Thanksgiving.

No sound of pestilential tread: No common cause of fear: No wars; no voice of panic dread Make dark the fleeting year. Oh, passing year! Oh, golden venrt May that we soon shall greet. As rich in gifts at last appear. As perfect and complete,

THE MINISTER'S PIE.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Look here, Sally!" Mrs. Descon Farrell brushed the flour from her hands, casting meanwhile a complacent eye over the well-filled kitchen table, with its generous array of unbaked pies and cakes, the plump turkey stuffed and trussed ready for the morrow's baking, and the big chickenple, to which her fingers had put the finishing touches, as she repeated rather more decidedly:

"Look here, Sally! There's enough chicken left, with the giblets-that I never put in my own pie, because the deacon don't relish 'em-ter make a Thanksgiving pie for the minister's folks. 'Twont need to be very large," she added, in reply to Sally's doubtful look. "Only the minister and his wife -and you can bake it in that smallest yallar dish. Now I'm going up stairs ter look over them rags, an' you make it an' bake it right off so's I can send it over by the deacon."

"Yes'm," answered Sally, briskly; and catching up the rolling-pin she brought it down with an emphasis upon a lump of dough upon the moulding

As the stairway door closed behind her mistress, Sally dropped the rollingpin, and a look of perplexity crept over her dull face, making it ten times more stolid than usual, while she repeated, in ludicrous bewilderment:

"Giblets! What in all creation, if anybody can tell me, does she me

them?" Involuntarily she took a stop, fost ard, but checked herself as quickly, while a cunning smile replaced the look of perplexity, and she muttered triumph-

"I guess I ain't a-goin' ter confess my ignorance to the deacon's wife and let her have her say, as she always does, 'Two terms ter the cademy, Sally, and not know that!' No, ma'am! not while there's a dictionary in the house!"

So, softly creeping into the adjoining sitting-room, she hastily opened a big dictionary on the deacon's writing desk, and began her search for the mysterious

"G-i-b---here 'tis!' and she read aloud to herself, with an air of triumph, the following definition:

"Those parts of a fowl which are removed before cooking -heart, gizzard,

"That's it! -- heart, gizzard, liver and so forth," she repeated joyfully, as she retraced her steps to the kitchen, and began with alacr tv, to fill, according to directions, the minister's pie; keeping up meanwhile, a running fire of com-

ment for her own special benefit. "Six gizzards! Well, that is rather steep, as Dan Weston would say. But I guess the deacon's wife knows; if she don't, tain't none of my business. Six hearts! Them's small, and tuck into the corners handy. Six livers! Seems ter me they don't fill up much," and she glanced with a perplexed air, at a pile of denuded chicken bones that formed her sidering."

only resource. spiration, "what that 'and so forth' means? Here's hearts, gizzards and livers, plenty of 'em, but no 'and so forth,' and the pie ain't more than twothirds full yet. It must mean," and she cast a bewildered look at the half-filled pie, "the chickens' legs. I never knew nobody ter put them in a pie, but that must be what it means, and they'll just

No sooner thought than done. In upon which their unfortugate owners had strutted so proudly only the day be-fore; on went the well rolled dough covering them from sight, and into the oven went the minister's pie, just as the mistress of the house re-entered her kitchen, and with an approving glance at the snowy pastry, remarked, encour-

"That pie looks real neat, Sally. shouldn't wonder if, in time, you came to be quite a cook.'

It was Thanksgiving morning, and Miss Patience Pringle stood at minister's back door. To be sure it was rather early for callers, but Miss Pringle was, as she often boasted, "one of the kind that never stood on ceremony." Indeed, she didn't consider it necessary even to knock before she opened the door, although she was thoughtful enough in opening it to do so softly. The minister's wife was just taking from the oven a newly warmed chicken pie, which she nearly dropped from her hand, so startled was she by the sharp, shrill voice that spoke so close to her:

"Good mornin', Mrs. Graham. Hain't been to breakfast yet, I see. We had ours half an hour ago. I know my mother used to say that if anybody lost

an hour in the mornin, they might ion, her pretty face glowing with the chase it all day, and not catch up with it then."

"That's a good-lookin' pie-pretty rich pastry though, for a chicken pie. I don't never put much shortnin' in anything of that kind. It's rich enough inside to make up. But you're young, an' have got a good many things to learn yet. I run in to see if you could spare me a cup of yeast; mine soured, and the last batch of bread I made I had to throw it to the hogs."

"Certainly," and a roguish smile fluttered over the fair face of the minister's wife, at this specimen of her meddlesome neighbor's economy. But she had learned a rare lesson of judicious silence, and taking the cup that Miss Patience produced from beneath her shawl, she bule her visitor be seated while she left the room to get the de-

As her steps died away Miss Patience noiselessly arose from her scat and approaching the dresser upon which the pie stood, peered curiously into the apertures in the crust, her sharp face expressing eager curiosity.

"I'll bet you a ninepence she didn't know enough ter put crackers in. I wish't I could get one look, just to satisfy my own mind," she added. And determined to accomplish her object at half hazards she ran a knife deftly around a small portion of the edge, and inserting four inquisitive fingers, lifted the brown crust and took a glimpse of the contents.

A look of unmitigated disgust passed over her face. Dropping into a convenient chair she actually groaned

"Well, I never! an' we payin' that man five hundred dollars a year, besides a donatiion at Christmas. Ough!" Unsuspicious Mrs. Graham, as she re-

turned with the yeast, was somewhat puzzled by the sudden frostiness of her guest, who hurried out of the house as if some dreadful contagion had haunted it; but when the minister, in carving the pie that the deacon's wife had sent made two curious discoveries almost simultaneously, the reason for Patience's altered demeanor was made plain, and the young pair had a hearty laugh that made the old parsonage ring like a peal of Thanksgiving bells.

The Tuesday following was the regular day for the weekly sewing circle, and seldom had that interesting gathering proved so lovely and animated as on this occasion, well nigh bursting with some important secret that she was only waiting a fitting opportunity to divulge. That opportunity was not long in coming, for Mrs. Dea. Farrell, who was a constitutional croaker, took occasion to say, in reference to the hard times:

"The deacon had been tryin' ter collect the church tax, and he says he never found money so tight in all the years he's lived here. It's as hard to git five dollars now as it used to be to get ten."

"And no wonder," spoke up Miss Patience, with the stony severity of a sphinx. "You can't expect folks to feel like pavin' out their money when they see it fairly thrown away an'

Every jody looked curious, and some of the younger girls began to bridle defiantly. The minister's sweet young wife was evidently a favorite with them,

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Farrel, pointedly. "Mrs. Graham is young and inexperienced, to be sure; but as the deacon was savin' only yesterday, she does very well indeed con-

Patience tossed her head knowingly. "Now, I wonder," with a sudden in- "I don't want to say nothing to hurt her, but livin' next door as I do, I can't always help seein' and hearin' things that other folks can't be expected to know about, and when I see and know

> There was an ominous pause, and the deacon's wife asked excitedly:

"Chicken pies, with legs and feet of the chicken baked in?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen among them it could not have caused greater surprise to those tidy, thrifty New England housekeepers than this dreadful revelation of the incapacity of the pastor's

"Are you sure of it?" gasped one matron, breaking the eminous silence. " know it for a fact," was solemnly re-

"Chicken legs in pie."

"She's a born fool," ejaculated the deacon's wife, indignantiv, "and I'm thankful for her poor husband's sake that I sent her over one of my pies yesterday. They had to throw her's away, of course, and it's lucky that he didn't have to go without his Thanksgiving breakfast on account of her ignorance an' shiftlessness."

"How did you know about the pie?"

asked one of the girls. Miss Patience bristled defiautly. "That's nobody's business but my own," she retorted, tartly. "I don't go round to find out things that don't concern me, I'd have you know, but when they're thrown right into my face, as you might say, I don't shet my eves no

more'n other folks." Just here the door opened, and in walked the subject of their conversa-

haste that she had made, and mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes that nobody noticed, so occupied were they in hiding the confusion that her sudden

entrance had created. Walking to the table where most of the ladies were sitting, she saluted them cordially; and then holding out upon the tip of her slender finger a well-worn silver thimble, she said archly-

"Where do you think I found your thimble, Miss Patience?" So pleased was Miss Patience-to regain

her lost treasure that she forgot for a moment all assumed dignity and exclaimed joyfully:

that thimble once more! I told Mary education as learning to deal cards, and Jane that I felt sure I had it on my finger when I run into your house Thanksgivin' mornin' arter that yeast. But when I got home, it wa'nt nowhere to be found. Now where did you find it?"

Her shrill, high voice had attracted the attention of all in the room, and everybody looked up curiously as the minister's wife replied, with an innocent

"In the chicken pie that our good friend here"-and she nodded brightly to Mrs. Farrel-"sent me. I left the pie on the dresser when I went down cellar after your yeast, and as soon as I came back I put it on the table, and when my husband cut it there was your thimble in it. How could it have got there? Silence, deadly profound, yet, oh, how terribly significant to the deacon's wife and her spinster neighbor, fell

This was apparently unnoticed by Mrs. Graham, who, with a playful admonition to Miss Patience to take better care of her thimble in future, began an animated conversation with the ladies nearest her, that soon restored the company

to their wonted case and good humor. pies for her minister.

BROKE HIM ALBUP.

Come Between Husband and Whis.

[From the Baltimore American.] "Squire, she had thirteen dogs and cleven cats in the house, and we couldn't agree. I paid a man \$5 to come round I could get some rest, and that's the cause of the disagreement. My wife would have the dogs and cats, and resented any interference with them. We

This was the answer a man with a sad face made to Justice Warfield yesterday, after his wife had told the magisalong. She complained that the domestic breach was widening every day. The man rested his head on his hand and listened to the story, exaggerated to his mind, the wife told of her troubles. She said but little of the dogs and cats; but when her husband spoke of them it was with sorrow and suffering. The Squire advised them to try, if possible, to adjust their differences lovingly, and not let a little trifle like thirteen cats and eleven dogs wreck their happiness. It | tion. was evident the animals were a burden on the man's mind. He seemed thorughly dejected. The couple went out of the court rooom and discussed the sitnation, but it seemed impossible to come to satisfactory terms. The man consented to try life at home again if the number of animals were cut down in ome proportion, say one-half. She wanted all her pets with her. The two left the station. The husband refused to go home to be greeted with those He stood on the corner the picture of sadness, and looked at the splendors in the Western sky as the sun was sinking and thought, no doubt, of life in the beyond, where neither cats nor dogs disturb the tranquility of the soul. Something conquered him; it may be the look from his wife on the other side of the street. With the expression of a martyr on his face, he followed his wife down the street and the two went home together.

An Artist in His Way.

the counting room of a busy merchant on Madison street yesterday morning and handed him a card on which was written: "I am deaf and dumb; please buy a box of matches."

The merchant shook his head, and the peddler turned to go. His look of deep dejection touched the heart of the business man and he impulsively called after him: "Hold on! I'll buy a box."

The deaf and dumb man did not re spond. Not he. He was an artist in his particular line. He merely happened in again the afternoon of the chant two dozen boxes.

A Quick-Witted Girl.

Courtship is visible on every hand at Saratoga. Its aspects are various, but usually mild, though occasionally violent. Only last evening I went quickly a fellow struggling with a girl for a

"You shan't have it," she said.
"I will," he persisted. "No, you shan't ___ " and here she common belief.
saw me, and she finished the sentence At the breeki in this way: "This locket is a keepsake and I won't even lend it to you." | who have spent the evening in laughter and fun-making, should four persons in er their months like that in asking for bidding each other good night cross lockets. She was a quick-witted girl. Philadelphia Times.

SUPERSTITION.

The Belief in Signs Common to Many People.

What They Indicate.

It is astonishing what a hold superstition has upon the average American and it may be safely said that there is not one in a hundred who has the force of character and strength of mind to unburden himself of all such foolish notions. Among gamblers superstition "Well, I declare, I am glad to see forms as much a part of a professional's until he has all the innumerable superstitions which prey upon the minds of his class at his fingers' tips he cannot expect to rank as a real "gam."

Actors, too, are the most superstitious people on the face of the globe. In no company will the manager permit the "tag" or end of the play to be spoken during the preliminary rehearsal, and if. on the night of the first appearance an actor of the company or an attache of the theatre happens to look out front to "size up" the house before "the curtain is rung up, he or she is in for a long squabble with the manager or his assistant. In less intelligent companies this breach of "etiquette" would cost the It is certainly very mysterious anyway." offender a good part of the salary that might be due him.

Housewives have as many superstitions as gamblers, even more, and some of them are really laughable. In the country, if the back door happens to be open and a rooster crows near it, the industrious housewife who may be in the kitchen scouring her knives, will drop them in a hurry and run and get on her clean "duds." She considers it a sure sign that a stranger is coming. But But poor Miss Patience! she never should that rooster turn his back on the heard the last of her lost thimble, open doorway and go off crowing his While the deacon's wife, to the day of action will send a cold chill meandering her death, never trusted any hands but | up and down the spinal column of the her own hands to make Thanksgiving housewife, for then she knows "for certain" there'll be a death in the family.

Bad luck, too, will come if she sweeps dirt into her yard. It must be taken up in the house and burned in the Thirteen Dogs and Eleven Cats stove. This superstition should be cul-

Other superstitions of the same char acter-such as sweeping with a broom at night time or dumping crumbs in the yard-deserve universal commendation. into the yard and try and make some But just let a hen crow in the yard of arrangement with the animals, so that some old, way-back farmer. It will cause considerable commotion in the family. From the infrequency of this occurrence the belief in the minds of many people that it foretells a death is ineradicable. There are many other superstitions that are not common to any trate she and her husband couldn't get | particular class, but find believers in al ranks and every condition of life. Thus, the familiar verses

If you love me as I love you. No knife can cut our love in two

ust have been founded on the old-time belief that to present a knife to any person, and especially if he or she was loved by the donor, would bring bad luck, and in the case of lovers a separa-

"Death ticks" and the sound as bells ringing in a house are cousins ger man of the Irish "banshee," and the same direful consequences that are supposed to attend the appearance of th latter will result in the former instance. superstition which finds believere among really intelligent people is that of the "howling dog." If a dog howls playful yelps and meows, so grating to or means in front of your house at nis nerves, but music so pleasant to his night, to many people it is a sure force night, to many people it is a sure forerunner of sickness or death in the family. The writer knows of two in stances where the moaning of a dog at night in front of a house was followed by death—that of the dog.

When the time approaches for the new moon to appear above the horizon young men and girls who are lovestricken will hail it with feelings of chance they should first see the new moon by looking over their left shoulder, then good-by to all hopes of a successful A cadaverous looking man invaded issue of their affairs during the life of

All are familiar with the lines: "See the new moon through the glass, the sign of trouble while it lasts." Should the reader ever happen to leave home and forget some bundle which he intended to have taken, let him or her be sure to either make the sign of the cross in sand or else sit upon a convenient horse block. Should they return home without performing these rites to destroy same day and sold the penitent mer- the power of the Evil One, they are likely to suffer some terrible calamity.

To open and close an umbrella in a house is a sure sign of death. Perhaps the man who first said if you enter a house by one door and leave it by another, or if you enter by a window, it around a corner of a veranda and caught | will bring some evil consequences, hoped to scare off burglars who might be contemplating a raid upon his silverware and decorated china. Anyhow, it is a

At the breaking up of a merry crowd who have spent the evening in laughter their hands, there is a general shout and the victims are assured that one or the | -- Puck

other of them will marry soon. This is especially unpleasant in the case of a young man who may be calling upon the fair daughter of the family with the

most "innercentest" intentions. Another popular belief, and should it ever be expressed in your presence you Some Old-Time Omens and may set the speaker down as countrybred, is that should a tree-frog be killed his death will be shortly followed by

> "He is as cross as if he got out of bed on the wrong side," is a common ex-

The custom of walking arm in arm may owe its origin to a belief in the olden time that if two persons were walking together and anot her passed between them, they would be disappointed in something they intended to do. The charm against this is for all par-

ties to say "Good morning." - Washington Star.

In one of the most crowded thorough-

A Chinese Hospital.

fares of the Chinese quarter of Shanghai there has stood for forty years a free native hospital mainly supported by the European community. Very strange its wards look at first to English visitors. The patients bring their own bedding, consisting of a bamboo and a wadded quilt. Those who can move about are the only regular attendants of those who cannot. The house surgeon and dispenser is a Christian Chinaman, for thirty years connected with the hospital, and one of the first converts of mission school. Yearly about 800 patients pass through the wards and the proportion of deaths is small. Last year there were 56 and in the dispensary more than 22,000 cases were treated. From very far distances many of the poor suffering creatures come and back to their far-off homes many a healed one has carried a blessing greater than bodily healing, for we believe that nowhere, at home or abroad, could better proof be found than in the Shanghai of the benefit of combining medical and Gospel work. Daily the waiting room, seated for 300, is crowded with men, women and children, long before the dispensing hour, and daily an English missionary, as conversant with their language as his own, sets before this waiting multitude the Word of Life. "I believe," writes a Christian physician, who for some years had the oversight of this work, "that the Chinese undergo more suffering for want of medical knowledge than any other nation in the

the lame walk."-[Quiver.

world. In an institution like this, al-

most daily under a good surgeon, may

the blind receive sight, the deaf hear,

She Could Say R. The director of a large girls' school in French Canada, which is patronized by many American families, tells a story of a pert New England girl, with whom the instructors had any amount of difficulty, quite naturally, in getting her to sound the letter r. When a letter has been unpronounced for generations, it comes hard to the young. This New England girl had been labored with for so long a time over the sound of the in French words that she came to regard the instruction in this particular as a great bore; and when the director himself took her in hand one day, and

"Now, see here, Miss ---, I want you to pronounce the r for me," she put on a look of unutterable weariness. "Now, please pronounce for me an English word," he persisted, "that begins with an r, and be sure that you sound

"R-r-r-r-rats!" exclaimed the American girl, with a snap in her eyes .-Philadelphia Press.

A Hawk Drowns a Blackbird.

The English paper Land and Water publishes and credits to a "local paper," a story told by a Scotch railrord laborer, who saw a hawk swoop upon a blackbird bird, he says, was at once unperched and carried to the ground, struggling and screaming in the talons of his adversary. The hawk, evidently finding considerable difficulty fn dispatching the bird, dragged it along the ground to a shallow pool, where he put his head under water and stood on it till his victim was drowned.

Fighting from Balloons.

Military balloon experiments of various kinds are being tried in England off Dungeness. Thus range-firing has been watched from a captive balloon, while a similar craft is sent aloft empty and fired at by shrapnel shell, to ascertain how near a balloon may pass to the enemy's lines without being hit. Some capital photographs have been taken from a height of 4000 feet in a small balloon remaining only a few minutes in the air. The balloon carries an automatic camera, which produces a good view of the country beneath.

Base Ingratitude.

Featherly (to Dumley, who has given him a cigar)-Somebody (puff) must have given you this cigar, Dumley,

Dumley-Yes; is it a bad one? Featherly-No; it's a (puff) good one.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

By means of an air-gun, Prof. C. L. Mees has found that to drive straws into pine boards and hickory bark, as is often done by tornadoes, a velocity of 150 to 175 miles an hour is necessary.

The weight of sea water is 1,029 times that of fresh water. One cubic foot of sea water weighs 64.3125 pounds and one gallon 8.58 pounds. About one thirty-third part of its weight, or four ounces to each gallon, is salt.

At least 10,000 preserved humming birds are now embraced in the collection in the British Museum. The finest collection on this side of the Atlantic, containing about 2,000 specimens, has been presented by Mr. D. G. Elliot to the American Museum of

Natural History in New York. Pasteur proves the value of his preventive of splenic fever by showing that in France, during the last five years, the morality of inoculated sheep has ranged from 0.75 to 1.08 per cent., that of noninoculated being ten per cent. Only 0.28 to 0.50 per cent, of inoculated cat-

tle died, and five per cent. of others. A popular fallacy, according to Mr. A. W. Hare, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, is the belief that water from a rushing torrent is safer for drinking purposes than the water from a sluggish stream, for the reverse is really the fact. Sewage-contaminated water contains fewer organisms after ten or twelve days than river water, for the reason that the microbes' rapid growth during the first two or three days exhausts their

Says old Allen Thompson: "When I am in the woods I never use a compass; in fact, I don't need any. There are three sure ways that I have for finding the points of the compass, You will notice that three-fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side; the heaviest boughs on spruce trees are always on the south side; and thirdly, the topmost twig of every uninjured hemlock tips to the east. You just remember those things and you'll never get lost.

The classification of the fishes found in the sea of Galilee has led to the strange discovery that these fishes do not belong to the Mediterranean system, but are peculiar, and belong to the fish system of the great inland lakes of Africa-Tanganyika, Nyassa, and the neighboring waters. The Canon draws me inference that untold ages ago the Jordan Valley was filled by a lake which was joined to the Red Sea, then a fresh water lake, which in turn was in direct communication with the great lake system of Central Africa.

The plan of signaling accurate time from sea-coasts was first adopted by Great Britain about thirty years ago. That country now has on its coasts fourteen time-balls and five other timesignals, and its colonies and dependencies have twenty-six time-balls; Germany has seven time-balls; France, four time-balls and two other time-signals; Sweeden and Norway, Austria-Hungary, Holland with Belgium, and the United States, have five time-balls each; Denmark has two; Spain and Portugal, one each; Italy, none.

How People Drown,

Edward Horn, an employe of the Detroit Ferry Company and the saver of pearance. But this did not last long. As sixty-four lives, has related a few of the characteristics of a drowning person. "I believe I can tell just by the clutch | next the collars would go, and often the how many times a drowning person has shirts. The men were soon bathed in been down. The first trip down they perspiration, which they would hastily go for you with a firm, decided clutch that means they still known what they are about. The second immersion causes | they touched themselves. When the a shaky, uncertain grip, which can be men began to fall and were carried to easily broken if you so choose. It is the | the rear by their comrades, blood stains last time down that the grasp becomes a convulsive bewildered one, and but at the close of the fight the artillerymen, the unfortunate man has descended for the third time. Almost invariably the rible spectacle that can be imagined. which was singing on a bush by the drowning man, on his final journey be- But they soon removed all trace of the mingled hope and fear. If by any mis- side of the River Ettrick. The black- low the water, will seize his preserver fray, and by the next day were as clean by the legs. It seems to be a law of nature, and one I cannot account for. It would be easier to save a whole river full of men than one drowning woman. The odd feature of the latter's struggle in the water is that she will seize your hands if she can get hold of one or both of them, A woman will drown quicker than a man. She opens her mouth from the time she first strikes the water, and never closes it, and so loses her senses more easily. Yes, I saw one person die of strangulation while we were under water together. His eyes were wonderfully fascinating as he stared helplessly at me. You may not believe it, but they shone like two balls of fire.

They Sang.

There was a difficulty among the sing- fish, and thus rendered still more easy ers; and, it being rumored as a settled of absorption. The labor of digestion is fact that the choir would not sing a thus partly taken away from the tasks to note on the next Sabbath, the minister be performed by the invalid. Of course, commenced morning worship by giving the fishy odor is objectionable at first, out that hymn of Watt's, "Come ye who but this is generally easily overcome by love the Lord." After reading it through, he looked up very emphatically to the choir and said, "You will begin at the second verse: -

'Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God.'" that hymn, - Musical

"No. Thank You, Tom." They met, when they were girl and boy, Going to the school one day, And, "Won't you take my peg-top, dear?" Was all that he could say. She bit her little pinafore,

Close to his side she came; She whispered, "No, no, thank you, Tom," But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self-same way When ten swift years had flown; He said. "I've nothing but my heart, But that is yours alone.

And won't you take my heart?" he said, And called her by her name; She blushed and said, "No, thank you, Tom," But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years Have brought them care and joy. She has the little peg-top still He gave her when a boy. Tve had no wealth, sweet wife," says he

"I've never brought you fame;" She whispers, "No! no, thank you, Tom, You've loved me all the same!"

HUMOROUS.

The two-legged crank is the hardest

-[F. E. Weatherley.

It would seem natural for a carpenter

to have a lumbering gait. "All But" is the title of a story by

Rose Terry Cooke. Probably the history of a billy goat. Curiously enough the man who is always in a pickle doesn't preserve his tem-

per worth a cent. A Canadian farmer has a calf which eats turkey whenever it gets a chance. The carnivorous bovine should be named "The Czar."

Edison has invented a graphophone whose voice is clear and distinct. Men with well regulated wives don't need any of these new-fangled things. "Why is a small boy like a woman?"

said a certain man to his troublesome wife. No response, "Because he will make a man grown," said the conun-Lady of the house (urging company to eat)-Please help yourselves. Do

just as you would in your own house. I am always so glad when my friends "What are chilled 'ploughs, papa?" asked the little son of an agriculture professor. "Oh, my son," was the wise

reply, "they are ploughs which have stood out in the furrow all winter. "My dear old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?" "By a very simple method." "What method was that?" "When I was poor I made out that I was rich. and when I got rich I made out that I

was poor." After the Battle.

The aspect of troops of all arms of the service, writes Colonel J. B. Gandolfo, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is very different in battle from the trim and neat parade appearance, but nowhere is this difference so marked as in the artillery. It was always most interesting to me to watch a battery going into action. The artillerymen were very careful at all times to dress strictly in accordance with regulations and when a battery took position every cannoneer looked as if he had just prepared himself for inspection. Nothing could be neater and more uniform than their apthe fire began to get hot a jacket here and there would be thrown off; brush off with their powder-blackened hands, leaving great marks wherever were added to the powder marks, and few swimmers can save a person after so remarkable for their fine appearance at its opening, presented the most hor-

Fats as Tonies. Fats, especially those which are of

easy digestion, like cod liver oil and sweet cream, are also essential to the well-being of the nervous system. The peculiar substance-neurine-found in all nervous structures contains fat as an essential constituent. It is remarkable that most "nervous" individuals have a strong aversion to fats as articles of diet. This is extremely unfortunate, for the omission of fats and oils from the diet tends to not only continue the nervousness, but to increase the irritability and weakness. Cod liver oil is a most valuable medicine in such cases, because it is already partly digested by admixture with the bile secreted by the liver of the continuing its use for a short time There are a few preparations on the market in which oil of some kind has been partially digested by admixture with pancreatine. Emulsions thus made as nelstable but much more expensive the the crude oil .- [Globe-Democrat.