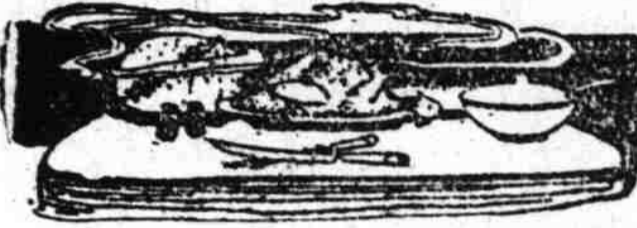


THANKSGIVING DAY

BY PERNA MINER WHITNEY.
 Gra'ma is the one that knows
 How us boys likes thin's,
 'Spec'y at Thanksgiving time—
 Oh! then's when fun begins!
 Jes' as soon as it is light
 Brother Ben an' me
 We gets up—lots to do
 'Fore we start, you see;
 Cap an' mittens an' big coat,
 Fur robes tucked in close,
 Horses prancin', snowflakes flying—



Now we've got there—mos'!
 Halloo Gra'ma! Halloo Gran'pa!
 See 'em in the door!
 Oh! we know what fun we'll have,
 We've been here before;
 Great big turkey, nice an' brown,
 Cranb'ry jelly, chickun pie,
 Fruit cake, apples, nice sweet cider,
 Nuts to crack—Oh, my!
 More good times than we can tell—
 Such lots of fun an' jolly noise,
 For our gra'ma she jes' knows
 What's good for us boys.



Meg's Bank. A Thanksgiving Story.

Meg sat upon a low stool by the window with a sad little pucker on her pretty face.

Near by sat Mrs. Thompson, Meg's mother, sewing away, for times were hard and with father away off doing duty in the Philippines, the pale little mother had to stitch steadily day after day to keep the tiny home in comparative comfort.

"When did you say father might come home, mother?" The question was asked timidly for there had been so many disappointments.

"I hope he will be with us at Thanksgiving time, dear." A sigh was stitched into the long seam, and Meg did not notice it.

"Mother?" the low voice had a suggestion of a sob in it. "I had a beautiful plan, but I am afraid I must give it up."

"Never mind, dearie, there are other plans, you know, and you are only ten years old."

"But this was such a beautiful plan. I was saving my pennies for a Thanksgiving turkey. I was going to surprise you and dear, dear daddy. I had twenty-five cents in my bank. I began, oh, dreadfully long ago, but I had to take the money and now there is not a single cent." There was no mistake about the sob this time.

"What have you done with the money, daughter?" Mrs. Thompson lay down her work and drew Meg nearer.

"Why—why—" with an effort at self-control, "we had to have some blank books and pads at school and I just would not ask you, and—and I bought them myself, and I hate them, for I did want the turkey so. I wanted a truly Thanksgiving dinner, for I know father hasn't had one since he went away, and, of course, you cannot afford one, mommy darling, and so, and so—" The curly head went down in the mother's lap and Meg had a good cry.

"Now, never mind, dearie," said mamma at last. "You are a brave



A NEW FRIEND.

little soldier girl, worthy of dear soldier-daddy, and I am so proud of you that nothing else can make me cry just now.

"Listen, I have a plan. We may not be able to fill the bank with money for a Thanksgiving feast, but we can do something better. Every time that we have anything to be really thankful about we will write it upon a slip of paper and put it in the bank. If father should be with us when we expect him we will open the treasure bank together and I think it will make him gladder than anything else to know we had so many blessings when he was far away. Now bring the bank, dearie, I must slip in a thankful thought right now. I am thankful for my brave, unselfish little girl.

Meg's tears were dried as if by magic, and she ran and brought the little iron bank to her mother.

"Why, I could fill it right up," she laughed merrily, "when I come to think, I have heaps to be thankful for!"

So that was the beginning and many were the white slips that found their way into the Thanksgiving bank.

One, the very best of all, had these words upon it:

"Daddy has really started for home! I am the gratefullest girl in the United States!"

Meg wrote very well for such a small girl, but her happiness made her hand tremble over those words. Now, about three weeks before Thanksgiving she had a wonderful experience. It was a warm day and her mother had given her permission to go for a walk in the park, which was not far away. Why she took the bank with her upon the walk Meg really did not know; perhaps she expected to have a thankful thing happen that must be recorded at once,

went on. "I was too weary to go further with my regiment, so I dropped out to find a little girl being thankful for a daddy who is not being taken away. Since I cannot follow my dead



THEY OPENED THE BANK.

comrade, let me hear about my living comrade."

And then, strange as it may seem, Meg told the entire story of her simple little life, even to her turkey disappointment, and the Thanksgiving bank which was to be opened when the soldier-daddy came home.

The comrade beside her listened and nodded, and once he coughed and was obliged to use his handkerchief, for the coughing made his eyes water.

"Well, well," he said, when the sweet, brave tale was ended, "I think there is a regular nest of heroes at your house. It is really too bad that the Government cannot afford to feed such patriots on turkey at least once a year. Dear me!"

"Oh, I do not mind the turkey so much as I did," Meg hastened to say. "Mother happened to remember the other day that daddy is tre-men-dously fond of corned beef."

"What is this?"
 "Oh! that's the comrade's thankful slip. I forgot to tell you, daddy," but just then Meg gasped in surprise, for out of the slip dropped two crisp five-dollar bills.

"Read what he wrote!" cried mother, her face very pale.

"He says," Sergeant Thompson read slowly, "I am thankful, comrade, that you have such a noble little daughter and thankful that I have had the privilege of meeting her."

"Please have turkey for dinner on Thanksgiving Day. It is more patriotic than corned beef!"

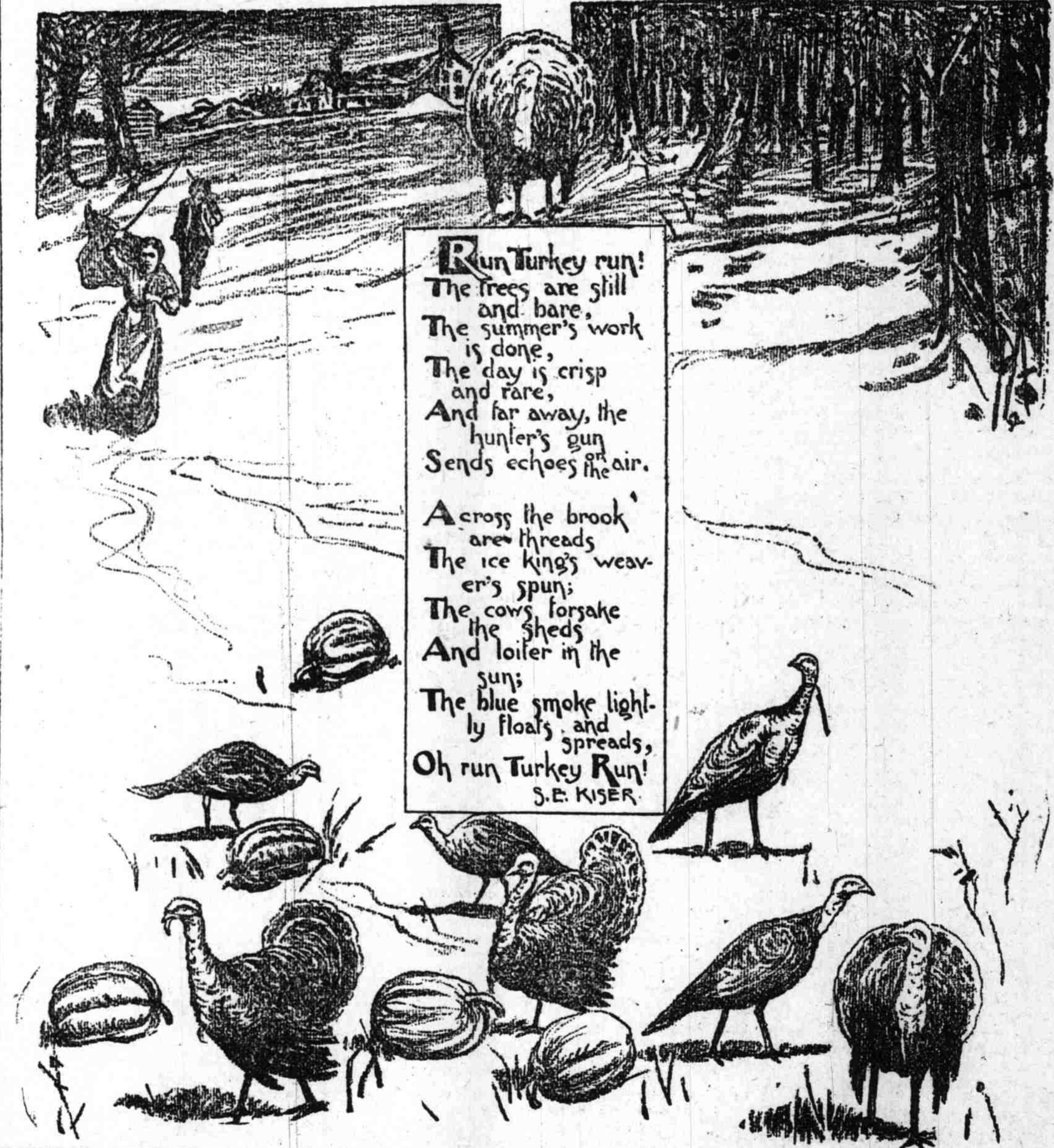
"I shall drop in to bid you welcome home upon that day!" and then was signed simply the name "John Stanley, Colonel Fifteenth Cavalry."

"Colonel Stanley!" gasped Sergeant Thompson, "he was wounded in Cuba. He is one of the bravest soldiers in the service. Tell us all about it, Meg!" So Meg told the story that had had so beautiful an ending.

And the next day? Well, I will not describe that day, for it might make you just a wee bit sorry that you have not a soldier daddy and a great, splendid comrade-friend in the person of that fine old warrior, Colonel Stanley.—Harriet T. Comstock.

Flowers For the Table.

If flowers are to decorate the Thanksgiving table, choose them from the hardy varieties of the season. The chrysanthemum, of course, heads the list. Any scheme of color may be carried out with the aid of this flower, which offers the decorator snowy



Run Turkey run!
 The trees are still
 and bare,
 The summer's work
 is done,
 The day is crisp
 and rare,
 And far away, the
 hunter's gun
 Sends echoes on the air.

Across the brook
 are threads
 The ice king's weaver's
 spun;
 The cows forsake
 the sheds
 And loiter in the
 sun;
 The blue smoke light-
 ly floats, and
 spreads,
 Oh run Turkey Run!
 S. E. KISER.

who can tell? But she took the bank and a pencil and paper. Suddenly, while she was running along the leaf-strewn path, she heard music—low, sad music, that somehow brought tears to her merry eyes. She ran to the road nearby, and there, passing slowly, was a long funeral procession, and by the flags and soldiers in uniform Meg knew that a "comrade"—she always called them comrades because her father did—was being carried by.

The sight made her lip quiver, and she ran back to a seat behind some trees; then the thought came which brought about the experience. She took the paper and pencil and wrote slowly, speaking the words aloud as she spelled them:

"I'm 'shamed to be glad 'bout such a solemn thing, but I am thankful it isn't my soldier-daddy who is going by!"

Then Meg tore off the slip and began to push it into the narrow opening of the bank.

"Where is your soldier-daddy, my dear little girl?"

Meg jumped to her feet and almost screamed, but when she saw the kind face of a comrade gazing at her from the other end of the bench she changed her mind and smiled. He was a very splendid comrade in gold braid and shining buttons, but his face made her forget to be awe-stricken. It was the friendliest face Meg had seen for many a day.

"Sit down, little maid," the deep voice

The comrade got up just then and walked quite around the bench before he sat down. Finally he said: "Is there any objection to me putting in a thankful thought in that magic bank?"

"Oh, no, sir," Meg was all dimples and smiles.

"I should like a comrade to know that another comrade is proud to have met his daughter. And you must tell me where you live, child, for I shall want to welcome your daddy home by and by."

Meg, in a flutter of excitement, prepared a slip of paper and the comrade walked again around the bench, while he seemed to have some difficulty in settling his sword in place. The slip was written, Meg was told to turn her head away while it was put in the bank, and then, after a little further talk, the comrades bade each other a cheery goodbye. That evening Mrs. Thompson heard all about the experience, and later, in the excitement of looking for her father, the affair was forgotten.

Two days before Thanksgiving, Meg's soldier father came home, and you should have been there to see the fun. Never were three people happier. All the clouds disappeared and it was sunlight every minute.

The evening before Thanksgiving the bank was opened and the slips read by daddy amid screams of laughter and merry jokes.

Suddenly Sergeant Thompson stopped laughing and said in surprise:

white, pale sulphur and brilliant yellow, all the shades of bronze and red, delicate lilac and pink blooms, in clusters or feathery pompons, or tightly curled balls. But unless willing to have a tall centerpiece, put the vases of chrysanthemums at the corners of the table, or use another flower; these proud blossoms are sorry objects when arranged in a low, compact mound; they are then as characterless and unlovely as a crinkled paper mat. Cosmos, roses or carnations are also appropriate, and the autumn grains, berries and leaves.

Menu for Thanksgiving Dinner

- Grape Fruit
- Oysters on the half shell
- Soup
- Celery
- Broiled mushrooms
- Salted Almonds
- Roast turkey, Chestnut dressing, Giblet sauce
- Potatoes
- Cream sorrel with hard-boiled eggs
- Fruit salad
- Mince or pumpkin pie
- Cheese with toasted waters
- Coffee

Quiet Family Dinner

- Oyster soup
- Pickles
- Roast turkey
- Bread stuffing
- Cranberry jelly
- Mashed potatoes
- Browned sweet potatoes
- Cabbage and Celery Salad
- Chocolate nut cake
- Coffee
- Pumpkin pie

In spite of the clamor against soft coal it soots everybody.

Remarkable Photography.
 One of the most charming things ever photographed by natural history camerists is the birth of a butterfly. Mr. Fred Enock was the photographer. He depicts the whole slung itself by a silken girdle to a twig until the butterfly, fully developed, is poised on a leaf about to make the first trial of its wings. Mr. Enock notes that in seven minutes from the time that the chrysalis first split the butterfly was fully developed, and from the moment that the skin opened until the new-born beauty was poised on the empty shell it emerged so quickly that exposures of a hundred of a second only were given.

Great-Grandnephew of Washington.
 George Washington, a great-grandnephew of the immortal president was a witness in a New York court a few days ago. His great-grandfather, William Washington, left this country for England during the war of the revolution. Later settled in Belgium. The twentieth century George does not care for reflected glory that comes with name, though no one has greater veneration than he for the man who first in the hearts of his countrymen

CURES RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH

B. B. B. Cures Deep-Seated Cases Especially—To Prove It B. B. B. Sent Free.
 These diseases, with aches and pains in bones, joints and back, agonizing pains in shoulder blades, hands, fingers, arms and legs crippled by rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, or neuralgia; hawking, spitting, bleeding, ringing in the ears, sick stomach, deafness, noises in the head, bad teeth, hot blood, all run down feeling of catarrh are sure signs of an awful poisoned condition of the blood. Take Botanic Blood Balm. (B.B.B.) Soon all aches and pains stop, the poison is destroyed and a permanent cure is made of the worst rheumatism or foulest catarrh. Thousands of cases cured by taking B.B.B. It strengthens weak kidneys and improves digestion. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle. Sample sent by writing BLOOD BALM CO., 14 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

It has been observed that a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

In Hungary the legal age of an individual dates only from baptism.

How's This?
 We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
 F. J. CENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. CENEY for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
 WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
 WALKING, KINNAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials in Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The leech is the only animal which possesses three separate jaws.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatment Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is a notable fact that most of the subjects of King Edward VII. are Hindus.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The dentist that hurts the most doesn't always charge the least.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Exports of cattle have increased twenty per cent. in five years.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOMAS DOBSON, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

where it begins to be navigable (Rybnyk) to the Caspian.

By taking a thorough course of Rheumicide you rid your system of the poisons that cause rheumatism. A permanent cure is the result. It is the standard rheumatism remedy, laxative and tonic. At Druggists.

Conscience is a still, small voice that is altogether too still.

Long Hair

"About a year ago my hair was coming out very fast, so I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling and made my hair grow very rapidly, until now it is 45 inches in length."—Mrs. A. Boydston, Atchison, Kans.

There's another hunger than that of the stomach. Hungry hair needs food, needs hair vigor—Ayer's. This is why we say that Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color, and makes the hair grow long and heavy. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.