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NO. 38.

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A MAIDEN'S MESSAGE.

O wind, that wanderest o'er hill, and vale, and sea,
Blow round the home where he sleeps peacefully,
And breathe upon his brow a loving kiss from me.

O golden "maiden moon," so calm and pure and bright,
Shed round and o'er him thy soft, tender streams of light!
Tell him how well I love him—tell him so to-night.

O stars all silvery bright, set on that deep, still blue,
Stars that are watching o'er us both the long night through,
Tell him my love for him is pure like you—and true.

O great, grand, snow-white clouds, slow drifting o'er the sky,
Bear to his heart a message as ye pass him by,
Tell him my love would teach him how to do or die.

O great, wide sea, on which the night winds blow,
Sing in his ears thy music calm and low,
Sing to his heart I love him, sing it soft and low.

O tiny, laughing ripples, dancing on the shore,
O mighty ocean waves, thundering your ceaseless roar,
Tell him I love so well I could not love him more!

O moon and stars, O clouds and deep blue, sunny sea,
And restless, wandering winds, bear him these words from me,
"My own, dear love, I love thee well—and constantly."

THE WILL.

Almost before he was aware of the act his will was raised and annulled. Then his conscience whispered: "They are not yours, John Austin," and turning his steps away he answered mentally if not vocally: "No, and I'm not going to be a thief, even for a Thanksgiving dinner."

Pushing on again over the broad meadow he struck the road—an unbroken one now—that led to the forest where game was likely to be found, and was passing the log cabin of a family even poorer than his own, for the husband was lying very ill. He glanced up at the chimney—the most natural thing to do upon such a day—and saw no smoke. Either the poor man must be dead or the supply of wood had given out. Instantly his own situation was forgotten and he was out long in finding out that his latter surmise was correct.

"Don't worry," he said to the anxious wife, gathering and bringing in all the wood he could find, "I'll run over to neighbor Sampson's and borrow his team and get you a load. There's lots of dead timber on his land and he isn't the meanest man in the world by a long shot."

To accomplish his purpose he was forced to retrace his steps and again look at the temptation of the turkeys. Certainly no birds ever looked so large, and they stretched out their necks and gobbled at him in the most provoking fashion and as if they knew what was passing in his mind.

"Yes, John," said the farmer in answer to his request, "take the oxen and get as much wood as you can haul. But you will have to cut it. Everything down must be snowed under, except if it may become rotten stuff that is of no account."

"All right," but you will have to lend me an axe. I started to find some game for dinner, but now the children will have to get along with whatever their mother can manage to fix up."

"Well, here's an axe, and you had better leave your gun here till you come back. I'd like to see it if you can tell me where I'll find my flock of turkeys—the ones I told you I mean. I believe they know it's Thanksgiving and have run away."

Austin told him where the birds were to be found, though of how little there would be upon his own table, and hastened upon his errand of mercy—hastened as fast as an ox team, discounting with being out such a cold morning, and wading through such deep snow, could be persuaded to go.

Tramping along after the sled Austin at last reached the woods and looked for a convenient tree to "fall." An oak stood near and a tap of his axe convinced him it was hollow. That suited him exactly. He could easily cut off a couple of logs, roll them upon the sled and reduce them to burnable size afterward.

A strong arm, and willing hearted man, he was not long in separating the trunk, drawing and unloading in front of the house of his sick friend. The poor wife thanked him heartily and said her brother had come and would do the chopping.

"All right—no thanks," he replied in his hearty way. "Hope your Thanksgiving will be brighter than you anticipated. Now I'll get my gun and see what I can do for my own dinner."

He had gotten some little distance when the woman shouted:

"You have forgotten your satchel, John Austin!"

"Mine?" he questioned, returning.

"Of course it is. You must have placed it in the hollow trunk and forgot

PAID FOR HIS CAKE.

"Speaking of women," said the Colonel, after a long pause, "I was traveling in Missouri on a very lousy wagon when I met a tall, shabby old fellow, of twenty, in the road. I had taken a drink or two and felt jolly, and so I hailed her with: 'Hello, Sal! How do you do?'"

"Howdy, stranger," she promptly replied.

"Say, I want on, I'm looking for a wife."

"What sort?"

"About your kind."

"Want me?"

"If you'll have me!"

"Reckon I will. Let's drive back and see what we can do."

"I was joking, you know, and so I told her that I was in a great hurry and would return. Three natives who came along just then stopped to find out what was the matter, and they set in with the girl to take me back. The only way I could get out of it was to bid her for the woods, leaving the horse and buggy behind, and five years later the girl was still driving them. That little joke of mine cost me just \$250, to say nothing of being run through a patch of woods five miles wide."

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With LOCAL APPLICATION, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal medicine. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best natural known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surface. The result is a complete cure. Send for testimonials free.

J. C. CHERRY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, price 75 cents. nov 14-1m.

NO NIGHT THERE.

"And there shall be no night there," and there will be no need of any, because there is no weariness in Heaven, and none ever long for darkness to fall so that the heart ache may be relieved by unseason tears. But what would become of us in this world were it not for night?

Night itself that renders life endurable to half the world. They are able to bear the day, to drive through the heavy labor hours only by the sure knowledge that night, blessed night, draws near.

The keen, hard day, the blinding, blinding, unmerciful world drive them distressed if it lasted longer than it does, but just as heat and flesh are falling, down falls the soothing, solemn, shuddering night, and all are consoled. The stars come forth and look down, saying nothing to distress. Holy stars, that shine upon your cradle and shine upon your grave, and that watch you all the way between, patiently, mildly, like the eyes of angels. And the moon, sweet, pure moon, that never scatches nor blinds you, calms and cools you with her soft light that falls like consolation on the spirit. When the night has fully come, and wrapped you round, and you go from all harsh, distressing influences that belong to the day, to rest in the moon light, or starlight, and commune with God and with your own soul (that half of it belonging to your body, or that half of it belonging to another body)—how many days, think you, would it cost to purchase of you that one night?

There is melody in the words: "No night there," but well it is for no need and hunted mortals that there is night here.

THE WILL.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Poor as John Austin was, he was made more deplorable by the return of the father of his wife (believed to be dead) who came home to them broken in health a silent, "quaker" man, as the people of Bechtold called him.

When Jane Austin was a little girl the now old man had left her mother and hers if to battle with the world. No one knew why or whether he had gone.

For twenty-five years nothing had been heard of or from him. In the mean time the mother had died, the daughter married, and several little olive branches had come to twine around the hearts of the father and mother and make the struggle for bread still more imperative.

For half a dozen years the old man lingered rather than lived, apparently purposeless save to wander in the woods around the little island village in summer, to shiver over the fire in winter and constantly mutter to himself. Then he quietly faded out from among the living and was laid to rest in the desolate graveyard.

Of where he had been during his long absence he never talked, what he had done was never known. His reappearance was as sudden and unexplained as his departure. He came on foot and alone, and the only thing certain about him was his poverty.

The expense of his "keeping" had been a serious drawback to the prosperity of the daughter and her husband, those connected with his last sickness and death heavy. A single dollar added to the outlay of any man whose only capital is his hands and only income is from daily toil is no light affair.

But a week previous to Thanksgiving the funeral had taken place—used up the last dollar of ready money and left a debt to be paid. In the flickering light of the fire husband and wife sat sadly discussing the outlook, and gloomy indeed it was. The last of the little crowd had been tucked into bed, the fierce wind of the Northern Winter was howling without, the stars shone brightly but coldly, a cold, low, heavy bank of clouds gave notice of a heavy snow-fall, and the poor knew but too literally what that means for them.

"John," said his wife, after a long silence and with a heavy sigh, "tomorrow will be Thanksgiving, and the children are reckoning upon a good dinner."

"Yes," he replied, with his head bowed and tears in his eyes, "but the good Lord only knows where it is to come from."

The careful death of your father—I don't say it complaining, wife, for you have repaid it a thousand times—has not only taken the last cent, but left us a debt it will take months to pay. However, the darlings shan't be disappointed if I can help it, and if you can manage the pies and little things I'll see what can be done about getting something in the shape of meat. Hello! what a miserable thing it is to be poor and never have any money when you need it most."

"Yes, dear, it is hard, but we have health, strength, and the little ones, and that is very much to be thankful for."

"And many a rich man would give more than the sum necessary to make us comfortable for our appetites and the sound sleep we enjoy."

Little knew they of the storm that rocked their little cottage and drifted the snow around it. But with the morning light they saw it and with a sinking of heart. It was a death blow to the plans

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