

THANKSGIVING DAY. 1896.



as if her heart was going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking-chair and came and went in his old bonny way, bringing in his store of gifts and provisions. It was better than any dream. He laughed and talked and went out to send the man to bring a wagonful of wood from John Mander's



THE PIECE THAT WAS LOST.

It was a midsummer morning. The grass was waiting for the scythe, but after breakfast Silas Rogers took down the old bible that had been his mother's daily companion for over eighty years, and they sat reverently down to worship. The reading was that tender lesson of the wandering sheep, and the lost piece of silver, and ended with the heavenly rejoicing "over the sinner that repenteth," and after the earnest, though homely prayer, they were ready for work. Abner, the hired man, and Reuben, the boy, as they started out of the house, almost stumbled over a woman sitting in the doorway, absorbed in thought. Silas looked at her, but did not stay to question her. And when they were gone, she rose abruptly and said, "Will you give me some breakfast?"

Mrs. Rogers looked at her. She was a tall and not uncomely woman of about thirty, but with something indefinably evil about her face. The hard mouth, the bold, defiant eyes, repelled her, yet it seemed as if at any instant they might break into scornful tears. "Who are you?" asked the good wife coming nearer, with a pan of bread in her hand. Again the face darkened and lightened, grey hard and yielding, with the sudden declaration, "I am the piece that was lost."

Martha Rogers had not a particle of poetry in her nature, but she had the most profound reverence for the Scripture, therefore the words both puzzled and shocked her. But she was not the woman to refuse bread to the hungry; so she placed food upon the table, and motioned the woman to a chair, saying, "Set up and eat."

All the time that the woman was eating—and she did not hasten—her eyes followed the mistress and Hetty, the bright young daughter, until Martha Rogers grew nervous and sent Hetty to "red up the chambers."

"Will you give me work to do?" she demanded rather than asked. "Who are you?" asked Mrs. Rogers again, simply to gain time. "I thought you knew. I am Moll Pritchard; they have turned me out of my house, burned it over my head," and her eyes grew lurid.

"What can you do?" asked Mrs. Rogers. "Anything that a woman can do, or a man. I can work in the field with the best of them; I have done it many a time; but I should like to do what—to be like other women."

"Are you a good woman?" The question came straight and strong, without any faltering. She had heard of this Moll Pritchard, a woman who lived alone in a tumble down hut below the sawmill, and was a meager living by weaving rag carpets, picking berries for sale, and it was suspected in less reputable ways; but Martha Rogers took no stock in idle rumors. If she had not the divine compassion, she had something like divine justice, which is altogether a sweeter thing in its remembering of our frame "than the tender mercies of the wicked."

bounding with the unexpected release; and the mother turned again to the woman, furnished her with a coarse towel, and sent her to the wash house for a thorough purification. Half an hour afterward, with her hair hidden in the muslin cap, her whole figure enveloped in the calico apron, a comely woman was silently engaged in household tasks, doing her work with such rapidity and skill that the housewife drew a sigh of relief.

"There's a handful of towels and coarse clothes left from the ironing; you might put the irons on, Mary, and smooth 'em out."

The woman turned a startled face upon her, and then went quickly for the clothes; but something—was it a tear?—rolled down her swarthy cheeks, mingling with the bright drops she sprinkled over them. When had she ever heard anything but Moll? Not since among New Hampshire hills a pale woman had lain her hands upon the tangled curls of her little daughter and prayed that some one would watch over these wayward feet, lest they should go astray. It made Moll shudder to think of it. What did she know about joy in heaven over one sinner and repenteth?

Silas Rogers listened to the day's story as he sat mending a bit of harness with clumsy fingers, and among his other thoughts he grasped the idea that his wife had secured a valuable and much-needed helper.

"It seems a risk to run," said Martha, anxiously, "and I don't know but it's presumptuous; there's Hetty and there's Reuben—"

"And there's the Lord," said Silas, stopping to open his knife. "Yes," said Martha, with a little start, "and I quite can't get rid of what she said about the 'piece that was lost,' though, to be sure, the woman that lost it ought to hunt it."

"She never does; folks are always losing things for somebody else to find; 'tain't many of them can say, 'Those that thou hast given me I have kept,' right straight along."

Martha Rogers took the risk for the Lord, and he abundantly justified and rewarded her faith. For the piece that was lost becomes "my piece" to the heart that finds it again in the Master's hand; and locking the story of the wanderer in her own breast, it was only to the angels that she said, "Rejoice with me."

A THANKSGIVING SKETCH.



HERE was a sad heart in the low-storied, dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside under some tall elms. Small as her house was, old Mrs. Robb found it too large for herself alone; she only needed the kitchen and a tiny bedroom that led out of it, and there still remained the best room and a bedroom, with the low garret overhead. There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself. She owned a pig, and was strong enough not only to do a woman's work inside her house, but also a man's work outside in her piece of garden ground. At last sickness and age had come hand in hand, those two relentless enemies of the poor, and together they had wasted her strength and substance. She had always been looked up to by her neighbors as being independent, but now she was left, lame-footed and lame-handed, with a debt to carry and her bare land, and the house ill-provisioned to stand the siege of time. For a while she managed to get on, but at last it began to be whispered about that it was no use for any one to be so proud; it was easier for the whole town to care for her than for a few neighbors, and she had better go to the poorhouse before winter, and be done with it. At this terrible suggestion her brave heart seemed to stand still. The people whom she cared most for happened to be poor, and she could no longer go into their households to make herself of use. The very elms overhead seemed to say "No" as they groaned in the late autumn winds, and there was something appealing even to strange passers-by in the look of the little gray house, with Mrs. Robb's pale, worried face at the window.

Anniversaries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes when they come they seem to be full of shadows, and the power of giving joy to others, that inalienable right which ought to lighten the saddest heart, the most indifferent sympathy, sometimes even this seems to be withdrawn. So poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself to be poor and sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road she looked eastward over a great stretch of cold meadow-land, brown and windswept and crossed by



THERE WAS A TALL MAN. icy ditches. It seemed to her as if in all the troubles that she had known and carried before this, there had always been some hope to hold, as if she had never looked poverty full in the face and seen its cold and pitiless look before. She looked anxiously down the road, with a horrible shrinking and dread at the thought of being asked, out of pity, to join in some Thanksgiving feast, but there was no body coming with gifts in hand. Once she had been full of love for such days, whether at home or abroad, but something had chilled her very heart now, poor old woman.

Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town-farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting patiently to get her tiny farm into his own hands. He had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt, after he had cleared her wood lot to pay himself back. He would plow over the graves in the field-corner and fell the great elms, and waited for his poor prey like a spider. He had often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past and com-

ing to be a charge to others now. Oh, if she could only die in her own house and not suffer the pain of homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset, and as she looked out hopelessly across the gray fields, there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond, the clouds opened in the west and let the sunshine through. One lovely gleam shot swift as an arrow and brightened a far cold hillside where it fell, and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart.

"There was Johnny Harris," said Mary Ann, softly. "He was a soldier's son, left an orphan and distressed. Old John Mander scolded, but I couldn't see the poor boy want. I kept him that year after he got hurt, spite o' what anybody said, an' he helped me what little he could. He said I was the only mother he'd ever had. 'I'm goin' out West, Mother Robb,' says he. 'I shan't come back till I get rich, an' then he'd look at me an' laugh, so pleasant an' boyish. He wa'n't one that liked to write. I don't think he was doin' very well when I heard—there, it's years ago now. I always thought if he got sick or anything, I should have a good home for him. There was Ezra Blake, the deaf one, too—he wa'n't have any place to come to—"

The light faded out of doors, and again Mrs. Robb's troubles stood before her. Yet it was not so dark as it had been in her sad heart. She still sat by the window, hoping now, in spite of herself, instead of fearing; and a curious feeling of nearness and expectancy made her feel not so much light-hearted as light-headed.

"I feel just as if somethin' was goin' to happen," she said. "Poor Johnny Harris, perhaps he's thinkin' o' me, if he's alive."

It was dark now out of doors, and there were tiny clicks against the window. It was beginning to snow, and the great elms creaked in the rising wind overhead.

A dead limb of one of the old trees had fallen that autumn, and poor firewood as it had been, it was Mrs. Robb's own, and she had burnt it most thankfully. There was only a small armful left, but at least she could have the luxury of a fire. She had a feeling that it was her last night at home, and with strange recklessness she began to fill the stove as she used to do in better days.

"I'll get me good an' warm," she said, still talking to herself, as lonely people do, "an' I'll go to bed early. It's comin' on to storm." The snow clicked faster and faster against the window, and she sat alone thinking in the dark.

"There's lots o' folks I love," she said once. "They'd be sorry I ain't got nobody to come an' no supper the night afore Thanksgiving. I'm dreadful glad they don't know." And she drew a little nearer to the fire, and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking-chair.

It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the old stove and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Robb waked up frightened and bewildered.

"Who's there?" she called, as she found her crutch and went to the door. She was conscious of only her one great fear. "They've come to take me to the poorhouse!" she said, and burst into tears.

There was a tall man, not John Mander, who seemed to fill the narrow doorway. "Come, let me in!" he said gayly. "It's a cold night. You didn't expect me, did you, Mother Robb?"

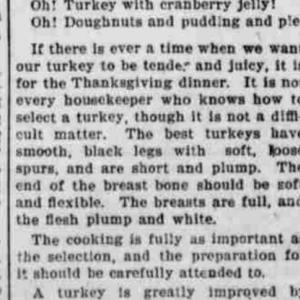
and came in himself laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime. They must cook the steak for supper right away; they must find the package of tea among all the other bundles; they must get good fires started in both the bedrooms. Why, Mother Robb didn't seem to be ready for company from out West! The great cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little, old woman limped after him, forgetting everything but hospitality. Had not she a house for John to come to? Were not her old chairs and tables in their places still? And he remembered everything, and kissed her as they stood before the fire as if she were a girl.

He had found plenty of hard times, but luck had come at last. He had struck luck, and this was the end of a great year. "No, I couldn't seem to write letters; no use to complain o' the worst, an' I wanted to tell you the best when I came"; and he told it while she cooked the supper. "No, I wa'n't goin' to write no foolish letters," John repeated. He was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been; and they sat down to supper together.



"DON'T YOU CRY SO!" just as they used to when he was a homeless orphan boy, whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work. She could not be kinder now than she was then but she looked so poor and old! He saw her taste her cup of tea and set it down again, with a trembling hand, and a look at him. "No, I wanted to come myself," he blustered, wiping his eyes and trying to laugh. "And you're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable long's you live, Mother Robb!"

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good, hot supper ready, and her own folks had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.



Oh! Turkey with cranberry jelly! Oh! Doughnuts and pudding and pie! If there is ever a time when we want our turkey to be tender, and juicy, it is for the Thanksgiving dinner. It is not every housekeeper who knows how to select a turkey, though it is not a difficult matter. The best turkeys have smooth, black legs with soft, loose spurs, and are short and plump. The end of the breast bone should be soft and flexible. The breasts are full, and the flesh plump and white. The cooking is fully as important as the selection, and the preparation for it should be carefully attended to. A turkey is greatly improved by drawing the sinews from the legs. This converts the otherwise coarse and tough flesh of the dramatick Loaf into delicate meat. If you prefer to stuff your turkey, place enough in slit of neck to fill the cavity made by removing the crop; fill the breast with the remainder and sew firmly. Thanksgiving Day is a timely preparation for Christmas. A thankful heart makes one desire to share good gifts with a poorer neighbor, and so by the time Christmas Day appears the spirit of selfishness has been suppressed.

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We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Cheese Fondue.
Two ounces of butter, four ounces of bread crumbs, eight ounces of cheese, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs.
Cut the butter and cheese in small pieces and place them in a large bowl with the bread; on this pour scalding milk, after which add the yolks well beaten, and also a little salt; mix well together, cover and place on the back of the range, stirring occasionally until dissolved, when add the white beaten to a stiff froth; place in a buttered pie plate and bake on a quick oven for about twenty minutes; serve the moment it is taken from the oven.

Santa Fe Route—California Limited.
Leaves Chicago 6 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays, reaching Los Angeles in 72 hours and San Diego in 75 1/2 hours. Returns from California Mondays and Thursdays.
Equipment of superb vestibuled Pullman palace sleepers, buffet smoking car and dining car. Most luxurious service via any line.
Another express train carrying both palace and tourist sleepers, leaves Chicago 10:25 p. m. daily, for Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco.
Inquire of G. T. Nicholson, General Passenger Agent, Great Northern Building, Chicago.

One cannot know what a man really is by the end of a fortnight.
How common it is when a man blunders to correct his fault by abusing those around him.

Cheap Excursions to the West, North and Northwest.
On Dec. 1 and 15, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will sell excursion tickets to a large number of points in the west, north and northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines, or address W. R. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.
For rates, time cards and descriptive matter for Florida and all points in the South and Southeast, address the following agents of the Popular Big Four Route: J. C. Tucker, General Northern Agent, or H. W. Sparks, Traveling Passenger Agent, 234 Clark St., Chicago.

Women make poor captains, but the very best of lieutenants.
For Pin Worms, Eczema, Hives, in fact, any of the various torturing, itchy diseases of the skin, Doan's Ointment is an instant and positive remedy. Get it from your dealer.

The short time for circulating the globe at present is 66 days.
Physicians recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup because of its prompt, positive action in all cases of lung trouble. It is a positively reliable cure for coughs and colds.
You can't save a drowning man by any fancy swimming.

Even catarrh, that dread breeder of consumption, succumbs to the healing influences of Thomas' Electric Oil.
Money talks—but it doesn't always reply when spoken to.
Pure blood is the secret of health. Burdock Blood Bitters insures pure blood.
Heat travels faster than cold. Anybody can catch cold.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.
The average Japanese god is 60 feet high.
Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 20, 1895.
Milk is always sold by weight in Arabia.
Just try a box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowels regulator ever made.
Brazil has abolished lotteries.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and I see, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.
Florida has 216 bar rooms.
When bilious or constive eat a Cascarets candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.
The Chief Qualifications.
When for a fitting occupant,
An office starts to beg,
Then every honest aspirant
Protrudes a tensile leg.—Truitt.

There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnest.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease and requires constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies the blood and cures catarrh.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

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Habit Cured. Est. 1871. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. Pure. State cases. Dr. Mann, Quincy, Mich.

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Rev. John Wier, after nine years of continuous labor in Japan, is soon to return with his family to this country.