Her fingers stray along the frets, Her fingers wander o'er the strings; A little while my heart forgets Its griefs and cares and petty stings. The air is filled with rustling wings, Forgot are folly, wrong and sin; And earth seems made for happie

things-She plays upon her mandolin

Her fingers fly along the frets, Her fingers dance along the strings. Courage, my soul! Though strife besets. Stand firm, whatever fortune brings, Heir to the ages, peer of kings! High over the turmoil, dust and din, The clarion call of Honor rings-She plays upon her mandolin!

Her fingers dream along the frets, They linger lightly o'er the strings; What spell is woven in the nets Of meshed melody she flings! A burning tear unbidden springs Old hopes, loves, dreams—all dwell within

That dying music's whisperings-She plays upon her mandolin!

Prince, at the gate of Paradise I fear I scarce would enter in, If still without, with luring eyes, She played upon her mandolin! -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Duke's Mission.

77 AKRY was lying under the apple tree by the brook, Duke by his side.

.........

"You see," Harry said, running his hand over the shaggy head, "you and I, old boy, have got to patch this thing up. But how," meditatively, "that's what I want to know. She won't let me say anything. Every time I do she gets mad or cries. Dorothy won't speak to Jack, and couldn't if she would, for he won't come near enough to give her a chance. You and I don't have any more drives or picnics or nice long tramps in the woods, Taken altogether, things are dead slow in this old place in the country. First thing we know he'll go back to town, and then it's all off. I wish you could help me."

Duke wagged his tail sympathetically.

"Here comes Dorothy now, old boy." And Harry waved his hand to the slender little figure in the pink muslin gown coming across the meadow.

"Harry," said his sister, as she came up and sat down beside him. "I think you are the lazlest boy I ever saw. You and Duke have done nothing but lie around all day lately. Why don't you go somewhere such lovely days?"

"What's the use?" he answered, as he rose and lazlly stretched himself. "There's no one to go with or no one to lend a fellow his dogcart, and one thing and another.

"Say, sis," he said persuasively, "why don't you and Jack make up? I'm missing heaps of good times."

"Harry Graham!" Dorothy said, "don't you ever as long as you live mention Jack Thurston's name to me again or I'll see that you never come with me again to Aunt Nettle's for the sum-

"Don't care if I don't," he answered crossly, "I'm going to write home for them to send for me, anyway, if some thing don't turn up pretty soon. Come on. Duke," and he was off.

But Duke did not move, but lay look ing at Dorothy, then rose and stood thoughtfully gazing after Harry's re-

Dorothy leaned back against the tree and let her thoughts have full sway "Harry was right," she thought, "we have all missed beaps of good times the past four weeks."

And it was all her fault, all her ungovernable temper, she thought, and now she might never see Jack again. Since their quarrel she had only seen him once. He had changed his boarding place and was living at the other end of the town. There was a pretty girl staying there, too. The day she saw him they were driving together, laughing and talking with each other. He seemed happy enough even if she was miserable. Suppose he had fallen in love with her!

At the thought she buried her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly. A cold nose was placed in her hand.

and looking up she saw Duke's big. brown, sympathetic eyes fixed on her. "You are sorry, boy, aren't you?" she said, "but you can't help me, I want to tell Jack I am sorry, but he won't give me a chance, for he won't come near me, and perhaps it's too late, anyway; he may not love me any more. Oh! I am so miserable!" and the sobs broke

out afresh. Finally she ceased crying and fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, her head leaning against the tree trunk and her hands loosely clasped together. Duke stood and looked at her for a few min utes, then lay down close beside her. Suddenly he pricked up his ears, then was off to where in the distance he could see a figure coming through the trees that bordered the meadow. With a rush he was upon him, licking his hands and with low barks telling him how

glad he was to see him. "Duke, old fellow," said Jack, haven't seen you in a long time," and he stroked the shaggy head. Then he the prettiest of the younger society set stopped amazed, for Duke had his teeth of New Jersey. in his coat and was pulling him in no

the meadow. hold, and there in front of him was

Dorothy fast asleep. He knelt down beside her. "Dorothy," he said softly, taking her hands in his, "wake up, dear, it is Jack." She woke as she felt his kisses on her lips, and seeing his face above her, nestled back with a contented sigh in his arms.

you so, but you-" but he stopped her. after a three weeks' drive through 500 We have both been naughty-" with a American would call "the finest block happy laugh, "but now we will be of land that lies out of doors." This

you took driving?"

"I love only one pretty girl," he an-

"Duke told me. good fellow," turning



Never dry your prints by artificial | photography as a means of recording heat as it hardly ever leads to success.

In taking groups do not place the sitters all in a row as it gives them a very formal look

If you are starting in photography do not buy a so-called complete outfit, but best definition and depth of focus try purchase the articles separately from regular dealer.

Oxalic acid has been found by repeated experiments to be the best as a preservative in the hypo solution. Two proportion.

If you have a fixed focus camera dust the lens frequently with a soft camels hair brush and occasionally remove the front board and thoroughly dust the shutter, etc.

A developing solution will keep much better if kept in small bottles that only just contains it. A large one that allows an air space between the solution and the top of the bottle spoils the solu-

A good method to bring out detail it the less exposed parts of the negative is to breathe on these parts. The heat of the breath apparently raises the activity of the developer on these places. Try this little dodge and you will be astonished with the results obtained.

The average amateur photographer of to-day is a very different type of person from his prototype of ten years ago. In the twentieth century there are very few amateurs who have not an to touch the lense with the fingers. object of some kind in photography, un- There is a natural oil in the skin to less they belong to that nondescript smear the glass, and it is almost imposclass who take up one hobby after another, dropping their latest, as soon as I have seen curious examiners of a the next new fad appears upon the hori- camera rub a finger around the lense zon. This latter class is beyond re- to clean off what they thought might demption. Some are photographers be- be a bit of dust. Men have been killed ment, are admirers of nature, and in view of the want of the necessary skill | cide for slaughtering on the spot any to use the brush or pencil, embrace one who would do such a thing.

He precipitated himself into Jack's wishing I was home, when Duke came Duke stood and gazed on them all

I hadn't told him."

## FOOTBALL STAR MARRIES.

New Jersey society was greatly inter-Sill to William Heath Bannard. Every Princeton man who has watched "Billy" Bannard, the best halfback who ever wore the Tiger stripes of old Nassau, make his twenty-five yards around the end toward the Yale goal line will congratulate him upon winning one of



MRS. ELIZABETH BANNARD

She is a graduate of the Woman's

gentle manner toward the lower end of College of Baltimore and a member of the Gamma Phi Beta, a leading wom-"What is it, boy?" he said, as he was an's college fraternity. The bride is pulled along in spite of himself, then tall and graceful, with chestnut hair stopped suddenly, as Duke loosed his and dark eyes. Her college popularity followed her when she came he Baltimore and made her debut two seasons ago.

"FINEST LAND OUT OF DOORS."

Millions of Acres of Canadian Territory So Described by Travelers. L. A. Hamilton and Land Commis-

"I am sorry, Jack, and wanted to tell sloner Griffin have arrived in Winnipeg "There, dear, say no more about it. miles of what Mr. Hamilton says an land comprises about 25,000,000 acres "And you don't love that pretty girl and was covered by two men from Wetaskiwin through Battleford east, north to the Vermilion Lakes, across into the swered, "and that is Dorothy Graham." Blackfoot Hills, then to the Saskatche-There was silence for a minute, then wan River, from there south to the she said: "How did you know I was Trapping Lake district and east again to Saskatoon

"The object of our journey," said Mr.

Here is a tip on focusing. This is not needed for hand camera users, although they may want to use ground glass now and then, and it is a good thing to remember. To get the the following: Focus without a stop between the nearest and most remote points in the picture, which usually comes between the center and right or left edge of the ground glass. Do not focus at the center, but to one side of ounces to a gailon of water is a good it, and the result will be much more satisfactory. After getting the focus put in the diaphragm. For large heads be sure the focus is well divided to get a uniform definition. The smaller the stop the more the definition and depth. but this is at the expense of what they call the "artistic effect." Keep this in mind. Focus with the lense wide open, and put in the diaphragm after you have the picture where you want it.

clean your lense. It may not look as though it needed it, but at the same time its best capabilities may be impaired by dust. If you wear glasses you know it is a good thing to rub them often. But do not rub your lense too hard. It may in time disturb its correction that is very delicate. Some say old linen is good, others recommend a specially prepared chamols skin, and still others think the only thing really proper to use is jeweler's tissue. A camel's hair brush is all right to remove the dust, and fine linen to polish the glass is found by manufacturers to he first-class. But be very careful not sible to restore it its original clearness cause they have an artistic tempera- for less offense, and the owner of a fine lense could well claim justifiable homi-

It is an excellent idea to frequently

to pat him, but Duke was nowhere to be | Hamilton, speaking to a Free Press re seen. But coming toward them at break- porter, "was to note the resources and neck speed was Harry. progress of this district for intending settlers. Mr. Griffin had not been ove arms. "Say, isn't this bully?" he said. this ground before and it was to him a "I was sitting on the fence by the barn, trip of great value on this account.

What we saw confirms the view I have up and commenced to pull me toward taken that here lies one of the richest the meadow. Then I saw your hat and tracts of land in the world. We found I knew everything was all right, and that settlers have pushed their way in here I am—" and as a shaggy head and are located not only on land all was put against his face, "here's Duke." along the railway, but 10 miles on each side of it. The soil in all parts we saw with smiling benevolence and wagged is of the richest, and timber and water plentiful, except an eastern tract lying "Dear Duke," said Dorothy softly, south of Eagle Hills, where timber in

and Jack answered her with a happy scarce. In the Battleford district, ly-smile. "Say, Jack," said Harry, a little later, found excellent fields of grain being as he started for the house with the dog, grown, but in the majority of the farth-"I think I deserve a ride and Duke a est districts cattle raising is the chief collar. Course Duke did the work, but industry. Settlers are pushing their he wouldn't known about the trouble if way out from Calgary and Edmontor east as far as the Buck Lakes, 100

tant."

Game throughout this district. Mr. Hamilton states, was very plentifulin fact, too plentiful, "We were told ested in the wedding of Miss Elizabeth that the prairie chickens were so thick." said Mr. Hamilton, "that disease among them had developed and they were dying off in thousands. This am told, occurs about every seven years, when the ravages of the disease are much more destructive than that wrought by the hunters after feathered game. There is no scarcity of fresh meats, however, and in many of the farming districts or ranching properties the owner has his own game preserves. "On this tract of 25,000,000 acres there is no reason," concluded Mr. Hamilton, according to the Winnipeg Free Press, "why 500,000,000 bushels of wheat could not be raised and this will be the case some day not far dis-

miles from the rallway."

The Missing Link. In the jungles of Southeastern Asia ong been known to science as the craders of human beings, the pithecanthropus lived with the elephant, tapir, rhinoceros, lion, hippopotamus, gigantic pangolin, byena, and other animals. remains of which were found round this ancestor lived somewhere about the beginning of our last glacial epoch. some 270,000 years ago. In other words about 17,000 generations have been born and have died between him and ourselves. It will assist our understanding of what this relationship really means to know that nearly 250 gen-

Clure's Magazine, Turned the Tables A lecturer was once descanting on the irreverent listener in the audience fired that old question at him:

erations carry us back beyond the

dawn of history, 5,000 years ago .- Mc-

"How would you look, sir, withou "Young man," Instantly replied the lecturer, pointing his finger at him, "you have furnished me an apt Illustra tion for my argument. My baldness I am wearing"-here he raised his voice till the windows shook-"is made of

The audience testified its appreciation of the point by loud applause, and the speaker was not interrupted again.

Nothing makes a woman quite so mad as to be told that some other woman is sorry for her husband.

FRONTIER LIFE.

Fascination Which Wild Regions Have

It was nearing midnight when we entered Phoenix, Ariz. Price directed the way to a corral where he was known and where we left the animals feasting on fresh alfalfa, while we fared forth to see his friends. It was precisely as though Price had invited me around to his club. He led the way to a saloon and as we entered it I saw at once it typical character. At the left of the entranec was a bar, gorgeous with mir-rors and cut glass, while down the deep recesses of the room were fare and rou lette tables and tables for poker. The groups about them were formed of 'cow punchers" and prospectors and "Greasers" and Chinamen, and even Indians, all mingling and intermingling with a freedom that suggested that in gambling there is a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

But more immediately interesting to us was a group which stood beside the bar. It was made up, as I found, of politicians, high in Territorial office, all of whom knew Price and hailed him cordially while asking after his luck. For some time we stood talking with them; then one of their number, himself not a politician, but a business man, proposed our joining him at sup-per. We accepted, I the more delightfully, because he, of all the group, had most attracted me. Tall and very handsome, he had the bearing of a gentle man, and what he told me of himself confirmed my own impression of a richly varied past. Far into the night we talked, and I could well believe him when he said that the fascination of the life which he had led on the frontier had so far grown upon him that, while he was glad to get back at times to his former home in New York, he could no longer remain contented there, hearing, as he always did after a few months at most, the call back to the wild freedom of the plains. It was under the spell of what he said, enforced by my little experience as a "burro puncher," that I went to sleep that night on a bed of alfalfa in the corral, and when I wakened in the morning and found letters urging my return to the East I was con scious of an indifference to the idea which was wholly new to my experi ence.-Scribner's.

At the Table. The years have sped since first I led You to the table, dear, And you sat over there alone And I sat smiling here.

A year or two flew past and you No longer sat alone; A little one was in your arms, Your darling and my own.

And then another year or so. And some one else was there, And Willie sat near me, you know, While Trottle claimed your care.

The years have sped since first I led You to the table dear, And you looked queenly at the foot And I telt kingly here.

To-day as I look down at you, On either side I see row of hungry little ones All gazing up at me.

We've added leaves, one after one, And you are far away-Aye, thrice as far, my dear, as on That happy, happy day.

But though we sit so far apart-You there and I up here-Two rows of hearts from my fond heart Stretch down to you, my dear.

Thank God for every extra leaf And may we never know the grief Of putting one away. Chicago Record-Herald.

He Didn't Mean It. He lost his little brother's ball, And said he "didn't mean it"; He broke his little sister's doll, Of course, he "didn't mean it" He pushed his playmate from the fence They found a hopeless cripple there, But everyone with common sense That ever heard of that affair Was sure he "didn't mean it."

He broke a girl's poor, trusting heart-Of course, he "didn't mean it"; He played a reckless, wretched part, But then he "didn't mean it"; He looked through prison bars, one day, Upon his mother, bent with shame-

filled an early grave, but they, Of course, knew he was not to blame He said he "didn't mean it." Chicago Record-Herald.

Count Tolstoi's Father. In a recent article Count Tolstoi draws a portrait of his father. He was a large and handsome man, who ilways wore clothes of a fashion different from that of others. He had a great contempt for the younger generation. and the islands near by, which have His greatest passion was gambling. He won millions and lost them again, Mordle of the human race, and which are al principles he seemed to have none. still inhabited by the very lowest or- He had his sentimental moods, and when he read aloud from a book his voice would tremble and his eyes moisten at a pathetic passage. He was fond of ordinary music-romances, gypsy melodies, operatic tunes-but frankabout him. It has been computed that ly confessed that Beethoven put him to

Princess Charles' Collection. Princess Charles of Denmark is very fond of collecting all sorts of quaint and beautiful curios, and her treasures of this sort are numerous. Among them is a wonderful belt of flexible silver. which she had studded with the splendid unset rubles and sapphires which she received as a wedding present from her grandmother, Queen Victoria. The Princess is particularly fond of ivory A lecturer was once descanting on the superiority of nature over art, when an ing trophies of her father and uncles, in the shape of elephants' tusks and tigers' claws, while Prince George in his middy days added to her collection the teeth of a shark he had helped to kill.

A Novel Garden. In the center of Liverpool there is one large roof-garden. It forms the can be traced to the artificial bablis of bobby of a lady who has at present in our modern civilization, while the wig successful cultivation currants, gooseerries, and a fine show of outdoo flowers, besides exotics in a green house. The earh was taken up to the tiles by means of a lift, and the garden is efficiently drained and free from de

> If a man does one had act and it is lady opened the door and graciously waved him to a chair. Bill doffed his hat, found out it easts a shadow over

A THANKSGIVING PLAINT

her year has slipped away



But, ah! I long for pumpkin pie Like mother used to make. Now will the lordly turkey fall To grace the festal board. And in the glided banquet hall, Where sparkling wine is poured, I may, with boon companions nigh, Thanksgiving dinner take— But there I'ill find no pumpkin pie Like mother used to make.

What boots it that the city's best Is waiting at my hand? That I, forsooth, may be the guest At dinners swell and grand?



Alas! no epicure am I—
The whole thing I would shake
To get one piece of pumpkin pie
Like mother used to make.

Not Dives' feast could tempt me now This bleak Thanksgiving day. I'll dise alone, with thoughts of how The years have passed away Since first I watched with eager eye To see her fix and bake
That matchless, peerless pumpkin ple
My mother used to make.
Chicago Post.

A Tramp's Thanksgiving.

BY WELDON I. COBB. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* HANKSGIVING cheer was in the I air; it spoke in the crisp activity of the village butcher, grocer and baker, in the appetizing odors of home kitchens, in the eager faces of school children, elated and excited over "no studies for the rest of the week!" Hobo Bill, gentleman of leisure, cam-

down the winding country road with an eagle eye for the occasion. His rollick- And then she guessed all, as the cook

and hid his ragged shoes and gave his wiry hair a smoothing toss. She folded a snowy tablecloth over one

end of the table. She set out a delicate china plate, a silver fork and a napkin.
"Ginger!" gasped Bill, "when I tell this
to the gang, they'll say I dreamed it!"
And then the gentleman in Bill came
to the surface. He could see, through an open doorway, the pantry, and what it held, one piece of pie, one piece of cake. "All she's got, and she's getting it for me!" breathed the spying Bill. "Mebbe

her to-morrow's feast. Nixy!" aspirated Bill, his heart swelling up, and he felt "Lady," he said, as she set the food first bad opinion of you, but lemme say before him—and he was as solema as something. I came down here, squire, an owl-"the last thing my doctor says and you, lady, as a spy on the prom-to me afore I took this here tower for ised land." healt', was to avoid rich vittals. I'm obliged, but-

There's plain bread and butter, sir, then?" suggested Mrs. Daintry, with an

"I've-I've got a toothache! Thankee, ma'am, but I've mistook my capacity, Bill bolted. The widow stood looking uriously after him till his tattered figure

disappeared beyond the fence.
"Perhaps—perhaps," she murmured sadly, "my boy is like that to-day!"

At 9 o'clock that night Mrs. Daintry heard a noise at the rear of the house, She went to the kitchen door. A man was prying up the pantry window. It was her tramp visitor of the afterno "Have you come to rob?" exclaimed

"No, ma'am, I have not!" promptly re sponded Hobo Bill. "I came to bring you a present-for your kindness to me this p. m. I saw you had no tur-key for Thanksgiving, ma'am, so I've brought you one."

And, sure enough, Hobo Bill swung his left hand around, holding as plump a fowl as ever graced a king's larder. Mrs. Daintry was speechless. This

was more singular than the man's behavior of the afternoon. "I was trying to sneak it into yer pan try as a surprise, ma'am," suggested Bill,

persuasively.
"But I cannot accept it?" declared the widow; "that is, without paying for it, and I have not the money to do that." "Madam," said Bill, with dignity; "this

"But how did you, a poor man, get it?" blushingly; "cut two cords of wood for a evening, marm."

Hobo Bill flashed away like a spirit, leaving the astonished widow lost in more consternation and bewilderment than present wonderful extension of the business. The business of raising cranberries

Mrs. Daintry thought a good deal over her strange gift Thanksgiving morning. She finally concluded she had better cook the turkey, hoping her erratic benefac-tor would be along during the day to partake of it. She tried to be cheerful and thankful

-but many a tear fell by the time the turkey was cooked. There came a tap at the rear door about 1 o'clock. The cook from the big house stood on the step. "Oh. Mrs. Daintry, excuse me, ma'am.

widow's hard-scraping experience of the "Certainly," assented Mrs. Daintry, always accommodating, although she

no reason to favor the big house, or any of its inmates. "What a nice turkey you've got," pur-sued the cook. "We have none to-day." "Indeed?" observed Mrs. Daintry, in

surprise. "Yes, ma'am-It was stolen." "Stolen!" echoed the widow, with

start.

"Repentant? Refermed? I'll so back on my word and try him once mised the old squire,

"'Scuse both-but here's where I had better come in!" spoke the voice of Hobo

Both turned. The door had been left open. There stood the cause of this strange reunion.
"Who is this?" demanded the squire,

brusquely. "Well, gent," answered the tramp, "I'm the feller wot stole yer turk-to give it to a more worthy cause, see? It's come out all right, so I takes back me

ised land."
"What's he talking about?" muttered

the squire.
"The best pal I ever had, squire, is a pard lying sick in the hospital in the city, longing fer home—and mother!"

Mrs. Daintry clasped her hands, and uttered a quick moan.

"It is my son-my Wilhur!" she breath-"Yes, ma'am; that's right," nodded Hobo Bill. "Squire, the boy's not my sort. He ran wild, but now he's eatin' the huskiest sort of husks! He's brave, he's true to a friend, he's got over drink-

Squire, what do you say?" "Brother!" "Yes, let him come back," said the squire in a broken tone.

ing. I came spying the land for him.

Hobo Bill asked a chance to work out the good dinner they gave him-the squire set him at knocking down the fence that had been a barrier between brother and sister for two years.

31

The next morning Hobo Bill proudly left, supplied with money to send back the prodigal son from the city.

"And when he comes," murmured the fond, longing mother, "we'll keep a sec-

SAUCE FOR THE TURKEY.

ond Thanksgiving day!"

How Cranberries Are Raised and Pre-

pared for Market. Turkey and cranberry sauce! By force of long association and the eternal fitness of things, the two go naturally together. What is one without the other, or Thanksgiving day without both? And so to make the 2,000,000 turkeys required "Worked for it, marm," lied Bill, un- for the national feast more pelatable 500,000 barrels of cranberries are raised farmer. Had no money; paid me in turks. Four of 'em. Gave the rest away. This is the last. There you are! Good eaten on Thanksgiving day, but a fairly large proportion of them are, and it is the almost universal use of the tart little berry on Thanksgiving that has led to the is a peculiar one in all its aspects. It requires a special kind of ground, considerable capital and a vast deal of labor, and it is a special trade, more or less ir regular in its returns, like all of its kind

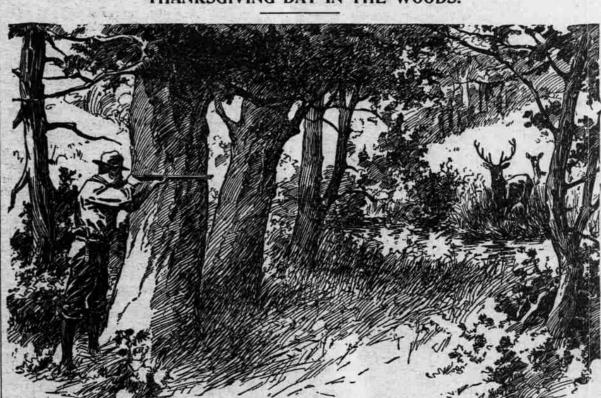
berries used in America and Europe are raised, and which it has transformed from waste bog lands into rich farming The land on which cranberries will flourish is seldom fit for anything else. In the state in which it is usually "Oh, Mrs. Daintry, excuse me, ma'am," it requires about \$300 per acre to make sing "but could you loan me a little lit fit, so that the transformation of a She stared at the handsomely browned fowl, done to a turn, for she knew the erty. The first requirement is a peat bottom. This is dressed by spreading over

It is the chief industry of two sections of this country, where nearly all the cran-

it a coating of seashore sand, into which the slips are stuck and left to grow at their own sweet will. In connection with the bog there should be an irrigating ditch or a reservoir, from which it can be flooded at any time. It requires several years to determine the worth of a marsh for producing cranberries, and the slowness of returns, together with the amount of capital required, has brought all the largest marshes into the control of stock ombanies.

It requires hand labor throughout to ing glance took in the pretty town calcu- went on to tell how the discovery of the raise cranberries. The chief expense, once

THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE WOODS.



latingly, and settled upon its most pre-tentious mansion with conviction and admit of securing another fowl. the crop is started, is in the picking, which is largely performed by women

before Thanksgiving," he "Most likely to have the fullest pantry in the biggest house. Here goes!"

Bill observed a path cutting across a

oking but angry-eyed old gentleman. "All right," he said. "And stay down!" "Yes, sir." "What you after, anyway?"

"Well, sir," answered Bill, "I was aim ing for your kitchen and grub." "Don't bother me!" gruffly growled the other. "Try the house there. They raise tramps there." Bill took this auspiclously, viewing

neat cottage near at hand. The same blockaded path ran to its rear door,
"Wonder what kind of a raise I kin expect?" murmured Bill. "Hard-hearted old nob, that! Ah! there's the lady. She's all right! I'll tackle her." Bill affected his most prim demeanor, approaching a sweet-faced, motherly

Mrs. Daintry acted a just and honest and children, who receive from one to one

Mrs. Daintry drew back with a tremor as she answered the summons; her visitor was the iron-gray, stern-souled old owner of the great house adjoining.
"Eunice," he said, extending his hand,

"I want you to come home with me."
"Brother!" panted the widow. "Yes, Eunice, haven't we had enough of animosities for the past two years, you and I?"

"Edward, I have cherished none." "Then, my ridiculous temper is to lame," said Mr. Aylmer in a rapid, story of that turkey—when I once more berries are not injured by freezing, and sat down to a meal remindful of the old | so it is an easy matter to ship them in days—ah, sister! you were always the cold weather. They are often sent as cook of cooks!" he said, trying to pass off far as Manitoba in ordinary open box a really serious occasion with a smile, "I say, let it all end! I've been thinking "I say, let it all end! I've been thinking it over. I was in the wrong; I was too fur as to inquire if there was any chanct of getting a bite to eat—"

"Certainly; come in, sir."

"Hey?"

Bill stared. With a welcome smile the lady opened the door—and graciously waved him to a chair. Bill dofted his hat,"

"I say, let it all end! I've been thinking it over. I was in the wrong; I was too harsh to you. Your boy misbehaved, and I put up that fence, and shut you out of sight one with me?

A Thankagiving Cinch.

She (after "yes" has been said)—What did you wish when you pulled the wishbone with me?

He—I wished that you would accept me. And you?

She—Oh, I wished that you would propose.—New York Weeld.

part—she insisted that the cook transfer and a half cents per quart for the work, the roasted fowl to the table of the big and are able to earn from 75 cents to \$1 house.

Then she sat down to her humble meal.

As fast as the berries are gathered by yard. It was somewhat overgrown, but smiling, despite herself, at the quaint the pickers they are measured out by the

he kept on, to come not to a gate, but a solid board fence. He clambered to its top, to be halted by a sharp mandate:

"Hey! get down there!"

Bill, astride the fence, confronted a fine leafing the process of the strength of the pickers they are measured out by the happenings of this queer Thanksgiving the market are packed away in boxes for storage. This packing is done in what two hours later—the front door this time. ted sides to allow a free circulation of the air. In this way the berry "sweats' without decaying, and will keep for a long time. When the berries are to be marketed they are screened. The screen is like an old-fashioned fanning mill and serves the double purpose of removing the chaff and sorting the berries.

England takes thousands of barrels of merican cranberries every year, and the West has become a great market for small fruits. At present more cranber-ries are sold in Chicago than in New York or any other Eastern city. Cran-