ver lamps burned with a soft, subdued ment and it trembled.
glow, blending their moonlight radiance "Louis, I have hurt-wounded you; I glow, blending their moonlight radiance the mellow warmth in rippling lines of me to keep it so."

lag forward upon this table, her face hid-door closed behind him. A step is heard sen in her folded arms—those fair, scuip—without—that of the marquis. tured arms whose snowy whiteness "Well, my Rose, you are waiting for gleams rarely through the veil of falling me," he said, cheerily, as he approached bresses. Her graceful form is attired in move; she is silent-motionless; she hardly seems to breathe even. So quiet is

But Rose is not sleeping. Her errand hither is of too painful a nature for that. and listening for an approaching footlong deferred, to perform to-night, and ening tone. its consequences may be only too bitter—bitter to her, insamuch 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 "Doing wron

in its casing of cloth that no sound follows. It is a gentleman who enters; he girl." pauses a moment; his glance takes in the beauty and subdued splendor of the scene do not know how—how—before him; but it is accustomed to that. "I don't know, I supp It rests upon the center of the wholeupon the bowed figure of the young girl little Rose, ch?"
youder by the table. A shadow, a blend"Yes, monsieur ing at once of sorrow and perplexity, girl. rests upon his fine brow. Then closing the door, he advances, and stands beside

"Rose!" he calls, gently.
The young girl raised her head. air of sadness. "I thought you were

"I have remained at home, Rose. I could not go. I wished to see you." -- "You wished to see me, Louis? We

To-night-

He spoke in a subdued, but agitated He seated himself beside her, and leaned, also, forward on the table,

with his hands clasing hers, as he uttered these imploring words. "You would prevent it, Louis!-why? Would you bid me neglect the fulfilment of a duty already too long delayed?"

fate! Think once more, I beseech you; be allent, and forget the vows that are guess rightly. no longer binding. Do not bring this you have sacrificed yourself-when you

half-despairing effort. She raised her glance to his.

object 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 you once made. But again I ask youdo 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

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, turning to him again. "You know I cannot break my promise. Do not add to the sorrow I already feel. I must see your

"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 suffused her countenance; "have pity on me!"

Rose, one instant. Let me speak for and turn away from me. Hear me to the end. How can I bear to see you-you. Rose, who should move among the highest and the noblest of France, envied and admired by all-who should have at which you were born-who should oc-

grace, your refinement, your intellecta peasant? Ah, be merciful to me! be just to yourself; awake from this fatal trance; for you are dreaming, Rose," He spoke with strange energy. His sought hers, walting for an answer, with an earnestness—an anxiety that conover her; she put her hand to her brow; all was strange bewilderment about her. Still his eyes were fixed upon her; still stole the palor of death; his fine brow grew cold and white as marble itself, and on it stood the very dew of agony.

"You yield, then?" he said, in a voice choked with emotion. 'Yield!" She rose slowly from her seat; she unclasped his fingers from hers his words and manner, wept silently up-with despairing strength. "Ah, no! You on his breast. mistake! I love him: I will be true to

Louis stood with one hand supporting himself by the table, the other pressed been always sensible of that,"

FRANCE

CHAPTER XIII.

It was evening. In the lofty and richly He did not speak; but the hand resting furnished library of the marquis, the silt upon the table was withdrawn in a mo-

with the deeper and warmer tings cast by have been too harsh! Will you not for-a blazing wood fire upon the broad hearth give me?" Rose said, gently, and in a ever the magnificent apartment, with its tone that quivered with agitation. She dark, massive, antique furniture, its drew near to him, and laid her hand imbroad, high walls, lined with costly and ploringly upon his arm. "You can but substantial volumes, the Trimson draper-ies of its deep windows, and the polished eaken floor that shone and reflected back break it. Ah, it is sacred, Louis! help

Beside a table of curiously carven oak.

Beside a table of curiously carven oak. which is strewn with rare and ancient gathered her to his breast and held her volumes 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 lean- her, he went out from her presence. The

her; "and have been waiting some time, a robe of shining fabric, its pearl-hued I am afraid, too. What shall I say for folds aweeping the floor about her and myself, ch?" and he seated himself beshining, glittering softly in the mellow side her. "But, what alls you, my child?" he added, with evident concern; "you are

"No-no! I am not ill, sir; but I am unshe, as she reclines thus, with her face happy," returned Rose, lifting her beau-concealed, that you might think her sleep-tiful eyes, swimming with tears, to his earnest face.

"Unhappy? you are young for that, Rose. Some girlish whim it is, I'll war-Alone, in this swelling silence, she waits; rant me-nothing more, and you are making yourself extremely miserable about it." And he stroked her bright hair gentstep, the hour passes in deep and sorrow-fal reverie. For Rose has a duty, too ly, as he spoke these words in an enliv-

"It is no whim, sir," answered Rose, sadly. "I have been doing wrong all this time—" She could proceed no further "Willingly." She could proceed no further

"Doing wrong, poor little mouse? and 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 hand, and refuse to listen to your story.

"Ah, monsieur, you treat it lightly! You "I don't know, I suppose you would say, how serious an affair it is-is that it,

"Yes, monsieur," answered the young

"Exactly. Well, then, suppose I try to guess?

"Is it you, Louis?" she asked, with an give him; but he put it away, smilingly, with his hand, "You will not allow me to guess, Rose?

then I will not look at your letter. I am harder than stone, my bird. And now. Rose, don't interrupt me, for, as I told are in each other's presence every day. you, I mean to guess; and I'll wager a a wedding dress shall it be, petite?"
His good-natured, comical manner and

went on: "What-silence? then you consent,

Rose?-well, a wedding dress it shall be, then. As I said, I will wager a wedding dress, lace, jewels and all." "I shall want neither lace nor iewels. monsieur," said Rose, half sadly.

"Do not interrupt me, my "Ah, Rose, you are about to seal your Against-let me see-against a pair of 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, great sorrow to my uncle, who loves you said the young girl, wondering, perplexed so; do not break up this happy house-hold, which can be no more happy when "You don't? what a pity!" There was mischief in his eyes, that brought the

have left the hearth that is only bright smile to hers. "What a pity!" he repeatwith your presence, to hide yourself in ed. "Well, at all events, I will commence, and probably, by the time I shall The tears were filling her sweet eyes; have finished, you will comprehend my a great cry was struggling for utterance meaning more fully. In the first place, in her breast; but she silenced it with a then, there is a certain young girl-you 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 bebe 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. Well, these two-the girl and her lovercannot marry yet, because they are by no means in suitable circumstances; for she is quite as poor as he. Ah, they

He paused, and regarded her with a urious smile. She looked up, her eyes sparkling with fresh-streaming tears. "Ah, monsiour! you are telling me

The good marquia kissed her.

"I am telling you about two people whom I once knew, my child. I will prouncle; I must acknowledge my betrothal ceed. Our young gardener, we will say, goes away; and the girl, who meets with some slight change of circumstances during his absence, continues to remember him. But for some reason, which is, doubtless, in this case, an extremely natfriend, or friends, of hers, that she has eating, dressing and undressing, sleep-fresh little mouth.

promised to marry this young man. For ing and going from his workshop to "Set down, Lida," she said. "I wasn't and he grew quite serious; "if this young the last time. I love you; I would ask you to be my wife! Nay-do not start to bestow your hand upon a poor, loworn peasant, who had no desires, no aspirations, above his condition; if you had 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 to the thousand luxuries for gether, and cast away from you all that belongs to you in your present position; cupy, finally, a position and enjoy ad- had suffered that finer mind, those quick vantages suited to your beauty, your sensibilities, that loftier, that more elevated and refined nature, to mate with how can I bear to see you the wife of the course, gross, blunt composition of a ed pensant, then, my child, I confess that it would have been a bitter, bitter thing tones thrilled through her; his glance blow this heart has borne for many a long year, Rose!" And his voice grew husky, and faltered, and the tears, defused her. A feeling of faintness stole spite his manhood, gathered in his eyes. "I have learned to love you, my darling," 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 would have been; you grow more like that ideal daily-hourly! You have taken her place in my heart; you are dear to

me, Rose, as she would have been!" He clasped her tenderly to him; and the young girl, most deeply touched by

"But, my child," he continued, when he had become calmer, "it was no clown

whom you promised to wed. You have hard against his side, and his face avert- "Oh, yes, monsieur?" she responded, thew Arnold.

raising her head and speaking earnestly -seriously. "Robin was different from those about him. He was better-more noble than they. He was—" She broke off in the midst of her words, blushing and confused at her own animation.

"Nay, my child, you need have no shame," said the marquis, kindly; "this young man was, indeed, something more than those whom one is accustomed to meet in that class to which he was allied. I confess that your preference for him is no mystery to me, and I do not at all disapprove of it."

"Ah, how good you are, monsieur!" uttered the young girl, gratefully, as she pressed his hand to her lips.

"It is no merit to me, Rose, that my own honest convictions force me to acsense you have displayed in your choice. now," he added, while the old laughing glance shone in his eyes, "I dare say you are dying with curiosity to know how I came into possession of all this knowledge.

"Indeed, sir, it is a matter of euriosity to me," she answered, frankly. "What, then, will you say, if I assure you that Robin himself told to me the greater part of it all, and that I divined

only a very little bit-eh, Rose?" he ask-"Robin, sir? ah, then you have seen him!" said Rose, with hardly suppressed

'I have seen him, my child." "And lately?"
"Quite lately," he returned, pleased and

amused at her innocent betrayal of de-"May I ask when it was, monsieur?"

"It was yesterday; nay-I have seen him as lately as to-day." "To-day? ah, then, he is very near!" she said, in a subdued yet joyful tone, and with her eyes bent to the floor, as in meditation. Suddenly raising then she asked: "Where was it, monsieur?" Suddenly raising them, "Too many questions, Rose," laughed

the marquis-"too many questions. must keep his whereabouts a matter of secrecy for a short time." "Ah, monsieur!" said Rose, gently, and

morrow, and I will tell you where he is: were a family vault and taking up an nay, more-you shall see him. You will apple as if it had been a skull; "no, I

she said, with a slight and charming know of a year when I've had nicer blush, "you must have had little difficulty pumpkins on that ar' corn lot!" in divining my purpose, when, at your "Tain't turkey or pumpkin pies of questioning this morning, I acknowledged cranberry sass as makes Thanksgivin', that it was to say to you something immediately connected with myself that I "What is it, then?

probably wont to see him. Robin is no you'd have." personal appearance."

"How?-no longer a gardener, mon-"No longer, my child; he was offered the train he expected. Only think, old sieur?" iterated Rose, in some surprise. "Ay, to-night, Rose! To-night, you would say, you have an interview with my uncle, and cannot listen to me. I mificance which he threw into his last knew of this interview; my uncle told me; and, forgive me, dear Rose, but I would prevent it!"

We would prevent it!"

"No longer, my child; he was effered the train he expected. Only think, old "me employment of an entirely different character, which he immediately accept hum to Thanksgivin!"

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

"No longer, my child; he was effered the train he expected. Only think, old "me employment of an entirely different character, which he immediately accept but to Thanksgivin!"

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

"And I spose, if all accounts is true, the world, Rose;" and the good marquis he's gettin' to be a great man out in the world. "No longer, my child; he was effered the train he expected. Only think, old "me employment of an entirely different character, which he immediately accept but to Thanksgivin!"

And I spose, if all accounts is true.

"No longer, my child; he was effered the train he expected. Only think, old "me employment of an entirely different character, which he immediately accept but to Thanksgivin!"

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

"And I spose, if all accounts is true.

"No longer, my child; he was effered the train he expected. Only think, old "woman; it's five years since Stephe was character, which he immediately accept but to Thanksgivin!"

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

"And I spose, if all accounts is true.

"No longer. my child; he was effected the train he expected. Only think, old "woman; it's five years since Stephe was hered the rain he expected. Only think, old "woman; it's five years since Stephe was hered the rain here smiled. "Ah, he will be a great man, that western country. some day! You would scarcely recognize hard pull when he went off and left us him now, I'll warrant. Why, child, this but maybe the boy was in the right." rustic lover of yours is as great a gen-The throne itself smiles upon him!"-

"He said so." said Rose, musingly—out there."
"he said so—did he not? that he should Joe! scra rise to honor and preferments and phase of the subject that he scarcely wealth? Yet how little I imagined that felt competent to discuss. would be so soon!"

"Well, you see, I have won my dia- she's a nice gal." monds, Rose, he said, laughingly. "You "Stephen says! As if a man over head shall give them to me on your wedding and ears in love wouldn't say anything."

state of bewilderment, knowing that she of philosophic inspiration he had. had not said half she wished to say, yet unable to recall it, or to think anything but this sudden revelation of the mar-

(To be continued.)

A Story of Success.

these extraordinary works is a mys- help." trothed. Very well; that is not at all to tery. It is deepened by the fact that She stood in the doorway, a fair little which should have been given to sleep to the developing of ideas which were late autumn flowers. to become great inventions.

promised to marry this young man. For ing and going from his workshop to this neglect she presently begins to re- his home at Menlo Park, that he placed a-calculatin' to have no seeh fixin's up. proach herself. Now, listen again, Rose:" a bed and dining table in his workshop, but you've sech a way, child, I can't where he could cat and sleep without disturbance, while engaged upon iming," cried Lida, throwing off her outer

> A Legal Expectation An Illinois attorney argued to the home."

"Mr. - do you think there is anything in these points?" To which the attorney replied: "Well,

until the court finally said:

them."-Case and Comment. Benefits of Vaccination.

Jewett-Most certainly; it kept my daughter from playing the plane for

Africa's Yield of Ivory. There are annually killed in Africa a minimum of 65,000 elephants, yielding ivory, the selling price of which is \$4,-250,000:

Conduct is three-fourths of life .- Matdear!" Lida looked up. "I saw your Aunt Constance yesterday



WHEN THANKSGIVIN' COMES.

Goin' to have a joyful day. Bout next Thursday down our way? Relatives 'll all be here—Comin' now fr'm far an' near. Got a turkey home. I'll bet is the higgest we've had yet; Always jots to eat, I've found When Thanksgivin' comes around.

Pa, he'll carve the noble bird.
Teilin' all the lokes he's heard;
Ms, 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 Thanksgivin' 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 for more; Never's scolded as ner frowned When Thanksgivin' comes around.

Uncle Jim sez me an' Bill
'S jest about ex hard to fili
Ex two elephants, but Geel
If they'll only let us be
We won't care fer what they say,
But jest grin an' eat away,
We'll be full clear fe'm the ground
When Thankarivin' comes around.
—Council Bluffs Nonparell.

### A THANKFUL THANKSGIVING

7 DON'T feel as if I should enjoy this Thankegivin'," said Mrs. Joal Nis-bett, looking down into the basket of with a pretty air of deprecation.

"Indeed, my dear child, it will do you no harm. Wait till to-morrow, only to-glossy, red cheeked Spitzenbergs as if it glossy, red cheeked Spitzenbergs as if it

"Then, Sarepta," observed her hus "Now you can easily tell how I guessed at the object of your errand thither to-night."

baud, who had just thrown a huge log on the open fire, "you don't disarn nothing to be thankful for! It's as harmsome "Since Robin told you all about this," a turkey as ever flapped, and I don't

"What is it, then? Ef it's cold weath desired to meet you here."

er, I should ha' thought the last frost child. So when your Aunt Constance to "Exactly, Rose," said the marquis, would ha' done the business for you goes back to the city, if you choose to gaily. "Well, my darling, we have made our confessions—have we not? and they were not such terrible confessions, after maple is losin' its leaves as if they was all. Robin, I honestly declare to you, I rainin' down. Parson Jarvis is comin' like, and am proud of. I have invited all the way from Sloatesville to preach him here to-morrow. But, Rose," and he to-morrow, and the quire's larned a bran' You could not guess. Alous her from her must read this." And she drew from her took her hand in his, "you must not expected the pocket a letter, which she was about to pect to behold the linen blouse and serthankful for harvest and all that sort of vicenble garments in which you were thing. I'm sure I don't know what else

longer a gardener, and, therefore, you Mrs. Nisbett only answered by a sigh, must anticipate quite an alteration in his "I wonder if 'tain't possible Stephe'll be hum to-night," the said after a pause. "He writ not. He thought he'd drop

It was kind of a

"Yes," said Mrs. Nisbett dolorously, leman as there is in France this day. "but somehow I can't get reconciled to the idea of his marryin' a strange gal Joel scratched his head. This was

"Maybe you'll like her. Stephen says

"Stephen says! As if a man over head day. And now, my durling, let us join our friends. They will be waiting for Mrs. Nishett groaned again. Joel went out to the woodpile, the everyday shrine And Rose went with him, almost in a whence he generally derived what little

"Mrs. Nisbett!" It was a soft little voice, and the old lady's face relaxed instinctively as it counded 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 How a single brain could achieve over to see if you don't used a bit of

the inventor enjoyed a very few edu- apparition, all flushed and rosy with the cational advantages. Edison was a November wind, while her blue eyes poor boy, and at the age of twelve be- sparkled us if they were twin sapphires poor boy, and at the age of twelve be-came a newsboy on the Grand Trunk. She was neither blond nor brunette, but road running into Detroit. Yet even in these days the terrific intellectual achair, skin like the leaf of a damask rose, doing credit to themselves as well as to tivity of his character was made mani- a straight, refined nose and lips as ripe fest. At one time he had a small he as a red crabapple, though by no means hosped with crackling logs and the plates boratory in the baggage car, where he so sour. Generally she had a demure tried chemical experiments. When he sort of gravity lingering about her face, was a telegraphic operator he devoted but when she did laugh a dimple came all of his leisure time and many hours which should have been given to clear In one hand she carried a bunch of

"See!" she cried, holding them up. After he had grown famous and opu- ransacked Aunt Constance's garden for lent, he did not yield to the temptation these. I knew that big vase on the manto take life easy, but on the contrary threw himself with greater earnestness into the hard labor of his calling. bouquet to help you keep Thanksgiving. Mrs. Nisbett took the fair oval face ural one, she neglects to inform a certain He so begunded the time consumed in between her two hands and kissed the

pever say no to you. "But you're going to keep Thankagiv-

portant experiments.—Frank Leslic s wrappings and dancing up to the looking Popular Monthly.

Leslic s glass like a little gale of wind, "because you invited Aunt Constance and me to dinner and because your son is coming court one after another of a series of "Yes, child, yes," said Mrs. Nisbett very weak points, none of which subsiding once more into the mournful seemed to the court to have any merit, key from which Lida's sudden appear

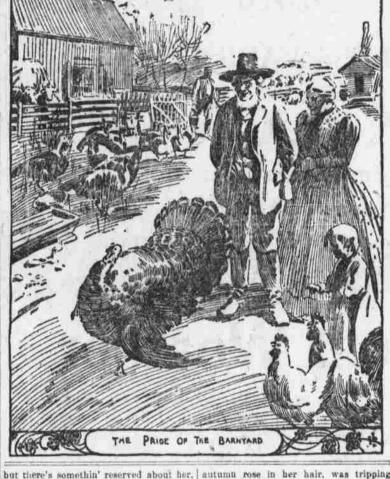
ance had momentarily aroused her. "Joel's got the turkey shut up in a coop, and the bakin's done, and I'm just a-fix in' them apples, and—"
"Oh, oh," cried Lida, who had flut Judge, perhaps there isn't much in any tered to the window, "what glorious red

to me. It would have been the hardest one of them alone, but I didn't know leaves speckled over with little drops of but your Honor would kind of bunch 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-Hewitt-Are you a believer in vac-ind the girl soon came in, her apron full contain? whose shadowy boughs kept the window veiled with cool shadows through the glaring summer days and showered fadnearly a week.-New York Town ing gold upon the dead grass when the

Mrs. Nisbett looked with tenderness upon the graceful little figure seated on hearth rug, when the shine of the high heaped logs lost itself in her bright the production of a quantity of raw 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



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, both thought what a comfort it would be murmuring to herself: "To have me here?"

"We're old and we're alone, and somew we've both took a fancy to you, my

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 oftly, "you are so very, very kind. Believe me, I appreciate it all, but-but-

hardly know how to tell you.' miled 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

"Your son lives in Iowa-in Parling-"Well, did he ever mention the name

Lida pansed, her cheeks glowing roses. Old Nishett 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

Lide as she went back to her work "Jeel'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 things do happen!" said Mrs. Nisbett, complacent satisfaction which boded her face radiant. "And you've been liv-

ill for the gratification of his wife's curiosity, and finally accompanied Lida home, I never knowed it. Lida, why didn't thus frustrating all his wife's designs you tell me?" and cutting off her chance of hearing Lida's story,
"Dear me!" thought she. "I don't belover, was anything to Mrs. Nisbett, lieve the man was ever born who know- said Lids, laughing.

ed when he wasn't wanted! How lonedoes the girl want to get married for only my nephew, adopted when his par-when I could ha' took such a sight o' ents died, twenty good years ago? We've asken! The next day, in spite of the weather

prophet's prediction of snow, dawned lear and brilliant as the dying smile of heart. Indian summer. By 11 o'clock Mrs. Nisbett was dressed in her best milk and cap, with the turkey browning beautitheir maker, the table set, the fire high dressed with coronals of autumn leaves. Annt Constance, a tall, prim lady of uncertain age, stood before the bedroom looking glass arranging her coif fure. Lida, in a blue dress with a late

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 fairie

> "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 could wish she was like Lida." As the old kitchen clock struck 1 Mrs. Nisbett, looking from the window, gave

"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. "Lids." said the proud matron, striv ing to disengage herself from the affectionate clasp, "this is my son Stephen, and-why, what's the matter?" For Stephen had dropped her hands hardly know how to tell you." with an exclamation of surprise and Mrs. Nisbett listened intently. Lida amazement, and Lida stood there glowing

> "Lida! Why, mother, this is a sur prise indeed that you have prepared for

"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

effect, at least," said Stephen, looking proudly down upon his lovely little

in' neighbor to me these six weeks and

"Because I never dreamed that Stephen Risingham, my betrothed western

"There 'tis, now!" ejaculated the farm ome it seems when Lida's gone! What er. "How was she to know that he was comfort with her? Oh, dear, dear! It siways called him son, and he's always does seem as if the world was all 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 saddy blinking?
Do you think their fate is hard?
Are they on life reflecting
And to hear their final call
Each moment now expecting? 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. Shailow is the soul that can reflect no sunshine of blessings and is ever gloomy with wor ries 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. Per-

haps 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 bolls. 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 spront-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 shell 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

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