THANKSGIVING PUMPKIN PIES.

HE may not be versed in history, theology and that,
She has never paid attention to a B sharp or A flat;
I know it's very certain that the planets in the skies
Have not bothered with her skill in making luscious pumpkin pies.

She has never worried ever over questions called obtuse,
The mysteries of cycling she has had strength to refuse;
She would cut a sorry figure in the social paradise—
But she looms a perfect paragon concocting pumpkin pies.

Her mind has never waded through the literature of gush,
Her cheeks have never crimsoned other than with nature's blush.
She isn't versed in subtle ways and fashionable lies—
But she's queen of all creation when she builds pumpkin pies.

She has not applied for membership in any cooking fad,
She has never murmured politics to make all nature sad—
But she's mighty intellectual in wrestling with the ties
Surrounding the arranging of Thanksgiving pumpkin pies.

MISS PODD'S TURKEY.

YES, I come out better with 'em than I expected," said Phoebe Podd across the barnyard fence to her neighbor, Mrs. Tripp, who said:

"They's as fine a lot o' turkeys as I ever see, Miss Podd, and you'd great luck to do so well with 'em. Turkeys are dreadful hard things to raise. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, they be; an' I do'no as I shall ever try it again. They need so much coddlin' when they're little things an' they eat so much I doubt if it pays to bother with 'em. But I thought I'd try it once just to see how I come out, an' I didn't lose a single one. One of 'em had the pips, too; but I coddled it through all right."

"You'll sell some of 'em at Thanksgiving time, I s'pose?"

"Oh, yes; I callate on selling all but that young gobbler, an' I'm goin' to eat him. I'm short of grain and it won't pay me to buy feed for a lot of turkeys. They'd eat their heads off in six weeks."

"Yes, I s'pose so. Who you goin' to have for comp'ny Thanksgivin'?"

"I ain't quite sure yet; but I guess it won't be hard to git someone to come in an' help eat a plump, juicy young gobbler like that."

"No, indeed. We're all goin' over to Hebron to eat dinner with my husband's sister. They're goin' to have a big fam'ly reunion there, an' sister counts on havin' over forty to dinner."

"It must be nice to have that many own folks," said Miss Phoebe, with a sigh. "Here I ain't got any kin at all."

"There's your cousin Thyrza," said Tripp.

"I don't count her as kin," said Phoebe Podd coldly, and she manifested her resentment of Mrs. Tripp's suggestion by turning about abruptly and walking into the house, while Mrs. Tripp walked down the country road toward her own home, saying to herself: "If ever there was a set piece Phoebe Podd is one. There's nobody on earth she'd ought to have and she'd like to have help her to eat that young gobbler as Thyrza Deane and her boys, but she'd die, Phoebe Podd would, before she'd own up to it."

Miss Podd lived on a profitable little farm left to her by her parents, who had also left her cash and stock enough to make her one of the "best off" women in the neighborhood in which she lived. She lived alone, with the exception of a hired man.

Miss Podd and her cousin Thyrza had been more like sisters than cousins in their intimacy until a trifling disagreement had resulted in their complete estrangement, and it had been five years since they had spoken to each other.

Mrs. Deane had become a widow during these five years, and she had been reduced from a state of ease and plenty to one of hardship and poverty. But these facts had apparently made no difference with Phoebe Podd, for she continued to utterly ignore the existence of her cousin.

"I'd like to see myself asking Thyrza Deane and her young ones to come and help me eat that turkey!" said Miss Podd spitefully as she went into her spotless kitchen and banged the door behind her. "I've a good mind never to speak to Sarah Tripp again for mentioning the name of Thyrza Deane to me!"

Three days before Thanksgiving Miss Podd engaged the services of Jane Gray, a woman who "worked out" in the neighborhood, and the two women dressed the entire flock of turkeys for market after Job, the hired man, had done duty as a butcher.

The plump young gobbler alone was spared, but his end was to come on Thanksgiving day.

"Although it'd be a mercy to kill him now," said Miss Podd to Jane Gray, "he'll feel so lonely without his mates. I'll have Job kill 'im early Thanksgiving morning and put 'im in the ice house to cool off 'fore I roast 'im, an' I don't think I'll have any one here this Thanksgivin'. I ain't feelin' right well an' I don't feel able to fuss 'round gettin' up a big dinner. I don't seem to have any interest in Thanksgiving this year."

But her interest was aroused when Job came in on Thanksgiving morning, and informed Miss Podd that the young gobbler was not to be found.

"I've looked high and low for 'im, ma'am; an' he ain't to be found nowheres. I've my s'picions where he went."

"You have? Well, why don't you come out an' say what you think?" asked Miss Podd irritably.

"I think he was stolen, ma'am."

"It looks like it," said Miss Podd.

"An' I've my s'picions who stole 'im."

"Who?"

"Well, I met that oldest boy of the Widow Deane's in the woods near your barn last evening just at dusk an' he had a white an' black turkey gobbler slung over his shoulders. He made off mighty fast when he saw me. I never thought anything about it until I come to look up your turkey this morning, and couldn't find him."

"And you ain't seen my turkey since you saw Joe Deane with a gobbler like mine on his back?"

"No, ma'am. The last I saw of your turkey was about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon when I see 'im goin' out toward the timber back o' the barn. It's my opinion that the Deane boy swiped that gobbler."

Miss Podd was in just the right mood to be easily led to this same conclusion, and her wrath knew no bounds when she had finally decided that Job was correct in his surmise.

"Yes," she said finally, "that boy nabbed my turkey, an' he probably did it out of pure spite. But then he had a great uncle on the Deane side who was once arrested for stealin' an' the failin' has prob'ly cropped out in Thyrza's children. But she'll wish she'd raised 'em better 'fore night. I ain't crossed her doorstep for most six years, but I'll cross it today an' tell her to her face what I think of this performance. I'll tell her something that'll make that turkey taste mighty bitter in her mouth, now see if I don't!"

It was a raw, cold and sunless day. Miss Podd's anger had made her forget that she was not feeling well, and soon after noon she set forth from her own snug and pretty home to visit the far from attractive and comfortable home in which her cousin lived.

There had no money for repairs of any kind on the Deane place and Miss Podd relented a very little bit as she noted the forlorn aspect of the place. But she was determined to carry through what she had undertaken. It was unlike the Podds to swerve from any fixed resolution, and Miss Podd's face wore a hard, grim, resolute look as she knocked at the Deane's back door.

"I'll face 'em when they're in the very act of eatin' my turkey," she had said to Job. "I'll make that turkey change from sweet to bitter in their mouths!"

Someone called out "Come in," and Miss Podd entered the Deane kitchen just as Mrs. Deane and her five children had seated themselves at a table on which there was no sign of a turkey or of a Thanksgiving feast of any kind. A plate of corned beef and a dish of boiled potatoes were the chief dishes on the table. Mrs. Deane's surprise when she saw who her caller was was manifest in her face.

"Why—Cousin Phoebe!" she said.

Miss Podd's sharp eyes took in at a glance the poorly spread table and the air of poverty the interior of the house presented, and her first words were:

"Well, Thyrza Deane, is this the best Thanksgiving dinner you're able to have?"

"Yes, it is, Phoebe," said Mrs. Deane with a blush. "It's so poor, Phoebe, that I'm ashamed to ask you to share it."

"Where's the turkey Joe brought home last night?" asked Phoebe.

"We sold it. It was one he earned huskin' corn all day for Andy Tetlow, and we were too poor to keep it for ourselves, so I dressed it and Joe took it to town after dark last night and exchanged

"IT'D BE A MERCY TO KILL HIM."

it for things we needed more than we needed the turkey."

There was silence in the room for a moment and then Miss Podd burst out impetuously:

"I ain't fit to live! No, I ain't! I'm too miserably mean an' narrow contracted to be respectable even! I'm——"

"Why, Cousin Phoebe, I——"

"You jest keep still, Thyrza, an' hear me out! You know what I come here for? Hey? No, you don't, an' you ain't mean-minded enough to guess! I come here to accuse your boy Joe of stealin' a turkey from me! I——"

"Why, Phoebe——"

"You keep still, Thyrza, an' hear me out, an' then order me out if you feel like it. A young gobbler I had was missin' this mornin' an' Job, my hired man, saw your Joe goin' home las' night with a turkey on his back, an' I was mean enough to make myself think it was my turkey, an' here you are eatin' a Thanksgivin' dinner of corned beef an' potatoes, an' more thankful for it, I'll be bound, than I am for all the good things I've got in my cellar an' pantry! I'm so ashamed of myself!"

"Why, Phoebe!"

"But this is what you've got to do, Thyrza; you an' the children must go right home with me an' keep Thanksgivin'. I'll kill a pair o' chickens an' we'll make a big potpie like we had the last time you et your Thanksgivin' dinner with me. I've piles of pie an' cookies an' doughnuts an' a big pound cake all baked up! You've got to go, Thyrza, for the sake of old times! Come on an' welcome to you all!"

There was no opposing Miss Podd and in fifteen minutes they were all on their way to her house, the two cousins walking arm in arm.

When they reached Miss Podd's house Job met them with a grin on his face.

"That young gobbler's a good one," said Job. "I reckon he thought he'd be smart enough to save his neck. I found him just now in the shed room. The winder was up an' I reckon he flew in there last night an' he found it so comfortable he concluded to stay right there, 'speshly as there was a bag of corn there."

"Well, you get his head right off an' put him in the ice house to cool off," said Miss Podd. "Our dinner'll be late, Thyrza, but I'll set out a good lunch to kind o' stay our stummicks an' then you an' I will pitch in an' git up one o' the reg'lar Thanksgivin' dinners like we used to git up 'fore we was geese enough to fall out. But we've fell in again, as it were, an' it won't be my fault if we don't stay friends the rest of our days."—Detroit Free Press.

Why School Is Closed.

Teacher—And now, Johnny, tell me why school will be closed on Thanksgiving day?

Johnny—So that we may have something to be thankful for.—School Board Journal.

A THANKSGIVING HUNT IN YE OLDEN TIME.

In 28 days not a scrap of food or nourishment of any kind passed the lips of Milton Rathbun, of Mount Vernon, N. Y. When he began his voluntary fast he weighed 210 pounds; his abstinence caused the loss of 42 pounds and it has caused him no apparent injury.

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has just unearthed another band of counterfeiters and secured a quantity of bogus bills, which are cleverly executed. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation.

Street car drivers in Skagway, Alaska, are paid $4 a day.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

Plumbing is taught in the London trades school.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Evolution of an Ocean.

THE NEW PACIFIC—By Hubert Howe Bancroft.

The events of the past year, in the war with Spain and the acquisition of new domain, resulting in a revival of trade and phenomenal industrialism, invest with fresh interest the Pacific ocean, round which cluster so many crowning incidents.

The author begins his work with a sketch of the war with Spain, the causes which led to it and the resultant issues, as preliminary to the glimpses of history and description of the countries in and around the Pacific, their resources, commerce, climates, mines and manufactures, with a glance at the old-time traffic in trinkets and furs, on account of the important voyages of circumnavigation, science and discovery, the great gold gatherings, and kindred topics. The Bancroft Company, publishers, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Dr. Simpson, a Boston physician, says that old persons should not use artificial teeth. He says they enable aged persons to eat meat, and nature intended them to eat only soft food. When the teeth drop out it is a warning that only vegetable food should be taken.

A recent government census of India, contains a remarkable statement in reference to youthful marriages. There are in that country 6,016,759 girls between 5 and 9 years of age who have been or are wives. Over 170,000 of them are widows.

Climate, Scenery and Nature's Sanitarium.

Scenery, altitude, sunshine and air, constitute the factors which are rapidly making Colorado the health and pleasure grounds of the world.

Here the sun shines 357 days of the average year, and it blends with the crisp, electric mountain air to produce a climate matchless in the known world. No pen can portray, no brush can picture the majestic grandeur of the scenery along the line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad in Colorado. Parties going East should travel via this line which is known all over the world as the Scenic Line of the world. For any information regarding rates, time tables, etc., call on or address R. C. Nichol, general agent, 251 Washington street, Portland, Or., or any agent of the O. R. & N. Co., or Southern Pacific Company.

Improved Train Equipment.

The O. R. & N. and Oregon Short Line have added a buffet, smoking and library car to their Portland-Chicago through train, and a dining car service has been inaugurated. The train is equipped with the latest chair cars, day coaches and luxurious first-class and ordinary sleepers. Direct connection made at Granger with Union Pacific, and at Ogden with Rio Grande line, from all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to all Eastern cities. For information, rates, etc., call on any O. R. & N. agent, or address W. H. Hurlburt, General Passenger Agent, Portland.

The oyster crop of Chesapeake bay diminishes each year.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The bicycle workers and kindred crafts of Munice, Ind., have formed a local organization of the trade.

Sheeps horn is used for horseshoes in Iceland. In the valley of the Upper Oxus, Asia, the antler of deer are used for the same purpose, the shoes being fastened with pins of horn. In the Soudan the horses wear socks made of camel's skin.

A novel advertising scheme has been devised by a firm in Ceylon to popularize a certain brand of whiskey. An aeronaut ascends in a balloon, and from a great height drops sample bottles of whiskey attached to miniature parachutes.

SALT LAKE CITY.

An Important Factor in Transcontinental Travel.

No one crossing the continent can afford to cut Salt Lake City from his route. The attractions of the place, including the Mormon Temple, Tabernacle and Church institutions, the Great Salt Lake—deader and denser than the Dead Sea in the Holy Land—the picturesque environment and the warm sulphur and hot springs, are greater to the square yard than any locality on the American continent.

The Rio Grande Western Railway, connecting on the East with the Denver & Rio Grande and Colorado Midland Railways and on the West with the Southern Pacific (Central Route) and Oregon Short Line, is the only transcontinetnal line passing directly through Salt Lake City. The route through Salt Lake City via the Rio Grande Western Railway is famous all the year round. On account of the equable climate of Utah and Colorado it is just as popular in winter as in summer. Send 2c to J. D. Mansfield, 253 Washington St., Portland, or Geo. W. Heintz, Acting General Passenger Agent, Salt Lake City, for a copy of "Salt Lake City—the City of the Saints."

Are You Going East?

If so, you should see that your ticket reads via the Great Rock Island route, and you will get the best. Pullman palace sleeping cars, elegant reclining chair cars "free," and library buffet cars on all through trains. Best dining car service in the world. Popular personally conducted excursions once a week to all points East. For full particulars call on or address any ticket agent, or A. E. COOPER, G. A. P. D., C. R. I. & P. Ry., 246 Washington street, Portland, Or.

American commissioners for foreign missions have expended $692,446 the past year.

A funeral procession a mile in length, comprised of boats and their occupants, was lately witnessed in Shannon, Ireland. The deceased had been a farmer in Athlone, and his body was conveyed by water to the cemetery at Clanmacnoise, his friends and relatives following in boats.

A despicable wretch, employed as watchman in a Chicago livery stable, cut off the tails of forty horses in one night and sold the hair for $9.60. By this rascally deed the value of the horses was decreased $1,960.

For an hour a balky horse in Boston delayed traffic by holding up a line of thirty trolley cars. Blazing paper was held under the animal's nose and various other means adopted to start the refractory creature. At last, when the contents of a soda siphon were squirted into his ear, he dashed off at a two-minute gait.

Street railway employes of Chattanooga, Tenn., recently formed a union, and all were discharged in consequence.

The plumbers of Chattanooga, Tenn., have settled on a nine-hour day, with $2.50 per day as a minimum wage.

Mrs. J. Washburn, of Watertown, Mass., put some lime in a bottle to slack it, and after pouring hot water upon it, tightly closed the bottle. In a few minutes there was a thundering explosion, cutting her face with the flying glass and burning her eyes with the lime water.

A fatal bed is pointed out to visitors in an engine house in Macon, Ga. Four men died soon after occupying it and one of its latest occupants declares that the ghost of one of the dead firemen laid his icy hand upon him, and he believes that he is soon to join him.