

THANKSGIVING AT IONESOME HOLLOW

By HELEN F. HUNTINGTON

SEEMS awfully forlorn to eat a Thanksgiving dinner all alone," said Milly, soberly, looking over at the young fellow who sat mending a harness strap beside the blazing hearth. "I haven't the heart to get up a big dinner for just us two."

"I don't see what else we can do. No neighbors to invite except old Pete Sprat, and he wouldn't come. We might send him something by way of being neighborly."

"And he turned away for our sakes," the woman laughed.

"You can't even go out on the high-ways and hedges and gather in stragglers, like the ancient host of Bibbe fame. Maybe it is just as well not to have all the work of getting up a Thanksgiving dinner, for it seems to me that you look tired, Milly. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Jim. I guess I need a little outing. I'll take a run across the hollow and be back before supper."

Milly put on her cloak and went out into the crisp autumn afternoon. The woods were bare except for a few torch-like flames of red which marked the presence of an occasional gum tree. The sky was clear, cold and pallid, tinged with a greenish glow where the dark forests rimmed the far horizon. Not a sign of human habitation was visible, and not a sound broke the vast stillness save the steady tap-tap of a woodpecker. The loneliness oppressed Milly strangely. For two years she had endured it in cheerful silence, working patiently.

good coffee and teal cake. Oh, we'll have enough, you may be sure. Jim, you must rig up a table big enough to seat them all."

They worked till bedtime that night, peeling apples, seeding raisins, and picking the turkeys. The next morning Milly rose long before dawn and set about her baking and brewing, while Jim put up a big deal table that stretched almost the length of the room, and by noon it was set with all the luscious viands of an eastern Thanksgiving dinner, set with homely platters and dishes, to be sure, but not rougher in appearance than the men who finally seated themselves about the steaming board. Jim beamed happily from his place at the head of the table and tried dutifully to "act as if by company belonged there," as Milly had said. The big black-whiskered fellow, whom the others addressed as Blaisdale, had the place of honor, because he seemed to be the leader of the gang by natural selection, as the rest all deferred to him. He watched Milly with a curious interest, which brought a flush to her cheek and made her slightly uncomfortable.

"You're mighty comfortably fixed for these diggings," said he, presently, looking about the walls with their homely prints and ornaments.

"Yes, we are rather comfortable, thanks to Milly's ingenuity," Jim answered, with a glow of affectionate pride.

"You're lucky to be able to afford such luxuries, for all those fancy fixings are luxuries in Colorado," Blaisdale remarked, significantly.

"Yes, I count myself one of the luckiest men in the world. I owe every thing to Milly, even my life. I was a poor law student when we were married, and when my health broke down she simply took all responsibility into her own hands. It was her money that enabled me to come here. It's her bit

"I'm getting morbid simply for the want of a little company," she said, as she walked down the untraveled road in the face of the crisp north wind. "That will never do for you, Milly Bennett. For Jim's sake you mustn't give way to such foolishness."

Suddenly Milly's ear caught the sound of chopping which seemed to come from the hollow beyond the divide. She turned and made her way easily through the leafless thicket, walking briskly over the hill and down the opposite descent until she distinctly heard voices. Further on, at the edge of a natural clearing, she came upon a party of travelers camped beside a newly kindled fire, where a lean, gaunt appearing fellow busied himself with preparations for the evening meal. They were eight in all, a rough, unkempt lot in leather jackets and rusty boots. Beside the cook lay a bag of flour, a rasher of bacon, and two jugs stopped with corn-cobs.

Milly stopped abruptly when she found herself observed by the curious eyes of eight strangers, then changed her mind and crossed the icy little brook and made her way toward the fire.

A big, black-whiskered man dropped his armful of horsefeed and looked at her piercingly. "Lost?" he asked, brusquely.

"No. I live two miles up the divide. I happened to hear you chopping, and stopped out of curiosity."

The man's insistent gaze annoyed her, but the forlorn, gaunt appearance of the little group incited a little thrill of pity and made her think gratefully of her own cozy, cheerful little shack, with Jim waiting for her beside the glowing fire.

"I suppose you are simply camping here for the night," she ventured, looking about at the meager comforts of the camp.

"Well, no," answered the black-trodden man, who impressed her at once as being spokesman of the party. "We came down to prospect a bit. There's talk of gold in this claim, and if it's worth our while we may set up for a week or two."

"Oh, then, you'll be here over Thanksgiving, won't you? I'd like to have you all take dinner with us to-morrow."

The man looked at his fellows with a curious smile, half questioning, half credulous. "It's rather unexpected," he remarked, humorously.

"Oh, we're all neighbors out here, you know," Milly explained, cordially. "My husband would be very glad to have you with us. We are from the east, and we're used to having company for Thanksgiving."

"Your husband is a prospector, too, I take it?"

"Oh, no. He came out here for his health two years ago, when he was all run down with overwork. We expect to stay here until he's quite well."

"We didn't notice any houses as we passed along. Where do you live?"

"Two miles below here, on the Sunrise road, not on the trail. Will you come over to-morrow?"

"Well, being as you're so kind as to take the trouble to invite us we'll be glad to accept your hospitality, and thank you."

"Very well. I shall expect you promptly at 12. There are eight of you, aren't there? I want you all, remember. Now, I'll go for the walk is rather long. You cross the hill and go straight south till you reach the Sunrise wagon road, which will take you directly to our shack, going west. Good night."

Milly returned in great good spirits. Jim looked dubious at first, but he was loth to damp the ardor of his good little helpmeet by voicing his doubts as to the wisdom of inviting eight strangers to their home.

"You don't mind, do you, Jim?" Milly asked, anxiously.

"Not a bit. If it pleases you, let's have them by all means."

"You should have seen them! Great, gaunt, hungry-looking fellows who probably haven't had a good dinner for a year. I do believe Providence sent me across their path expressly to give them a treat."

"I hope we have enough stuff on hand," said cautious Jim. "It will take heaps to satisfy eight hungry men, you know."

"Of course we have plenty. We'll kill both turkeys and I'll make four puddings instead of one, and two boiled puddings besides. We'll have potatoes and turnips and the canned corn I put up myself, and as much elder as they can drink. For dessert we'll have real

"You won't regret your kindness," she said, with a glow of affectionate pride.

"I'm getting so gray I'm startled," says another man. How about the 17 days of continuous sunshine and balmy air preceding? "Well, he says, 'I forgot that. I suppose I ought to be thankful.' Now isn't that 'Thanks, awfully'?"

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THANKSGIVING AND THANKS LIVING

By FRANCES E. TOWNSLEY

PUPIL in the school of life, please rise and spell Thanksgiving. And if you have learned well the lessons of human experience, as far as you've gone, you will answer: "The best way to spell Thanksgiving is T-h-a-n-k-s-L-I-V-I-N-G."

Joe Billings says: "Many people use their religion about as they would a life-preserver, putting it on only in time of danger, and they generally wrong side before."

Part of our religion is supposed to be cherishing a spirit of thankfulness. The president of the United States calls on us annually to give thanks. A thousand other voices call us daily to the same experience.

Do we respond?

Some do, after the style of a certain expression too common among a class of young people. Hand a girl on the car the handkerchief she has dropped, and she answers: "Thanks, awfully." Give a waiter a tip, and he responds: "Thanks, awfully." Show another the way to some office which he is looking for, and he touches his hat, saying: "Thanks, awfully." Now, isn't that absurd? Certainly it is unrefined, undignified and utterly inappropriate slang.

Yet to me it expresses too forcefully the manner of much professedly Christian thought. For example: A man thinks a growl, because his baby has had the whooping cough, though he's nearly well. Why does he not give thanks because the baby lived. It's his neighbor's child.

"Rained for four days steady," says another man. How about the 17 days of continuous sunshine and balmy air preceding? "Well, he says, 'I forgot that. I suppose I ought to be thankful.' Now isn't that 'Thanks, awfully'?"

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THE TIME TO PLAN.

The Work of the Farmer Should Be Planned Months Ahead—Time to Buy Seed.

The time to plan farm work is several months ahead of each crop that is to be grown. The lack of planning is responsible for many of the failures in farming. If the planning is done too near the time of planting a crop, it will be found that something is in the way, that something has been overlooked. Thus, in the purchase of seed for the corn, wheat, oats and other grain crops of next year it will not do to wait till midwinter before laying all plans. If seed is to be purchased from a distance it is not always easy to get it, when the seedsmen must send it out in company with a great multitude of other orders. It is necessary to send in the orders early, so that the farmer may have time to make germination tests to ascertain if the seed is up to the required standard in germinability. If it is not, the farmer may have to send to another place for seed, which will in turn have to be tested.

GRATEFUL TO CUTICURA.

For Instant Relief and Speedy Cure of Raw and Scaly Humor, Itching Day and Night for Many Months.

"I do wish you would publish this letter so that others suffering as I have may see it and be helped. For many months awful sores covered my face and neck, scabs forming which would swell and itch terribly day and night, and then break open, running blood and matter. I had tried many remedies, but was growing worse, when I started with Cuticura. The first application gave me instant relief, and when I had used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment, my skin was completely cured. (Signed) Miss Nellie Vander Wiele, Lakeside, N. Y."

WASTED TO A SHADOW.

But Found a Cure After Fifteen Years of Suffering.

A. H. Stotts, messenger at the State Capitol, Columbus, O., says: "For fifteen years I had kidney troubles, and though I doctored faithfully, could not find a cure. I had heavy backaches, dizzy headaches and terrible urinary disorders. One day I collapsed, fell insensible on the sidewalk, and then was wasted away in bed for ten weeks. After being given up, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. In a couple of months I regained my old health, and now weigh 188 pounds. Twelve boxes did it, and I have been well two years."

STRONG REMINDER.

Eva—Freddy Charring says he came from London. Do you see anything that reminds you of London about him?

Ethel—Yes; even his mind is foggy. —Chicago News.

HEAVEN QUITE UNEXPECTED

"Fourteen Years in a Boarding House and Bliss, at Last," Murnurs Surprised Mr. Grizzly.

"Will you please carve the turkey, Mr. Grizzly?" asked the landlady.

Mr. Grizzly, a malevolent scowl showing on his forehead, picked up the carving knife as a warrior seized the sword and attacked the fowl. Slice after slice of juicy white meat fell away as though it were snow yielding to the breath of early spring. Joints came apart as easily as a child's block house is knocked down. Mr. Grizzly began to puff and pant. A strange look of bewilderment came into his eyes.

The cranberry sauce came on the table. It was perfect. It did not, as had been expected, have the thickness and stringiness of glue. Mr. Grizzly was breathing hard. And so it went through all the dinner, and when at last he failed to find a hairpin and two or three marbles in the mince pie he turned white as a sheet and fell to the floor. Physicians were summoned and labored over him for hours. When at last he returned to consciousness, he muttered:

"Fourteen years in a boarding house and heaven at last!" —Judge.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

UNIQUE SPECIMEN OF CORN

Slender Stalks Grow Buds of Unusual Size on Rich Ground Near Webster, Mo.

Although cultivated upon upland ground, a stalk of field corn owned by Prof. William C. Dyer, principal of the Madison school, has developed characteristics which are usually found only in exceptional cases of corn grown in extremely rich and low-lying lands.

The corn was grown on a farm near Webster, Mo., and is a particularly fine specimen of the "ninety-day" yellow field variety. Instead of sprouting



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from the parent stalk, this particular specimen developed two "suckers" near its roots, each of which grew into a perfect stalk and each of which bore a fine ear of corn.

The stalk is in three pieces and each section bears a fine ear of corn. Those who have studied agriculture and who have examined the specimen, say that it was perfectly healthy and was allowed to ripen and is now being preserved by Prof. Dyer as a singular example of agricultural freaks.

The ears are large, heavy, well grained and perfectly formed in every particular. Although the stalks are so thin that they hardly seemed capable of bearing the heavy ears, they sprouted to a height of more than five feet and were healthy throughout.

On the longest stalk of all, which seems so slender that it hardly appears as if it could bear a heavy weight, is the largest ear of the trio. It is close to one foot in length and is of unusual thickness.

On stalk, in the same field, bore four ears of corn. The field was cultivated by an old North Carolina man, who has made a study of the raising of corn, and who has turned out as fine a field of the grain as could be located anywhere in the neighborhood. Prof. Dyer intends to keep the specimen as a curiosity.

CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

Winthrop, Cal., Nov. 20th (Special).—A plain and straight forward story is always the most convincing. And that is what has impressed me most in reading the testimonials in regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills. The experience told by Davis Lewis, of this place, bears the ring and stamp of truth upon it. He says: "I was troubled six months with dull, heavy pains in the small of my back, sometimes it passed into my stomach, at other times up between my shoulders. When it was in my stomach I was doubled up, and hardly knew what to do for the pain. I was advised to take all kinds of remedies, and did so, but without getting any relief. At last some one told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got a box and began taking them. The first few doses gave me relief; by the time I had finished the box all the pain was gone and I have been well ever since."

GO EAST VIA THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD.

Lowest rates via the Nickel Plate Road and its eastern connections to all points in Eastern and New England States. Three elegant through trains daily to Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston. Meals served in Dining Cars on the Individual Club Plan, at prices ranging from 35 cents to \$1.00. Also service as la-carte. Luxurious Sleeping Cars on all trains. No excess fare charged on any train on the Nickel Plate Road, and service as good as the best. For full information regarding rates, connections, sleeping car reservations, etc., address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 113 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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DISTRESS AFTER MEALS

Save Sign That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Needed to Tone Up the Digestive Organs.

Lord Roberts doesn't smoke, touches wine but seldom, and rises at 5:30 every morning, summer and winter—no matter how late he may have retired.

Lord Sheffield is the proud possessor of a photograph of the Billington cricket club of Oxford, and among the team is King Edward, then an Oxford undergraduate.

Princess Louise of Coburg is said to have sold the manuscript of her "Memoirs" to a Brussels editor for \$300,000, and Leopold has ordered the police to find the editor and seize the book.

Baron de Forest is said to be contemplating the establishment of an empire in the Sahara desert, and carrying critics declare that the British government will obtain a political advantage by the process.

Lord Brassey offered to erect, at his own expense, a large number of wooden cottages on the English model for the sufferers by the recent Italian earthquake. The offer was accepted by the government.

The duke of Argyll, King Edward's brother-in-law, has enlarged his literary scope by writing a book of non-sense verse in the form of a long ballad. His first work, "The United States After the War," brought him to the notice of American readers.

Sir William Macgregor, governor of Newfoundland, is one of the most remarkable men in the British colonial service, both physically and mentally, and is the only governor to wear the Albert medal, which is the civilian counterpart of the Victorian cross.

The princess of Wied, who is a prominent figure in the court circles at Berlin, and whose husband is in the line of succession to the throne of Holland, buys at the ill-used horses that come to her notice and gives them the benefit of a stay in her well-appointed stables.

Not a Lightweight.

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at that athletic match yesterday, and you have called me the well-known lightweight champion."

"Well, aren't you?" said the editor.

"No, I'm nothing of the kind, and it's exceedingly awkward, because you see, I'm a coal merchant." —Stray Stories.

Intelligent Spider.

A superstitious subscriber who found a spider in his paper wants to know if it is a bad omen. Nothing of the kind. The spider was merely at the kind and it's contumaciously awkward, because you see, I'm a coal merchant." —Stray Stories.

Epitaph.

In Memory of Our Father: Some one told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got a box and began taking them. The first few doses gave me relief; by the time I had finished the box all the pain was gone and I have been well ever since."

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TOLD OF THE TITLED.

ONE OF THE TADS OF 1770 WAS THE WEARING OF TWO WATCHES.

The drum is said to have been the first musical instrument of the human race.

Four shillings per annum was the rent of a five-roomed house in Henry VIII's time.

Records of Fairfax county, Virginia, show that eGeorge Washington owned at the age of 27 50,000 acres of land, and in 1790 the Washington family had killed 150 hogs for their use.

New York was first called Gotham by Washington Irving and J. K. Paulding in their humorous work "Satanstoe." A sarcastic allusion to the singular wisdom of its inhabitants. There is a Gotham in England, seven miles from Nottingham, the people of which are usually styled "the wise men of Gotham," because for hundreds of years they have been credited with saying and doing the most foolish things.

Automatic cooking boxes were in general use among the Hebrews nearly 2,000 years ago. The Greek and Roman writers frequently refer to them. In his edition of "Juvenal," for example, Friedlander cites a commentator who refers to "the Jews who, a day before the Sabbath, put their viands hot into the cooking boxes, the pots being covered with napkins and wrapped about with hay, so that they may have warm food on the Sabbath."

AMONG SCIENTISTS.

Prof. G. Haberlandt, after studying the sensitiveness of the tendrils and hairs on plants, has come to the conclusion that some plants are capable of experiencing regular sensations.

The new method of producing general anesthesia proposed by Schnerdelin, of Berlin, consists in giving three hypodermic injections—two hours, one hour and half an hour before operation—of scopalamine with some morphine. Unconsciousness continues some hours after the operation.

A London chemist, Dr. McAlpine, has a new process of refining mineral oil, for which he claims that it will abolish the use of expensive chemicals, make two distillations do for the three now made, increase the yield of products 30 per cent., and improve the quality of all the products.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Miss Ellen Stone, the American missionary who was captured by brigands several years ago, will open a female college at Monastir, which will be conducted on American ideas.

Rhodes scholars at Oxford university, England, have come to be known as "Rhodesters." This is not in any way a term of reproach, for so far the young men have been conspicuously successful both intellectually and socially.

The Rainsbottom (England) education committee granted all the school children of the town a half holiday on the occasion of the visit of a circus, in order "to give the poorer children an opportunity of seeing unfamiliar animals."

A remarkably successful attempt is making in Germany to instill in the public school children a love for plant culture. Last year a gardening association inaugurated a system by which flowers and plants in pots were presented to a large number of children, and prizes, to be awarded at the end of the summer school term this year, were offered to such as should merit them by the care of their plants. In a single town, Wuerzburg, 133 children received these prizes at the school exhibitions.

BITS ABOUT PLANTS.

Tea plants at the age of seven years yield 700 pounds of tea per acre.

In Java there is an orchid, all the flowers of which open at once, as if by the stroke of a wand, and they also all wither together.

Plants with white blossoms have a larger proportion of fragrant species than any others; next come red, then yellow and blue; after which, and in the same order, may be reckoned violet, green, orange, brown and black.

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