

# THE HILLSBORO ARGUS.

HILLSBORO, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1896. NO. 36.

## EVENTS OF THE DAY

### Epitome of the Telegraphic News of the World.

### TERSE TICKS FROM THE WIRES

### An Interesting Collection of Items From the Two Hemispheres Presented in a Condensed Form.

#### Hon. Lafayette Lane, an ex-congressman of Oregon, died at his residence at Roseburg, Or., November 23.

#### Baker county's assessment roll has been filed, and shows the total value of property in the county to be \$2,374,284; total value of taxable property, \$2,163,879. Washington county's assessment shows the total value of property to be \$4,827,435; total taxable property, \$4,461,645.

#### Hon. T. T. Geor, of Marion county, is spoken of as the most likely candidate for the honor of carrying the electoral vote of Oregon to Washington and represent the Webfoot state in the electoral college. The sage of Waldic hills polled the largest vote of all the Oregon electors, and has always been unusually popular with his party.

#### The numerous hold-ups which have occurred in Tacoma and Seattle during the past two weeks have caused many citizens to take the precaution of depositing their money and valuables in some safe place before venturing into the streets after night. In none of the hold-ups which have occurred have the robbers secured more than a few dollars for their pains.

#### Mrs. Mary B. Stevens, of Yale, while acting as chaplain of the Daughters of Rebekah, at their annual session in Springfield, Ill., and as she was just beginning a prayer dropped to the floor and died of heart disease.

#### A late rider in the American soldiers of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, was most brutally murdered by a comrade in Omaha, Neb. The motive was evidently robbery, and the murderer has fled from the city, after a most remarkable exhibition of coolness after his crime.

#### Edward W. Curry, chairman of the Democratic state committee, died in Des Moines, Ia., of blood poisoning, the result of an initiation into the Elks' lodge a few weeks ago. He was seated in the electric chair and was horribly burned before those operating it realized what they were doing.

#### Mrs. Foley, a widow, aged 60, and her unmarried daughter, Fanny, aged 40, were found murdered in their home near Liberty, Mo. It was a cold-blooded murder for the sole purpose of robbery. The robber or robbers first dispatched the women, then ransacked the house. Fifty dollars, all that was secured, was taken from the foot of a bed on which the women had slept.

#### A correspondent of the London Daily Mail at St. Petersburg says he is able to confirm the report that consternation existed while the czar was on his visit in England over the discovery of a plot against his life. The Belgian police seized a parcel of bombs, which were en route for Paris, just before the czar was leaving England. On the same night the Paris police arrested forty suspects. In the absence of absolute proof the matter was dropped.

#### The Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company was reorganized at Philadelphia. The railroad was sold under foreclosure on September 23. Under the plan of reorganization there will be three companies—the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company, the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Company, and the Reading Company. The latter is known as the National Company, but an application has been filed in the court to have the title changed.

#### George W. G. Ferris Dead. Pittsburg, Nov. 25.—George W. G. Ferris, who conceived and built the world-famous Ferris wheel, died at Mercy hospital in this city, at 11 o'clock this morning, of typhoid fever. His illness was brief, and it was only Friday that he was taken to the hospital. Attending physicians say his system was greatly run down by overwork.

#### Chinese Returning Home. Tacoma, Nov. 25.—The steamer Walls Walla today arrived from San Francisco with over 100 Chinese passengers, who will sail on the Olympia for the Orient, leaving Thursday. Several dozen Celestials have arrived from the east to take passage on her. The exodus of Chinese to their native land is greater this fall than usual.

#### A Cashier Speculated. Lebanon, Pa., Nov. 25.—The amount of the defalcation of Cashier John H. Hoffer, of the First National bank, will reach \$100,000 or more. Sunday, Hoffer sent out for General Gobin, director of the bank, and made a clean breast of the affair. The directors are able to make good the loss, and say the depositors will not suffer. Hoffer was a heavy speculator in real estate.

#### One cannot know what a man really is by the end of a fortnight.

#### The railroad wreck from Coquille City to Marshfield and Myrtle Point was greatly demolished by last week's freshet, many bridges being floated and the roadbed badly damaged in many places.

#### Last week's snow storm was much more severe on the Sound than in Portland. At Tacoma fully nine inches covered the ground, returning to a considerable extent railway and street-car traffic. The Sound cities have received no through Eastern mail for a week.

## Officers vs. Bandits.

Deputy United States Marshal McGlinchy has had a fight with Black Jack's bandits, at Separ, N. M., killing the notorious Bob Hays, and wounding George Musgrove, alias Davis, who escaped. None of the posse was injured. Black Jack, Frank Anderson, Bill George and another escaped, and the posse is in pursuit. The fight occurred near the Southern Pacific road. This is the most desperate gang that has ever infested Arizona.

## Guns for Uncle Sam's Soldiers.

It is reported that partial orders have been placed by the United States government with the Winchester Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., for 100,000 guns of the Lee pattern. The information is given by a commercial agent who made a business call upon the company. He was told by the officers that the government was contracting for the rifles on account of a possible war with Spain.

## Wires Were Crossed.

C. C. Udell, a street car conductor, of Los Angeles, Cal., while telephoning to the central station was knocked down and instantly killed by an electric shock. The telephone wires and trolley wires of the street railway had become crossed.

## Struck by a Train.

Al Pollock, a young lawyer, and the Misses Lulu and Lizette Lind, daughters of the proprietor of the Lind hotel, were instantly killed by a railway train while attempting to cross the track in a buggy at Concord, Ky.

## Murder at Salt Lake.

The body of Eduardo Delvecholo was found in the suburbs of Salt Lake with two bullet holes in the side. No motive is known for the murder.

## Burns Midnight Oil.

President Cleveland is burning midnight oil in the preparation of his annual message to congress. The message is being written in sections and will be put together in consecutive form just before it goes to congress. All of Mr. Cleveland's messages have been distinguished by neatness and clean penmanship, and the forthcoming will be no exception. He is writing every word of it by hand.

## Peace in Armenia.

A Constantinople dispatch says Mon-signore Mahal Ormanian's election as the new Armenian patriarch is an excellent sign of peace in the future. An imperial decree will be issued, approving the election, and the next day the patriarch will enter upon his functions. He has already decided that religious councils shall take immediate steps to examine the rules of organic law, which will doubtless be modified.

## Selling Their Children for Bread.

Rev. R. P. Mackay, of Toronto, Canada, foreign secretary of the Presbyterian church, has received a letter from one of the missionaries in India which tells of a terrible tale of distress and suffering because of the failure of the wheat crop in that country. People are on the point of starvation; parents are selling their children for bread, while some are leaving them to perish from want.

## Must Stand Trial.

Mrs. Susie Martin, of San Francisco, declared innocent of murdering her husband, must stand trial for insanity. Her counsel claims the proceedings are irregular, but Judge Wallace refused to release her, and the case was continued two days, when the jury will pass upon her mental condition.

## Li Hung Chang Disgusted.

A Singapore dispatch says it is rumored that Li Hung Chang will return to private life, being disgusted with the treatment he received on his return from his journey around the world. This dispatch also states that the new Japanese-Chinese treaty gives no concessions to foreigners.

## Another Bank Falls.

The First National bank of Sioux City, Ia., has closed its doors. The failure is due to heavy withdrawals. The bank is one of the oldest institutions in the city, and was considered one of the soundest. The amount of liabilities has not yet been made known.

## Insurgents Defeated.

An official dispatch from Manila sent to Madrid says the insurgents have been defeated in an engagement with the Spanish troops fought near Santa Cruz. The enemy lost 500 men killed, the government loss being slight.

## The Shortage in Cereals.

According to the official report the yield of principal cereals in fifty governments of European Russia and the Caucasus in 1896 is 16,250,000 quarters below the average of the last thirteen years.

## A Colliery Horror.

A firedamp explosion occurred in a colliery near Berlin, Germany. Twenty-five bodies have been recovered. Forty or fifty men are known to be still entombed.

## Fatal Boiler Explosion.

The boiler of Reno Bros' sawmill, twenty miles northeast of Sedalia, Mo., exploded, demolishing the mill, killing John Reno and severely scalding Edward Reno.

## Bear Caused a Stampede.

A Paris dispatch says that during a bull and bear fight at Figueras, in Spain, near the frontier of France the bear broke his chain and scrambled among the audience. Many persons were injured in the stampede before the bear was killed.

## By a clever ruse a man disguised as a postman easily secured a bag of registered letters of the value of 42,000 francs from a mail cart in the Rue du

## BROWN'S THANKSGIVING

### It Made This Speculator Think Life Worth the Living,

### AND TO A GAY TYPEWRITER GIRL

### It Brought Sweet Peace from Out Life's Dissey Whirl.

GEORGE CALDWELL, a speculator from New York, who had been through a hard day's work, found himself in a peculiar position. He had been through a hard day's work, and he was now in a peculiar position. He had been through a hard day's work, and he was now in a peculiar position.

Brown mused as he was dressing. "I never knew of this sort of thing before. The dollars four, there were no more, so few were they seemed funny. It made him think of the little pile and then his blues departed.

For Brown had pluck, believed in luck for those not chicken-hearted. And to his breakfast gaily down went speculator George Caldwell Brown. While he drank his coffee hot to his hand a note was brought, and the writing on its cover made him turn it over and over.

When at last he broke its seal its contents fairly made him reel: "Dear Boy—I give me several kinds of joy to send a check made out to you to pay the hundred, long since due. You kindly loaned when I was broke. Most sincerely, J. T. CHOK. As he picked his way down town, thus mused Speculator Brown:

"On the day before Thanksgiving, life is always worth the living. Every cloud has its silver lining; somewhere, always, sun is shining. Now it really seems to me I should very thankful be. Yesterday the sky was murky; now I'm sure to have my turkey."



THE DOLLARS FOUR.

But holy smoke! As I'm a sinner, no one's asked me out to dinner. Last Thanksgiving I'd a lot of bids to feed, but this time I'm not a soul, so far, remember me.

Jiminy crickets! Well, we'll see. Thinking thus, Brown stepped before his sixteenth story office door. "Would or would it not afflict her if I asked my young typewriter?" he thought. And as he went and sat him down. And as he sat with his feet up, he thought about his plans the more. And as he thought he grew perplexed, until at last he thought he'd read. "To-morrow's Thanksgiving," ventured she. "A day when all, it seems to me. Should eat lots of turkey and pumpkin pie, and all sorts of things that money can buy."

This quickly to the girl's amazement, Brown made reply in following phrase: "And," he went on, "I have a plan, and you must help me if you can. Then he told her how the borrowed money came. And how he sorrowed much before it came. He said: "The landscape bill, it turned to red. It filled my heart with thankfulness, it drove away my fretful, my chagrin. But," he continued, "then I thought of other men dead broke. I ought to see some other luckless sinner made reply with Thanksgiving dinner. The maiden listened to his words. "You want my help to buy the birds. The covers and the pumpkin pie and other things," she said, her eyes bent on the floor. Then he replied: "The failure is due to heavy withdrawals. You could not close speak my mind. And further, if you'll be so kind And help me at the dinner party," said she. "I'll always be grateful to you."

The maiden's cheek was like a peach, and as she listened to his words. Into it crept a rosy pink, so comely, that it made him think: "Well, I vow; in all the city there is no other so to the market forth they went, on benevolence intent. On the way the girl observed: "Where will you have the dinner served? If you have not got another place, I'm certain that my mother's place will do."

"How many guests, then, will there be? Have you asked them yet?" said she. "No, by gracious! I forgot. When we have the dinner bought, I'll send fellows out of work, and bid them come and feed on turk."

So they planned and so they talked as to the market place they walked. At the market place their eyes filled with wonder and surprise. "Where does it come from?" Brown pronounced. "This a market man expounded: "Should you ask me whence those turkeys, whence those birds of rounded plumpness, stripped each one of ruby wattles. Stripped of all its glorious feathers, drawn and ready for the oven. Here to bake and brown and state Till the cook, with wise decision, takes it from the torrid recess. Ready for Thanksgiving dinner, I should tell you, answer I should: From the plains of Illinois, from the hills



THE DINNER.

of Pennsylvania. From the vales of Massachusetts, from New York and from New Jersey. When the farmers feed and fatten more, All Thanksgiving is not far off. Then they send them to the city. That New York may not lack for Of the pleasures of the table. "That's enough of rhymeless rhythm; send two turkeys, and send with them. Brown began, stopped, perplexed. Turning to the girl: "What next?" Then the maiden skillfully filled the order out, and he paid the bill admiringly. How Brown went out guests to invite would be too long a story quite. But he scraped up half a dozen, and himself, the maiden's cousin, and her mother, and sent with them. Next to him, contented sat Candy Maker Israel Pratt. With his wife, John Henry Stiles, employed in good times making flies. Just across the grinning table sat the boot-black, Billy Cable. At his right his new girl, was the new-boy, Tommy Quinn. Ne'er was dinner better cooked, never maiden sweeter looked, never maiden while the guests devoured and gorged. Could shuckies lightly forged. Brown had fallen heir to a large property. And before the meal was over, Brown was a devoted lover, and a devoted mother. When the guests had gone away Brown asked if he might longer stay. And to the maiden, with a blush, he told a tale that made her blush. "Won't you help me, if you can, with this better, sweeter plan? Don't you see, a wife I need? Must I with you hopeless plead?" Said the maiden: "Of the other plan I counsel you to nothing do, nothing twain. If to this one shall consent, to marry you I'll be content. Nothing more this scribbler tells; listen now to wedding bells."

The children were inseparable until Jack was 15 and Dora 12. Then Jack went to college, but every holiday found him at home again, and often books went by the board and Jack came home on the sly to see his little sweetheart. Of course, on these occasions he was smuggled into Dora's home, and good-natured, easy-going Mr. Goldthwait would have thought it the basest treachery for any member of his family to inform his next door neighbor, Jack's father, that his son was playing truant.

After three years at college Jack was hopelessly behind in his studies, and his father, still ignorant of the reason, called him a blockhead. One day Jack received a tender, loving letter from Dora asking him to come home at once, as her father had just received word from England that she had fallen heir to a large property, including a theater in one of the large cities, and the business of the latter was in urgent need of his immediate attention. The family would sail for England immediately, but Dora wanted Jack to go with them, if he could. A few hours after receiving the letter Jack stood in front of the Goldthwait residence on Gramercy Park. It was closed. No servant answered the bell, and Jack's heart felt like lead. Again he looked at the letter. It was dated two days before and had been delayed in the mails. A home he found his father, but in a mood in which he had never seen him before.



### Let the Chat Hath Plenty Give to Him Chat Hath None.

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"You young rascal!" he shouted, as Jack entered. "So you have been wasting your time next door, instead of studying. No pleading on the part of Jack could induce the turbulent old man to tell where the Goldthwaits had gone. "Never mind," thought Jack, "I will hear from her soon, and then—"

But no letter came. Weeks lengthened into months and Jack grew tall and thin. One day he went up to his college town, and an inquiry at the postoffice elicited the fact that several letters had come, up to a month ago, but they had been forwarded to Gramercy Park. That night father and son faced each other for the last time. "Where are the letters Dora wrote to me?" demanded Jack, as he leaned over toward the old man, who stood smiling sarcastically in his face. "I told you that if you refused to return to college you would regret it," was the reply. Jack turned on his heel and passed out of the house.

He found it a harder struggle than he expected. His income fluctuated from next to nothing to nothing twain. He became first a wanderer among apartments, then among boarding houses, and at last an inhabitant of "furnished rooms," who ate at cheap restaurants—when he could eat at all.

He had lived a week in a rear hall bedroom on Twenty-second street before he discovered that his windows were only separated from those of his old home and that of Dora, on Gramercy Park, by the brief New York back yards in which they used to play together. The Goldthwait house was dark. It had been ever since the day Dora left. Next to it, where his father's mansion loomed up against the trees beyond, lights were often seen. But strangers occupied the familiar rooms.

On Thanksgiving Eve just five years since he had left his old life behind him, Jack went to his dingy little window to gaze at the two mansions. He shivered with cold; but the blood rushed quickly to his face when he saw the home of the girl he still loved, brightly lighted up. For an instant he stood still, amazed. Then he sat down on his bed to think. Finally, downhearted and discouraged, he turned toward the old man, and rubbing his hands on the floor, and picking a book from the nondescript mass he turned over the leaves.

"Twelve plays out," he muttered to himself; "five of them probably lost." Only that day he had sent his best and latest comedy to the new English actor who had arrived the day before. As soon as it was rehearsed (as he doubted not it would be) he would send the others in rotation. For months he had expected success to come with the dawn of every new day, and to-night as he threw himself on his bed, hungry and broken-hearted, he realized the mistake he had made in living in a dream. He made firm resolutions to reform, but as his fingers clinched in new-born resolve his eyes strayed across the way again. For the second time that evening his heart stood still. Behind the soft lace curtains of the Goldthwait mansion shadows of people flitted to and fro. The house was inhabited again—but by strangers, of course, he thought.

Thanksgiving Day found Jack poorer and hungrier than he had ever been before in his life. For forty-eight hours he had not tasted food, but he determined to breakfast in spite of the almost total emptiness of his pocketbook. He turned his face toward the lower portion of the city, determined to accept whatever work offered itself, but it was a holiday, and after several hours spent in tramping the quiet streets Jack turned his face homeward. As he trudged up Broadway his attention on the stones behind attracted his clutter and a driverless cab dashed into sight. An elderly man was gesturing wildly from the window. With a bound Jack responded. In another moment the runaway horse stood panting in the roadway, and Jack's sinewy hand was on the bit. "One dollar to drive me up to Delmonico's," shouted the man. "But your driver?" asked Jack. "Drunk in a saloon," was the response. Without another word Jack leaped up to the cabby's seat and whipped up the horse. It was the first time he had ever earned a dollar by manual labor, and as he clinched his teeth firmly a flush mounted to his cheeks.

When the once familiar restaurant came into sight Jack thought, with moisture in his eyes, of the many times he and Dora had lunched in the great dining-room. As he reined up before it, haggard and mud bespattered, totally different from his old self, he started with amazement. There, standing on the sidewalk was the subject of his dream—the Dora of old, with short frock and curling hair streaming in the wind, and the beautiful woman into which the years had changed her. For a moment Jack could hardly restrain himself from rushing forward and declaring his identity. But a thought of his clothes and his work made him stop. He became as anxious to hide his face as he had been a moment before to tell his name.

Dora and her father passed into the restaurant and Jack earned a second dollar by getting a new driver for his passenger's coupe. He passed and repassed the restaurant in an unsuccessful attempt to get another glimpse of the woman he loved before he even satisfied his hunger. It was dark before he went back to his little room and stationed himself once more at his window to gaze at the lights

in the Goldthwait mansion. He was filled with a comical sort of pride. He had no reason to believe that Dora had not forgotten him, but his love for her was as strong as ever. He longed to go to her, but the knowledge of his poverty and shabbiness kept him back. The windows of the great old dining-room were bright with light and their raised curtains gave him a clear view of the place where he and Dora had spent many happy Thanksgiving reunions together. He saw her flitting about the table as of old, putting the finishing touches on the arrangement of fruits and flowers. He could see her plainly. She looked even younger and more beautiful than she had that afternoon in her heavy street wraps.

Half an hour passed and some one else came into the room—a tall, handsome man. Dora seemed to forget her household duties, for she hung on the man's arm and seemed to plead with him. At last he sat down, and then still another person came in; it was Mr. Goldthwait. They sat by the fire, with Dora between them. She was talking earnestly, and the handsome stranger seemed to be listening intently. Occasionally Jack could see that Mr. Goldthwait spoke. Then Dora would beam with happy smiles. Suddenly she jumped up from her seat, and a moment later when she returned she had in her hands a fluttering manuscript. She read it. The old smile played about her lips. The gestures waved the graceful hands. It saddened Jack. He felt that he must be near her once more—must hear her voice again. A wisteria vine ran down from his window. Clipping the strong, dry stalk, Jack descended until he stood on the fence so dear to his memory. Softly he crept along until he reached the little veranda at the rear of the Goldthwait mansion, and

peering through the window he feasted his eyes on the face of the girl he loved. Jack was overcome as he saw again all the little details of the room which once had been so familiar to him. He bowed his head. He pushed against the glass of the swinging window. The window opened a trifle. Jack started back frightened, but the air was still outside, and the flames of the room had not noticed. How he could hear Dora's voice. It said: "Now, Mr. Langdon, let me read the climax to you before dinner is announced." Langdon was the name of the English actor to whom Jack had sent his play, and as Dora's sweet voice read on, Jack realized that it was his own comedy she was reading.

The climax was rendered with telling effect. The two men leaned forward with interest. "Capital! Capital!" cried Langdon. Jack was filled with intense excitement. His hands were clenched. "Do you accept it?" asked Dora, triumphantly of the actor. "I do," was the reply. "It is the comedy that I have been waiting for."

"I will write him to-night," said Dora. The beautiful girl sank back in her chair and went on: "And now I will tell you a story that will explain why I was so anxious to have you take the play."

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## Thanksgiving Decoration.

The old question comes up again and again as to how to devise something novel for Thanksgiving decoration. The day is one pre-eminently homely and simple in its spirit and traditions—a day set apart for returning thanks because of the necessities and every-day comforts of life.

Nothing is so appropriate in commemorating the occasion as embellishments from the harvest fields. In drawing-rooms nothing is more effective than Indian corn and diminutive yellow pumpkins, the corn with its long stalks and golden ears stacked on either side of the wide doors or grouped in corners, the small pumpkins with more ears or corn piled at the base.

Vines of cranberry crawled across the tiny red globes can trail across mantle shelves or twine up and down columns, while garlands of red and green peppers, all sizes and shapes, and great bunches of ripe wheat and oats are rich and beautiful in effect. Fruits of all kinds—grapes, late pears and peaches, rosy apples and purple plums, mingled with their own foliage are unique and highly typical of the harvest home.

For dining-table ornamentation a novel and most attractive mode is to cut from the ordinary vegetable shapes simulating flowers—from the beet a deep red rose; from the yellow turnip, a tiger lily; a white lily or chrysanthemum from the potato, with lettuce leaves for foliage, while cabbage, celery, cauliflower and the dozen other kitchen garden productions add blossoms to this original bouquet. One of these arrangements serves at each place as a favor, while a huge group mingled with fruits forms a fine centerpiece.

It is a very simple matter to shape these mock flowers, a sharp knife and a little skill is all that is required. They may be prepared the day before Thanksgiving and kept fresh in a bowl of water.

## Give Me the Wishbone.

There was a noise of an opening window, and Jack, wild-eyed and unkempt, but very joyful, stepped in. For a moment they did not recognize him, but when they did— "Well," said Mr. Langdon, "this climax beats anything in your play."

"Yes," added Mr. Goldthwait, "and it is doubly good because it will be followed by a real Thanksgiving dinner."—New York Press.



HE SAT ON HIS BED AND THOUGHT.

seemed to me so strange that I made up my mind that you shouldn't send it back without reading it. I read it to you myself. And now I shall send for Jack to-morrow, and when he comes I shall have good news for him. And—good news for Jack is—good news for me, too, you see. So I am very happy."

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