THANKSGIVING AT HOME.

O, it's early in the mornin' that a feller must be risin',
Thanksgivin' Day, like Christmas time, it comes but wunst a year.
The birds are stuffed an' roastin' with an odor appetizin',
The pumpkin pies are bakin' an' the cider flowin' freer
There's piles an' piles o' cookies, an' there's doughnuts till you're dizzy,
There's mounds an' mounds of jelly, an' there's biscuits browned an' light,
All the mornin' in the kitchen mother's been most awful busy,
O, you bet I'm mighty thankful that I own an appetite.

Two lonely, solemn turkeys, sole survivors of the flock,
Are a-struttin' round the yard with a kind o' anxious air,
The sort o' sudden absence of their friends is quite a shock,
An' they're searchin' fer their late lamented cronies everywhere.
With spreadin' tails and feathers fluffed their quest they keep pursuin';
They don't suspect their fate will be the others' gloomy lot,
They notice how we're fussin' an' they wonder what we're doin',
O, you bet I'm mighty thankful that a turkey I am not.

The folks they keep arrivin' brimmin' o'er with fun an' laughter,
Bluff uncles shake my hand until the bones begin to crack,
Girl cousins shyly kiss me—jes' exactly what I'm after—
An' with promptitude quite lightning-like I gayly kiss 'em back.
But one of them, the fairest maid of all my fair relations,
To steal my heart by witchin' arts somehow she does contrive,
While in her eyes I read a tale beyond my expectations
O, you bet I'm mighty thankful—mighty thankful—I'm alive.

HE was not a bad man at heart. But the very qualities which moved some people to call him a "jolly good fellow" were identical with those which made other people consider him a bad citizen, and, with the usual emphasis of people who take the downward view, a very bad citizne.

When his wife died he seemed to awake with a sudden shock to the issues of life and the fact of death. He had loved her with all that marvelous depth of tenderness, that inconsistent fervor which sometimes underlies the weakest natures.

In the newness of his grief he foreswore his old ways and habits. He knew himself to be weak. He fancied the way to strength of resistance lay along the road of self-exile to strange scenes and unfamiliar faces—that road well worn by the restless feet of those who fly from the battle within to wage an unequal struggle with the allies without.

He left his little son, made doubly dear to him by the sense of loss, with his wife's cousin, gave to her what money he could spare for the child's support, promised to send more at regular intervals, and departed westward.

* * * * * * *

More than a year later he roused himself as if the finger of fate had touched him. He remembered, with an anguished regret, that he had failed again; that for months he had drifted from place to place, he himself scarcely knew where or how. He remembered that his promised remittances for the boy had ceased. He saw himself broken in strength, in health, in spirit. He felt suddenly overpowered with the consciousness of his own weakness, and, as a drowning man's arms reach wildly out toward any illusion of help, his thought went out toward his child.

It seemed to him that the love of his boy could save him. The miracle of salvation became to him possible, wherein a little child, strong in love and innocence and faith, should lift the fainting, failing manhood of the man.

A passionate yearning seized him to fold again to his heart the little form, to feel about his neck the clinging arms, to hear again the lisping words which came to his weakened memory like distant echoes in a dream. And then he remembered the day when first the child was laid in his arms; he remembered the thrill, the wonder, the first pride of fatherhood. Then, in broken glimpses, as a fair landscape is seen between blurs of mist, there came to him memories in swift succession, of the growth, the incidents of the child's few years.

"I must go to him," whispered the man with a gasp, as he lifted his head from his hands. His face was flushed, tears stood in his eyes. His resolution was carried out with feverish haste, and he turned his face to the East.

* * * * * * *

His wife's relative had little excuse for him. She had long considered him a hopeless vagabond. So when he appeared suddenly, as from the possible, and, in her opinion, better, dead, she was not prepared to receive him with especial cordiality. The story was soon told. The boy had died months before. He slept by his mother. No one had known where to address the father, who was supposed to have forgotten he had a son. She was really not much surprised at the apathy with which the father listened. It was consistent with her estimate of his character. She had no means of knowing that his faculties were stunned. But she was astonished beyond measure when, in a mechanical way, he insisted upon giving her money for the expense of caring for and burying the boy.

"Is that quite all?" he kept asking, and then, abruptly but quickly, he said: "Good-by, I'm going back."

He knew that his hope was dead; he felt the certainty of fall now that nothing remained to him to lean upon. But he thought of other things.

A sleety mist filled the air, sparkling in the street lights like a mazy shower of brilliants. The particles stung his face like elfin arrows. His features were tense and rigid. His eyes were hot and dry and his head ached with a dull, insistent, maddening pain. He passed the colored globes of a drug store and stopped. Red, violet, and green the shafts of light pierced the dark. The people about him seemed shadows, the sound of their voices leagues away. Dimly he remembered a prescription for an opiate he had used for headaches like that. Fumbling in his pockets he found the paper and entered the store.

"Make twice the number of powders," he said to the clerk. "I don't want to bother getting the stuff so often."

The clerk hesitated.

"Nonsense," said the man. "I'm perfectly familiar with the use of it. Give me one of them now with a glass of water."

Then he went into the street again with the packet of powders in his pocket, and already the mere taking of the drug had somewhat soothed him. He felt hushed; his mind seemed to clear and lift itself into a curious, impersonal attitude. As he walked he found himself quite willing to contemplate calmly the sodden pain at his heart, the utter hopelessness and uselessness of his life. With a mocking persistence the many resolves he had made to himself, the efforts to change, the ever-succeeding failure surged up before him, and his lip curled in contemptuous scorn of himself. Never did a man hold himself up to more merciless scrutiny, more intolerant judgment.

In his abstraction he nearly fell upon a group of wretched children of the street who stood clustered about a restaurant window.

And such a window! The light of mellow globes flooded it. It was decked with holiday greens. In the center, on a platter sprigged with parsley, reposed brown and crisp, a roasted pig, with the reddest of apples in its mouth. On each side a fair, fat turkey, dressed for the oven, lay in state. Lobsters, in their scarlet coats, brown quail with heads tucked under their wings to swell out the pitiful little breasts, and divers other resources and accessories of the culinary art lent color and suggestiveness to the tableau.

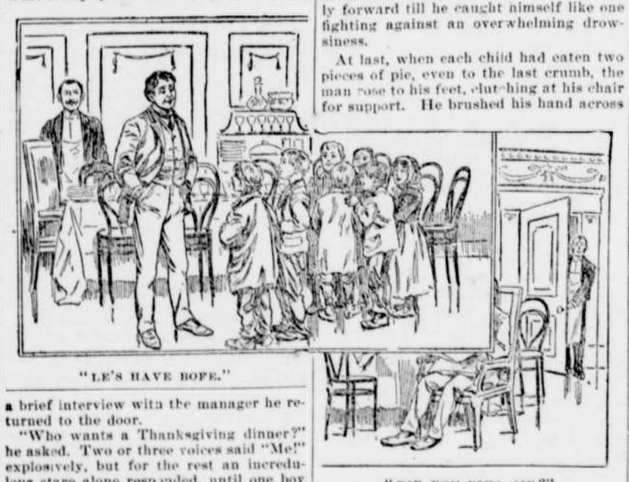
The man stopped. A tiny fellow, about as large as his own boy would have been, but ragged and dirty and shivering, as by God's mercy his own never would be, lifted a newspaper up to him and piped in a shrill little voice:

"Buy a paper, mister, to help me git a T'anksgivin' dinner!

"Is this Thanksgiving?" asked the man with a dull surprise.

"Sure!" said the boy. "Don't y' see dat lay-out in de winder?"

The man looked at the window. He had not noticed it before. He stared at the children. He put his hand in his trousers pocket and felt the small roll of bills he knew was there. He remembered approximately the amount. Brushing past the pleading child at his feet, he went abruptly into the restaurant. After a brief interview with the manager he returned to the door.



"LE'S HAVE BOFE."

"Who wants a Thanksgiving dinner?" he asked. Two or three voices said "Me!" explosively, but for the rest an incredulous stare alone responded, until one boy said, slowly and reproachfully: "Ah-h, g'way! You're givin' us guff!"

For answer the man opened the door, and the children, without more ado, clumsily shuffled past him. All save one, a girl with an accordion slung from her shoulder and the black locks of Italy straying from under the red kerchief on her head. She paused with a look of inquiry.

"Does de girl come?" asked a boy. "She's a purty good feller—for a girl."

"Yes, come along," said the man, with an affectation of cheerfulness. "In a time like this female suffrage goes."

They were led by a grinning waiter to a private dining-room where a long table stood shrouded as with new-fallen snow; and while the children were taken to wash their hands and faces, the man, whose head throbbed afresh as he came in from the outer air, took in a glass of brandy two of the powders from the package in his pocket.

"Bring us a real old Thanksgiving dinner," he said to the waiter, "and plenty of it, without too many frills. Some soup and—some turkey——" He paused and looked archly at the children, who caught the spirit of his glance and shouted: "Yes, yes!"

"Yes, some turkey with cranberry sauce——"

The tiny newsboy hugged himself and murmured: "Cramb'ry sauce!"

"And some scalloped oysters," continued the man, stopping after the mention of each delicacy to watch the children, who shivered with eagerness and punctuated each pause with approving nods and murmuring echoes, "and some sweet potatoes, and plenty of bread and butter, and—ah, pickles——"

"Ah-h, pickles!" repeated the children.

"And pie—shall it be mince pie or apple pie?" he asked.

This question required pondering, and a youthful Alexander cut the Gordian knot by saying: "Le's have bofe."

"Here, here," said the man to a boy who scrambled for the seat at his right hand. "When there's only one lady in the company the seat of honor should belong to her."

The man touched her hand reassuringly and turned to his left, where sat the little newsboy. Long and steadily he looked into the child's face.

"He, too, had blue eyes," he murmured, with a catch of the breath as for a brief instant his own eyelids closed and he bit his lip.

When the soup was served—"Wait a moment," he said. He had a vague notion that some sort of grace ought to be asked. Swiftly his thoughts flew back to the New England home of his boyhood. He remembered the bowed head of his mother and the subdued voice of his gray-haired father asking the divine blessing. Oddly enough, he remembered, too, how he used to kick under the table at his brother to make him laugh. Somewhat unsteadily he rose and leaned heavily upon the table. A strange giddiness was creeping upon him which required all his will to resist.

"Lord bless us, and make us——"

His mind wandered, he could not think of the next word. It seemed to him he had no right to address the Deity—what, he! it was absurd! And while he hesitated two of the children, thinking the benediction done, cried out, "Amen!" and fell to eating their soup with a clatter of spoon and dish and divers other noises of the mouth not heard in polite society.

What if some of them put their plates up to their lips to drain the last drops; what if some of them ate with their fingers and surreptitiously stole choice bits from their neighbor's dishes; what if there arose occasional outcries and incipient riots which the bewildered waiters promptly quelled! In spite of these things the dinner was a complete success from the standard of its purpose.

Never were guests more appreciatively hungry; never was host more careful to supply his guests, though it must be confessed he himself ate little, and as the dinner progressed his eyes grew dull, and from time to time his head drooped slowly forward till he caught himself like one fighting against an overwhelming drowsiness.

At last, when each child had eaten two pieces of pie, even to the last crumb, the man rose to his feet, clutching at his chair for support. He brushed his hand across his eyes. Strange lights danced before him, crimson and gold; the air was populous with unknown shapes, weaving in slow mazes; soft melodies sang in his ears as from infinite distances, thrilling, uncertain, rising and falling as with the swell of an invisible sea.

"DID YOU RING, SIR?"

"Children," his own voice sounded remote and dissevered from his, "good-night. Have you had a good dinner?"

The vociferous assent recalled his straying fancies. He saw his guests multiplied as in a room walled with mirrors.

Being of unceremonious habit, they stood not upon the order of their going and soon were gone. As the little newsboy slid down from his chair the man laid a hand on the child's tangled head and gazed in his face with a look of yearning tenderness. The boy looked startled and hurried away.

"It was a great success," said the man to the waiter as he laid a bill on the cashier's tray. He uttered his words with hesitating precision.

"It—is—the—only—good—thing—I—ever—did—in—my—life," and then he laughed aloud.

The waiter smiled complaisantly; the tip was large enough to cover many eccentricities.

"Bring me a bottle of brandy, some cigars, and an evening paper," said the man, still in the same measured tone. "I will ring when I want anything more," he concluded, and the waiter withdrew.

Nearly an hour later he cautiously opened the door and peeped in.

"Did you ring, sir?" he asked diplomatically. There was no response, and he went swiftly to the averted chair. On the table the cigars were untouched; one glass of brandy had been taken from the bottle; several small white paper wrappers lay on the cloth beside the emptied glass. In the chair, with his hands still holding the paper and his head against the high leather back, sat the man—but his spirit had gone too far on a long quest to be recalled.

The Crowning of the Year.

This is the festival which the Pilgrim fathers inaugurated, which New England has annually celebrated for two centuries, and which the nation has adopted and sanctioned as a day of public thanksgiving to God. It exalts the home and strengthens its sacred and tender ties. It brightens the shadows which have gathered over it. It dignifies prosperity. It prompts men to reach out helpful hands to their less fortunate neighbors. It reminds us afresh from whence every good gift comes. If it seemed good to our fathers in the midst of the hardships of this new world to give public thanks to God for blessings, how much more reason have we to follow their example? Abundance of food and clothing, happy homes, a free country at peace with all nations and extending its influence throughout the world, with marvelously multiplied appliances for use and pleasure which surpass the wildest dreams of those who first were moved to set apart a day of public thanksgiving and praise, are ours. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

WHICH?

THANKSGIVING DAY IN EUROPE.

Baked Beans, Glace, and "Bounkin Pie a l'Americaine."

A few years ago one of the diplomatic corps in Paris complimented some American visitors by giving a Thanksgiving dinner. He made some elaborate researches regarding our national customs as applied to the day and with help of his chef offered among other things baked beans, well thinned with custard and frozen. The crowning glory of the feast was a pumpkin pie. Its crust was shingly puff paste fully an inch thick. The pumpkin was merely a filmy glaze upon the paste, with a taffy-like consistency that made it cling to the eater's teeth.

The chef must have imparted the secret to the national pie, at least in part, to others of his craft, for a little later a well-known restaurateur announced on a little placard at his establishment: "Bounkin Pie a la Americaine."

In Berlin the traveler will find, if he is there in November, an addition to the menu of some places of refreshment. The addition is a flourishing announcement to Americans that Indian puddings, bean puddings, pumpkin tarts, and other delicacies, which the waiter will affably say are for the American "Danksgiving," but which only resemble the originals they imitate as the mist resembles the rain.

Foreign restaurants pride themselves upon catering to American customers' tastes, but their translations are striking and worked out laboriously from the dictionary. One Berlin hotel proudly put upon the menu, "False hair stewed American fashion." It requires some penetration to discover that a dish of smothered beef known to us as mock rabbit is meant.

A Russian of wealth and position having gathered accurate knowledge of Indian corn and the ways it should be served some years ago, invited some English and American friends to dinner and, after a little preliminary boast of the success his gardner had made in cultivating the vegetable, presented his guests with tiny immature cobs an inch and a half long, boiled till tender and served like asparagus tips with a rich cream dressing. An American present found it difficult to maintain a circumspect gravity when the hostess asked him if it was true that in America this corn was always eaten with the fingers, for in view of the dripping ears she was daintily lifting, one at a time, upon her fork, he had to assure her that she was eating it in the only proper manner.

Tickletooth Pudding.

"Tickletooth pudding" was the name of the Thanksgiving pudding of old colonial days. It was only a memory of the great progenitor of that name which the pilgrims had left at home in old England. There were no ten pounds of solid fruit, no twenty luscious eggs, rich beef suet, nor was it dampened with choice brandy and home-brewed ale. But it was probably more easily digested.

Every Day.

Every day is a day of thanksgiving for Christians. They do not wait until the crops have been gathered before returning thanks, for they are thankful for every day's blessing. Still it is a commendable custom for a nation to officially recognize man's dependence, and to ask its people to unite in a common thanksgiving.

Not Needed.

"Well, Thanksgiving is enough for me without medicines."

A HAPPY MAN.

A USED-UP OLD MINER RENEWS HIS YOUNGER DAYS.

From the Report, San Francisco, Cal.

Among the afflicted who have for years visited San Francisco to brace up their shattered constitutions is the well-known William Shore, of 28 Minna street, familiarly known as Daddy Shore, because of his affectionate disposition and kind-heartedness. Mr. Shore is the head of a family. He has a happy home, a loving wife and children, city and country realty, paying mining investments and a pretty substantial bank account. For years, however, he has lacked one thing which all his wealth could not buy. He lacked health and spent thousands of dollars for doctors and medicines to obtain even temporary relief.

Mr. Shore's greatest and most painful ailment was rheumatism. For ten years he suffered terribly. At times the pains were almost unbearable and he writhed in agony. His limbs would swell and his head would ache, so that rest was impossible.

These spells of sickness were as distressing to his family and his friends as they were weakening to the sufferer. In San Francisco he had the best of medical skill, but all that the doctors could do was to afford temporary relief. All the health resorts and all the famous springs of the state were visited in turn without effecting any permanent good rsults.

Mr. Shore was about to give up in despair and settle down with resignation into being a life-long sufferer, when a San Farncicso friend—at whose home he was stopping—told him of some miraculous cures made by the use of a certain pill, the name of which at the moment he could not remember.

Clutching like a drowning man at a straw, Mr. Shore requested his friend to make further inquiries about the wonderful medicine. Next day he was presented with a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Scarcely two days had passed before Mr. Shore seeemd to get some relief and he felt very much encouraged and continued his treatment with steadiness and faithfulness. Before a week was over all signs of swelling had disappeared and his limbs were of normal shape and size. Relief from pain was gradual until it all went away. The sufferer was amazed. He could scarcely believe his senses, so pronounced became the cure in reasonable time. To say that Mr. Shore is a happy man does not express the situation. He is brimming over with joy. Although an old-timer, he is as young as the youngest, dancing and prancing around, singing the praises of the medicine that wrought such a miracle.

There is no secret about his cure. Mr. Shore is one of the representative men of the Pacific coast, with hosts of friends and acquaintances, all of whom can testify to the truth of the circumstances related above.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St Vitus' dance sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"Take away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?" "We would," said a man at the back of the audience, promptly.

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Anglo-Saxon and English Languages

The English language in use to-day in books and newspapers is the lineal descendant of the Anglo-Saxon, spoken and written by the people of the time of Alfred the Great, just as the French now spoken in Paris descends from the French used by the subjects of Louis the Stammerer, who lived at about the same period as Alfred. Both have changed, but the changes in the French have been by what may be called internal development, while in addition to this factor, the English has accretions from many sources. The wonderful success of the English-speaking peoples as merchants and colonists has had its influence on their language, which now contains words from almost every language and dialect on the globe.

War Between China and Japan.

The recent conflict between China and Japan began with the declaration of war by the Mikado July 27, 1894, and closed with an armistice, afterward made permanent, on March 29, 1895. Ostensibly begun by the Japanese for the purpose of forcing reforms in Corea, then a dependency of China, but in which Japan had large commercial interests, it was really one of those contests for supremacy which, sooner or later, are bound to come between neighboring and rival States. The difficulty in Corea was merely the occasion; the real cause was the intense rivalry between China and the Japanese empire.

The Show.

"What would you take to see that performance again?" asked one man of another as they filed out of a place of amusement.

"I'd take opium!" was the quick response.—New York Recorder.

Greece has only twelve miles of territory for each mile of seacoast, while England, which ranks next, has eighty-four and one-half miles to each mile of shore.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

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