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RATES OF ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion	$1.00
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One square, one month	2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The day—we may well hail and hold,
"The world's joy-shouting chant"
The night—now in the folds of cold
The spirits—is—gone still,
And—the hearts—overflowing in charity
Believe—the—[illegible]
The—[illegible] fate
[illegible] have fled.

Every November, month of storm,
You have—our gladdest day
That—cheers the heart in—[illegible] it warm,
Although your skies are gray.
The Harvest Home of all the year,
When all the—[illegible] are stored,
The earth's—[illegible] hath still appear
The Giver of the Lord.

Then—[illegible] we love, we meet again,
They come—[illegible] not sent;
Together, then, we look in vain,
"There is not good in here;
Yet while for these all—[illegible] are due,
All hail—[illegible] to him
Thankful—[illegible] to him
"Every whose all blessings flow."

—C. L. McCardell.

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

BY AMY BANCROFT.

"THANKSGIVING, indeed!" cried Mrs. Bluebell. "And turkeys! Don't talk to me!"

"They've very nice, ma'am—an extraordinary fine!" pleaded Butterworth, the dismayed waiter. "Cost pretty 'ow under the winter! And look at the fine, healthy color o' them wittles! Good 'ealth to you, ma'am, these Thanksgiving turkeys was—not 'alf the world goes—especially to make a man feel thankful! And so cheap, too!"

"Go into the back yard and finish splitting those kindlings. Life isn't all a frolic, and you may as well find that out now as any time! I do not intend to keep next Thursday differently from any other day."

"But, mother," gasped the astonished lad, "it's Thanksgiving Day!"

"What does that mean?" sharply retorted Mrs. Bluebell. "It means the giving of thanks, don't it? Thanksgiving Day! I shall give no thanks. I've none to give. Everything has gone wrong. And I'm completely vexed and discouraged."

"Melinda!"

Old Grandmother Bluebell sat in the window, in a comfortable, cushioned rocker, with her knitting in her lap and her glossy, silver hair braided back under a snowy cap frill, the very ideal and incarnation of sweet peace. She looked up, at her daughter-in-law's words, with a gentle mild reproach. Mrs. Bluebell burst into tears.

"I can't help it, mother," said she. "There's John has lost the place as carpenter to the Silverhill Coal Mines; he might have got it just as well as not, but he was helping old Mr. Judson to get in his turnips. You know what John is, mother. 'It's only one more day, Melinda,' says he. 'And Judson is old and poor and feeble.' So, while he was doing old Judson's work for him, Philip Barton gets all the influence he can and goes before the directors' meeting, and now he's carpenter to the mine, and my John may just pick up any living he can, at menial day's work."

"He has always picked up a good living, Melinda," said the old lady.

"It's better to look out for something better than day's wages," said Mrs. Bluebell. "Anyhow, I'm sick of the hard, cold, disappointing world. I'm tired of drudging on forever. Cousin Alice can't ask any better, no better off on Saturday than treated on Monday morning. Right then you are on Monday morning. 'Tis no use talking to me," said she. "I never was so disappointed in my life!"

"My daughter," said the old lady solemnly, "can you not trust to the Lord for knowing what is best for you?"

Mrs. Bluebell did not answer. In a moment, in the light of her mother-in-law's blue eyes, she felt that after all the rebellious words that rose to her lips.

"At all events," said she, after a brief silence, "I shall not go into the house extraordinary when we can't afford it. That question is settled!"

"No Thanksgiving dinner?" echoed honest John Bluebell, with genuine astonishment, which he feared the decision that had gone forth.

"Hush, Melinda. I'm forty-two years old in a spring, and I never can remember the Thanksgiving Day when we didn't have roast turkey and cranberry sauce."

"There'll be one to remember it upon," said his wife, coldly. "If you feel so hard about it, I'm sure I'm sorry for your own disappointment, but I feel it's better for us to have a little pinch now than to be in the Silverhill Mine."

"Well, well, my child," said Mr. Bluebell. "Thanksgiving cannot come every year, you know. It's a little sharp to be sure, but, [illegible] we can manage to do without it."

"No," said Mrs. Bluebell, sharply. "Go into the back yard and finish splitting those kindlings. Life isn't all a frolic, and you may as well find that out now as any time! I do not intend to keep next Thursday differently from any other day."

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