cirictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record,

For Larger Advertisements Liberal Con-

tracts will be made.

one day of the year home. as a day of thanksgiving and praise totory of every nation of which records are preserved contains references to day was appointed, December 13.

days of thanksgiving from the Hebrew observed as a national holiday.

Rock in 1620. The first service of this character ever held in this country was celebrated on the bleak Newfoundland coast in 1578 by an English clergyman named Wolfall, who was connected with the Frobisher exploring party. Frobisher brought the first colony to settle on those shores; and to the Rev. Mr. Wolfall, otherwise unknown to fame, belongs the credit of the first evangelical sermon and the first celebration of the communion in North America. It was a service of grateful prayer and praise for their safe arrival and escape from the dangers of the

Of similar character was the next recorded Thanksgiving service, twentynine years later, when the Popham colony arrived at Sagadahoc, on the coast of Maine, in August of 1607, and on the nineteenth of that month laid claim to the territory, unfurled the English flag and observed the day as one of praise and thanksgiving. This was three months after the landing of the colonists at Jamestown, in Virginia. The Popham colony not only held the first thanksgiving service on territory now comprised within the United States, but also held the first popular election and chose the first officers to govern an American community.

Thirteen years later came the Pilgrims, anchoring in Massachusetts Bay on Saturday, December 9 (O. S.). They deferred landing until Monday, despite their long sojourn on the sea, and we may well believe that their last Sabboth service on shinboard was elegannt with gratitude and praises to "Him who hath the steerage of our course."

During the cold and cruel winter that followed almost one-half of the little band were laid at rest on the bluff that had frowned upon the Mayflower, their graves being leveled that the Indians might not become aware of their diminishing number. Hopefully the remnant tolled through the summer, gathering a fair harvest. The old chronicler tells of indifferent barley and a failure in peas, offset to some extent by twenty acres of good corn. But meat of deer and wild fowl was abundant, the pestilence was stayed and they were comfortably housed for the winter. Therefore, on the twenty-fourth of October Governor Bradford proclaimed a thanksgiving feast. Carrying their muskets they marched in staid procession to the little meeting house, the Governor leading the way, with Elder Brewster reverently bearing the Bible on his right, and plain, matter-of-fact Miles Standish, the military chief of the colony, at his left-Law, supported by the church and the army. It was worthy of mention in the old annals that the elder's sermon was unusually short, not quite two hours! What would a nineteenth century congregation say to a discourse two hours

And then came the feast, at which were displayed the fine napery and giving dinner.

ordered out his soldiers, drilled them, pients gratefully acknowledged as and finally ended with a volley from heaven-sent relief. the rattle of firearms and Indian war- , also at the request of Congress, au-

AN'S gratitude was the cause of the custom of setting apart to be encountered in their New World with grateful hearts we seek His shrine, AN'S gratitude was whoops, with prayers and benedictions

VOL. XXVIII.

In November the ship Fortune arrived bringing thirty-five colonists, ward the Giver of and much-needed supplies of clothing every good and perfect gift. The his- and ammunition, with news of the dear ones at home. Another Thanksgiving

In 1632 the little town of Boston was Feast of Tabernacles, of which mention | threatened with famine. Their crops is made in the Bible, through the Greek had failed, and the ship which was festival of Demeter, god of the barvest, expected to bring supplies from Engthe Roman feast of Ceralia, goddess of land had not arrived. The colonists plenty, to the Saxon Harvest-Home and | feared the pitiless ocean had swallowed our own Thanksgiving, now universally | vessel and her precious freight. They were reduced to one scanty meal a The history of Thanksgiving in day, and children cried on the streets America begins prior to the landing for bread. Governor Winthrop called of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth the men together, and after much deliberation a hunting expedition, though full of peril and toil, was determined upon. It was February; the snow was deep; the Indians, though not openly cranberries and cook until the fruit is all must be inspected and provided. hostile, were not averse to reducing quite soft; strain through a jelly bag, To the woman who has deft fingers

nounced a day of thanksgiving for the return of peace. Since the war it has become an esablished custom that the last Thursday in November shall be observed as a general Thanksgiving Day through-

out the federation of States .- Marblehead Messenger.

Thanksgiving.

And humbly kneeling there we say

Our orisons Thanksgiving day:

"For desolation's track untrod, Our thanks are Thine, Almighty God. 'For seasons fruitful, gifts of love For joy renewed, for grace above Our poor desert, thanks unto Thee. Through sorrow, death and misery-Whate'er our lot-or good or ill-Thou'st been our source of comfort still. Though we have known the chastening rod,

Thy mercies have been sure, O God. "In days to come, help us to be Concerned about Thy ministry. Since 'wrong is wrong and right is right' Thy strength we need, we need Thy might Help us to walk by heaven's light— Help us to live as in Thy sight. O Lord! secure in Thee we rest Use us as seemeth to Thee best.'

Cranberry Jelly.



As Yellow as Gold By Mary E. Knowlton

Here's a pumpkin, fluted, golden, Written o'er with customs olden Out of bygone days. Cinderella's ancient glory, Sung in song and told in story,

Suits its yellow blaze. Tables at the first Thanksgiving, When colonial dames were living, Shewed its golden cheer. Still it smiles a friendly greeting At the happy family meeting

On the feast-day dear.

Christmas rooms are gay with holly, Christmas sees the merry folly Of the mistletoe,

Easter lilies, pure and stately In the springtime bloom sedutely, When soft breezes blow.

Autumn dressed the woods in splendon, But their colors, rich and tender, All have passed away. Now the pumpkin, ripe and mellow

Keeps a tint of Autumn's yellow For Thanksgiving Day.

household treasures brought from Old they could illy spare any of their num- boll fifteen minutes longer and set in England-those precious relics whose ber. They decided to observe a day a cold place until firm. This may be possession in these days is the patent of fasting and prayer on the morrow, poured into a fancy mold or into of American birth and nobility. It was then venture into the pathless forest dainty individual molds. For the latter an al fresco dinner, in the mild Indian in search of game. But in the morn- egg cups do very nicely. A shallow summer; and at this time and place ing, when they went out, there lay square or oblong enameled pan is also the American turkey, since sacred to upon the cold blue waters of the bay very nice for molding cranberry jelly, the day, made his first appearance as the white wings of the long-expected as it may then be easily cut into blocks the piece de resistance of a Thanks- ship. The starving people rushed and piled log cabin fashion on a glass down to the beach, tears in every eye, plate. The rich ruby translucent And after the solemn service in the hope and gratitude in every heart. squares form a beautiful color note little church and the decorous feast, Their fasting was once again turned on the Thanksgiving table. served with Puritan sedateness, the into feasting, their supplications into people returned to their homes, and thanksgivings; and with one accord the early darkness settled down upon they assembled at the church. It is the little settlement, from which was recorded that the minister read the to grow so grand a nation. Suddenly one hundred and third Psalm-"Bless the peaceful night was broken by the the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not sentry's peremptory challenge, the rat- all His benefits!" voicing the thanks tle of a drum, mingled with an Indian of a grateful people who found the shout, and every man grabbed his ways of Providence, so mysterious trusty musket and rushed out, while to our blind eyes, "a very present help the souls of the women and children in time of trouble." For again and quaked with fear. A nundred sav- again, as we read these old chronicles. ages poured down upon them-Massa- we are forced to acknowledge the fresoit's braves, but on pacific errand quent intervention of a Supreme Being bent. They came to share the white who seemed to hold the little comman's feast and brought deer and munity in the hollow of His hand, inother game as their contribution. So terposing His grace and mercy between the fires were lit again, and the good them and their ever present perils, as wives baked and boiled for their un- if they were indeed His chosen few. expected guests, who entertained them | Again and again they were in direct by performing their dances amid wild extremity, in danger of atter exteryells and menacing gestures. It was mination by famine or massacre, when thought prudent to show the fierce in- help came unexpectedly through what truders that the infant colony was not seems more than chance happenings without defense, so Captain Standish even to sceptics, and which the reci-

their muskets into the treetops and the In Colonial times it still remained hill and the smaller one at the Govthanksgiving. Under our present govWas roosting right here on my bed,
And just as I woke the critter had said ernor's door. The Indians were proper- ernment, a day of thanksgiving was ly impressed and begged the great Cap- appointed by President Washington at There's a moral, of course-there always tain not to make it thunder again, the request of Congress, the occasion Thus the first Thanksgiving of the being the adoption of the Constitution Pilgrim Fathers was a strange blend- of the United States. At the close of ing of godly psalms and savage dances, the War of 1812, President Madison,

The Nightmare. It was Thanksgiving night, and up in his Our boy lay asleep in his bed, While dreams of a most uncomfortable

Were chasing about in his head.

Along about midnight his mother awoke— She thought she heard Fred groan— And then he explained that he was the And told his dream with a moan:



THE DREAM.

'A four-legged turkey as big as a calf

And this is a good one, I'm thinking: Either don't go to bed after cating too Or be careful in eating and drinking.

AN UP-TO-DATE HANKSGIVING

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1905 NO. 15.

Oyster (Blue Points) cocktail. Thin brown bread.

Bouillon with whipped cream.
Radishes. Bread sticks. Roast turkey, chestnut stuffing, giblet Cranberry frappe.

Mashed potatoes. Glazed sweet potatoes.

Fringed celery. Hubbard squash. Lemon ginger sorbet.

Baked quail, hominy, cauliflower.

Lettuce salad. Cheese straws. Pumpkin pie, mince pie, apple pie. Preserved ginger, cheese, raisins. Nesselrode pudding.

Nuts. Fruits. Coffee. Thanksgiving Day Entertainment,

Thanksgiving Day brings with it worries for the housewife as to how to make the dinner a success. Friends from out of town are invited, and everything should pass off satisfactorily. It is none too soon to be planning table decorations, especially if the -Thomas E. Smiley, in Indianapolis News. 'clever brains and fingers do not want a wild rush at the last minute.

From the very best linen down to Add one cup of water to one cup of the place cards and centre decorations, the number of the white invaders, and add one pound of granulated sugar, with the paint brush, all sorts of possibilities loom forth for original work, while the shops are replete with novelties. Place cards can be had in the shape of miniature pigs. Others are turkeys and geese. Some of these are hand-painted and are very effective.

> To cause some amusement it is an excellent idea to take the initial of each person's name, and with these as initial letters write a phrase descriptive of the person who is to occupy that place. Thus, if a man's initials are E. M., and his hobby is well known to his hostess, he might find a card on which is written "Everlasting Music." A girl's initials may be, for instance, A. L. F., and, amid much laughter, she might be forced to accept a phrase marked, "Arrant Little Flirt," and so on all around the table until each person finds, or is assisted in finding, his or her place.

A good way of initial treatment is to write verses, each line to begin with one initial of the victim's name.

A pretty idea is for each guest to write a Thanksgiving sentiment, or a cause for thankfulness, on a slip of paper. These are collected in a bowl and drawn forth and read one at a time, while everyone tries to discover the author.

As a centrepiece for the table, a large basket of chrysanthemums is effective. Yellow and red are the colors for the decorations.

An Old-Time Thanks: Iving. Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann, . A gray little prim little Puritan, Who lived in the years that are far away, Sat down to her dinner Thanksgiving day.

Turkey and goose, and a pumpkin pie, A little roast pig with a chestnut eye, Pudding and apples, and good brown "I feel very hungry," Deliverance said.

Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann-She ate and ate, when she once began, Turkey and goose and the chestnut pig, And slices of pic that were much too big,

Till, grandmamma says, she was just like They put her to bed with thoroughwort Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann, That gray little prim little Puritan. --Carolyn Bailey, in Good Housekeeping.

Thanksgiving and the Children. Encourage the children to help in the Thanksgiving preparations; the little ones love to be busy, and will work cheerfully if they are only shown how. Let them at least pare the apples and stone the raisins, and they will feel a proprietorship in the feast. Midday dinners are best when the children participate, and leave plenty of time afterwards for the games, which even the Pilgrim Fathers did not dis-

light, plenty of the most interesting her mind on. She'd hardly time to material can be found in the "Chron- throw herself on the bed afore you icles of the Pilgrims," by Alexander | was born. The room was dark, too-Young. All children like Mrs. Hemans' poems, "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." The stern endurance of the Plymouth colony is a fascinating sub- a-shining right into the winder!"

making and fun, but the deeper lessons that it brings must not be forgotten. childhood, which accepts what is done ing. Where was I, my boy?" for it as a right, but even the very little ones can be told in simple language the meaning of the day, and that true thankfulness should prompt us to share our blessings with others. The blessedness of giving is in itself a wonderful education.

Grace For Thanksgiving. For all Thy care and loving kindness, Lord,

Accept our thanks who gather round this board. We see Thy goodness in each perfect And every blade that makes the velvet

With hearts and lips in worshipful accord Do we recount the blessings on us poured, And lift our voices hymns of praise to For all Thy care.

Help us to help the needy and ignored; Teach us mere riches no true peace afford, And grant to each that he may often bring Some consciousness to Thee of laboring To prove, O Guardian! a worthy ward, For all Thy care.

Edward W. Barnard, in The Criterion.



::::: BY B. L. FARJEON. ::::::

A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

CHAPTER I.

How Thomas Dexter Made His Money. IS age was fifty-seven; hers seven and a half. His name was Thomas Dexter; hers Little Make-Believe. He was a crooked, ugly, pock-marked little man; she a crooked, ugly, pock-marked little girl. He was a general dealer; so was she.

His shop was situated in the heart of Clare Market, which some people with fastidious notions call Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The persons thus fastidiously inclined and who thus, metaphorically, turn up their noses at Clare Market, are dwellers therein, and being genteelly inclined to wish to disguise the fact, resembling in this respect other persons higher in the social scale who reside in Bayswater and call it Hyde Park, to the confusion of the simpleminded cabmen (if any such exist) and unsuspicious friends from the country.

Thomas Dexter gave himself no such airs. Clare Market was good enough for him, and his ambition, in a residential way, did not extend beyond it. Thirty-three years had passed over his head since, with his own hands, he painted on his shop windows the words, "Dexter, General Dealer," there

not being room for "Thomas." Time and dust had eaten into this sign and quite obliterated it, as in due course they would eat into Thomas Dexter and quite obliterate him.

When the painted letters of the legend on his shop windows were fresh and bright Thomas Dexter, also fresh and bright, commenced business with exactly £14 in gold, which he found, on the evening of his father's funeral, tied up in an old nightcap, in a hard lump

close to the tassel. He had come home sad of face and at heart from the churchyard in which his old friend and relative lay buried. He was not given to sentiment, but he and his father had been comrades for many a long year, and it was natural that he should feel melancholy in

his loneliness. There was another reason for sadheartedness; he had spent his last shilling on his father's funeral.

"Tom," his father had said to him in his dying moments, "there's something weighing on my mind."

"Out with it, father," said Thomas Dexter, "if it'll ease yer." "I was born in this here neighbor-

hood," continued the old man, "and so was you, my boy. Lord, don't I remember the night you come into the world! And now I'm a-going out of it. It was a Saturday night, and I was two mile away with my barrer in Tottenham Court road, where I had a pitch. The old woman was with me, looking arter the tin, and she sed to me about 10 o'clock: 'Father,' sed she, 'I feel a bit queerish; I think I'd best go home.' 'All right, old girl,' sed I, 'trot off; I'll manage without yer.' 'Don't worry about me,' she sed, smiling at me as she walked away; 'it's only a spasm.' That was you, Tom-you was the spasm. It was past 12 afore I got home, and I no sooner put my head in at the door than I knew I was a father in real earnest, for you salooted me with a squall which you kept up, on and off, for a matter of three months, I should say. You and the old woman was laying on this very bed, in this very room. It's rum to think on, ain't it? It was sharp work, but your almost as dark as it is now."

"Why, father," said Thomas Dexter, "it's broad daylight and the sun's

"You'll allow me to know," mur-The day should close with merry- mured the old man, with a fretful sigh, "I can see when it's dark and when it's light. I ain't dead yet, my boy. Tom, Gratitude is not a characteristic of I've a sort of notion that I'm wander-"In this room, where mother was

confined." "No-afore that! Where was I afore I come home that night?" "In Tottenham Court road, with the

barrer." "No, no, no! Afore that! Give a cove a leg up. What was I saying fust of

"That you was born in this here neighborhood."

ket, and there ain't a man, woman or | hand in the way of clothing suited him child hereabouts as don't know me, and if it was large enough, and as it was as won't know presently that I'm a not the slightest consequence if it were dead 'un. Tom, I shouldn't like to be many sizes too large, his appearance taken out of the workshop in a shabby | generally was that of a clumsily donesort of way. Don't shove me under up bundle. the turf as if I was a pauper. Do it

"That's it-that's what's weighing on

feathers!" The thing was done. The old man was buried with feathers, and Thomas Dexter experienced a solemn satisfaction as he gazed at the sable plumes, in bits of old calico and canvas and emblems of trumphant woe, which chamois leather bags nodded at him in approval of his dutiful regard to his father's last wish.

man's clothes to decide which to keep | poultices on them. thud upon the floor. Picking it up | valuable oddments.

quickly and loosening the knot with his teeth, fourteen pieces of bright gold came into view; also a paper, upon which was written:

"For my boy, Tom. If he's buried

me with feathers, they'll bring him Deliriously delighted at the discovery of the treasure, Thomas Dexter clapped the old-fashioned nightcap on his head and danced about the room

to a tune of his own composing, the music being the jingling of the sovereigns in the hollowed palms of his hands.

The next morning, being in a more composed frame of mind, he took the shop down stairs, which happened to be let, and set up as his own master.

He attended auctions and bought odds and ends. Nothing in the regular way at regular prices.

He knew a trick worth two of that. He had a craze for the antique. Anything in that line-chipped and cracked china, never mind how chipped and cracked; rickety old furniture, never mind how rickety; miscellaneous lots, the more miscellaneous the betterthese were his hobby. And some kind of good luck or good judgment, or both combined, stood always at his elbow, invisibly guarding his interests.

These ugly, crooked, pock-marked little men generally prosper, especially if they live on bread and salt butter, or bread and no butter, with an occasional herring ,and an ample supply of potatoes, with perhaps, at long intervals, a little bit of meat, wisely selected, and bought on the political economy principle.

And what finer spot in all the wide world for living economically is there than Clare Market, where the cheapening process goes on unceasingly the whole year through, from early in the morning till late in the night, when the grease and tar lamps are flaring in the

Little Make-Believe could have told you something about that.

She was intimately acquainted with all the entanglements and tortuous windings of Clare Market, and, young as she was, had grown in the habit of lingering by the side of pale-faced women who stood before the butcher's board striving to coax the man in the blue flannel apron to take a halfpenny a pound less, or at least to cut off a little of the superfluous fat with which the meat was fringed-efforts which

were very rarely successful. When Little Make-Believe witnessed the conclusion of such a bargain she would run to some convenient windowsill, where with ar imaginary knife she would cut away ail the imaginary fat from an imaginary piece of meat, and hand it to an imaginary poor woman, saying, with the air of a trader who is doing a splendid stroke of busi-

"There! Will that suit yer at tuppence a pound? Never mind the money.

Pay me when yer like!" At the end of thirty-three years you might have multiplied by fourteen the fourteen sovereigns Thomas Dexter found in his father's old-fashioned nightcap, and have multipled that again by fourteen, and you would still have fallen short of the extent of his

Not that he had any idea how much he was worth. That he had no disposition to count and gloat over his money and possessions was a sufficient If stories are to be told in the twi- mother was sharp at anythink she set | proof that the grain of his nature was not mercenary.

He was simply a man engrossed in his business, and he attended to it patiently and shrewdly until his shop became crowded with the strangest collection of odds and ends that were ever gatherel under one roof.

He took premises at the back of his shop, and almost before he could look around they became crowded also. Old armor, old brasses, old carvings, old lace, old enamels, old furniture, filled every nook and corner, and when a certain erratic taste for anything ancient and hideous came into vogue it was as good as a little fortune to him. Prosperity did not change him in the least. From a crooked, ugly, pockmarked young man, he grew into a

crooked, ugly, pock-marked middleaged man, and further on into a crooked, ugly, pock-marked old man. Despising everything new, he never from the day he set up as his own master wore a new coat, a new hat, or

As for the money he accumulated, he in style, old pal, and bury me with kept it anywhere except in a bank-in corners of his shop not accessible to customers, under the flooring, in the broken ceiling, in the walls, in old fiddles, in cobwebbed crevices, tied up

Some of these packages looked like diminutive legs of mutton; some like In the evening he looked over the old fingers and thumbs with large bread

for personal wear and which to dis- He had the greatest difficulty in pose of for a new start in life. Under squeezing himself of a night into the the mattress was his father's nightcap, little room at the back of his shop in which, as he moved the bed, fell with a | which he slept, so packed was it with

Suspended over his head, in the shape of a net, by means of pieces of string tled to the bare rafters of the ceiling, was his father's nightcap, the tassel, as you looked up, being the first part of it that met your eyes. '

A man of imagination might have conjured up the outlines of old Dexter's ghost standing on his head in his nightcap in reversal of the laws of nature. with his legs sticking upward through the roof. Into this nightcap Thomas Dexter for

many years had been in the habit of throwing an odd piece of gold or silver upon every occasion of his making a good bargain, and it was now so heavily weighted that, as he lay abed gazing at it, there was really a danger of the strings giving way and of its falling upon his crooked nose and making

it crookeder. But he did not attempt to remove this constant source of danger. He regarded his father's nightcap with superstitious reverence, and he had a fear that if he shifted its position, even by a hair's breadth, it might change his

He lived all alone, without chick or child. He washed and cooked and dideverything for himself. If Cupid had possessed a rusty antiquated arrow, he might have sent it in the direction of Dexter's shop; but Cupid's arrows are always new and brightly polished, and such shining articles would have been completely wasted upon this dealer in odds and ends. One arrow, indeed, had found its way to Thomas Dexter's heart, but that was many years ago. and he was now fast growing to be an old man, without a soul in the world to love or take care of him. As for an occasional kiss from or upon a pair of fresh young lips, he had forgotten the taste of such a thing-assuming, of course, that he ever had enjoyed it. Kissing, indeed! What time did any person suppose Thomas Dexter had for kissing!

CHAPTER II.

Thomas Dexter's Romance. The slight reference to the arrow which many years ago had found its way to Thomas Dexter's heart furnishes material for detail-which shall

be brief as woman's love. Yes, Thomas Dexter had had his ro-

The scene was Clare Market, the time twelve years ago. He was treating himself to a cheap stroll through the busy thoroughfares when, stopping for a moment at a vegetable stall, his eyes suddenly met the eyes of Polly,

Cleaver. She was no stranger to him, being a native of the locality. He must have seen her thousands of times, and he had never given her a thought; certainly it never entered his mind to pay

her the slightest attention. But his time had now arrived-and the woman. A magnetic spark flashed from Polly's eyes into his. Thomas Dexter's heart was lost, and Polly

Cleaver was the winner. Love is blind; but to be blind is not necessarily to be foolish.

Mortals deprived of sight are, as a rule, shrewd enough. Some are cuuning; some are cruel; few are thoroughly simple.

Love is an exception, however, being frequently foolish as well as blind. Of course it was Saturday night. If any prince in disguise wished to scek for adventure in London street, let him select Saturday night for the enter-

Then come out the toilers and moifers, the pleasure-seekers, the pain-

Girls who have been at work all the week flit about like butterflies, and enjoy blissful moments, meeting their lovers, and helping to fill the theatres

and music halls. The streets and public houses are thronged; the sky is lurid with the reflection of myriad gas jets.

From the garrets and the cellars creep strange figures into the light-the old, the decrepit, the solitary drinker, the stranger among millions, the man whom nobody knows, the child whom nobody owns, the wretch in hiding, the undiscovered murderer. It is the holiday hour of the week. Polly Cleaver was not alone. Her

father was by her side, with a glass or two, or more correctly speaking, the contents of a pewter pot or two in him. In which respect Polly was his match, and therefore, prudence might have suggested, no match for Thomas Dexter. But when was love prudent? The girl was not even pretty, and she

and her family were certainly not respectable. All sorts of queer stories of Polly's "goings on" were current. Thomas Cleaver did not think of this

when he went home on that Saturday night with the image of Polly Cleaver in his mind's eye. Polly Cleaver-Polly Cleaver! He

could think of nothing but Polly What eyes she had! What a complexion! What a laughing mouth, my mind! I was born in Clare Mar- a new pair of boots. Anything second what large white teeth. He idealized every feature in her face, every move-

ment of her body. The man was possessed. . . He passed a bad night, and he might have had a fever had he not found his

way to Polly Cleaver's lodgings on the following day, which in the natural order of time was Sunday. Mr. Cleaver, who had been all his life a carpenter out of work, met Thomas

Dexter on the stairs, as that love-lorn mortal was mounting to the second floor back, in which the Cleavers re-

sided. "Hallo!" cried Mr. Cleaver. "What brings you here?"

What could Thomas Dexter reply to this straight thrust except, "I've come to see how Polly is." (To be Continued.)

Reporters on Paris newspapers earn from \$30 to \$80 a month.