

# The STRANGERS' THANKSGIVING

By ELIZABETH FERUSON SEAT

Mrs. Harmon went about her Thanksgiving preparations with a heavy heart; for the first time within her recollection the relatives, each and severally, had sent regrets. By reason of illness, company, sudden journeys, not one of the large connection could be present. With a sigh she had turned to those two perennial guests, the minister and the school teacher; but they, too, had other plans. It was a dreadful disappointment; the Thanksgiving dinner and the household of guests were the very crowning episode of her yearly labors. Her husband and three sons felt her distress, but rather in a reflected way, for no matter whether guests came or went, they would be present, and their interest in the success of the great dinner was as vital as it had ever been. They had helped to feed the two pampered turkeys and gather in the stores of fruits and vegetables, and they looked forward to the realization of their anticipations with lively interest. The day dawned clear and cold, and Mrs. Harmon began her final preparations for the event, the lack of guests, or even the anticipation of any, disturbed her so greatly that she appealed to her sons. Dick and John and Benjamin watched her spread the table upon a fruit cake sympathetically.

"Tell you, mother, what'll we do," declared Dick, mischievously, "we'll go down to where our line joins the big road, and we'll just invite whoever passes, along, providing we like his looks."

His mother looked doubtful. "Well, not too many, you know, Dick; and do it in the right way. I don't suppose that anybody'll come, or even pass by, for that matter. That 'big road' is a pretty lonesome one, especially so late in the season."

The boys departed upon their novel mission in high glee, but presently Dick

anybody else? Your folks won't miss you?"

The young man's merry countenance was instantly saddened. "No, they won't miss me. You needn't be afraid."

As the guest disappeared down the lane, following the guidance of the nimble Benjamin, the two boys turned hopefully to the highway. If only another traveler as desirable were abroad and willing to be feasted, the day would be a triumph after all. But travelers did not seem to be journeying, and the minutes lagged dreadfully. From the position of the sun and the state of his appetite John knew that it was almost 12, and instead of watching the highway he kept his wistful gaze fastened upon his elder brother, who was employed in whitening unknown species of animals from a piece of soft pine. So a surrey, drawn by a handsome pair of bays, was upon them before they were aware of its approach. The boys sprang to their feet and shouted just as it was dashing past. The driver drew up with difficulty, and the only occupant, an old gentleman, with white hair and a very wrinkled face, looked out to see what was wanted. Rather incoherently, and in some confusion, Dick told his story and gave his invitation, omitting to state the presence of the other stranger. The driver of the surrey, which was from a livery stable in a small town ten miles away, looked displeased, and prepared to drive on, but the old gentleman said: "I shall miss the New York train anyway, as it lacks but ten minutes to 12, and I consider it a privilege to eat Thanksgiving dinner with such hospitable people. If the young men will get into the carriage and indicate the way we will accept their kindness and that of their good mother with many thanks."

As the surrey dashed up to his residence, Mr. Harmon was stepping upon the front porch with the big horn in his hand. He dropped it in astonishment and hastily summoned his wife. The boys scrambled out and the old gentleman followed. As he was about to introduce himself, the young man, with Benjamin, appeared at the end of the porch. The two strangers stared at each other. The younger one grew very pale while the other grew very red. Then,



THE TWO STRANGERS STARED AT EACH OTHER.

sent Benjamin back to inquire how long they were to keep the invitation open. Satisfied that all their offers of good cheer would be honored up to the blowing of the big dinner horn, they hurried down the frosty lane in high spirits. The road made a sharp turn in front of the lane, and that they might not be taken unawares, Dick posted John, who was too shy to address any stranger, where he might watch in one direction for the faintest tokens of the approach of anyone, and he and Benjamin located themselves upon a fallen log on the opposite side of the road to keep an eye out in the other direction. The sky was blue and cloudless; the dead leaves fell in showers at every gust of wind; in the woods, not far away, there was now and then a clatter of falling nuts.

The boys waited in silence for a few minutes, but no one appeared. Benjamin grew restless. "I can't sit so still and proper. I guess I'll run over there in the woods and pick a pocketful of those nuts. They're shellbarks, and the squirrels are working for their lives." But just as he started, John made signs of distress, and Dick, as master of ceremonies, came up very properly, and hastily began to rehearse a little speech which he had prepared as they came along. A young man, riding a gray pony, trotted down the highway. As he approached the curve in the road the three boys stood up, and were so evidently waiting for him that he stopped his horse in great astonishment and stared at them quite as earnestly as they were staring at him. Gravely and politely Dick described the state of affairs at his home, and asked the young man to lend the sauce of his presence to their feast.

The stranger gazed at the three boys mutely for an instant, and then a twinkle crept into the corners of his eyes, and he took out his watch. "Eleven o'clock," he exclaimed, gravely. "Are you sure it's not too late?"

"Oh, no," cried Benjamin, hopefully, "the horn hasn't blown, and mother said 't wouldn't be too late till after that.'"

"Show him the way, Ben," commanded the big brother, solemnly, "and be sure to feed the pony." Then he added earnestly to the stranger: "You're certain that we're not taking you away from

while the whole Harmon family were staring with all their might, the younger man rushed forward and cried: "Father, won't you forgive me?"

Mrs. Harmon sat down upon the doorstep and cried, the boys shrank back to the very corner of the porch, the other father leaned against a pillar and waited, for this proud father was taking a long time to open his heart. But at last he did it; he sighed, and a host of the hard, fine wrinkles vanished from his face as he said: "My son!" and held out his arms.

The Harmon crowd forward; even the driver pressed nearer. The very air fragrant with Thanksgiving. Then forgetful of the great dinner, everybody waited while the old gentleman explained. It was the old story. His son and he had quarreled, and the young man had gone west to make his fortune. That was two years ago, and there was a white-haired old lady far away in New York who cried every day for a boy that never came, but who was coming at last, for after dinner they would drive over to the station, and in a couple of days there would be another Thanksgiving, and this old lady would be at the feast.

Then Mr. Harmon blew the horn, notwithstanding everybody was on the spot, and Mrs. Harmon announced dinner. It was the most thankful feast that she had ever served, though, for the first time in her career as a housekeeper, she had to share the credit for it, for Dick insisted that at least half the glory was his.—Young People.



Kind Lady—Wot? Beggin' right on top o' your Thanksgiving dinner? Wot is it you want?

Gorged George—A couple o' dyspepsier tablets, please, mum.—Chicago Daily News.

## COMING UP.



She—How enthusiastic and devoted your friend is to yachting!

He—Yes, it gives him a chance to get among the swells.

## CRES ON A BEAR HUNT.

Indians of the Far North Make Elaborate Preparations for Capturing Bruin.

The Wood Creses of the far north have a great respect for their "little brother," makwa, the bear, and the braves array themselves for a bear hunt in their finest dress of ceremony. In "Silent Places" Mr. Stewart Edward White describes an attack on a bear by a party of Indians, as witnessed by two woodsmen.

"Dick and Sam perceived a sudden excitement in the leading canoes. Haukemah stopped, then cautiously backed until well behind the screen of the point.

"It's a bear," said Sam, quietly. "They've gone to get their war-paint on."

In a short time the Indian canoes reappeared. The Indians had intercepted their women, unpacked their baggage and arrayed themselves in buckskin, elaborately embroidered with beads and silks in the flower pattern. Ornaments of brass and silver, sacred skins of the beaver, broad dashes of ochre and vermilion on the naked skin, twisted streamers of colored wool all added to the barbaric gorgeousness.

"Phantom-like, without apparently the slightest directing motion, the bows of the canoes swung like wind-vanes to point toward a little heap of drift logs under the shadow of an elder bush. The bear was wallowing in the cool wet sand.

"Now old Haukemah rose to his height in the bow of his canoe, and began to speak rapidly in a low voice, in the soft Cres tongue.

"O makwa, our little brother," he said, "we come to you not in anger, nor in disrespect. We come to do you a kindness. Here are hunger and cold and enemies. In the Afterland is only happiness. So if we shoot you, O makwa, our little brother, be not angry with us."

"With the shock of a dozen little bullets the bear went down, but was immediately afoot again. He was badly wounded and thoroughly enraged. Before the astonished Indians could back water, he had dashed into the shallows and planted his paws on the bow of old Haukemah's canoe.

"Haukemah stood valiantly to the defense, but was promptly upset and pounced upon by the enraged animal. Dick Herron rose suddenly to his feet and shot. The bear collapsed into the muddied water.

"Haukemah and his steersman rose dripping. The Indians gathered to examine in respectful admiration. Dick's bullet had passed from ear to ear."

## NOW A SCHOOL FOR BRIDES

New Kind of Educational Institution That Is Flourishing in Philadelphia.

Earlier generations acquired by practice many of the arts now learned in special schools. Farming, cooking, sewing, and various trades will come readily to mind as illustrations; but the newest of all arts to come under the modern order of things is the art of being a bride, says Youth's Companion.

A "school for brides" is now flourishing in Philadelphia. It ought really to be called a school for wives, for the benefits it confers are permanent. Moreover, brides seldom need to be taught how to make home happy. They accomplish it by virtue of being brides. It is only when the novelty wears off, when the newly-married couple begin to awaken from their dream, that the reserves of knowledge and tact and sterling character must be brought to the front.

Then it is that the clear coffee and the flaky pie-crust work their subtle fascination, and the ability to use money wisely inspires respect. To entertain simply but hospitably, to keep together the little household trials, and to look with a tolerant eye on the groom's occasional visit to the club or on his renewal of premarital friendships—these are among the other accomplishments of an ideal wife which are taught in the new school. The earnest desire of women to make real homes for their husbands is attested by the fact that 23 present or prospective brides are already enrolled as pupils.

To most persons news of this venture will come with the shock of surprise, and to many the school may seem absurd. It ought rather to be regarded as most natural. What is really surprising is the fact that whereas all the special occupations of life are taught in special schools, training for the most general and by far the most important has been left to chance—that is, unless the home should be called a training-school.

The school for brides supplies a real need, but it ought not to exist alone. A school for bridegrooms is just as necessary—unless the present institution be made coeducational. Young men know as little about the responsibilities of married life as young women, and usually they need the instruction more.

## WHAT LOWERED HER VOICE THE JAPS AND THE MULE.

Made Herself Conspicuous by Loud Talk in Public and Was Laughed At.

"Tell me one thing, Fern," demanded the girl who had the end seat in the street car, "do they burn candles on the table at Miss Cameron's?"

Fern looked bewildered, relates Youth's Companion. She had just finished telling an anecdote that had nothing in the world to do with candles. "No. Why?" she asked.

"Just because I've heard they do it in some boarding schools to help the girls cultivate low, soft voices. Dim cathedral effect in light, you know, and all that. They say it hushes you down before you know it. And I asked because I couldn't help noticing, as you told that story, how different your voice was from what it used to be before you went away to school. I don't believe a person in this car except me caught a syllable of what you said."

"Oh, I know," smiled Fern. "I have changed in that respect, but it isn't due to candles. And I'm ashamed to say it isn't due to my mother's lectures, either. Don't you remember how she used to be always pleading with me not to publish family history and personal anecdotes to all the people in the car? But I went right on doing it, and she went right on suffering, until a little thing happened about six months ago that made me suffer, too, and since then I believe I haven't shouted in public once."

"Absurd girl! You never shouted. I didn't mean that."

"Oh, 'twas nothing less. Don't think I'm taking offense. But I'm telling you what cured me. I went into the city with May Deering one day last winter, and we were lunching in a restaurant together, and having gales of fun. I was doing most of the talking, as usual; and after we ordered, I got to telling May about a funny servant we had once for a few days—a girl who performed round the table in a way that used simply to convulse us. She'd place a plate before you, and then suddenly snatch it up again, hold it close to her eyes, strike a grotesque attitude and say: 'My, look at that plate! It's all grease! I don't know how it got so!'

"Well, you can imagine how I told that to May, in my old-time voice, and imitating the maid's look and her loud, nasal tones as well as I could. Of course I snatched up my own empty plate from the table to illustrate, and I'd no sooner set it down again than a red-faced, indignant waitress darted forward and seized it and began rubbing it with a napkin as hard as she could.

"At the same instant I saw two rather nice-looking men at the next table nudge each other, and study me as if they thought I was queer. They had all heard, and not one had understood that the whole thing was a quotation. And, O Anne, if you could have seen the awful face I made up at that plate and the dreadful voice I used!

"Oh, yes, laugh! It was funny, I know, but that waitress didn't think so, and I couldn't make her understand. If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget how I felt, and the only wonder to me is that I've ever dared to speak above a whisper anywhere since."

## Not a Scrap Left.

The editor of a flourishing journal in a California town recently called at the "home of the bride's parents" the day after the wedding. He was desirous of telling his readers all about the event, and wished to give the young couple a god "send-off" as well. The bride's mother met him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones!" said the editor. "I have called to get some of the details of the wedding."

"Goodness!" replied Mrs. Jones, in dismay. "They're all gone. You ought to have come last night. They ate every scrap."—San Francisco Bulletin.

All Right for Nettle.

Jane—I wonder how Nettle got Fred to propose to her? She certainly isn't a bit attractive.

Gertrude—No, but she has such tact, you know. He asked her to lunch a little while ago; it was only out of politeness, you understand. But in giving the order she managed to order just the things that Fred liked best. Naturally, he fell in love with her on the spot.—Boston Transcript.

Experiment in Physics.

Knecker—What would happen if an irresistible body met an immovable body?

Bocker—Try an auto and a football player.—N. Y. Sun.

## A LONG DRINK.



"Do you mind my using your telescope a minute, sir?"



"Telescope nothing! That's a drink mug!"

Rice Growers of Nippon Are Not Anxious to Employ the Hybrid in Their Work.

"So the Japanese rice growers are not willing to tackle that interesting native institution, the American mule, without the aid of home folk," said an observant man, according to the New Orleans Times Democrat, "and I can see where they are right about the matter. The American mule is a long-eared, quick-heeled, supple-jointed mystery, and no man, no matter how wise he may be, can do anything with him unless he have special training. As a matter of fact, the white man in America is sadly deficient when it comes to a working knowledge of the mule. Up to the present writing the American negro is the only living person who can claim anything like mastery when it comes to the mule. Somehow there is something in the nature of the black man and the mule which makes it easier for them to get along. Just what it is I do not know. But even the black man will have his ups and downs now and then with the mule, and I have seen some very interesting instances of this kind, one of the most amusing being that of an extremely hard skilled negro who never wanted a better weapon than his head in any sort of conflict with man or beast.

"One day he fell out with his mule. Ordinarily, they get along well enough together. But in some way the mule on the day in question made the negro mad and the fight began. In the first place, the negro broke his water jug over the mule's head. This did not faze the animal. Grabbing the mule by the ears and taking a good, firm grip, the black man landed with vigor between the mule's ears, using his head as a weapon. The blow was a knockout blow all right, but the trouble was that it knocked the negro out also. Both mule and negro fell to the ground like dead. In a short while both were fairly good friends again. The Japs are right. They will need special training on the mule proposition and no mistake, and the negro is about the best man they can get to do the training."

The Last Straw.

Mrs. Ponsonby-de-Style—Do you mean to say that all is lost?

Mr. Ponsonby-de-Style—Every penny. Nothing can be saved. We must give up this fine house.

"No matter. We will have less care."

"I can walk."

"And our servants."

"I will do the work myself."

"And our hyphen."

Then she fainted.—Cassell's.

Just Comfortable.

Uncle—Bobby, I suppose you've been a good little boy?

Bobby—No, I haven't.

"Why, I hope you haven't been very bad?"

"Oh, no; just comfortable."—Smith's Weekly.

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By Wire and Air.

An accidental experiment in the velocity of sound is recounted by a correspondent. He went to his telephone, and just as he put the receiver to his ear he heard the click of another telephone. Another receiver had been removed and the line was open. Then he heard through the telephone the shriek of a locomotive whistle, and a few seconds later the sound came through the open window in the usual way. Looking up, he saw a locomotive half a mile away, passing the house of a friend. The mystery was solved. The telephone that was open was that at the distant house, and the sound of the whistle had come through its transformation into an electric current quicker than it had traveled through the air.—Youth's Companion.

## GIRL AND WOMAN

### CARE NEEDED AT THE CHANGE FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

Many a Life Spent in Suffering Because Troubles Were Allowed to Develop At This Time.

Every mother of a growing girl should remember that there will come a time when her daughter will be a girl no longer but will share with her the blessings of womanhood. Unless nourishment keeps pace with growth the foundations of a life of suffering are laid at that time. Mrs. John MacKinney, of No. 478 Thirteenth street, Detroit, Mich., writes a timely word. She says:

"I did not get proper care at the first critical time in my life and for seventeen years I suffered as a result. I had dizzy spells, felt a constant fear that something dreadful was about to happen and was afraid to go out alone. My breathing was very short and I had palpitation of the heart so badly that I could not go up stairs nor walk even moderately fast. I was so nervous that I could not sit still. At different times for years I was under the care of the best physicians in Detroit and I tried a number of advertised medicines. Nothing helped me until, on the advice of a neighbor, I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I felt relieved before the first box was finished and I kept on taking them until I was cured.

"Last winter my little girl had rheumatism and I gave her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she got well right away. My niece was thought to be going into consumption and, upon my advice, she tried the pills. They cured her cough and she is now well and strong. My entire family are enthusiastic over Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and we cannot say enough in their praise."

"These pills effect such cures because they go to the root of the disease. Other remedies act on the symptoms—these marvelous vegetable pills remove the cause of the trouble. They have proved themselves to be an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from impure blood and weakened nerves—two fruitful causes of nearly all the ills to which humankind is heir. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y."

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