?" demanded a stalwart Cornishman, at last.

"I fear, none!" he answered; "at the bottom of yonder chasm"—

His words were cut short. A cry, half triumphant, half fearful, slipped over Olive Power's bloodless lips.

"Listen! I hear a groan," she said.

A silence that might be felt prevailed.

"The wind across the glacier, Miss," answered the leader, in sulky despair. "There is nothing for it but to go back."

"I will not," the girl declared, "until you tell me whose voice that is. Hark! it is no sound of wind!"

Again they listened, and again without result.

Mark Croxford gently laid his hand on Olive's arm. "Believe me, you are mistaken, Miss Power," he said; "you do not suppose that any one of us would give up this search if the least chance remained? But the guide knows best."

And yet, as he uttered his melancholy remonstrance, there was a sound from over the neighboring ice-floe hard to credit to even the most eerie of Swiss breezes.

"There! surely you hear it now?" the girl said.

If only to make clear the girl's folly to herself, the quest was recommenced.

The quick ear of love had not blundered, after all. This time a chance gleam of the guide's lantern over a jagged precipice side revealed a dark form huddled against an inner ledge. It was Bernard Ralston, insensible from the effects of his perilous fall, and proving that he still lived by an occasional groan.

"I beg pardon very humbly, Miss Power," Mark Croxford whispered.

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"And they tell me, Olive, that I owe my life to you," the convalescent said, wheeled out on the broad mountain terrace of his resting place. "How shall I contrive to repay you, I wonder. Do you know—nay, you cannot know—I had a dream this morning. After the doctor had left my room I dozed, and it seemed to me that—that the dearest girl in the wide world—and surely the bravest—came to my side and smoothed down the pillow—and—dare I whisper the words?—caressed my forehead. It was singular, was it not?"

Something in the poise of the averted face awakened a swift suspicion—a keen thrill of happiness.

"It cannot be that—that it was not a dream?" he queried. "That my ward is willing to be still dearer—to be my wife?"

The small palm was not withdrawn, the lovely crimsoned face was swiftly and momentarily upturned, as he had seen it twice before, and this time a look of ineffable content was mirrored thereupon.

"If you really desire so to extend your guardianship of your 'wayward ward,'" mischievous accents answered. And Bernard Ralston's sometime problem had become his dearest treasure. Love itself had taught love's lesson.

How Glass Eyes Wear Out.

The most perfect eyes are made in Thuringia, Germany, and have a more natural appearance than any others. The iris is covered with silver and the blood vessels with gold, and, when properly inserted, they will move almost as readily as their natural companion. Of course much depends upon the condition of socket and the state of the muscles as left by the surgeon. Our greatest trouble is the matching of the eyes. You see, eyes wear out, their life being about a year or a little over, though occasionally I see one that has lasted a much longer time. The salt and alkaline solutions of the tear ducts, however, have an effect on the surface of the glass, and eventually roughen it, so that a new eye is necessary. Here's one, you can see how rough its surface is and how its colors are dimmed.—[Philadelphia Press Interview.

Took His Medicine.

"Pinder," severely demanded Mrs. Fitzgoober, "did you take any medicine last night?"

"Yes, ma'm," sweetly answered that cherub.

About an hour afterward the lady found the mixture of compound bitterness that had been intended for Pinder's cold, laying snugly under the washstand.

"Pinder!" she yelled.

"Yes, ma'm."

"I thought you told me you had taken your medicine."

"So I did ma; but you didn't ask me where I took it to, so I kept quiet on that point."

But he didn't keep quiet at the point of her rod.—[Atlanta Constitution.

THE UNHAPPY GOBBLER.

When the fat Thanksgiving turkey's not a gobbling—not a gobbling;
And the butcher's just a loking 'round for fun—'round for fun,
And the dinner guests for sweetmeats are a squabbling—are a squabbling,
Then a turkey's life is not a happy one—happy one.
When the dog star's shining high above his brother—'bove his brother,
And the hungry newsboy grasps the sugared bun—sugared bun,
Taking one consideration with another—with another,
A turkey's lot is not a happy one.

BAB'S TURKEY.

A Thanksgiving Story.

[Agnes Carr Sage in Golden Days.]

"Barbara! Barbara Frick!" Mrs. Pettingill's voice rang out sharp and shrill on the summer air, far above the hum of crickets and grasshoppers in the grass: and the little pink sunbonnet down the road came to a sudden standstill. "Barbara, come back here a moment."

"Yes, Mrs. Pettingill," and the owner of the sunbonnet quickly retraced her steps to the farm gate, where stood the tall, rather gaunt woman with the sharp voice.

"The young turkeys have all wandered off into the woods yonder," she said, "and a shower is coming up fast. Would you mind driving 'em up for me, Bab? I've just got my baking in the oven. The men folks are all down in the lower meadow, and the young brood will surely be killed if they get wet."

Barbara glanced doubtfully from the heavy cloud rising in the west to the woman's anxious face, and then, being a good-natured girl, said:

"I think it will rain in ten minutes, Mrs. Pettingill, but I'll do the best I can."

"That's a good child! Be spry and I'll give you a loaf of fresh breed and a pail of milk to take home to your mother."

So, thus encouraged, Barbara set forth across the plowed field, where the wheat and corn were sending up tender green shoots, until she reached the little tract of woodland back of the farm.

Still nothing was to be seen of the truant turkeys; and the thunder now began to rumble overhead and flashes of vivid lightning to play about the dark clouds, making Barbara tremble with fear, for she had great dread of being out in a thunderstorm.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "where can they be? I am afraid it will rain before I get back."

Just then a low, mournful "peep! peep!" made her look round. Something was fluttering in the long grass near an old, tumble-down rail fence, and going nearer she found it was one of the little turkeys, that, in attempting to squeeze between the bars, had stuck fast, and was struggling in vain to get free.

"You poor little dot!" she cried, "how came you here? and where have your mother and brothers all wandered to?"

But the turkey only answered with its sad little "peep! peep!" and helping it through the narrow space Barbara popped the wee, downy thing into her apron and stumbled on through the underbrush, where she felt sure that the speckled hen and her turkey children must have hidden themselves.

"Dear me!" cried Barbara, in dismay, "they will never get over such a wetting as this. And what will Mrs. Pettingill say?"

And she was half afraid to meet the farmer's wife, to whom these promising young fowls had meant a new black silk dress at Thanksgiving.

And Mrs. Pettingill was angry enough when Barbara drove the disconsolate-looking brood into the farmyard, and exclaimed in temper:

"It's all your fault, Bab, for not having sense enough to look in the old pasture first" (for angry people are apt to be unreasonable). "They are sure to pine away and die now, so I shan't bother with 'em any more. You needn't have troubled yourself to take care of that one forlorn little thing, for one isn't worth raising."

"Then take it home, Bab, and see what you can do with it," said good-natured Farmer Pettingill, who came in time to hear his wife's words. "Never mind, Nancy; accidents will happen, you know, and if these die we can set the old brown hen, and have plenty more turkeys in a month.

To which Mrs. Pettingill only tossed her head, muttering.

"Late turkeys never do amount to anything, and these would have been all right now if I had gone after 'em myself and not sent a careless chit like that," with such a scathing glance at Barbara that she was glad to beat a hasty retreat without either the promised bread or pail of milk, and she walked slowly homeward with tears in her brown eyes and the baby turkey still rolled up in her apron.

The Widow Frick, with her son Hans and daughter Barbara, or Bab, as she was usually called, lived in a rickety little cottage at the foot of Long hill, where overything was shabby enough, but clean and neat as a new pin; although the poor woman had often a hard time to provide food and clothing for little family, especially since an attack of malaria in the spring had left her very weak and miserable.

"Hallo, Bab! what have you got there?" called Hans, from the doorstep, as his sister entered the gate; "and you look as solemn as old black Peter's horned owl."

"I guess you would look solemn and cross too, if you had chased over three rough fields torn your clothes, scratched your hands, and been cooped up in a hollow old tree during a terrific thunder storm, and then after all, only get a scolding for your pains," retorted Bab, thus giving vent to her wounded feelings.

"Poor Babble-de-bab! Did you bring home the scolding in your apron?" laughed Hans

"No, indeed! I was glad enough to leave it behind me. This is a poor little turkey."

And Bab produced the wee, trembling bird.

"Where did you get it?" asked Mrs. Frick appearing in the doorway.

And, sitting down, Barbara related her morning's adventure at the Pettingill farm.

"But the turkey won't live," said Hans, when she had finished. "They are the hardest things in the world to raise."

"I shall try, anyway," said Bab, gently smoothing the soft, yellow down.

And she made the little fellow a coop in one corner of the yard, and fed and tended him with such care throughout the summer, that, contrary to all expectations, he lived and thrived, and grew into as fine a turkey gobbler as any one would wish to see.

Mrs. Pettingill's, however, fulfilled her prediction, took cold, and dwinpled away, until not one was left of all the ten.

Bab named her bird Christopher Columbus, because he was such an explorer, always diving into odd and unexpected places.

Now he tried the cupboard, next investigating the oven, while, a moment later, he was foraging among the cabbages, and once almost singed his bill poking it into a pan of hot ashes.

H was devoted to his little mistress, and hopped after her, up and down stairs, and around the garden, and, like Mary's lamb, even "followed her to school one day."

"He is the dearest, sweetest pet that ever lived!" Bab would exclaim, hugging Christopher round the neck, and showering his head with kisses. "And did you ever see more lovely feathers—all green and blue and gold?"

At which he would spread his tail, swell out his throat, and strut around as though he knew he was being admired.

"Your one turkey beats mine all hollow," said Farmer Pettingill one mellow October day, stopping to lean over the fence and chat with Bab. "Altough the brown hen has replaced Speckle's brood, I have none as big or fat. He will bring a nice little sum at Thanksgiving."

"What! Sell Christopher Columbus? Never!" And Bab's eyes flashed indignantly at the idea. "My darling pet shall never be roasted and eaten, but die of old age, like a respectable bird."

"Why, the money he would bring would get you no end of ribbons and lace," continued the farmer, teasingly. "And girls love finery more than anything I know."

"I would rather go in rags, and keep Christopher Columbus," said Bab, firmly picking a caterpillar off a cabbage, and presenting it to the turkey, who made way with the daint y morsel in a twinkling.

Mr. Pettingill laughed heartily, and passed on; but he thought:

"She is a spicy little thing. I wish she was my daughter. How she would brighten up the old homestead!"

The cold weather came very early that year, and the first part of November Mrs. Frick had a severe attack of her old complaint, and was unable to leave her bed.

It was hard lines, then, for Hans and Bab; for though they stayed home from school and worked at all the jobs they could get, they daily saw their mother growing thinner and paler, and the small supply of silver in the old blue woolen stocking that served them for a bank rapidly waxing less and less.

The doctor looked grave when he was finally called in, but said he thought rest and good nourishing food would do a great deal for Mrs. Frick, and above all, she must have a certain tonic, which he mentioned.

"It is expensive—three dollars a bottle," he said, at parting as he buttoned up his heavy fur coat, "but it has worked wonderful cures in these malarial cases, and I am sure is just what she needs."

And he nodded "good day," and rode home to his dinner of roast beef and oysters, leaving poor, hard worked Hans and Barbara gazing at each other in dismay.

"Oh, brother! what shall we do," asked Bab. "There is only one dollar and a half left in the stocking, and I am not to be paid for the socks I am knitting until they are finished, while there is nothing in the house to make broth of, and as for wine for the mother, that is out of the question."

"I don't know," sad Hans, sadly, going to the window, and looking out into the little garden, where Christopher Columbus was marching up and down, making deep tracks in the pure white snow "I wish I did."

Bab was crying softly, the big tears running down her cheeks, and drooping into the bean soup she was taking from the fire, when Hans suddenly remarked:

"Bab, do you know that it only wants three days to Thanksgiving?"

"Yes; but we need not trouble ourselves about our Thanksgiving dinner. It will be only bread and beans, as usual. The other vegetables must be saved for mother."

"Bab, Christopher is very big and fat—almost the biggest turkey I ever saw."

"What do you mean?" cried Barbara, stopping in the middle of the floor, sauce-pan in hand.

Hans turned very red, and he did not look at his sister but stammered:

"Ah, Bab, we can't let the mother die!"

And then he ran out of the room and the house, slamming the door after him.

Bab set down the iron vessel, dropped into a chair, and covered her face with her hands, and she never moved until her mother called her from the adjoining bedroom, when she answered the summons with pale cheeks and swollen eyes, but a new look of determination about her rosy lips.

She found Mrs. Frick feeling much worse, and was busy with her until Hans came back to dinner. Barbara could not eat, but a loud "gobble! gobble!" outside told that Chriseopher was hungry, and she carried out her share of the meat to him. She watched him enjoy it until the last bean had disappeared, but, as she picked up the empty dish, cried:

"Oh, Chris, Chris! dear Chris! I'm afraid you will have to go after all."

And, throwing her arms around the bird's slender neck, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

The turkey pecked at her cheek affectionately, and tried to follow her in-doors, but she shut him out, and going straight to her brother, said:

"Hans, you may take Christopher to Farmer Pettingill to-night and ask him to carry him to market with his own poultry to-morrrw;" at which hans nodded assent, but did not venture to utter a single word.

So it happened that the good farmer was surprised that night by the appearance of a sturdy boy bearing a huge turkey that angrily resented such treatment, and scratched and kicked as though he knew it was for his life.

It was a sad story that Hans had to relate, and Mr. Pettingill blew his nose and said, "Poor little girl, poor little girl," several times during the recital, though his better-half, from the depths of the pantry, muttered:

"Just like poor folks! They never save up anything against a rainy day."

But he promised to dispose of the poor "explorer," who, with his glory all departed, now lay helplessly tied by the legs, and to bring from town the required medicine for the invalid, and the lad was sent home laden with a sack of meal and a fine basket of apples from the farm.

The next two days were very sad ones to Bab. She missed her pet everywhere, and was constantly haunted by visions of Christopher, divested of his royal plumage, and served up, brown and smoking, to grace some Thanksgiving feast.

She picked up a few little feathers in the yard and watered them with her tears as she laid them carefully away in a box that contained her treasures.

But she was somewhat consoled by the good the tonic seemed to do her mother, almost immediately, and was grateful for the extra two dollars Farmer Pettingill slipped into her hand, the price of poor Christopher Columbus

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and cold, and the church bells rang out clear and sweet on the frosty air, bidding the good people from far and near come and join in the great Harvest Home festival.

Merry family parties dashed by in large open sleighs, and young folks in holiday attire trooped down the hill to the quaint old church hidden among the trees.

Bab joined the throng, leaving Hans to take care of their mother, and crept softly into a back seat; but her heart was heavy and her voice broken when she tried to sing the Thanksgiving hymn.

Farmer Pettingill and his wife stood on the porch as she came out, the latter resplendent in a new black silk, and the farmer shook Bab's hand heartily, saying:

"Cheer up, little one. It may be a happier Thanksgiving than you think for, after all."

But the girl only shook her head, and drawing her thin shawl around her, hurried down the path.

"Good cheer, my Babble-de-bab!" cried Hans, as he threw open the door at her knock. "Just look there!"

And Barbara opened her eyes in glad surprise at the feast of good things set forth on the old pine table.

A large, plump turkey, dressed and prepared for roasting, was flanked on one side by vegetables of all kinds, and on the other by mince and pumpkin pies, while rosy red apples, nuts and cider all promised a Thanksgiving dinner such as had not been known in the little house for many a long year.

"Oh, how nice!" cried Bab.

"The Pettingills brought them on their way to church," said Hans, "and mother feels so much better, she thinks she will come to the table to-day. So hurry up and get dinner ready."

Bab needed no second bidding, but flew briskly to work, popping the turkey into the oven and getting the vegetables over the boil.

All was nearly ready, and a delicious, appetizing odor pervading the small kitchen, when suddenly the smile vanished from Bab's face, and with a look of horror, she turned to Hans, who was setting the table, and asked earnestly:

"Hans, tell me! Do you think Farmer Pettingill would be so cruel as to send us back Christopher Columbus, dead and stuffed?"

It was a dreadful thought, and took both their appetites away. So Mrs. Frick was quite distressed to see how little they seemed to care for the unwonted good things.

"No turkey, Bab!" she exclaimed. "Why, how is that?" as the girl shook her head and pushed aside her plate.

"It would choke me," sobbed Barbara; "for it may—it may be Chris."

At that moment, however, a peculiar sound without brought them all to their feet.

"What's that?" cried Bab, turning pale.

"It sounds remarkably familiar," said Hans, as a loud gobble! gobble! fell on their ears, and made a dash for the window, where he saw something that caused him to dance for joy, as he shouted: Oh, Bab! Bab! as sure as you're alive, here is old Christopher Columbus, as big and saucy as ever, begging to come in."

Need I say that he had not to beg long, but in another instant was in the middle of the room, with the whole family laughing and crying over him in a perfect ecstacy of delight, while he rubbed his head against their cheeks, and seemed equally as pleased to be at home once more.

Round the turkey's neck was tied a note, addressed to Miss Barbara Frick, which she read aloud:

Dear Bab—Please accept this Thanksgiving turkey in place of the bread and milk I failed to give you last summer, and I ask your pardon for all I may have said on that day; but I was awful mad at the loss of the breed. Yours respectfully,

NANCY PETTINGILL.

"That is just like her," laughed Mrs. Frick, "rough and impulsive, but kind hearted under it all."

"I am so sorry I ever called her a cross old thing," said Bab: for, oh, Chris! this pays for everything, and you are the very best thanksgiving gift I could have had."

So the dinner was a success after all, and Mrs. Frick had now no reason to complain of her children's appetites, while Christopher Columbus behaved like a cannibal, picking the bones of his unfortunate fellow turkey with the greatest zest, and Thanksgiving joy and cheer reigned in the little cottage under the hill.

NEW LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

A "World" Interview with Mrs. Bacon, President-elect Cleveland's Sister.

Mrs. D. R. Bacon, the wife of a prominent architect residing at Toledo, Ohio, is one of the sisters of President-elect Cleveland. The lady was visited a day or two ago by a correspondent of the New York *World* for the purpose of finding out, if possible, who would have charge of the domestic affairs of the White House during her brother's administration. Mrs. Bacon is a fine looking lady, of quiet demeanor, and a most entertaining conversationalist, as the interview proved. Mrs. Bacon was shown a copy of the *World*, in which it was stated that her sister, Mrs. Hoyt, would probably manage the president's household. After carefully reading the entire article, she said:

"The statement is premature. Nothing has been decided as yet."

"Mrs. Hoyt was with your brother in Albany?"

"Yes; most of the time. While her sons were in the west she gave up housekeeping and went to Albany. For several months at a time she kept house for Grover during the season. She cannot leave her family to go with him to Washington."

"Who will be likely to go with him?"

"I think my sister Elizabeth will have charge of the household; but, as I said before, nothing has been decided on yet. She is unmarried, and has no ties to bind her at home. Her place will be with Grover. She is a maiden lady between thirty-five and forty, is very accomplished, having been engaged for several years delivering lectures on history before educational institutions, so you can see she is well informed. I think it is safe to say she will go to Washington with my brother."

"But yourself?"

"I have a family of three little girls, whom I would not wish to bring up amid such scenes. I intend to go to the inauguration of my brother and will probably remain several months until everything is settled down."

"How many sisters have you?"

"Five. One of them is in Ceylon; the rest are in this country. All are married and have families except Elizabeta."

"Are any of your sisters socially inclined?"

"No, indeed, we are not. All are like myself, perfectly contented with our quiet home life, and happy in the enjoyment of our families. Our father gave us all the best education in his power, and we had little time to devote to society in our youth."

I would recommend Ely's Cream Balm to any one having Catarrh or Catarrhal Asthma. I have suffered for five years so I could not lie down for weeks at a time. Since I have been using the Balm I can lie down and rest. I thank God that you ever invented such a medicine.—Frank P. Burleigh, Farmington, N. H.

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