

CHAPTER XIII.

It was evening. In the lofty and richly He did not speak; but the hand resting ed, so that she did not see its expression furnished library of the marquis, the sil- upon the table was withdrawn in a mover lamps burned with a soft, subdued ment and it trembled.

glow, blending their moonlight radiance "Louis, I have hurt-wounded you; I with the deeper and warmer tinge cast by have been too harsh! Will you not fora blazing wood fire upon the broad hearth give me?" Rose said, gently, and in a ver the magnificent apartment, with its tone that quivered with agitatian. She dark, massive, antique furniture, its drew near to him, and laid her hand imaroad, high walls, lined with costly and ploringly upon his arm. "You can but ubstantial volumes, the crimson drapersee that my promise must be kept, and it es of its deep windows, and the polished pained me that you should urge me to oaken floor that shone and reflected back break it. Ab, it is sacred, Louis! help he mellow warmth in rippling lines of me to keep it so." light There was no reply. But he turned

Beside a table of curiously carven oak. towards her; he held out his arms; he which is strewn with rare and ancient gathered her to his breast and held her dumes and the writing implements of there, while his lips were pressed calmly, the marquis, and which occupies the censilently, tenderly to hers. Then releasing ter of the floor, sits Rose. She is leanher, he went out from her presence. The ing forward upon this table, her face hiddoor closed behind him. A step is heard len in her folded arms-those fair, sculpwithout-that of the marquis. tured arms whose snowy whiteness gleams rarely through the veil of falling me," he said, cheerily, as he approached resses. Her graceful form is attired in her; "and have been waiting some time, robe of shining fabric, its pearl-hued I am afraid, too, What shall I say for folds sweeping the floor about her and myself, eh?" and he seated himself behining, glittering softly in the mellow side her. "But, what ails you, my child?" light shed all around her. She does not he added, with evident concern; "you are nove; she is silent-motionless; she hard- | ill! seems to breathe even. So quiet is she, as she reclines thus, with her face happy," returned Rose, lifting her beauoncealed, that you might think her sleeptiful eyes, swimming with tears, to his

But Rose is not sleeping. Her errand hither is of too painful a nature for that. Alone, in this swelling silence, she waits; and listening for an approaching footstep, the hour passes in deep and sorrow ful reverie. For Rose has a duty, too ong deferred, to perform to-night, and its consequences may be only too bitter -bitter to her, inasmuch as they affect others. She does not fear the performance of this duty because she shrinks for her tears. from fulfilling her trust-from keeping her plighted word; but she pictures to herself the disappointment she may be old man, kindly. "Why, Rose, I think, about to inflict on others.

A distant door uncloses, but so softly in its casing of cloth that no sound fol- I won't hear any tales against my little It is a gentleman who enters; he girl." pauses a moment; his glance takes in the seauty and subdued splendor of the scene fore him; but it is accustomed to that. It rests upon the center of the wholepon the bowed figure of the young girl onder by the table. A shadow, a blendng at once of sorrow and perplexity, rests upon his fine brow. Then closing the door, he advances, and stands beside he table. "Rose!" he calls, gently.

The young girl raised her head. "Is it you, Louis?" she asked, with an nir of sadness. "I thought you were with his hand. away.

"I have remained at home, Rose, I uld not go. I wished to see you." "You wished to see me, Louis? We are in each other's presence every day. To-night-

'Ay, to-night, Rose! To-night, you would say, you have an interview with e; and, forgive me, dear Rose, but I to blush, despite her sorrow and agitawould prevent it!"

He spoke in a subdued, but agitated went on:

"Robin was different from seriousiy. those about him. He was hetter-more noble than they. He was-" She broke CITY LIFE WAS DULL. ********* off in the midst of her words, blushing confused at her own animation. "Not long ago I had an old gentle-"Nay, my child, you need have no shame," said the marquis, kindly; "this man from a rural village to visit me,"

young man was, indeed, something more said the suburbanite, "and he found than those whom one is accustomed to New York dull. I never realized bemeet in that class to which he was allied, fore how dull our place could be." confess that your preference for him The New York Times explains why s no mystery to me, and I do not at all the gentleman from the country found

"Ah, how good you are, monsienr." the city less lively than the life to disapprove of it." "Ah, how good you are, monsieur." uttered the young girl, gratefully, as she pressed his hand to her line she pressed his hand to her lips. 'It is no merit to me, Rose, that my dents, the old man's point of view will

own honest convictions force me to ac, be a new one. knowledge his superiority, and the good "When at home the old gentleman

sense you have displayed in your choice. was accustomed to go after his mail," And now," he added, while the old said the city man; "so after breaklaughing glance shone in his eyes, "I dare fast one morning he said he would just say you are dying with curiosity to know how I came into possession of all this for the mail. We had to explain that there was no postoffice within two 'Indeed, sir, it is a matter of curiosity

me," she answered, frankly, "What, then, will you say, if I assure the office; we just waited until the you that Robin himself told to me the postman came round. greater part of it all, and that I divined "When the old gentleman was balk-

nly a very little bit-eh, Rose?" he ask- ed of going to the postoffice, he said that he really must get shaved. Would

'Robin, sir? ah, then you have seen a?" said Rose, with hardly suppressed we direct him to a barber shop? Then I had to tell him that I didn't know 'I have seen him, my child." of a barber shop within a mile of the And lately?" house. I shaved myself, and when I "Quite lately," he returned, pleased and needed the services of a barber 1

mused at her innocent betrayal of de- found one downtown, light. "That greatly surprised him, for at

"Now you can easily tell how I guessed

"May I ask when it was, monsieur?" home his visits to the barber, a cheer-"It was yesterday; nay-I have seen m as lately as to-day." ful, neighborly, talkative fellow, are To-day? ah, then, he is very near !" among the pleasantest incidents of the she said, in a subdued yet joyful tone, week. It also set him thinking, and and with her eyes bent to the floor, as we had to confess under cross-exami-Suddenly raising them, nation that we hardly bought so much meditation. she asked: "Where was it, monsieur?" as a paper of pins in our part of the "Too many questions, Rose," laughed city. We did not patronize the little

1 shops of the region. Everything we marquis-"too many questions. must keep his whereabouts a matter of needed we bought in great shops ten secrecy for a short time." "Ah, monsieur." said Rose, gently, and miles away. We had to wait for most

things twelve or even twenty-four with a pretty air of deprecation, "Indeed, my dear child, it will do you hours, and if an article was urgently Wait till to-morrow, only to- needed, we had to make a journey of morrow, and I will tell you where he is; something like twenty miles to get it. were a family wault and taking up nay, more-you shall see him. You will sadly. "I have been doing wrong all this grant me until then?"

an excellent joke on city life. His don't."

own village is about as far from the at the object of your errand thither to- only near-by city of any size, as our house is from the heart of New York.

"Since Robin told you all about this," It was plain enough that he thought she said, with a slight and charming we had returned to something like the know of a year when I've had nicer blush, "you must have had little difficulty conditions of the frontier.

in divining my purpose, when, at your "He was evidently comparing the inquestioning this morning, I acknowledged conveniences of our situation with the cranberry sass as makes Thanksgivin', that it was to say to you something im- condition of his farmer friends a few sighed Mrs. Nisbett. mediately connected with myself that I miles from his village. He had al-

desired to meet you here." "Exactly, Rose," said the marquis, ways been sorry for them; he was gaily. "Well, my darling, we have made just as sorry for us. Looking round our confessions-have we not? and they upon the dense shrubbery near the were not such terrible confessions, after house and the wall of woodland only maple is losin' its leaves as if they was

all. Robin, I honestly declare to you, I a few yards away, he said, with a rainin' down. Parson Jarvis is comin' like, and am proud of. I have invited kind of shiver, 'No doubt this is a all the way from Sloatesville to preach him here to-morrow. But, Rose," and he lovely place in midsummer, but it to-morrow, and the quire's larned a bran

pocket a letter, which she was about to pect to behold the linen blouse and serviceable garments in which you were probably wont to see him. Robin is no

longer a gardener, and, therefore, you It Was in Use in New England as then I will not look at your letter. I am must anticipate quite an alteration in his Early as 1713.

> "When you come to think of it there is no special reason, no good reason, in arly to-morrow mornin' if he caught

character, which he immediately accept- ferred to as a Yankee," says a writer hum to Thanksgivin'! my uncle, and cannot listen to me. I nificance which he threw into his last ed; it was much more congenial to his tal-knew of this interview; my uncle told words caused her first to smile, and then ents and capabilities, as well as to his "and yet it is a rather curious fact that with a chuckle, adding:

to blush, despite her sorrow and agita-tion. He waited an instant, and then went on: the world, Rose:" and desires. He is fast rising in the world, Rose:" and the good marquis smiled. "Ah, he will be a great man.

day. carry a sting with it. 'Yankee trick.' "but the throne itself smiles upon him?" "He said so," said Rose, musingly-meant something not exactly agreea-out there." The throne itself smiles upon him?" "he said so-did he not? that he should rise to honor and preferments and Joel scratched his head. This was a wealth? Yet how little I imagined that is changed now. I was thinking more phase of the subject that he scarcely narticularly of the stynology of the felt competent to discuss. "Maybe you'll like her. Stephen says would be so soon!" "Well, you see, I have won my dia-monds, Rose," he said, laughingly. "You pages of Skeats the other day when I "Stephen says" "Stephen says! As if a man over head great sorrow to my uncle, who loves you said the young girl, wondering, perplexed shall give them to me on your wedding came upon the word. Yankee was de- and ears in love wouldn't say anything." And now, my darling, let us join fined as a 'citizen of New England or "I wish he'd told us who she was.' day. our friends. They will be waiting for of the United. States.' and, suggestive-Mrs. Nisbett groaned again. Joel went And Rose went with him, almost in a ly, is of Scandinavian origin. It was out to the woodpile, the everyday shrine 114 whence he generally derived what little state of bewilderment, knowing that she used in Boston as early as 1765. of philosophic inspiration he had. "In his history of the American war, had not said half she wished to say, yet "Mrs. Nisbett!" unable to recall it, or to think anything published in 1789, Dr. William Gordon It was a soft little voice, and the old but this sudden revelation of the mar- says: 'It was a favorite cant word in lady's face relaxed instinctively as it Cambridge, Mass., as early as 1713, sounded on her ears. "Why, Lida Tremaine-'tain't you!" "It is. I've done everything that Aunt (To be continued.) and it meant excellent, as a Yankee good horse.' It is suggested, too, that Constance wanted, and now I've just run over to see if you don't need a bit of A Story of Success. the word probably spread through How a single brain could achieve New England as the result of its use help." these extraordinary works is a mysby the students at Cambridge. It has She stood in the doorway, a fair little tery. It is deepened by the fact that the inventor enjoyed a very few edu-cational advantages. Edison was a gradually become part of the common cational advantages. Edison was a related to the law Latin 'Yankie,' sparkled as if they were twin sapphires clear and brilliant as the dying smile of Indian summer. By 11 o'clock Mrs. Nispoor boy, and at the age of twelve be-came a newsboy on the Grand Trunk meaning 'a sharp. clever, forward hidden away under her long, dark lashes. Indian summer. By 11 o'clock Mrs. Nis-bett was dressed in her best silk and cannot marry yet, because they are by road running into Detroit. Yet even in an agile girl, an incessant talker, a a fresh cheeked girl, with nut brown fully in the oven and the cranberry tarts woman,' and to 'yanked,' which means Sne was neither blond nor brunette, but cap, with the turkey browning beautihair, skin like the leaf of a damask rore, doing credit to themselves as well as to tivity of his character was made mani-fest. At one time he had a small la-boratory in the baggage car, where he tried chemical experiments. When he smart stroke.' We also have a hint of she is quite as poor as he. Ah, they tivity of his character was made maniwas a telegraphic operator he devoted 'yack,' to talk fast, 'yaike.' a blow. But but when she did laugh a dimple came all of his leisure time and many hours the point I had in mind was that there out upon her cheek and a row of pearly which should have been given to sleep is nothing offensive about the word in teeth glimmered instantaneously,



WHEN THANKSGIVIN' COMES.

Goin' to have a joyful day 'Bout next Thursday down our way; Relatives 'II all be here-Comin' now fr'm far an' near. Got a turkey home. I'll bet Is the biggest we've had yet: Always lots to eat. I've found Thanksgivin' comes around.

Pa, he'll carve the noble bird. Tellin' all the jokes he's heard: Ma, she'll keep things movin' right Zveryone'll talk a sight-All exceptin' Bill an 'me : We'll be still as still can be, Won't have time to make a sound When Thanksgivin' comes around. win' right.

Golly! but it's bully, though, Havin' relatives, you know. Ma jest smiles when Bill and I Take a second piece of pie: Pa, he'll only langh and roar When we pass our plates fer more; Never's scolded us her frowned When Thanksgivin' comes around.

Uncle Jim sez me an' Bill Uncle JIm sez me an' Bill 'S jest about ez hard to fil Ez two elephants, but Gee! If they'll only let us be We won't care for what 'hey say. But jest grin an' eat awiy. We'll be full clear f.'m the ground When Thanksgivin' comes around. —Council Bluffs Nonparell.



a turkey as ever flapped, and I don't

"Tain't turkey or pumpkin pies or

"What is it, then? Ef it's cold weather, I should ha' thought the last frost would ha' done the business for you ome here"pretty fairly. Them artemisias by the front door is scorched black, and the old nto tears.

new anthem just a purpose, about bein' thankful for harvest and all that sort of thing. I'm sure I don't know what else

Mrs. Nisbett only answered by a sigh. "I wonder if 'tain't possible Stephe'll be hum to-night," she said after a pause. "He writ not. He thought he'd drop

"And I s'pose, if all accounts is true, ton? "Yos."

about Lida's beau."

askew!"

"Well, did he ever mention the name of-

Lida as she went back to her work.

Lida paused, her cheeks glowing

But Joel sat down before the fire with

complacent satisfaction which boded

ill for the gratification of his wife's curi-

osity, and finally accompanied Lida home.

some it seems when Lida's gone! What

does the girl want to get married for

when I could ha' took such a sight o'

does seem as if the world was all

lady of uncertain age, stood before the

bedroom looking glass arranging her coif-

fure. Lida, in a blue dress with a late

The next day, in spite of the weather

comfort with her? Oh, dear, dear!

but there's somethin' reserved about her, autumn rose in her hair, was tripping and I didn't like to ask about you- hither and thither as light footed and whether you had decided to go out as a helpful as half a dozen household fairies governess or not; because, my dear, Joel merged into one, while Mrs. Nisbett and I were talkin' last night, and we stood regarding her with a loving eye,

Lord's will to deny us of just what we

a little cry.

"There he comes there comes Joel, and, as I live, there's the boy with him!"

Lida ran into the bedroom. When she returned, Mrs. Nisbett was clasped in the arms of a tall, handsome man of four or five and twenty.

"Lida," said the proud matron, striving to disengage herself from the affectionate clasp, "this is my son Stephen. softly, "you are so very, very kind. Be- and-why, what's the matter?"

For Stephen had dropped her hands

"Lida! Why, mother, this is a surprise indeed that you have prepared for me!

"I prepared!" echoed the astonished old lady. "Well, that's a good un, when I'm ten times as much surprised as you

be! Lids, what does this mean?" "It means." said Lida, with a demure smile-she was beginning to recover her scattered self-possession-"It means that this is the gentleman I am to be married

must read this." And she drew from her took her hand in his, "you must not ex- must be cold here in winter." ORIGIN OF WORD YANKEE. you'd have.'

"How ?- no longer a gardener, monyou, I mean to guess; and I'll wager a sieur?" iterated Rose, in some surprise. "No longer, my child; he was offered at any rate, why the man from the the train he expected. Only think,

His good natured, comical manner and an employment of an entirely different north should feel offended when re- woman; it's five years since Stephe was

"What-silence? then you consent, Rose?-well, a wedding dress it shall be, him now. I'll warrant. Why, child, this time was when the use of the word when it is applied to them. Probably the hard pull when he went off and left us,

Thanksgivin'," said Mrs. Joel Nis-bett, looking down into the basket of glossy, red cheeked Spitzenbergs as if (Call "That seemed to the old gentleman apple as if it had been a skull; "no, "Then, Sarepta," observed her hus band, who had just thrown a huge log on the open fire, "you don't disarn noth-

in' to be thankful for! It's as harnsome

pumpkins on that ar' corn lot!"

to have you here." "To have me here?"

child. So when your Aunt Constance goes back to the city, if you choose to

> Mrs. Nisbett paused abruptly and burst "We had a little girl once, my dear,

and if she'd lived she would ha' been nigh about your age." Lida let the leaves drop down on the

THE

floor as she sprang up and threw both arms round the old woman's neck. "Oh, Mrs. Nisbett," she whispered

lieve me, I appreciate it all, but-buthardly know how to tell you." Mrs. Nisbett listened intently. Lida smiled and cried a little and then whis- crimson.

pered so low it was scarcely audible. "I am going to be married." "Married!" ejaculated Mrs. Nisbett,

with all a woman's interest in this important piece of information. "And who

"Your son lives in Iowa-in Parling-

both thought what a comfort if would be murmuring to herself: "Well, well, it seems like it was the

PRIDE OF THE BARNYARD

"We're old and we're alone, and some most want, but if I had a daughter I how we've both took a fancy to you, my could wish she was like Lida." As the old kitchen clock struck 1 Mrs

Niebett, looking from the window, gave

with an exclamation of surprise and amazement, and Lida stood there glowing

these imploring words. 'You would prevent it, Louis!-why? Would you bid me neglect the fulfilment

f a duty already too long delayed?" "Ah, Rose, you are about to seal your silent, and forget the vows that are guess rightly." no longer binding. Do not bring this o; do not break up this happy household, which can be no more happy when you have sacrificed yourself-when you have left the hearth that is only bright with your presence, to hide yourself in ed. obscurity!

The tears were filling her sweet eyes; great ery was struggling for utterance meaning more fully. In the first place, her breast; but she silenced it with a half-despairing effort. She raised her glance to his.

ject of this interview?"

"Ah, too well-too well!" he answered; for I knew that it must come, sooner or later, since you adhere to the decision ou once made. But again I ask you-lo not reveal this secret to my uncle." "It is not alone my promise to Robin

which I regard, Louis." "You would say that you love him still, then?"

The tears fell from her eyes; a blush stole to her fair cheek; her head was

turned aside. 'Ah, no-no! do not say it, Rose!" he

eried, sorrowfully. "Louis-Louis, this it not kind-it is

not like you!" said the young girl, turnng to him again. "You know I cannot reak my promise. Do not add to the orrow I already feel. I must see your cle; I must acknowledge my betrothal o Robin."

"And render him unhappy, cut Helen Montauban to the very heart, leave me wretched-miserable! Rose, listen to

"Louis, be silent, I entreat " she uttered, withdrawing her hand from his. while the crimson glow of consciousness and timidity so fused her countenance; 'have pity on me!"

you to be my wife! Nay-do not start and turn away from me. Hear me to the How can I bear to see you-you, Rose, who should move among the highest and the noblest of France, envied and which you were born-who should ocupy, finally, a position and enjoy adnow can I bear to see you the wife of ust to yourself; awake from this fatal ed peasant, then, my child, I confess that

ver her; she put her hand to her brow; still his eyes were fixed upon her; still and on it stood the very dew of agony. "You yield, then?" he said, in a voice me. Rosy, as she would have been."

choked with emotion.

'Yield!" seat; she unclasped his fingers from hers his words and manner, wept silently upwith despairing strength. "Ah, no! You on his breast. mistake! I love him; I will be true to "But, my child." he continued, when he lows down in a quantity of raw

himself by the table, the other pressed been always sensible of that." hard against his side, and his face avert. "Oh, yes, monsieur!" she responded, thew Arnold. -

lace, jewels and all "I shall want neither lace nor iewels. monsieur," said Rose, half sadly,

Well, my Rose, you are waiting for

"No-no! I am not ill, sir; but I am un-

"Unhappy? you are young for that,

Rose. Some girlish whim it is, I'll war-

rant me-nothing more, and you are mak-

ing yourself extremely miserable about

ly, as he spoke these words in an enliv-

"It is no whim, sir," answered Rose,

"Doing wrong, poor little mouse? and

to make a confession?" smiled the good

then, that I must grant absolution before-

hand, and refuse to listen to your story.

"Ah, monsieur, you treat it lightly! You

"I don't know, I suppose you would

"Yes, monsieur," answered the young

"Exactly. Well, then, suppose I try

"You could not guess! Monsieur, you

give him; but he put it away, smilingly,

harder than stone, my bird. And now,

Rose, don't interrupt me, for, as I told

lively tone, together with a certain sig-

a wedding dress shall it be, petite?"

"You will not allow me to guess, Rose?

say, how serious an affair it is-is that it,

do not know how-how----

little Rose, ch?"

girl.

to guess?"

She could proceed no further

And he stroked her bright hair gent-

earnest face.

ening tone.

time--

the

no harm.

night."

"Willingly."

personal appearance."

"Do not interrupt me, my child! "Ah, Rose, you are about to seal your Against-let me see-against a pair of fate! Think once more, I beseech you; diamond buckles. You see I mean to there is time. Break this ideal bondage; | make you pay well, Rose-that I shall

> "I do not understand you, monsieur," and diverted at his manner. "You don't? what a pity!" There was mischief in his eyes, that brought the smile to hers. "What a pity!" he repeat-

"Well, at all events, I will mence, and probably, by the time I shall have finished, you will comprehend my then, there is a certain young girl-you quis.

see I mention no names, Rose-a certain young girl, I say, who has a lover. You 'You are aware, then, Louis, of the are listening, I presume, my child?" "I am listening, monsieur.

"Good! This young girl, then, is betrothed. Very well; that is not at all to he wondered at, as young girls very frequently find themselves in this position. She is betrothed to a poor young man-a workman; we will say he is-a gardener. cannot marry yet, because they are by

must be content to wait !" He paused, and regarded her with a arious smile. She looked up, her eyes sparkling with fresh-streaming tears.

"Ah, monsieur! you are telling me

The good marquis kissed her. "I am telling you about two people whom I once knew, my child. I will pro- to become great inventions. ceed. Our young gardener, we will say, ome slight change of circumstances dur- to take life easy, but on the contrary ing his absence, continues to remember him. But for some reason, which is,

doubtless, in this case, an extremely natural one, she neglects to inform a certain He so begrudged the time consumed in friend, or friends, of hers, that she has enting, dressing and undressing, sleeppromised to marry this young man. For ing and going from his workshop to this neglect she presently begins to re-proach herself. Now, listen again, Rose;" a hod and dining table in his workshop to

"Rose, one instant. Let me speak for and he grew quite serious; "if this young where he could eat and sleep without the last time. I love you; I would ask girl-if you, Rose, had been really about disturbance, while engaged upon imto bestow your hand upon a poor, lowportant experiments.-Frank Leslie's born peasant, who had no desires, no aspirations, above his condition; if you had | Fopular Monthly, become the bride of such a one, and forsaken us and our love and care for you. after we have all been so happy here command the thousand luxuries for gether, and cast away from you all that court one after another of a series of belongs to you in your present position; had suffered that finer mind, those quick seemed to the court to have any merit, vantages suited to your beauty, your sensibilities, that loftier, that more ele-grace, your refinement, your intellect- vated and refined nature, to mate with vated and refined nature, to mate with the coarse, gross, blunt composition of a peasant? Ah, he merciful to me! be mere tiller of the soil, a rude, uncultivat-

Trance: for you are dreaming, Rose." It would have been a bitter, bitter thing He spoke with strange energy. His to me. It would have been the hardest tones thrilled through her; his glance blow this heart has borne for many a but your Honor would kind of bunch from a poem?" asked the poet. ought hers, waiting for an answer, with long year. Rose!" And his voice grew them."-Case and Comment. an earnestness-au anxiety that con- husky, and faitered, and the tears, deused her. A feeling of faintness stole spite his manhood, gathered in his eyes. "I have learned to love you, my darling." all was strange bewilderment about her. he said, "with a father's affection. I had a little child once, Rose, and I lost her. he watched eagerly. But over his lips You seem to bring to my mind what she stole the palor of death; his fine brow would have been; you grow more like grew cold and white as marble itself, that ideal daily-hourly! You have taken her place in my heart; you are dear to

He clasped her tenderly to him; and She rose slowly from her the young girl, most deeply touched by

Louis stood with one hand supporting had become caimer, "it was no clown 250,000. imself he the table of hand supporting whom you promised to wed. You have Conden

its use now. Europeans speak of the In one hand she carried a bunch of American citizen, no matter what secto the developing of ideas which were

"See " she cried, holding them up. "I After he had grown famous and opugoes away; and the girl, who meets with lent, he did not yield to the temptation as a 'Yankee,' and they talk about these. I knew that big vase on the man-'Yankee shrewdness' making serious tel needed something, and, with a branch inreads on the trading rights of for- or so of scarlet leaves, I'll have a royal eign countries. 'Yankee' is a good word bouquet to help you keep Thanksgiving.' and the men and women to whom it is hetween her two hands and kissed the applied either in its narrow or in its fresh little mouth. broad sense are of God." "Set down, Lida," she said, "I wasn't

> Not Dead, but a New Yorker. "How clever the ladies of your town never say no to you." are!" said Marion Crawford to a West-

ing," cried Lida, throwing off her outer ern Mayor. wrappings and dancing up to the looking "Yes?" glass like a little gale of wind, "because "I was the guest of their literary you invited Aunt Constance and me to club. We had a delightful afternoon dinner and because your son is coming

An Illinois attorney argued to the with Aristophanes." home. "Indeed! I thought that chap was "Yes, child, yes," said Mrs. Nishett very weak points, none of which dead," spoke up the Mayor. subsiding once more into the mournfu "No; he ain't dead," added the May- key from which Lida's sudden appear oress; "he's that Hindu Babu from ance had momentarily aroused "Joel's got the turkey shut up in a coop,

> in' them apples, and---" tered to the window, "what glorious red leaves speckled over with little drops of

The sage thought and in a few min- wall? Oh, please say yes Mrs. Nisbett said "yes"-it would have

been hard work to say "no" to Lida-"Well, it takes about four hours to and the girl soon came in, her apron full arite one and nineteen years eleven of the sprigs of the old maple 1700 months thirty days twenty-four hours whose shadowy boughs kept the window daughter from playing the plano for and fifty-five minutes to get it pub- veiled with cool shadows through lished! Then it's a toss-up whether glaring summer days and showered fad-

it's famous or infamous."-New York ing gold upon the dead grass when the autumn came. Times. Mrs. Nisbett looked with tenderness

the hearth rug, when the shine of the

grew rapidly beneath her deft fingers. "Lida." she said softly, "Lida, my

a-calculatin' to have no sech fixin's up,

"But you're going to keep Thanksgiv

"Oh, oh," cried Lida, who had flut

her

but you've sech a way, child, I can'

six hams out of one hog than it is to get one trathful word out of some men. "I saw your Aunt Constance yesterday

roses. Old Nisbett had come in with an to! "Stephen!" cried Mrs. Nisbett, "Is Lida armful of wood, bringing a gale with him to be your wife?" from the frosty outer world.

"I'll tell you by and by," whispered "She has given me her promotion looking effect, at least," said Stephen, looking little "Joel'll go out again arter awhile," proudly down upon his lovely thought Mrs. Nisbett, "and then I'll hear fiancee.

"Well, if it don't beat all how queen things do happen!" said Mrs. Nisbett, her face radiant. "And you've been livin' neighbor to me these six weeks and I never knowed it. Lida, why didn't thus frustrating all his wife's designs you tell me?"

"Because I never dreamed that Steand cutting off her chance of hearing phen Risingham, my betrothed western Lida's story. "Dear me!" thought she. "I don't be-lover, was anything to Mrs. Nisbett." lieve the man was ever born who know said Lids, laughing. ed when he wasn't wanted! How lone. "There 'tis, now!"

"There 'tis, now!" ejaculated the farm-"How was she to know that he was er. only my nephew, adopted when his parents died, twenty good years ago? We've always called him son, and he's always been a son to us. But Lida didn't know. Old woman, what do you say to Stephen's wife ?"

Mrs. Nisbett clasped Lida to her

"I do say," she ejaculated, "this is the thankfullest Thanksgivin' I ever lived to see!"-New York Daily News.

Sad Time for Them.

Of what are the turkeys thinking Out yonder in the yard, With their red eyes sadly blinking? Do you think their fate is hard? Are they on life reflecting And to bear their final call Each moment now expecting? No: turkeys don't think at all.

THANKSGIVING DAY IS A GOOD TIME FOR EVERYONE TO CHEER UP.

It is a poor man, indeed, who has nothing for which to be thankful. Pitiably meager is the life that contains nothing which on this day of prayer and praise creates a glow of joy or an impulse of gratitude. Shallow is the soul that can reflect no sunshine of blessings and is ever gloomy with worries and wrongs.

But there is none such. The narrowest, the shallowest, the most darkly pessimistic among us all may sometimes be surprised into a smile and shamed into at least a whisper of thanks. They who can find nothing else to be glad about may at least be glad they are still alive and not yet passed to that world of gloom and despair especially fitted to such temperaments.

The depth of possible human misery has never yet been reached. Perhaps old Job came nearest to it, and even Job was no croaker. It is easy to imagine that old Job, with all his boils and other troubles, would still be a lively figure at a modern Thanksgiving service. He would at least find words of thanks that his body was no larger and so could hold no more boils. Job would be positively jolly in comparison with some of the living grouches who exist only in their own little ills.

It is said that man differs from the lower animals chiefly in his being able to laugh. But the dog's wagging tail, that tells us he would like to laugh if he could, proves him to be better in heart than the human grouch who seems to feel that he could not laugh if he would.

Cheer up! You can't spite God by refusing to give him thanks. God will go right on doing business just the same. But you spite yourself by shutting your eyes to the blessings within your reach and by your complaining you make a nuisance of yourself to everybody else.

Cheer up! One of the very lowest forms of consciousness-that of the seed sprout-instinctively seeks the light, somehow knowing that life is there, while deeper down is naught but gloom and death.

Is any man to show less sense and less appreciation of the eternal law than does the seed sprout? Is he alone, of all wonderful creation, to wilfully seek the gloom, to narrow his mind, to shut off his supply of energies, to dam up the sources of his health and to force his life back through a thousand cycles of evolution and into a mussel sheil of little woes? We can all find cause to be glad and thankful if we look for it.

Thanksgiving day is a good time to throw open the window of the soul and look out and up, taking a long, deep draught of the pure air with which the heavens are filled-the breath of hope and happiness.

Everybody has cause to be thankful-everybody but the turkey, and even the turkey may be thankful that his last days were passed in bounteous plentr.

until the court finally said: "Mr. ---, do you think there is any. New York." thing in these points?"

cination? nearly a week .- New York Town

Africa's Yield of Ivory. There are annually killed in Africa a

the production of a quantity of raw

Conduct is three-fourths of life .- Mat- six hams out of one hog than it is to

Topics.

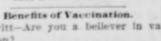
To which the attorney replied: "Well, one of them alone, but I didn't know

threw himself with greater earnest-

ness into the hard labor of his calling.

A Legal Expectation.

Hewitt-Are you a believer in vac-



It is easier for some butchers to get

The man who is always telling how minimum of 65,000 elephants, yielding much more work he does than his associates, should be watched. Screw loose somewhere.

and the bakin's done, and I'm just a-fin Mark Twain and a Poet. A new story is going the rounds Judge, perhaps there isn't much in any about Mark Twain and a young poet, "How long does it take to get fame

gold! May I make some wreaths for the utes said:

upon the graceful little figure seated on

high hesped logs lost itself in her bright hair and made sparkles in her eyes, as the wreaths and trails of autumn leaves