

OLD THANKSGIVIN'

THE wind in moans' lone- some as it's creepin' to and fro. Through the branches of the trees so bleak and bare. And the sky looks kinder threat'nin' and there's jest a hint of snow. November's writ his name 'most everywhere. The bright red fire's a-roarin' at the big brick chimney pipe, and the old house kinder wears a happy grin. What's the odds about the weather when the loved ones get together. It's jolly old Thanksgivin' come ag'in! There's a turkey full of stuffin' that's a picture for the eye. There's a puddin' that won't hold another plum. There's celery and there's cranberry sass, there's mince and pumpkin pie. "Come, settin' there a-holl'rin' ter yer!" And here's mother, who's been curin' up the days for weeks and weeks, and she's feelin' young as twenty-four. And there's welcome runnin' over just like dew drips off the clover. It's jolly old Thanksgivin' come once more!

Oh, it's good ter be a child ag'in, if only once a year! By good ter have the children round the place. It brings yer back the old sweet days in memory allers dear. And kinder smoothes the wrinkles from yer face. Our boys and gals are back at home with children of their own. So let the fun and frolic now begin; We'll ones' hearts are cheery, though our eyes, maybe, are teary. For it's blessed old Thanksgivin' come ag'in! —Joe Lincoln, in Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Bucking Titus

A THANKSGIVING STORY!

BUCKING TITUS, otherwise William James Titus, mounted mail carrier for the republic, rode out of the Gunnison country with an unwelcome companion. The companion had joined him at Yoe's ranch, where he had been staying for a month, bracing up a degenerate lung. Titus termed a "lunger," as he opprobriously hated the invalids who made Colorado melancholy; and, anyway, Titus was a man of prejudices. He covered more ground than any other mail carrier in the whole state, and the snowbound pass that would daunt him, the height

bolle to the men who knew her—the adventurers who passed along the cruel road to Tin Cup. Anderson, taking the unnecessary trouble to pick the way for his horse—talked cheerfully to the mail carrier. "It's an experience that a city man like myself is sure to remember to the last day of his life, you know. I never felt such liberty in all my life. Faith, I've seen no paper that was not a week old before I got it, and I'm as ignorant of my business as you are. But I'm glad of it. I'm rested clean through to the bones. And then the people at the ranch! Why, Jim Yoe's a man in a thousand! I've seen smart men, but he's got more practical sense and courage crammed in his head than any man I ever had the pleasure of meeting. As for Miss Claribel, she's an edelweiss here in the snow." Bucking Titus gave a fierce lurch at the saddle bags, though they seemed to Anderson to be adjusted quite correctly. "How a girl can grow up in such surroundings as hers and yet have that soft voice and charming accent and all those adorable little ways of hers is more than I know. And she manages the affairs of the house perfectly. It doesn't matter how many drop in to dinner, she always seems to be prepared for them and to make them welcome. The servants are at her feet. I thought I'd seen some mighty fine ladies in my day, but I confess I had to come to the Gunnison country to see the finest of them all." Bucking Titus spoke. He was a hero in his way and had known great dangers and had had combats with the elements and with wild beasts and wilder men but he spoke like a sulky schoolboy. "If you think so mighty much of her," said he, "why don't you take her out of the Gunnison country?" Bernard Anderson threw back his handsome head and laughed. "Good-by!" cried he. "I like the idea! I'll have to go home and think the matter over. If it seems likely that she will fit into the life there— you know?"

"A knock fall" scudded out of the drifting snow before the men, and Anderson aghast. Fortunately his horse stood steady. As for Bucking Titus, he sped a bullet quick as thought, and the little creature gave one last leap and lay inert. The mail messenger dismounted and picked up the pretty beastie. "It will do for Aunt Dolly's step out at the boarding house," said he. "But this is for you and he cut a foot off with his knife and handed it to Anderson. "Thank!" cried the young city man, delighted. "As like as not it will bring me the edelweiss of the Gunnison snows. Eh, Titus?" "As like as not," responded Titus through his beard, and he put spurs to his horse. Two days before Thanksgiving Bucking Titus started on his itinerary with the full intention of timing himself so that he would be invited to

walk to the door—but that, no doubt, was because of the cold. Yoe brought him a hot glass of goodly drink. "You've hit it in the nick of time," cried he. "The turkey is just coming out of the oven, and it's been similing mad these last two hours because you wasn't here to help eat it." Savory scents and hot-oven sounds emanated propitiously from the kitchen. Bucking Titus tried to be gay, and made a good deal of noise as he got out of his bear coat and unbuttoned his leggings. But his heart was trembling like an aspen in a storm and he felt sick-like a man who hears the hammer that makes his gibbet. He delayed pusillanimously for about five minutes before he pulled out the letters. There were two for Yoe and the fatal one for Claribel. He tried not to look at the girl while she read hers, but finally he had to steal an upward glance. Her face was flushed a little and she was smiling. An invisible hand of iron came from somewhere and gripped the mail carrier's throat. He leaned his head upon his hand. After a minute the girl came over and sat near him, her letter in her hand. "You seem really ill," she said, softly, looking at him with a glance of friendliness that almost broke his heart. "Was it so very cold?" "Not so very cold. You'd better write the answer to that letter before I go so I can take it on with me. Or you can fix up a message and I'll wire if you like." "You are uncommonly good, Mr. Titus, but there is no haste." The accent was dry. "Eh?" gasped Titus, stupidly. The girl broke into a radiant smile. "Are you so anxious to get rid of me?" she whispered. "Good God, no! Are—are you—?" "Am I going of my own free will? No; so there!" The mail carrier leaned back in his chair with a sigh of indescribable relief. The Chinaman brought the turkey in. It was a lordly bird, and the hungry mountaineers arose at its entrance—some rises when a king enters! "Anything else you want to know?" whispered the girl, archly. Her eyes were dancing, her lips parted, her cheeks crimson. She was tempting past resistance. "You know there is something else I want to know," came back the whisper. He caught her hand with a cruel clasp. "Do—do you—Claribel, do you ever think of me?" "Sometimes. Thursdays." (Thursday was mail day.) "Come, come, come!" called Yoe to them above all the racket of laughter and talking and shuffling of feet. "The dogs are howling for their share and parson has to say grace yet."

Perpetual Thanksgiving. Nor would we confine its observance to a single day. If it is a good and desirable thing to manifest the spirit of love and kindness on one stated day of the year, how much better—inestimably better—if the spirit shall grace all the other days of the year and of all years! The sumptuous material feast need not be spread, nor the formalities of a set holiday observed. They are merely the setting in which is enshrined the spirit giving life to the occasion—they are not the spirit itself. The true Thanksgiving spirit is one of recognition, of gratitude. In the family life it may ever be present, noting the duties performed, the assistance rendered, the encouragement extended. The opportunities utilized, and making recognition, from member to member and from heart to heart, in love, kindness, tenderness, and consideration. So will the year be a perpetual Thanksgiving—Good Housekeeping.

A Home Day. Thanksgiving is a day for home coming, home thoughts, and home enjoyments. In this respect of building and intensifying the home light and home love it stands unique among our holidays. It has, therefore, a special place in the hearts of all who would see the home influence broadened and strengthened and sweetened. There can be no more touching observance than this annual gathering of the absent and wandering members of a family about the parental board, the living over of bygone days and scenes, the knitting more closely of the dearest earthly ties. Who shall attempt to estimate the influence of the hundreds of thousands of such gatherings, annually occurring? And as we believe the home life to be the best strength of a nation, we must give to Thanksgiving day a place of honor high among the silent forces which have made our nation so great.—Good Housekeeping.

A JUST CAUSE. "For what are you thankful?" the father inquired Of his dutiful son, Master Freddie. The boy hesitated, and then gave a wink: "Oh, just because dinner is ready."

Needs Smoothing Out. It looks, says the Chicago Record, as if southern China might also need a little laundry work done on it.

SCHOOLBOY OF THE FUTURE.

After He Has Run the Gauntlet of Prescribed Interrogations He May Begin to Learn.

Teacher (to applicant for admission)—Johnnie, have you got a certificate of vaccination? "Yes, sir." "Have you been inoculated for crump?" "Yes, sir." "Had your arm scratched with cholera bacilli?" "Yes, sir." "Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles, mumps and diphtheria?" "Yes, sir." "Have you your own private drying cup?" "Yes, sir." "Do you promise not to exchange sponges with the boy next to you, and never use anybody's own pencil?" "Will you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur and sprinkle your clothes with chloride of lime once a week?" "Yes, sir." "Johnnie, you have met the first requirements of the modern sanitarium, and may now begin to study and forthwith begin to learn."—N. Y. World.

Acrobatic. After supper he procured his wife's best clothingline from the back shed, fastened one end of it to his St. Bernard's collar and the other to the middle of the road and mounted. For about four rods, that is until the St. Bernard espied a canine friend, the acrobatic was dramatic, after that it became one horrible nightmare. In desperation the rider clutched handle bars, back pedaled and fairly howled. At last he stopped. It stopped all right, but the wheel had motions of its own. It went on till it struck the dog ambush, then it rose in the air, sending its rider toward cloudland. His head tried conclusions with the curb, and when they brought him to the promised land he never to do it again.—Detroit Free Press.

The Census of 1900. A booklet giving the population of all cities of the United States of 25,000 and over according to the census of 1900, has just been issued by the passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and a copy of it may be obtained by sending your address, with two-cent stamp to pay postage, to the General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

An Accretion. "Well, sir," said the slangy man, "he made me look like 30 cents." "You ought not to complain about that, for it is an improvement." "Ordinarily you look like a nickel."—Detroit Free Press.

Time to Go South. For the present winter season the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has improved its already nearly perfect through service of Pullman vestibule sleeping cars and elegant Pullman coaches from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago, to Mobile, New Orleans, Tampa, Jacksonville, Tallahassee, Pensacola, Jacksonville, Tampa, Palm Beach and other points in Florida. Perfect connections made with steamer lines for Porto Rico, Nassau, West Indian and Central American ports. Tourist and Home Seekers' excursion tickets on sale at low rates. Write C. L. Stone, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

Usual Way. Bobbs—Too bad about Nobs. Lost all of his furniture because of a false alarm of fire at his house. Nobs—But if there was no fire, how could he be destroyed? Bobbs—Yes, but he lives in a suburban town where they have a volunteer fire department.—Baltimore American.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a pleasant form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and it laughs behind your back.—Town Topics.

Jell-O, The New Dessert, pleases all the family. Four flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers, 10 cts. Try it to-day.

Having hitched your wagon to a star, keep your eye peeled lest the star run away with you before you have time to climb into the same.—Detroit Journal.

Drugs have their uses, but don't store them in your house. Besting Pills, a Powerful Cathartic, restores the natural forces to perform their functions.

"A thief stole all the harness from my stable last night!" "Didn't he leave a trace?"—St. Louis Republic.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Customer at cigar counter, buying a weed—"This is too dark." "Here is a cigar lighter."—St. Louis Republic.

Pine's Cure for Consumption is an infallible remedy for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Of all the practices of love, praise is the most treacherous.—Chicago Daily News.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Ungrateful Man. "I must get a new tailor," said Godin. "Your clothes seem to fit," commented Gurley. "Oh, they fit; but the beggar actually gets to be paid for them."—Detroit Free Press.

Beat for the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascara gets nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascara's (Candy Cathartic), the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Girlish Insight. Little Bess—Cousin Lisbeth, what is stupidity? Cousin Lisbeth—Oh, little Bess, stupidity is a state of mind other people think we are in when they can't understand what we say.—Indianapolis Journal.

Does Coffee Agree with You? If not, drink Grain-O—made from pure grains. A. L. is a writer. "The first time I made Grain-O I did not like it, but after using it one week nothing would induce me to go back to coffee." It nourishes and feeds the system. Children can drink it freely with great benefit. It is the strengthening substance of pure grains. Get a package to-day from your grocer, follow directions in making, and you will have a delicious and healthful table beverage for old and young. 15c and 25c.

Human Refrigerators. Hoax—Cremation is a thing of the past in the classical precincts of Boston. Soax—Because why? "Because of the expense. It requires too much heat to reduce a Bostonian to ashes."—Chicago Daily News.

Excursion Sleepers Via M. K. & T. Ry. Weekly Excursion Sleepers leave St. Louis via Katy Fwyer (M. K. & T. Ry.) every Tuesday at 8:15 p. m. for San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Weekly Excursion Sleepers leave Kansas City via the M. K. & T. Ry. every Saturday at 9:05 p. m. for San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The Reason for It. He—There are 25,000 more women than men in New York city. She—No wonder that New York men are so shallow.—Indianapolis Journal.

What Shall We Have for Dessert? This question arises every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, delicious and healthful. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling, no baking, just boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry. At your grocers, 10c.

New rule of the Don't Worry Club: If you are hungry, don't try to worry about it, but try to get something to eat.—Atchison Globe.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

The traveler in a desert is a well-wisher.—Chicago Daily News.

Fowers Confess. "Ah," mused Mr. Henpeck, as his wife and mother-in-law began a discussion with the cook, "the conference of the powers has begun." In this case, also, it was over the partition of China.—Baltimore American.

Pathos Deep. "What are you saying around that Atlantic cable for?" said the lobster to the bluefish. "Oh," said the latter, nonchalantly, "mere picking up a few ocean currents."—Detroit Free Press.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

J. C. Watson

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

900 DROPS

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS AND CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by J. C. WATSON, Lowell, Mass.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

The Simple Signature of J. C. Watson, NEW YORK.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

FADED IN HER YOUTH

Pretty faces and graceful forms of young women! Why is it they are so soon replaced by plainness and lankness? It is because the young girl just entering into womanhood does not know how to take care of herself and has no one competent to instruct her. It is not necessary that there should be anything weakening or wearying about the obligations of a female organism. Parents of young girls should inform themselves and prevent their dear ones from making costly errors.

That young woman has a just cause of complaint, who is permitted to believe that great periodic suffering is to be expected, that severe mysterious pains and aches are part of her natural experience as a woman. These things are making constant war on her health, her disposition and her beauty. It is a wanton sacrifice, absolutely unnecessary and cruel. It is more—it is criminal.



Dr. Greene's NERVURA

for the Blood and Nerves!

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is the right medicine for every young girl who is just entering the first stage of womanhood. It prepares the system in every way to act normally. It enriches the blood supply, and keeps the nerves calm and steady. Fortified with this great medicine, all the womanly duties may be undertaken and experienced without the slightest jeopardy to health. It preserves the gifts of nature and assists their development into glowing, healthful beauty.

Mrs. Mary Frances Little, of 3 Hunter Alley, Rochester, N. Y., says: "I was very pale and delicate—had no color. I took Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and now I am well and strong, my face is plump, and cheeks red, and my complexion pure."

Mrs. William Bartels, 239 East 87th St., New York City, says: "Dr. Greene's Nervura made a wonderful improvement in my health, and that dark, sallow look left my face. My friends hardly know me. I have gained flesh and am like a different person."

The nervousness in women which invariably comes with pain is of itself certain to stop the development of beauty in face and figure. Excited nerves make sharp lines and hasty speech. The beautiful curves which make women so attractive are not possible when the female organism is out of order, as it surely is when discomfort and pain are always or even periodically present. It is only necessary to look in the faces of young women everywhere to see that this must be so. Else why are they so pale and thin?

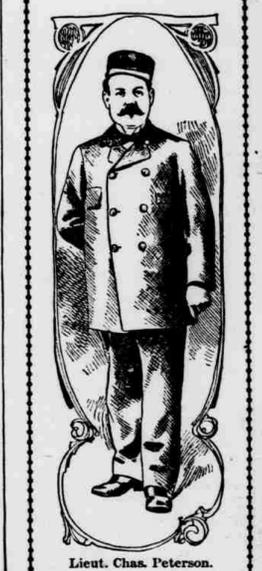
GET FREE ADVICE FROM DR. GREENE

Real beauty is rare. It belongs to perfect health. It is possible to every woman who takes the matter in hand intelligently. Get advice from Dr. Greene, the great specialist in these matters. He will tell you why all this is so, and show you how to avoid the stumbling blocks that bar women's way to happiness. You may consult Dr. Greene without cost by calling or writing to him at his office, 35 West 14th Street, New York City. Don't throw away your beauty. Write to Dr. Greene to-day.

LIEUTENANT PETERSON

Says Peruna is The Finest Tonic and Invigorator He Ever Used.

Lieutenant Charles Peterson, Hook and Ladder Co. No. 21, writes the following letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., from 827 Belmont avenue, Chicago, Ill.: "Last year I had a severe attack of the gripe which left me very weak, so that I was unable to perform my duties. Several of my friends advised me to build up on Peruna, and I found it by far the finest tonic and invigorator I had ever used. In two weeks I was strong and well, and if ever I am exposed to unusual hardship incident with my duties at fires, I take a dose or two of Peruna and find that it keeps me in good health." Charles Peterson.



Lieut. Chas. Peterson.

The above is only one of fifty thousand letters we have on file attesting the merits of Peruna.

There are a great multitude of people in all parts of the land who have entirely lost their health as a result of the gripe; who have recovered from an attack, but find themselves with weakened nerves, deranged digestion, and with but very little of their former powers.

There is no disease known to man that leaves the system in such an outrageous and exasperating condition as the gripe. For this class of sufferers, Peruna is a specific. Peruna should be taken according to directions and in a few weeks the sufferer will be entirely restored to his accustomed health.

Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for a free copy of "Facts and Foes."



"THE DOGS ARE HOWLING FOR THEIR SHARE AND PARSON HAS TO SAY GRACE YET."

which would make him giddy, the path he would not venture, the storm he would not face he had yet to encounter. His critics might have claimed for him more bravado than wise courage—but Titus did not care about critics. Talking was one of the superfluous arts at best, according to Bucking Titus.

That was one of the two reasons why he objected to Bernard Anderson, his companion. Anderson would talk. He exclaimed about the glory of the mountains; he thought it worth his while to make comments upon the splendor of the autumnal foliage, and he even went so far as to say what he thought about the mists that entwined themselves around the cruel front of the Old Man's mountain—that grim wall of granite whose canyons knew the blackest tragedies of all the mountains in the country round about. Anderson was stupid enough to relate some of these tales—though they were ancient history to Titus.

But the second reason for dislike which Titus entertained for Anderson was of a more serious nature. Anderson had been four weeks under the same roof with Claribel Yoe. As for Titus, though for two years past he had ridden over the pass like the wild huntsman, thinking only of the face that he should see in the valley beyond, he had never so much as knows what it was to press her hand or to sit opposite to her at table. To be sure, she had brought him out hot coffee now and then or hidden him to sit beside the fire, and on holidays had given him a true stirrup cup, yet he said to himself with endless iteration that she cared nothing for him—that she had never noticed him any more than she had 20 other men.

All men were ohivorous to her. How could they be otherwise? She coaxed sociability out of the solitude and made a home in the wilderness and wilderness in the country of the mountains. She was a woman of a more serious nature. Anderson had been four weeks under the same roof with Claribel Yoe. As for Titus, though for two years past he had ridden over the pass like the wild huntsman, thinking only of the face that he should see in the valley beyond, he had never so much as knows what it was to press her hand or to sit opposite to her at table. To be sure, she had brought him out hot coffee now and then or hidden him to sit beside the fire, and on holidays had given him a true stirrup cup, yet he said to himself with endless iteration that she cared nothing for him—that she had never noticed him any more than she had 20 other men.

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