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FOR A WARNING.

I can tell just how it happened, though it's fifty times. And I sometimes think it's curious that I can remember so...

FOR A WARNING.

Job was coming to Thanksgiving—so he wrote us in the fall. He was Erza's oldest brother, and his favorite of them all.

FOR A WARNING.

Just a week before Thanksgiving Erza rode one day to town. As I needed things for cooking—flour and sugar, white an' brown.

FOR A WARNING.

I was cross and clean discouraged, as I thought he ought to know. But he turned as white as marble when he heard me speaking so.

FOR A WARNING.

Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with grief and fear and shame. He was good and kind and patient. I was all the one to blame.

FOR A WARNING.

With the daylight came a neighbor. Erza had been hurt. Found beside the road unconscious, taken up at first for dead.

FOR A WARNING.

Such a broken-hearted woman for the bride he hoped to meet. Not a word he spoke together in that hushed and shadowed room.

FOR A WARNING.

Well, I've told a long, long story—Erza's coming up the walk. But I've had a purpose in it. 'Twasn't just for idle talk.

FOR A WARNING.

On Thanksgiving Day the whole Davis family, big and little, old and young, were sent to assemble at the old home-stand, and great were the preparations for the grand event.

FOR A WARNING.

Granma Jane Davis sent over to John's, Monday morning, for her favorite granddaughter, Jenny, to come and help; so Jenny's nice, taste and deft fingers had been busy the whole week.

FOR A WARNING.

Everything was now ready. All the rooms of the great house were freshly swept and garnished, beds and windows draped in their snowiest garments, and vases filled, and baskets drooping everywhere with brilliant fall flowers and glowing berries.

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

Jenny and Tom had been lovers from babyhood, as well as cousins. There never was a positive engagement, but there was a good deal to fill a maiden's heart with happy dreams, and Jenny knew she did not hope without reason, when she came to hope that Tom cared more for her than any one else.

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

Last Thanksgiving day Tom went away to the city and attended to some business which kept him away for six months. Jenny was sorry he had to leave in the midst of the merry making, because it deprived them of a quiet hour to themselves.

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

Indeed, she hardly hoped for a fare well word, but late in the evening, as she went through the half-darkened hall, she felt herself suddenly clasped by Tom's arm, and a little ring slipped over her finger, as he said:

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

Wear this for my sake, Jenny, until I put a wedding ring in its place. God bless you, love. Oh, Jenny, come here, let me take you in my arms and tell you how much I care for you. Can you forgive me? Can you love me still?

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

Jenny's whispered answer was low, but it was loud enough for Tom to hear. They sat down together, forgetting all about the dinner, until voices in the hall warned them that they were being sought after.

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

Then Tom caught Jenny to his heart for a last embrace, and said: "Are you happy, dear?" And Jenny answered: "Yes, Tom, happy and thankful. This is a real Thanksgiving day, now."

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

But poor Jenny could not help loving Tom. How could she, when he was better, more manly, and handsomer than ever? She was a proud little body, though, and carried her heavy load so bravely that nobody suspected she carried any at all.

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

Everything was done now, there was nothing to busy her to night, and as Jenny stood by the pantry window, her heart was full with pain.

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

Tom looked kindly at her and sighed when he came in, and spoke just as usual, kind and cordial, and Jenny answered him the same. Oh, what have I to be thankful for?—the sugar, the candy, and a moment later, added: "Ah, what a wicked girl! I have parents, home, friends; oh, Tom, I have everything but you, and I care for nothing without you!"

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

Tom was a great favorite among the little folks, and in continual demand, and Jenny had her hands full to entertain the company.

STOCKINGS, AND HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A BARN.

She had enjoyed her solitude about two minutes, when the library door was pushed open, and in came Tom, with little Sallie, Uncle Nathan's four year old pet, leading him.

A SAVAGE BULL FIGHT.

Crust Science in the Arena at Havana.—New York Herald correspondent. A Havana, Cuba, gives the following description of a brutal bull fight which he witnessed.

A SAVAGE BULL FIGHT.

A shrill bugle sounded. It was the signal for the entry of the bull. Five thousand throats yelled themselves hoarse in a fever of excitement. A moment's pause and a sleek, black-coated, powerful animal dashed and snorted into the very middle of the arena.

A SAVAGE BULL FIGHT.

Tom, I refused Phil Hunter's company two or three times after you went away, and he has done this for revenge. Oh, Tom, why didn't you tell me at first?

A SAVAGE BULL FIGHT.

"Dear I know I'd observe to have you tell me, but how did you?" "Just the same, if you care for me," whispered Jenny, softly.

A SAVAGE BULL FIGHT.

Then Tom caught Jenny to his heart for a last embrace, and said: "Are you happy, dear?" And Jenny answered: "Yes, Tom, happy and thankful. This is a real Thanksgiving day, now."

A SAVAGE BULL FIGHT.

Some time last year there was a wooden bedstead manufactured which was intended for the use of the king of Spain. It was fourteen feet wide and divided into three parts, the central part being raised about eight inches.

A SAVAGE BULL FIGHT.

Having at length made herself understood, she says, the chair was put down in the middle of the room, and she said she had received by sympathy, although still panting, was standing quietly, and looking on with the grave and apparently unemotional air of a Chinaman.

A SAVAGE BULL FIGHT.

Geological experiments of the manner that the signs warrant theories of the time a significant part of the catastrophe of the system and a central in the modern geology of the world.

A SAVAGE BULL FIGHT.

Not a word was uttered by the crowd, who apparently unconscious of what was passing, were looking on with the same indifference that anything was occurring.

A SAVAGE BULL FIGHT.

What is life? some one asked. "What is life?" his answer is one of the most charming things ever written. "The present moment is the only one that counts, and the only one that we can control."

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

The last observations indicate that we are distant from the sun about 92,700,000 miles. These are the figures obtained as near as may be from the observations of the last Venus transit.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, uses incandescent light in his carriage lamps. The electrical accumulators are placed under the coachman's seat, and are of sufficient capacity to supply light for 100 hours.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The inventor of the famous Right-Kuhli railway, in Switzerland, has just achieved a still greater feat in mountain engineering. He has constructed a railway from the castle of Chillon apparently straight up the side of the mountain.

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Under the carriage is a machine of about the same dimensions as the carriage itself, which is filled with water at the station on the hill.

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HOW WE TRIED TO WHIP THE TEACHER.

TOLD BY THE OLD LETTERS MEETING. I was a boy of seventeen, ungainly, dull as a ball.

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PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

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