

Thanksgiving

When Thanksgiving Comes.
Goin' to have a joyful day
Bout next Thursday down our way
Relatives 'll all be here—
Comin' now 's far as near.
Got a turkey home, I'll bet
Is the biggest we've had yet;
Always lots to eat, I've found
When Thanksgiving comes around.

Pa, he'll carve the noble bird,
Fillin' all the jokes he's heard;
Ma, she'll keep things movin' right.
Everyone'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 Thanksgiving comes around.

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 laugh and roar
When we pass our plates fer more;
Never's scolded us ne'er frowned
When Thanksgiving comes around.

Uncle Jim sees me an' Bill
's jest about as hard to fill
As two elephants, but Gee!
If they'll only let us be.
We won't care for what they say,
But jest grin an' eat away.
We'll be full clear 'f'm the ground
When Thanksgiving comes around.
—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

A THANKFUL THANKSGIVING

I DON'T feel as if I should enjoy this Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Joel Nisbett, looking down into the basket of glossy, red checked Spitzbergen as if it were a family vault and taking up an apple as if it had been a skull; "no, I don't."

"Then, Sarepta," observed her husband, who had just thrown a huge log on the open fire, "you don't disarrange nothing to be thankful for! It's as harmless a turkey as ever flapped, and I don't know of a year when I've had nicer pumpkins on that ar' corn lot!"

"Tain't turkey or pumpkin pies or cranberry sass as makes Thanksgiving," sighed Mrs. Nisbett.

"What is it, then? Ef it's cold weather, I should ha' thought the last frost would ha' done the business for you pretty fairly. Them artemisias by the front door is scorched black, and the old maple is losin' its leaves as if they was rainin' down. Parson Jarvis is comin' all the way from Sloatesville to preach to-morrow, and the quire's larned a bran' 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 you'd have."

Mrs. Nisbett only answered by a sigh. "I wonder if 'tain't possible Stephie'll be hum to-night," she said after a pause. "He writ not. He thought he'd drop in early to-morrow mornin' if he caught the train he expected. Only think, old woman; it's five years since Stephie was hum to Thanksgiving!"

Old Nisbett rubbed his horny hands, with a chuckle, adding:

"And I s'pose, if all accounts is true, he's gettin' to be a great man out in that western country. It was kind of a hard pull when he went off and left us, but maybe the boy was in the right."

"Yes," said Mrs. Nisbett dolorously, "but somehow I can't get reconciled to the idea of his marryin' a strange gal out there."

Joel scratched his head. This was a phase of the subject that he scarcely felt competent to discuss.

"Maybe you'll like her. Stephen says she's a nice gal."

"Stephen says! As if a man over head and ears in love wouldn't say anything."

"I wish he'd told us who she was."

Mrs. Nisbett groaned again. Joel went out to the woodpile, the everyday shrine whence he generally derived what little of philosophic inspiration he had.

"Mrs. Nisbett!"

It was a soft little voice, and the old lady's face relaxed instinctively as it sounded on her ears.

"Why, Lida Tremaine—'tain't you!"

"It is. I've done everything that Aunt Constance wanted, and now I've just run over to see if you don't need a bit of help."

She stood in the doorway, a fair little apparition, all flushed and rosy with the November wind, while her blue eyes sparkled as if they were twin sapphires hidden away under her long, dark lashes. She was neither blond nor brunette, but a fresh cheeked girl, with nut brown hair, skin like the leaf of a damask rose, a straight, refined nose and lips as ripe as a red crabapple, though by no means so sour. Generally she had a demure ecst of gravity lingering about her face, but when she did laugh a simple came out upon her cheek and a row of pearly teeth glimmered instantaneously.

In one hand she carried a bunch of late autumn flowers.

"See!" she cried, holding them up. "I ransacked Aunt Constance's garden for these. I knew that big vase on the mantel needed something, and with a branch or so of scarlet leaves, I'll have a royal bouquet to help you keep Thanksgiving."

Mrs. Nisbett took the fair oval face between her two hands and kissed the fresh little mouth.

"Set down, Lida," she said. "I wasn't a-calculatin' to have no sech fixin's up, but you've sech a way, child, I can't never say no to you."

"But you're going to keep Thanksgiving," cried Lida, throwing off her outer wrappings and dancing up to the looking glass like a little gal of wind, "because

you invited Aunt Constance and me to dinner and because your son is coming home."

"Yes, child, yes," said Mrs. Nisbett, subsiding once more into the mournful key from which Lida's sudden appearance had momentarily aroused her. "Joel's got the turkey shut up in a coop, and the bakin's done, and I'm just a-fixin' them apples, and—"

"Oh, oh," cried Lida, who had flattered to the window, "what glorious red leaves speckled over with little drops of gold! May I make some wreaths for the wall? Oh, please say yes."

Mrs. Nisbett said "yes"—it would have been hard work to say "no" to Lida—and the girl soon came in, her apron full of the sprigs of the old maple tree, whose shadowy boughs kept the window veiled with cool shadows through the glaring summer days and showered fading gold upon the dead grass when the autumn came.

Mrs. Nisbett looked with tenderness upon the graceful little figure seated on the hearth rug, when the shine of the high heaped logs lost itself in her bright hair and made sparkles in her eyes, as the wreaths and trails of autumn leaves grew rapidly beneath her deft fingers.

"Lida," she said, softly, "Lida, my dear!"

"I saw your Aunt Constance yesterday but there's somethin' reserved about her, and I didn't like to ask about you—whether you had decided to go out as a governess or not; because, my dear, Joel and I were talkin' last night, and we both thought what a comfort it would be to have you here."

"To have me here?"

"We're old and we're alone, and somehow we've both took a fancy to you, my child. So when your Aunt Constance goes back to the city, if you choose to come here."

Mrs. Nisbett paused abruptly and burst into tears.

"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 floor as she sprang up and threw both arms round the old woman's neck.

"Oh, Mrs. Nisbett," she whispered softly, "you are so very, very kind. Believe me, I appreciate it all, but—I hardly know how to tell you."

Mrs. Nisbett listened intently. Lida smiled and cried a little and then whispered 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 to?"

"Your son lives in Iowa—in Farlington?"

"Yes."

"Well, did he ever mention the name of—"

Lida paused, her cheeks glowing roses. Old Nisbett had come in with an armful of wood, bringing a gale with him from the frosty outer world.

"I'll tell you by and by," whispered Lida as she went back to her work.

"Joel'll go out again arter awhile," thought Mrs. Nisbett, "and then I'll hear about Lida's beau."

But Joel sat down before the fire with a complacent satisfaction which boded ill for the gratification of his wife's curiosity, and finally accompanied Lida home, thus frustrating all his wife's designs and cutting off her chance of hearing Lida's story.

"Dear me!" thought she. "I don't believe the man was ever born who knewed when he wasn't wanted! How lone some it seems when Lida's gone! What does the girl want to get married for when I could ha' took such a sight of comfort with her? Oh, dear, dear! It does seem as if the world was all askew!"

The next day, in spite of the weather prophet's prediction of snow, dawned clear and brilliant as the dying smile of Indian summer. By 11 o'clock Mrs. Nisbett was dressed in her best silk and cap, with the turkey browning beautifully in the oven and the cranberry tarts doing credit to themselves as well as to their maker, the table set, the fire high heaped with crackling logs and the plates dressed with coronals of autumn leaves. Aunt Constance, a tall, prim maiden lady of uncertain age, stood before the bedroom looking glass arranging her coiffure. Lida, in a blue dress with a late autumn rose in her hair, was tripping hither and thither as light footed and helpful as half a dozen household fairies merged into one, while Mrs. Nisbett stood regarding her with a loving eye, murmuring to herself:

"Well, well, it seems like it was the Lord's will to deny us of just what we most want, but if I had a daughter I could wish she was like Lida."

As the old kitchen clock struck 1 Mrs. Nisbett, looking from the window, gave 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, and—why, what's the matter?"

For Stephen had dropped her hands with an exclamation of surprise and amazement, and Lida stood there glowing crimson.

"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! Lida, 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 to!"

"Stephen!" cried Mrs. Nisbett, "is Lida to be your wife?"

"She has given me her promise to that effect, at least," said Stephen, looking proudly down upon his lovely little fiancée.

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

"Because I never dreamed that Stephen Risingham, my betrothed western lover, was anything to Mrs. Nisbett," said Lida, laughing.

"There 'tis, now!" ejaculated the farmer. "How was she to know that he was 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 heart.

"I do say," she ejaculated, "this is the thankfulest Thanksgiving I ever lived to see!"—New York Daily News.

Soliloquy of a Turkey.

I know that Thanksgiving day's most here,
And it makes me long to fly.
For I've reached my prime, and it's mighty clear

That it's time for me to die.
I saw the head of the house come out,
And he smiled as he gazed at me,
And he cried aloud that there was no doubt

What a comfortable meal I'd be.
Oh, I've got to go! And it gives me a fit,
Thought it isn't so much for my life,
That I care about, but he can't carve a bit,
And I've got to be hacked by his wife.
—New York Herald.



THE PRICE OF THE BARNYARD

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

OREGON IRRIGATION CONVENTION.

Second Session, Held at Pendleton, Full of Enthusiasm.

Pendleton—"Interest in irrigation has increased the biblical ten-fold during the past year," said President A. H. Devers concerning the session of the second annual convention of the Oregon State Irrigation Association.

"We had an enthusiastic meeting in Portland a year ago, but we had a determined meeting here this year." Delegates to the number of about 150 were here from all over the state. Ontario sent a delegation of 25 members for the purpose of capturing the 1904 convention. They wore badges inscribed, "Ontario, 1904." The convention hall was crowded and every speech brought forth discussion.

President Devers, in his opening address said, regarding the attacks of the press:

"I want to say that, while some of the papers libeled the association by saying that they have accomplished but little, I know that, if it has done nothing more, it has called the attention of the government to the fact that we want irrigation, that we need irrigation works, and while no projects are yet completed, I know that some will be announced soon. Further than that, at the last session of the legislature a resolution was passed requiring the governor to appoint a commission to investigate the state laws on irrigation, riparian rights and kindred questions, and the governor has appointed the commission. Further than that, the coming together of people interested in the welfare of the state, particularly as applied to irrigation, is the means of arousing the people up as to the necessity of irrigation, and that is the most important thing, and the meeting which we have today shows that interest is not lacking."

Other addresses were delivered by Governor Chamberlain, ex-Governor Geer, Mayor Hailey, Judge Lowell, A. King Wilson, and Will R. King.

OREGON MINES GAIN.

Output of the Precious Metals on the Increase in Our State.

Washington, D. C.—Compared with other states in the west, and with Alaska as well, Oregon made a most creditable showing, proportionately, with its gold production in 1901, according to reports that have been received by the director of the mint. The official report on Oregon's gold output was prepared by F. A. Wing, assayer at the government assay office at Seattle. By way of introduction Mr. Wing says:

"By a thorough and systematic method of checking the receipts of bullion and ores originating in Oregon, deposited and shipped to the several assay offices, mints, smelters and refineries of the United States and British Columbia, the output of 1901 was found to be as follows:

	Ounces.	Value.
Gold	88,759	\$1,834,821
Silver	163,873	211,876

The copper output was valued at \$4103 and the lead at \$1631, making a total valuation of \$2,052,433.

There was a gain of \$146,257 in the output for the year over that of 1900, notwithstanding the fact that some of the mines were closed down for part or all of the year, some for the purpose of installing new sinking plants or other machinery, some from labor troubles some on account of the lack of ore, and other causes.

The production of 1901 is given as follows:

	Value.
Gold	\$1,727,892
Silver	170,721
Copper	3,416
Lead	4,145

Work on the Bill Nye.

Medford—The owners of the Bill Nye mine, located on Gall's creek, about ten miles north of Medford, are making preparations for mining on a large scale. A five-stamp mill, hoisting machinery, etc., are being installed. The company has an 80-foot shaft, a good deal of tunneling and other development work on the claim. The ore is free milling and there are several thousand dollars worth of gold in sight. Superintendent D. R. Andrus, of this city, left recently for the mine, to look after the installation of the new plant.

Marvelous Vein of Gold.

Wolf Creek—E. E. Blalock has struck a ledge on his mining claim on Cayote creek which, it is claimed, assayed \$27,000 per ton. In it he found a stringer of solid gold, from which he has taken out about \$25,000, and still continues with the same width. It is rumored that he placed a guard over it night and day. The ledge is said to be wedge shaped, peaked on top, and widens in depth.

Mining Company Formed.

Roseburg—Articles of incorporation have been filed by the Gold Mountain Mining & Smelting Company. The capital stock is fixed at \$100,000, divided into shares of \$1 each. The company has a number of claims south of Camas Valley, near the Martindale mine, which was recently sold for \$30,000. Assays of ore taken from near the surface show average values of \$16 to \$26 per ton.

SLOW MARKET FOR STOCK.

Sellers and Buyers are at Variance in Heppner Neighborhood.

Heppner—The livestock industry here, while not suffering, does not present a very encouraging outlook. Between cattle and sheep the conditions are about a stand-off. Owing to the extreme backward demand and scarcity of buyers, which are usually plentiful at this time of year, very few transactions are reported.

While a few sheep sales have occurred, the business has been confined principally to local people. Outside buyers and owners have not been able to agree on prices. Owners are determined in holding for \$1.50 per head for lambs and \$2 per head for yearling wethers. Farther in the interior, in Grant and Wheeler counties, where shipping facilities are not so good, the conditions are even worse than they are here.

A grant county sheepman was in Heppner a few days ago looking for a buyer for his lambs.

Two Wheeler county cattlemen were in Heppner last week. They brought in 52 head of choice beef cattle, which had been sold to a local butcher at Gresham. They report that, in a general way, the market is bad in the Spray country. Little demand and the absence of buyers is the general complaint. In the vicinity of Spray, there are a great many yearlings for sale.

The best offers have been \$15 per head, while the owners are holding for \$16. For the same cattle this spring owners were offered \$18, but then they were holding for \$20. In the vicinity of Spray the Gilman & French cattle, consisting of 5000 head are ranged.

In the great alfalfa feeding district, on Butter creek, there are 1000 less cattle being fed this year than last. The fact that hay is selling for \$8 per ton in the stack is the principal cause for this.

EXCEEDS ITS CAPACITY.

Coos Bay Hatchery Will Handle Ten Million Eggs.

Oregon City—"With a capacity of only 6,000,000 eggs, the Coos Bay Hatchery will this year handle 10,000,000 salmon eggs," said Deputy Fish Warden H. A. Webster, who has just returned from a visit to the state's salmon fishery interests in the Southern and Coast districts of the state. This increase in the output of the station at Coos, says Mr. Webster, is due to a change in the manner of operating the plant. Racks were installed this year that withstood the freshets and permitted a continuous catch of salmon, while last year the catch aggregated only 3,500,000 eggs. The surplus in this year's catch is being deposited in the bed of Coos river after the eggs have impregnated. Mr. Webster also visited the state's salmon interests at Yaquina, Alsea and Siuslaw and reports an unusually good run of silverside salmon this fall. He also found the hatcheries making a good showing, the catches equaling, if not excelling, the capacity of the different plants.

Forty Cattle Were Killed.

Umatilla—Word has been received here of a terrible slaughtering of cattle on the bank of the Columbia river at a point west of here. Richard Brothers of Horse Haven had purchased a large bunch of cattle in the vicinity of Heppner and drove them to the banks of the Columbia. During the night the cattle became frightened, it is believed at a passing train, and were thrown into a fierce stampede. They rushed over a steep bluff and 40 were killed outright. Many were so badly injured they had to be killed. The loss is over \$600.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 75c; blue stem, 79c; valley, 75c.

Barley—Feed, \$20 per ton; brewing, \$22; rolled, \$21.

Flour—Valley, \$3.75@3.85 per barrel; hard wheat straight, \$3.75@4.10; hard wheat patents, \$4.20@4.50; Graham, \$3.35@3.75; whole wheat, \$3.55@4; rye wheat, \$4.50.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.07½; gray, \$1.05 per cental.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$20 per ton; middlings, \$24; shorts, \$20; chop, \$18; linseed dairy food, \$19.

Hay—Timothy, \$16 per ton; clover, \$13; grain, \$11; cheat, \$11.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 27½@30c per pound; dairy, 16½@20c; store, 16c.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 15c; Young America, 15@16c; factory prices, 1@1½c less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 10@10½c per pound; spring, 11½c; hens, 11@12c; broilers, \$2.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 14@15c per pound; dressed, 16@18c; ducks, \$6@7 per dozen; geese, \$7@10.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 30c; Eastern, fresh, 24@26½c.

Potatoes—Oregon, 50@65c per sack sweet potatoes, 2@2½c.

Hops—1903 crop, 12@22c per pound, according to quality.

Wool—Valley, 17@18c; Eastern Oregon, 12@15c; mohair, 35@37½c.

Beef—Dressed, 6@6½c per pound.

Veal—Small, 7½@8c; large, 5½@6c per pound.