



ELL, my children, here is Thanksgiving time again, and we turn to our turkey with a joyful and a pretty hopeful heart. Bless you, though, one holiday treads so quickly upon another's heels in this country that is in danger of tripping up the former one. It is fast ago, and your Uncle Sam will no sooner get out his memorandum book to sum up his causes for gratitude than December shuts out the "Merry Christmas" and the whole string of celebrations seems to break loose. It is, indeed, a fast age, my children, a fast age. Why, time when it took three whole days to make a feast, now it takes for it, one to get over it, and one to enjoy it leisurely. We rested from Christmas to Washington's birthday, and then had nothing to do but get ready for the Fourth. Then, Thanksgiving found us with longing for turkey, and the holy season sharpened our appetites with its savory odor of plum pudding.

But, bless you, my children, those good old days are past and gone, along with last year's fashions. We rush and hurry from one festival to another, and fill up the spaces with flag days, and arbor days, and memorial days, and world's fairs, and soldiers' monuments, until your Uncle Sam is on a dash from one end of the country to the other, trying to fulfill his state and national engagements. And whenever he hopes to snatch an hour's rest, bless you! some invitation arrives, and he has to scamper off to lay a cornerstone, or crown a new monument, or respond to a toast, until his very last suit is in imminent danger of losing its buttons and fraying at the seams!

But to return to our turkey and the list in the memorandum book. We have had here, and the earth is rejoicing! The peace jubilee is over, things fixed for comfort, ease and happiness, and the football player is now making a name for himself. During his temporary sovereignty, let Uncle Sam recount the blessings of the year that has run its course through ways of peace and hardship, but, withal, of blessing.

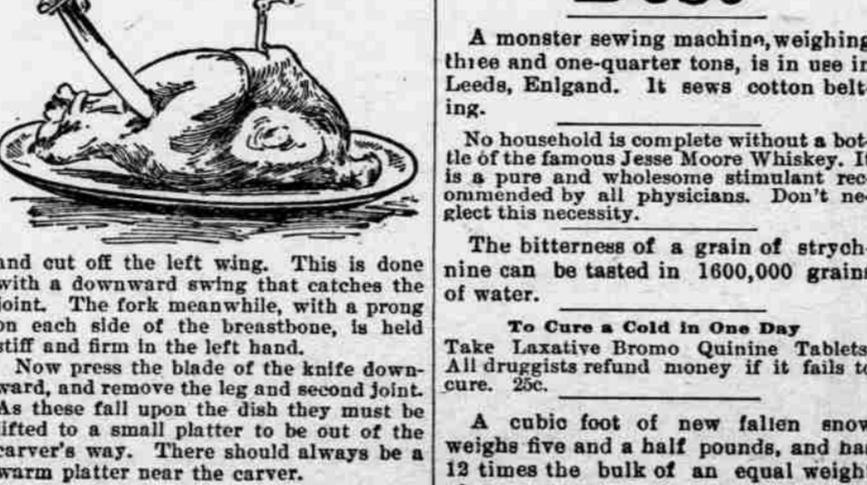
Your Uncle Sam is grateful that the war is over, and Cuba can sit down at the November table with a Thanksgiving all her own. Spahn must complete her "cooked goose." Time is when your Uncle Sam, getting riled, acts quicker'n a wink. It took some vessels, some guns,

came rare venison pasties, savory meat steaks with dumplings of barley flour; delicious oysters (the gift of the Indians, and the first ever tasted by the white men); great bowls of clam chowder; with sea biscuit floating on the steaming broth; roasts of all kinds, broiled fish, salads, cakes and plum porridge; while the center of each of the long tables was adorned with a large basket overflowing with wild grapes and plums and nuts of every variety.

"It was the time of the Indian summer. The soft, yellow sunlight shone warmly through the drowsy haze, illumining the somber woodland with a rich golden light, while the gentle winds of the south, laden with the sweet perfume of the forest, came as a lingering dream of summer to add to the joy and brightness of this Thanksgiving feast. Upon the balmy air arose the hum of many voices and the merry music of laughter, as the pilgrims, with their Indian guests, partook of the feast that the Provider of all things had given them."

The Farmer's Hoard.
Heigh ho the farmer's wistful hoard!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!
Let other lands be glad to see
The apple from the tree,
The cluster from the vine,
The plump from the fowl.

CARVING THE TURKEY.
Adapts Have Reduced the Art to an Exact Science.
Something more than a sharp knife and a tender turkey is necessary to be master of the situation, when a turkey is placed before you. The adept carver has the art



of separating the joints of the bird down to such an exact science that in one minute they can cut the most gigantic turkey into pieces each a good size for a plate. Plant the fork into the turkey's breast,

and out off the left wing. This is done with a downward swing that catches the joint. The fork meanwhile, with a prong on each side of the breastbone, is held stiff and firm in the left hand. Now press the blade of the knife downward, and remove the leg and second joint. As these fall upon the dish they must be lifted to a small platter to be out of the carver's way. There should always be a warm platter near the carver.

When the harvest rears so plentiful, is at last all safely garnered—
Fruit of field and garden, and the meadow and the wood,
And the dry and leafless branches droop beneath the touch of winter
And take on their seamy coat of eldorado;

When from ocean unto ocean, from the northland to the southland,
In the mart, the mill, the shop the farm,
Of the tollers set to work again now swells like glorious music—
Sign and prophecy of better times to come;

Then with feasting and with joy a mighty host shall keep Thanksgiving
O'er a nation reawakened, strong and free,
O'er a scene of unbroken peace, and peace from dire perils,
O'er the promise of the golden years to be.
St. W. Ransom.

A SAGE BRUSH NIGHTINGALE.

KITTY MIMS is not a common name, nor can it truthfully affirm that it is at all suggestive of romance. Yet Kitty Mims was a remarkable young woman, but this being every day to her unusual surroundings as to her undoubted personal charms.

Simon Mims, Kitty's father, was the landlord of the Aurora Hotel, the only tavern in the mining town of Experience, Nevada, that agreed to furnish accommodations for man and beast. Simon Mims was known far and near as "the doctor," and he felt not a little proud of the title. "I ain't never graduated, as ye might say," he would explain to strangers who came for a prescription, "but that's two pains I set out to cure every day, and they're the pains that most trouble folks in these diggings—they're hunger and thirst. Are you troubled that way, friend?"

The population of Experience was mostly transient and largely composed of rough miners, many of them foreigners, who had come to the country to acquire the English language in a very profane atmosphere. The gentler sex was not well represented. Four sets of cottages exhausted the supply.

But had the ladies been represented in the usual proportion, and had Experience been a more respectable town, still Kitty Mims must have been the belle. Her education was limited to a not very familiar acquaintance with the three Rs. But the miners, one and all, were ready to regard her "bottom dollar" that as a singer "Kitty Mims could give the odds to Nelson, Patti and the hull caboodle of 'em, and then come out many lengths ahead."

But she came out the strongest in "Way Down, Down de Swanee Ribber" and "Home, Sweet Home," songs that invariably produced a great deal of applause. Her singing was so melodious, and the use of handkerchiefs—just as if they were troubled with sudden colds or dust in their eyes.

Of course Kitty Mims had suitors, and of course she was the cause of much heart-aching among her many admirers, for it must be confessed she was not ignorant of her charms, and she used her charms with a fascinating tyranny against which the strongest did not dare revolt.

Rufus Ford, the superintendent of the mine, was a confident, fine-looking fellow, who boarded at the Aurora Hotel. Up to the time of his meeting Kitty he was in profound ignorance of poetry as an art. But his soul was touched so that he attempted to compose a song in which he designed having "dangle Kitty Mims" at the end of every stanza. He failed miserably in the effort, as a more practiced rhymist might have done.

"If the name had only been Ford," he said, "I'd had no trouble with it. There's 'adoro' and 'hoored' and 'ground' and 'down'."

"And 'swored,'" said Tom Reed, coming to the foreman's aid. Mr. Ford refused any assistance in this direction that savored of profanity, and it may be added that he had no admiration for the young man who volunteered to help.

Tom Reed was a tall, well-built man of six and twenty, "hushful as a gal," his companions said. He was the only man in Experience who neither drank nor gambled.

Constitutions.
A Missouri man filed an answer to his wife's suit for divorce an agreement signed by both "to disband."

Periods of Pain.
Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer from these troubles, and who have not been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice.—Miss JENNIE R. MILES, Leon, Wis.

How to Get Strong
A system which has become run down by the trying weather of the past summer is not in a condition to meet the severe winter of this climate and will easily fall a prey to disease unless a proper tonic is used.

HER HEART'S DESIRE.
HE shall give thee thy heart's desire."
The choir of the little country church did not sing the beautiful words very well. The soprano's voice was unmistakably "cracked," and had quite a number of surprising disregard of time and tune.

Scrofula In the Blood
Scrofula lurks in the blood of almost every one unless his poisonous taints are thoroughly expelled from the system, it is liable to break out at any time in sores, eruptions, skin disease or some other scrofula form. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula promptly and permanently.

Pure Tea in packages at grocers' Schilling's Best
A monster sewing machine, weighing three and one-quarter tons, is in use in Leeds, England. It sews cotton belting.

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