

Along about Thanksgivin' time, when all the leaves are down,
And all the fruit's been picked and all the
hills are turnin' brown, hills are turnin' brown,
There's somethin' in the air that seems to
stir your blood a bit.
That makes you glad you're in the world
and that you're part of it;
The song the wind goes singin' in the evergreen's sublime;
There's ginger in a man along about
Thankagivin' time.

There's semethin' wonderful about the ice Across the narrow little rut that dried up It's criss-crossed in a hundred ways with streaks and veins and lines.

And sparkles out like diamonds when the sun spunks up and shines.

And when you break it with your heel you couldn't hardly tell

Its rattle from the lingle of a little silver bell.

Along about Thanksgivin' time it seems Along about Thanksgivin' time it seems somehow, as though
The sky was nearer to us than it was a while ago;
And when it's clear how clear it is—the crisp, fresh air. I mean—
You'd almost think it blew through sleves somewhere to make it clean.
Oh, when it's whiskin' strong and free, it's nothin' but a crime
To not get out and stir, along about Thanksgivin' time.

It's almost like a miracle to see the first snow fly,

To watch the million little chunks come darrin' from the sky,

To hear them bounce against the panes, to watch the wild things, tamed,

Go tumblin' down to melt as though they kind of felt ashamed, And when darkness comes and lets the wind go murmuring.

It's like the sweet old luliables our mothers used to sing.

Along about Thanksgivin' time there's somethin' in the air
That seems to make you brisk and strong, that kind of crimps your hair;
You feel all ready for the storms you know you'll have to meet, You're not afraid of anything that's walkin' 'round on feet, And lookin' at it any way, the old earth's quite subilme,
Although it's bare and brown along about
Thanksgivin' time.

—8. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record Herald.

EDIE'S MISSION.

"Susie, to-morrow's Thanksgiving." Lower over her sewing drooped the golden head, and a tear trembled on her eyelash as she answered; "Yes, darling."

"Aren't we going to have Thanksgiving?" continued the child, "a little bit of a Thanksgiving, Susie? How mean Uncle Ralph is to let you work so "Hush, Edie! you must not talk thus,

Uncle Ralph is very kind in letting us have this cottage rent free, otherwise my needle would not support us."

But little Edle could not help thinking of the great grim house upon the hill, and the great grim man who utterly ignored his poor relation. She thought so long and so intently about it that at last a daring resolution entered her curly

"I'll go and see him and tell him all about it, so I will! I'm not afraid of him if he is big and grim and cross."

And without pausing to consider the doubtful undertaking, away she went in the direction of the stately mansion dark and gloomy which was the home of the misanthropic uncle, who from being one of the pleasantest of young fellows, in bygone days, had changed thus sadly. Rumor said for two reasons-because his betrothed, beautiful Nellie Clyde, had deserted him for her German music teacher, and because his petted, idolized young sister had fallen in love with a poor clerk and married him.

"I will never forgive you, never," he had said to her, sternly, "not because your husband is poor, but because he is shiftless."

And she had gone, proudly, with brave trust in her young husband-alas, but to find her brother's words prophetic. The knowledge broke her heart, and she died. and was soon followed by her drunken husband, leaving their two daughters in bifter poverty.

Edie rang the bell of the great house with such violence that it brought the footman in great haste to the door. "I have come to see my Uncle Ralph,"

she said, breathlessly. "I suppose he's in his study? Oh, you needn't show me the way; I know it," and she coolly ran by him up the polished stairway-for had not her mother told her of every nook and cranny in the old home?"

At the far end of a gloomy room fire glowed sleepily, and a gray-haired man sat in an armchair motionless before it. Edle crept in softly.

As she neared him she perce'ved that his face was very sad and weary looking. Some look upon his face made her think of her dead mother, and, almost before she knew it, she had flung both her chubby arms about his neck and kissed

To say that Ratph Morley was surprised but weakly expresses it; he was thunderstruck, and gazed down in the dimpled little face in mute amazement.

"Edie, little Edie!" he cried; "is it | "By forgiving my former cruelty and little Edie, a child again, and come back loving me a little, and wearing the

"Yes," said the child, clinging about his neck; "I was mamma's little Edie, and I will be yours if you will let me." Then he comprehended. It was not his own little sister, but it was her the cry of rapture. child; it was her gentle, loving spirit speaking to him through her. And his hard heart became tender, as he folded

the child to his breast and bowed his

. Susie wearily wending her way homeward, pondering how best to expend the small change which she dared spare for Thanksgiving dinner, was overtaken by Karl Schilling, her own true love.

"Oh, Susie!" he cried, breathlessly. 'what do you think has happened? Look! here is an invitation to Bleak Hall, from my employer, requesting the presence of my mother and myself at his Thanksworld coming to?"

"I'm sure I don't know," smiled Susie. "Uncle Ralph is no doubt beginning to appreciate you, Karl."

thing else. There must be some mistake. "No," said Susie, gravely; "it is a very

kind invitation, and you must accept "Oh, certainly; but how very surprising. What will mother say? Our paths

divide here, Susle, so, for the present I will say good-night." His mother surprised! If she was, she betrayed it only by a sudden paleness, then a slight color, and placing her bowed head in her hands she sobbed pretty things your maid has selected. It will please me to have you wear them."

And when Susic entered the parlor in her lovely trailing blue satin, Edis sprang from her uncle's arms with a lit-

"Oh! how beautiful you are, Susie!" The sound of carriage wheels here diverted her attention. "It is Karl? she cried, running to the window,

Yes, it was Karl, and the surprise he felt upon meeting his betrothed, robed like a princess, in her uncle's parlor, Increased when he presented his pale, lovely mother to his employer. "My mother, Mr. Morley," he began,

then paused, for a glance at his employer's white, agitated face; and his mother's downcast and softly-flushed, told him they had met before. "Nellie! Nellie Clyde"

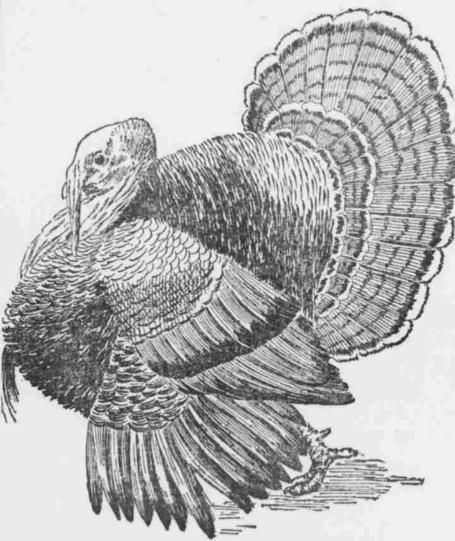
"Yes," she answered, softly. "Nellie giving dinner to-morrow. What is the Clyde Schilling, a widow, old and poor, to whom you sent an invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner. "Nellie!" he repeated, eagerly, "you

would not have come to meek me in my solitude and loneliness, unless-unless "But he was that cross this morning. he resembled an icicle more than any- the past was to be forgotton! Shall it not be as it was, twenty years ago?" "1-1 did not suppose you would feel thus, at this late day," she said, in confriends once more."

"And so we will," he cried, "the very best friends the world has ever known. Oh, what a Thanksgiving you brought me, little Edie!"-The Hearthstone.

The Thanksgiving Day Spirit, Better is a dinner of herbs where love with. And that applies to the Thanks-

A HANDFUL OF TURKEY THOUGHTS.



The gobbler grows rotund,

The gobbler grows rotund,
And so we shout "Hooray!"
And hurl our hat
On high thereat
And romp and frisk and play,
And sigh, by sudden rapture stunned:
"Alack, a well a day!"
While thus we flipFlap o'er the sand
And gally skip
Joy's saraband.
We watch him spread his tail
As on he proudly struts,
And see him puffed
And crisp and stuffed
With bread and sage and nuts,
Till we would on the fork impale
His choicest julcy cuts—
While Fancy's breeze
Fills us a-sigh
With argosles

With argosles
Of golden pie,
Oh, bird of rare renown

That makes the engle look To all intents Like seven cents,

You're greater when the cook, ho knows just how to do you brown, And knows it like a book, Makes you in glee
A roasted dream—
A symphonee
Of bliss supreme!

Of bliss supreme!
Full soon o'er you, blithe fowl,
The knife and fork will clash;
And first we'll hold
You hot, then cold,
And later in that hash
Which whisks the whiskers off the scowl
Of sorrow like a flash;
While hand in hand
We sigh and swoon
In fairy-land

In fairy-land Beneath the moon

-R. K. Munkittrick, in Sunday Magazine.

Susie, hastening homeward, beheld a pair of superb horses and an elegant carriage at their humble door, and Edie, with bright, eager face, came bounding to meet her.

"Oh, Susie! I've been to see Uncle Ralph, and oh! he loves me, he does truly, and you, too, and-and you're to come with me in the carriage, you know, to his house; he said so, and-he sent me after you.'

"Are you mad, Edie?" exclaimed the incredulous elder sister.

"No, no; get in, right away-do get as one in a dream Susie Green allowed herself to be assisted into the carriage. "I went to see Uncle Ralph, and I

kissed him, and he kissed me, and called me 'his little Edie,' and-and I told him all about our hard times, and about that pain in your side, and about Karl and his invalid mother, how you loved each were to live in his home after this, and he would take care of us.

"It is a fairy dream, Edle." "No it isn't either; it's true; and there

is Uncle Ralph on the steps awaiting It was no dream. Susie realized it forcibly when the grave, stern man came quickly forward and took her gently in his arms and kissed her tenderly, and in a kusky voice bade her "welcome home.

Such a dinner as was ordered! Such light, and warmth, and beauty, as filled the mansion throughout! Edie was in ecstasies and danced hither and thither like a stray sunbeam. Her lovely new dress and dainty slippers burdened her none; she enjoyed them among the other good things that had befallen them.

But Susie protested feebly, "Indeed, Uncle Ralph, you are more than kind, more than generous; how can I ever sepay you?"

giving dinner as well as to any other feast. No costly or skillfully prepared self. There was another letter lying tress' infatuation for the "artist chap, viands can make up for the lack of that there ready stamped for the post; she as he was scorafully described among the genial affection and sympathy which we took it up carelessly, recognized it by the servants; but the moment she did hear of all understand through sympathy, but red seal as the one Jack had had in his it she began wondering and watching unwhich is so difficult to describe. While hand when he passed her in the gallery, til in her own mind she was sure that you cannot extemporize this sentiment, and stood transfixed with surprise as she Miss Malling was really deeply in love you can avoid doing the things that pre- read the address. vent it from having free play. There "The address of that pretty demoiselle is a season for everything; and the that I followed home from the museum, season for those truthful remarks or by her orders! Why, there is something justifiable actions that might provoke in this! Why, if she wants the address resentment and ill feeling is not on such of a lady who is known to Monsieur a day as Thanksgiving. It is remarka- Dornton, does she not ask him, instead commanded the excited child, and ble how much the coldness, indifference of setting me to follow her like a po- for some clew that would help here to or failure to enter into the spirit of an liceman? I shall have that to find out!" occasion may do to spoil its whole atmosphere and to make the feast a dismal called from the door that shut off the in Mrs. Perkins' gossip about the family failure. Whatever else you are on these servants' quarters, high festivals at home, do not be a "kill | Something in the voice, some subtle tion that might be of use to her in furity, or even your desire to lead others to quick ear. She turned so sharply that adopt courses that you regard as best Mrs. Perkins had not time to conceal against the wishes of Milord Summers, other, and-all. Uncle Ralph said we for them, make you indifferent or unsym- the black bordered letter she held in her or without his consent, she would have pathetic to the mood of the hour. There hand. With a heart rending cry, Babette lost the whole estate?" she asked, one are many occasions and Thanksgiving started forward and snatched the letter evening in August, as she sipped her ten day is one of them, when our highest from her. duty is not to impose our consciences the common stock of happiness and sym- not stop to consider that she could not birthday she was be free to marry whom pathy .- The Watchman.

> Somewhat of a Dampener. Mrs. Jimpson-Just see what mother has sent us-a lovely big turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner! It came by express this morning.

> Jimpson (joyfully)-Bless her heart! That's just like her! Mrs. Jimpson-And she sent a note saying she would be here to help us

ent it. Jimpson (not quite so joyfully) -- The dickens! That's just like ber, tool-New York Times,

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The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

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By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER IX.

haps she was regretting the moment's er he made it the better; and this was impulse that had prompted her to ac- what he had written: cept a nameless young painter. Babette, too, seemingly had a weight on her mind. She crept about her work, laying out Miss Malling's elegant evening toilet with a subdued air very different from her usual noiseless activity. Habette was doing her best to get through her duties, when, as Ill luck would have it, memory for a moment asserted itself and brought before her a picture of a pretty blackeyed urchin tossing from side to side in drink offered by a hand he did not love. The maid sobbed-sobbed audibly. Miss Malling raised her eyes from

their contemplation of the carpet and explanation." looked in dignified surprise at the young Frenchwaman. Noting for the first time the signs of tears on her face, Miss Malling felt angry.

"What in heaven's name is the matter with you, Babette? Pray don't let me fusion. "I only thought we might be have any weeping and wailing. If there is one thing that exasperates me more than another, it is a crying woman."

"Pardon, mademoiselle; the grief overame me in spite of myself. I did not ntend to speak; but, as you have noticed my sorrow, I will make bold to tell you that I have a little stepbrother, the only being in the world who is related to me, is than a stalled ox and hatred there, and I have here a letter telling me be is very ill, and that he asks for me night and day-night and day." The poor girl's voice broke for a moment; but she railied spare me for just enough time to get to fellow!

"And what am I to do in the meantime??" Pauline asked leily. "Of course decide to stay on in the Wigwam, which outside. With a swoop like a hawk's, you can go if you like; but you need not be had taken furnished for six months. come back. I am surprised you should He did not take much notice of the little led the little key from the lock and slipask me such an insane thing, when you creatures this morning, though. He was ped it into the pocket of her dainty frillknow the house will be full of people the in a "brown study," and sat so motionday after to-morrow. I could not pieci- less on his comfortable cane chair under bly do without you. Pray do not say and the veranda that the more courageous of Babe(te rearranging the lace draperies

Babette moved away to the far end of the room, wiped her eyes, and stood for an instant quite still, repressing the sobs that shook her frame.

"If my little Pierre dies without seeing me I will never forgive you-never! I will watch for a chance of doing you a great harm; and it will come if I am civil enough to send some conventional patient," the girl thought.

After dressing Miss Malling and making the dressing room tidy, Babette passto Mrs. Perkins' sanctum for her usual and looked at Pauline's picture.

our pleasure? You are too high a lady to trouble yourself with your servants' seen you flinch and shrivel up strangely sometimes. People don't shrivel up for nothing, unless they have a fear of something; and if they have a secret fear, there must be something bad to cause it. If my little darling dies without the and his foot on the step, when he noticed comfort of kissing his Babette once, it will be your fault; and all my life long He waited a moment. Yes, it was for I will watch, watch, watch, to try to him! repay your cruelty to me and him?"and she looked as if she meant it.

ter to Ethel in his own room, was struck in inspection order." by the intense hatred in the woman's, face as he opened the door, wondered for in his light-heartedness, as he sent his the moment what could have caused it, handsome bays along the road. wished the next that he could call it up at will and use her as a model for a fiend, and the next moment forgot all about it. Throwing his letter on the hall table, he hurried into the drawing room to make his peace for being late.

Babette had her quiet cup of tea with Mrs. Perkins, and, with a plentiful shedding of tears, wrote to the woman who had charge of little Pierre, to say that she could not come to her darling just

The letter was full of loving messages and promises, and the poor girl's heart felt very heavy as she put it into the bag. She had taken it into the hall her-

Do not suffer your pride or van- touch of sympathy, struck Babette's thering her revengeful purpose.

She was a quick, impetuous, unreason trouble; and she registered a vow that, if after waiting until now." there was any secret in Pauline Mall-

humiliate her. A letter lay by Ethel's plate; but she mademoiselle had married in her exdid not touch it. Mr. Mallett, self-ab- treme youth-before she was known as sorbed as ever, did not notice how his the heiress of the property-how then?" daughter was struggling to preserve her usual composure all through the break-

fast time. Jack Dornton had not intended to be truel when he wrote; but, after destroy-

ing a dozen sheets of paper in his desire For some reason Pauline Malling was to be neither too soft nor too hard, he In a very irritable state of mind. Per- decided at last that the shorter and plain-

> "My Dear Ethel-I should not have had the courage to do as you have done; but perhaps you are right-as indeed you always are. For the future will you allow me to consider myself

"Your faithful friend, "JOHN DORNTON?" "I am glad-so very glad I wrote it. married, and Jack had found out that his small cot and crying out her name I had better destroy that anonymous life by herself. I believe I have found unceasingly as he refused the cooling letter. I thought that perhaps Jack the dark spot in my fine lady's life! If scut the letter to him and asked for an blow. How glorious that would be!"

> So Ethel went bravely about her home duties, though her very lips were white with the restraint she was putting on her feelings. She tried with all her strength of mind she possessed to put her humiliating grief away from her.

"Why should I sorrow for him if he can throw me off without one word of regret?" she asked herself, angrily.

Still, in spite of her determination to rush her love under the weight of her self-respect, she now and again felt as if her heart would break. She resolutely denied herself the relief of tears, and suffered far more intensely in conse-

The thrushes and the lively robins and and went on. "If made moiselle could morning. Captain Pelling was fond of key of which she carried about with these small birds, and liked to see them her, Boulogne and back to see the poor little about the place, and he had determined to do what he could to tame them durther word about it, and please leave off the birds hopped about within a gard of his feet.

The fact was Captain Pelling was disappointed. He had expected a letter turned to Bahette. either from Ethel or Mr. Mallett that morning, to settle their visit on the mor-

"Even if they do not care to come," he told himself, "they might have been

After awhile it occurred to him that perhaps the Mallets had written, and ed through the picture gallery on her way that the letter had miscarried-and he felt somewhat relieved at the bare idea. you here.' cup of tea. Thinking everybody must He made up his mind that he would go be downstairs, she stopped at Jack's easel up to town in any case; and as he went along he would decide upon what course tightly over her heart, listening to the "So you think the world is made for he would pursue. And all through his rustle of the silken skirts along the galvaciliation he never once admitted to liery and down the stairs. Then her himself that it was his longing to see affairs; but perhaps they will trouble Ethel again that had for the moment tion to vivid triumph. She threw her themselves with yours, madame! I have transformed him into a human shuttle-

Notwithstanding a short notice, the phaeton was ready a minute before the appointed time, looking perfect in every detail. Pelling had the reins in his hand a telegraph boy coming toward the house,

"From Geoffrey Mallett, Buckingham street, Bloomsbury, to Captain Pelling, Jack, who had stopped until the last The Wigwam, Wimbledon. Shall be with moment finishing his rather difficult let- you at 2 o'clock to-morrow. Get sketches

And the man of thirty felt a lad again

CHAPTER X.

Jack's love-making went on swimmingly during the lovely summer weather and among the beauties of Mallingford. The house was full of visitors now, and, in accordance with Pauline's wishes, their engagement was kept strictly private. Still, in spite of all their care, the state of affairs was pretty shrewdly guessed at by most of the people about them, and the well-bred guests wondered immensely at Miss Malling's sudden fit of unworldliness. Strangely enough, Babette, with all her sharpness was one of the last to bear of her mis with this good-looking Mr. Dornton. Babette liked Jack, and, knowing, as she selleved she did, the evil of Pauline's heart, she was sorry to think that such an altogether too charming young man

So Babette was always on the watch discover her young mistress' secret; and "Babette, I want you," Mrs. Perkins at this time she showed great interest hoping to glean some scrap of informa-

"And if mademoiselle had married leisurely.

"Yes, if she did so before she was upon other people, but to contribute to ing and unreasonable creature; she did twenty-five; but after her twenty-fifth have reached the child even if Pauline soever she pleases; and, as she will be had given her instant consent. She re- twenty-five on the seventeenth of next membered only that her mistress had month, there is not much chance of her been cruel to her in the time of her sacrificing the estate at this late day,

"That is so," observed Babette, with ing's past life, she would hunt it out and a disappointed air. She reflected for a few moments, and a flash of intelligence crossed her face as she asked, "And if

"I think she would lose everything." "Who would have it after her?" "Sir Geoffrey, the late baronet's

brother." "To be sure! It must have been a great blow to him when he found himself robbed of everything by his brother's injustice. What did he do? Where did he

"I don't know. He is as proud as any of the family, and, when his brother told him never to come near the place again, he put on his hat without one word, and walked away with his head as high as if he were the heir of thousands, We've never seen a sight of him since that day, and it's my belief we never shall,"

Habette believed she had found the keynote to Pauline's secret trouble. That there was secret frouble she never doubtfor an instant. She had observed her mistress too closely to be misled on that point; she knew that nothing but some mighty fear could cause those sudden starts, followed by periods of anxious, heavy-browed thought, to which she was subject. And, when Babette went upstairs, she reasoned the matter out.

"I have heard that she never knew she was her uncle's helress until after her father's death. What is more likely then than she should have married out there in Italy-married some poor idiot who was caught by her pretty face? And It would have been dreadful if we had then, when my lady suddenly finds that she is a rich woman, she is tired of this he did not care for me afterward. Now poor fool, and runs away and enjoys her might have wished the engagement to this is as I think, I can take from her continue, in which case I should have her beloved flance and her riches at one

Her face glowed with savage satisfaction at the bare thought of so complete a revenge. She left her seat by the bay window of Pauline's decoding room, and paced up and down, her excitement being too great for her to remain still. The dusky gloom deepened until the room was all in shadow, and presently a housemaid came in and lighted the candles in the large silver branches on the toilet

table As the door closed behind the maid Babelte resumed her promenade, and came to a sudden stop as her eyes rested on the key left in the lock of a small bronze box. This box contained Miss Malling's private keys! She locked up very little; but what she did lock up she was rather perky sparrows were having a good time particular about, and her keys were inof it on the lawns at the Wigwam that variably kept in this Indian box, the

As Babette stood looking with a dull, fascinated gaze at the key, she heard ing the hard winter weather, should be the rustle of silken skirts in the gallery so swift and noiseless was it, she plucked apron. The next instant Miss Malling urned the handle of the door and saw ound the looking glass. She crossed the oun and went straight to the table, glanced quickly at the box, and then

"Have you seen the key of this box?"

"Not to-day, mademoiselle."
"Provoking!" She took it up in her hands and shook it. Yes, the keys are uside. Babette, I wish you not to leave these rooms to-night until I come up to bed. I have dropped the key some where. I don't suppose it will be found until we have daylight to help us-it is so small. Have your supper sent up to

"Very good, mademoiselle."

Babette stood with her hands held expression changed from strained attenclasped hands high over her head. She locked both doors, closed one window to prevent the blinds from fluttering, and then unlocked the small bronze box. She laughed as she picked out a key from the bunch and tried to unlock Pauline's

large desk. "At last!" she whispered, as the lock of the desk flew back,

(To be continued.)

Just Resentment. "You say your beard began to grow when you were 10," remarked the visitor at the dime museum. "May I ask how long it has taken you to bring it to its present magnificent propor-

tions?" "Sir," said the Bearded Lady, justly incensed, "you are the first man that has ever dared to ask my age!"-Chicago Tribune.

Chance for Him.

"Ah!" sighed the fair maid, "I know what it is to have loved and Toot:2 "Indeed!" exclaimed the surprised

youth, who had hopes that her father would give him a job as son-in-law some day. "Yes," explained the fair one, "Poor,

dear Fido passed in his checks this morning." Saying and Thinking.

"Why is it," asked the young widow, 'that you old bachelors say such horrid things? Married men never talk that way."

"That's easily explained," replied the o. b. "A bachelor is in a position to say what a married man is only permitted to think.

Feminine Way, Mrs. Homer-Our new neighbor is an awfully forward woman,

Homer-In what way? Mrs. Homer-Why, when I called on her this afternoon she proceeded to tell me all about the trouble she has with servants before I had a chance to tell her mine.

Artful Dodger. He-Then I may hope? She-Well, you may ask papa. He-Impossible.

She-Why do you say that? He-Because I haven't been able to get sight of him since I loaned him \$10 before Christmas.

His Idea of It. The Minister-Young man, you should be making preparations for eternity.

Young Man-I am, sir. The girl I am engaged to is taking lessons at a cooking school.

The red snow, which is found in the Alps and in some parts of the Rocky Mountains, owes its hue to a micross copie plant of a bright red colon.