



THANKSGIVING AT LONESOME HOLLOW

"Seems awfully forlorn to eat a Thanksgiving dinner all alone," said Milly soberly, looking over at the young fellow who sat mending a harness strap beside the blazing hearth. "I haven't the heart to get up a big dinner for just us two."

"I don't see what else we can do. No neighbors to invite except old Peto Sprat, and he wouldn't come. We might send him something by way of being neighborly."

"And be turned away for our pains," the woman laughed.

"You can't even go out on the highways and hedges and gather in stragglers like the ancient host of Bible fame. Maybe it is just as well not to have all the work of getting up a Thanksgiving dinner, for I seem to me that you look tired, Milly. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Jim. I guess I need a little outing. I'll take a run across the Hollow and be back before supper."



Heard the sound of chopping.

"I'm getting morbid simply for the want of a little company," she said, as she walked down the untraveled road in the face of the crisp north wind. "That will never do for you, Milly Bennet. For Jim's sake you mustn't give way to such foolishness."

Suddenly Milly's ear caught the sound of chopping, which seemed to come from the Hollow beyond the divide. She turned and made her way easily through the leafless thickets, walking briskly over the hill and down the opposite descent until she distinctly heard voices. Further on, at the edge of a natural clearing, she came upon a party of travelers camped beside a newly kindled fire, where a lean, gaunt appearing fellow busied himself with preparations for the evening meal. They were eight in all, a rough, unkempt lot in leathern jackets and rusty boots. Beside the cook lay a bag of flour, a rasher of bacon and two jugs stopped with corn-cobs.

Milly stopped abruptly when she found herself observed by the curious eyes of eight strangers, then changed her mind and crossed the low little brook and made her way toward the fire.

A big, black-whiskered man dropped his armful of horsefeed and looked at her piercingly. "Lost?" he asked brusquely.

"No. I live two miles up the divide. I happened to hear you chopping, and stopped out of curiosity."

The man's insistent gaze annoyed her, but the forlorn, gaunt appearance of the little group lanced a little throb of pity and made her think gratefully of her own cozy, cheerful little shack, with Jim waiting for her beside the glowing hearth.

"I suppose you are starry camping here for the night," she ventured, looking about at the meager comforts of the camp.

"Well, no," answered the black-browed man who impressed her at once as being spokesman of the party. "We came down to prospect a bit. There's talk of gold in this district, and if it's worth our while we may set up for a week or two."

"Oh, then, you'll be here over Thanksgiving, won't you? I'd like to have you all take dinner with us to-morrow."

The man looked at his fellows with a curious smile, half-questioning, half-cynical. "It's rather unexpected," he remarked humorously.

"Oh, we're all neighbors out here,

you know," Milly explained cordially. "My husband would be very glad to have you with us. We are from the east, and we're used to having company for Thanksgiving."

"Your husband is a prospector, too, I take it?"

"Oh, no. He came out here for his health two years ago, when he was all run down with overwork. We expect to stay here until he's quite well."

"We didn't notice any houses as we passed along. Where do you live?"

"Two miles below here, on the Sunrise road, not on the trail. Will you come over to-morrow?"

"Well, being as you're so kind as to take the trouble to invite us we'll be glad to accept your hospitality, and thank you."

"Very well. I shall expect you promptly at 12. There are eight of you, aren't there? I want you all, remember. Now, I'll go, for the walk is rather long. You cross the hill and go straight south till you reach the Sunrise wagon road, which will take you directly to our shack, going west. Good night."

Milly returned in great good spirits. Jim looked dubious at first, but he was loth to damp the ardor of his good little helpmeet by voicing his doubts as to the wisdom of inviting eight strangers to their home.

"You don't mind, do you, Jim?" Milly asked, anxiously.

"Not a bit. If it pleases you let's have them by all means."

"You should have seen them! Great, gaunt, hungry-looking fellows who probably haven't had a good dinner for a year. I do believe Providence sent me across their path expressly to give them a treat."

"I hope we have enough stuff on hand," said cautious Jim. "It will take bags to satisfy eight hungry men, you know."

"Of course we have plenty. We'll kill both turkeys and I'll make four pies instead of one, and two boiled middlers besides. We'll have potatoes and turnips and the canned corn I put up myself, and as much cider as they can drink. For dessert we'll have real good coffee and ice cake. Oh, we'll have enough, you may be sure, Jim, you must rig up a table big enough to seat them all."

They worked till bedtime that night, peeling apples, seedling raisins, and picking the turkeys. The next morning Milly rose long before dawn and set about her baking and brewing, while Jim put up a big deal table that stretched almost the length of the room, and by noon it was set with all the luscious viands of an eastern Thanksgiving dinner, set with homely platters and dishes to be sure, but not rougher in appearance than the men who finally seated themselves about the steaming board. Jim beamed hospitably from his place at the head of the table and tried dutifully to "act as if the company belonged there," as Milly had said. The big black-whiskered fellow whom the other addressed as Blaisedale, had the place of honor because he seemed to be the



"Lost!" he said, brusquely.

leader of the gang by natural selection, as the rest all deferred to him. He watched Milly with a curious interest which brought a flush to her cheek and made her slightly uncomfortable.

"You're mighty comfortably fixed for these diggings," said he presently, looking about the walls with their homely prints and ornaments.

"Yes, we are rather comfortable,

thanks to Milly's ingenuity," Jim answered, with a glow of affectionate pride.

"You're lucky to be able to afford such luxuries, for all those fancy-fixings are luxuries in Colorado," Blaisedale remarked significantly.

"Yes, I count myself one of the luckiest men in the world. I owe everything to Milly, even my life. I was a poor-law student when we were married, and when my health broke down she simply took all responsibility into her own hands. It was her money that enabled me to come here. It's her bit of money that we're living on now. All that she has in the world is in the little bank at Sunrise, where she goes



A scrap of paper.

once a month to draw the necessary sum for our provisions. But now that I've got to work we're making our way along without much help from the bank. I tell you I hated to use that money bad enough, but if it hadn't been for that the Lord only knows what would have become of me."

Milly blushed deeply and becomingly.

"Why, it doesn't amount to that," said she with a snap of her brown fingers. "All the money in the world would be worthless to me if I didn't have Jim."

"I've heard a saying about a 'good wife being a treasure,'" Blaisedale remarked. "Your wife proves the truth of it."

The dinner was a great success. Blaisedale, who seemed to exert a mysterious influence over his fellows, grew very talkative and entertaining. He told stories of queer places and queerer people which savored of familiarity with lawlessness and lawbreakers, but which kept Jim breathlessly interested until the eight strange guests made their adieux. When the company had fled out of the little cabin door Blaisedale, who was last to go, turned at the threshold and held out his hand to Milly.

"You remind me of some one I once knew," he said, simply, "and for her sake I'd like to shake hands with you. Thank you for your hospitality. You won't regret your kindness, by the way."

"Queer fellow, that one," Jim remarked, as he watched the gaunt recede down the wintry road. "You may be sure he has a strange history behind him."

That night when Jim and Milly sat talking beside their cheerful hearth, a scrap of white paper crept mysteriously under the door. Jim rose hurriedly and threw back the door, but no one was in sight, and not a sound broke the deep stillness of the icy night.

Milly read the note over his shoulder, and this is what it said:

Some curious whim prompts me to tell you that it was our intention to break into and raze the little eggshell bank at Sunrise before quitting these diggings, but for the sake of Milly's "bit of money" it shall go unharmed. Thanking you for a pleasant hour.

BLAISDALE.
—Helen F. Huntington, in New York Times.

THE KING'S THANKSGIVING TART

By HOLMAN F. DAY

There once was a king, so majestic and stately, who ruled with a kindly sway, And his subjects they were allowed to pursue their own sweet, easy way.

He guided them, of course, but by no display of force Did he arrogate, but was wont to state from them was his power's source. Now if chance met one time, so runs the rhyme, his subjects fancied tart. No other food seemed half as good—on tarts they set their hearts. They ate them early, they ate them late—just tarts for all their meals. Until they grew all cold and blue, amazed from head to heels.

Now, the goodly king had a war on hand and he wanted his men to fight, And he used to wish they would drop that dish that was making them thin and white.

He frequently would inquire That they'd tough meat and grove, But they hugged to their hearts their love for tarts, and ate them more and more. Now, the gracious king of whom they sing was a king who was very wise, And he issued decrees that his folk should be indulged in their vagaries. He wished to cheer as his people dear preferred that he hold the helm, So he ordered a poll of every soul that occupied his realm.

And the count was made at once, All the people sang one tone, And as still their hearts were turned to tarts, their king vouchsafed a boon. "Since all have shown," spoke he from the throne, "that tarts are all they wish, I here proclaim that very same shall be the nation's dish. My job as your king is done, smooth things—'tis had a real good year, And 'twill please me much to let 'em up, as Thanksgiving day is here. So, if subjects dear, I now and here do issue my decree, And invite you all, both great and small, to have a tart on me."

So he issued commands and summoned his hands, and vetted a multitude Of baker men, who there and then contrived and mixed and stewed. And with skill and art they built a tart that was big as half-a-crozier. With crust so high that it hid the sky, amounting of fell its core.

They built an even tight, They baked a day and night; Then there it stood, all fresh and good, an appetizing sight. Then the king gave forth command, and thereto set his hand, That none might eat of fish or meat in all that loyal land.

He placed his royal lock On granary bin and flock, And he let them start on the public tart at exactly twelve o'clock. His subjects cheered till their throats were sore, then each backed up his oar, And, grateful my! how all did vie in loading up with tart. They ate one week, they ate one month, as much as they did like, And voted their king the smoothest thing that ever came down the pipe.

They rendered praise and blessed his days, but the second month, alas! They all agreed on a change of lead, if 'twas nothing else but grass. So they sought the kindly king, To him explained the thing.

Allowed his tart just reached the heart, as he'd heard them often sing. But they humbly begged he would lift the ban he had placed on things to eat, And grant each grace to stuff his face with 'taters, corn and meat.

With a twinkle in his eye, Their good king made reply That the tart had cost a lot of cash and 'twas to be thrown by. "So it's up to you, my subjects true; you know I've a kindly heart. But so long as it's there I'll tell you fair, you just must eat that tart!"

They ate for a week, but I must not speak of the scenes that old ones saw. So like the scene on a storm-tossed ship on the breast of the ocean blue. And at last they law to the king once more, and beat their breasts and wept, And groveled and groined, and writhed and weebled, and on their stomachs crept.

With sighs and sobs of woe They asked if they might, oh, Please turn the part of the drafted tart they really equid! "go." With a kindly look their king he took compassion on their plight, And passed decree that the tart should be blown galley-west that night.

Then his subjects carved some good, thick steaks and chewed on rare, red meat, And they loudly swore that hereafter should they take a tart to eat. And the good king, gup, their king, Made a moral from the thing.

As he used to do whenever he knew they felt contrition's sting, And the moral held to-day:

If a Good Thing comes your way, I beg you'll be discreetly slow, see the Duke and all's to pay, Or else your plight may be like that of the folk of whom they sing. —These chaps of old was tithed to hold too much of a Real Good Thing.

MEMORY OF A KISS

OR A BOY'S ATTEMPT TO VOICE THE IDEAL.

The Poetry of Life Condensed Into One Short Story of a Summer Evening—Comments of the Older Men Who Listened.

The boy was telling the story to an intimate. He was not exactly a boy, not exactly a man. He had the sensations of a man with yet only a boy's experience. The boy's story was an attempt to voice the ideal, as he knew it. Thus it ran:

It was one evening in summer. The sun was setting, building fairy temples to the sky, painting its domes and minarets with shimmering gold. A cast of shaft of light on the darkening sea, which stretched to my feet like a golden stairway leading to the temples in the sky. The summer sea whispered a song to the sweet, departing glory in the west, and tumbled aimlessly as it sang, like a drowsy child. But before the sea sang the universe seemed standing still, listening to its own whispering melody. Suddenly along the golden staircase there came a woman lightly tripping. She was of the stuff that dreams are made. Softly in a garb of clinging white she moved toward me. Her face was shining like the sun. Her glowing tresses gave back the glint of the sky with subtle, answering fires. Her eyes gleamed with the perfection of woman's eternal promise. Her lips, soft, sweet and warm, were parted with a glad, happy smile. She came to me radiantly, eagerly, with white arms outstretched. She came to me. She came to me.

As she drew closer in the golden evening light I saw all the glory of her face. Her face shone on me. Her eyes gleamed for me. Her lips smiled for me. I looked into the face in proud humility; it made tears in my heart to know such a face was clad in radiance because of me. It made hunger in my soul because I knew it could not be; was too good to be.

She came to me as a lover and a mother might. She held me tenderly as if I were very young and she kissed me, and the music of it was like the stressless sea. Then I awoke.

There was no sea. There was no anything, only a London morning. Only breakfast and the coffee was bitter and the bacon cold. The landlady's head bore grimy curls heavily jangling, and she talked of dead relations. From that day I have not dreamed and there is something wanting in my life.

That is the story. On the whole it is a silly story. If a man told such a story in a club his head would get broken with a soda siphon. Men do not tell such stupid tales—they think 'em. Else, they are old.

The man who listened broke a coat on the fire and said: "H'm." And another older man, to whom he told the story, said: "Adam dreamt that way the night he lost his rib."—Black and White.

BRAVE IN FACE OF DEATH.

Heroic Conduct of a Famous Bull Fighter in a Spanish Arena.

One of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena is recalled by the recent feat of the Spanish torero Revorte. It occurred at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls Revorte had twice plunged his sword into a third, of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued charging wildly the spectators began to hiss Revorte for bungling. Wounded to the very quick of his ribs, the Spaniard shouted: "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident.

The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matador, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving and fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man and laid bare the bone from the knee to the joint. Still Revorte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

A Relic of Nero.

The government has undertaken excavations on the site of the Campus Martius, and has discovered remains and foundations of the monument erected by the Roman Senate, 23 B. C., under the consulship of Nerva and Quintilian, in honor of the Emperor Augustus after his victories in Spain and Gaul.

The remains now discovered, together with those collected in 1880 and preserved in museums, are sufficient to allow of the reconstruction of the monument, which is symbolic of peace, and it is hoped to complete the work on the occasion of the Emperor's visit.—London Mail.