Bellefonte, Pa., November 22, 1901.

#### LET US GIVE THANKS.

Another year has come and gone With blessings to the last, And we, God's creatures, humbly give Thanksgiving for the past. Let praise and song exultant rise To the white throne above In thankfulnessfor blessings from

Our God, whose name is love. Our Father's free, unsparing hand Has blessed us through the year. For He has safely guided us Through peril and through fear Lo ! we should lift our thankful hearts

To God, our all in all; He gives each day our earthly bread, He marks the robin's fal

Let us give thinks while life shall last And pray for strength and grace That in the hereafter we may see The sunshine of His face. May we be found among the sheaves All garnered on His floor In that great final harvest home

And praise Him evermore. -Raymond Monroe.

#### NOVEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun One mellow smile through the soft, vapery and Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare. One smile on the brown hills and naked trees And the dark rocks whose summer wrestly

And the blue gentian flower, that, in the breeze Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last, Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts th way.

The cricket chirps upon the russet lea, And man delights to linger in the ray Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear The piercing winter frost, and winds, and dark ened air.

-William Culten Bruant.

### MARKL'S RECOMPENSE.

A Thanksgiving Story.

The high-pitched, insistent, penetrating tremolo of the electric doorbell rang through the Terry house, announcing the hasty visit of the letter-earrier with the morning mail. This daily occurrence never failed to create a ripple of interest in the entire household, from grandma in her easy-chair, who looked up from the mending-basket with thoughts of the son out in Oregon, down to Bridget, who ceased for a moment her clatter among the kettles. with a quick heartheat toward a certain little stone cabin in Killarney. As it was Saturday, Mabel, the daughter of the house, was at home, and it was her nimble feet that sped down the stairs, and her quick fingers that gathered up the mail from the hall floor. This time there were several papers, but only one letter, and that was directed in Aunt Mellicent Eliot's own clear delicate handwriting to Mabel's self. Mabel lightly retraced her steps with a happy heart. Aunt Milly had a genius for doing kindly, sunshiny things, and a letter from her always meant something unusually pleasant. Mabel hastened into her mother's room with the precious epistle. "Mother's room" was at the ver center of home life. It was a confessional a dispensary, a council chamber, a hall of justice, and a wayside inn. Burned fingers were bound up, tired heads rested, wound elings soothed and healed. Nobod ever recovered from an illness in that family without a few comforting, peaceful days on Mother's sofa, and none of the little circle ever completed a special toilet without a last lingering touch before Mother's mirror. Mrs. Terry used to say some-times, with a smile, that the only thing she had in all the world of her very own was a toothbrush, but one day she discovered small Tommy diligently applying that article to the cleansing of joints on his beloved wheel, and presented him

with it. "It's from Aunt Milly!" said Mahel blithely, as she skipped into her mother's presence, tearing open the envelope as she spoke. She began to read the welcome missive aloud, her rosy face growing brighter by the minute. There was yet only a month to Thanksgiving, which joyful day the Terrys always spent at Grand-Eliot's; and Aunt Mellicent had written as follows:

MY DEAR LITTLE QUEEN MAB: The time for our grand annual feast and frolic is time for our grand annual feast and frolic is drawing near. Only yesterday, six very pompous turkeys held a consultation under one of the kitchen windows, in which they discussed the brevity of life and the price of feather dusters. The South meadow, where the dry corn-stalks are arranged in funny little, wigwams, look like an Indian encampment, with now and then a great, golden ment, with now and then a great, golden pumpkin shining among the stubble. The barn is piled high with the sweetest hay, just the thing for hide and seek. Those pretty red apples that you like so well were never so plenty and so rosy as this year, and the nut-trees are heavily laden. There are five new kittens in the wood-house. Grand-ma begins her fruit cakes to-day, and your auntie has a new rule for chocolate caramels. Now, as the Eliot family has eight boys in it, and only one girl, I write to say that you may bring one of your girl friends with you to spend Thanksgiving with us. It is a busy morning, so only a word this time, with morning, so only a word the much love to you and all from,

AUNT MILLY.

"O mamma:" exclaimed Mabel, as she finished reading, "isn't it lovely of auntie to plan for anything so nice? But it's just like her. Which of the girls will I ask to go? There's my very particular friend, Laura Easton. I suppose she'll be the

"Why, Mabel," said mamma in surprise. "I had thought that Ella Downs was you favorite.3

"O that was last term, mamma. Laura's the prettiest girl and the best dressed in the whole school, and I would be proud to Revere's Ride' in a way to make

your heart beat like sixty." 'A dangerous person to have around," said mamma, with an expression of mock terror.

"O well, you know what I mean," said

Mahel. "She makes you see Paul Revere tearing up the road—"
"Did he do any other damage?" asked

Mrs. Terry, innocently.
"Now, mamma, you're most as much of sort of stirring and-and-vivid, that's the word; and Grandpa Eliot's such a patriot he'd just perish with delight if he heard

"Then she certainly must not go to our try air brightened her pare uncertainty with the blood leaping through her veins. gathering," declared Mrs. Terry. "We are none of us ready to part with dear grand pa vet."

"But, mamma, all joking aside, wouldn't up to the farm.

you be preud to have Laura with us that day in church? You know what a lovely jacket that would nearly knock the breath

out of those country people."
"Mabel dear, I do not like to say to you, see your growing fondnes for Laura. family have the reputation of trying to live much more stylishly than they can afford, and of not paying their bills."

"But surely that is not Laura's fault," said Mabel eagerly. "I do hope I can invite her to grandpa's."

Mabel had been whirling about the room at intervals, and her mother now asked her

to be seated. "You have plenty of time to decide this matter," Mrs. Terry said, kindly. "I how, if we invite folks that can't do anywant you to promise me that you will keep thing back for us, we shall be recompensed

Mabel gave a reluctant consent, but said several times during the next week that it | we?" seemed as if the secret would choke her.
One morning at family prayer Mr. Terry

read the story of Jesus in the Pharisee's house, when He told the proud, exclusive men who reclined there what sort of hospi-"Call not thy rich neighbors; lest they bid thee again, and a recompense be made unto thee.'

Mabel stole a glance at her mother, and blushed as she met Mrs. Terry's wistful look. The matter of the Thanksgiving visit was in the mind of each. When Saturday came again Mrs. Terry entered the parlor, where Mabel was dusting the piano, and

"Well daughter mine, the probation is over. Have you made your decision?"
"Mamma, I still feel as if I wanted to ask Laura, she's so pretty and bright and jolly; but—but I know you don't approve of it, and somehow I don't think Jesus would approve either. I've been thinking of what papa read the other morning."

recompense from the Eastons or from

Mrs. Terry left Mabel to fight out her battle by herself. Mabel had not once mentioned all the week the name of Anna Rivers, but every time she had thought of her aunt's invitation Anna's face had seemed to look straight into her own. Anna was a girl about Mabel's age. They were in the same class in the public school. Anna had been taken from the orphan asy lum by a neighbor of the Terry's to wash dishes and to help with the children out of school hours. She was the best scholar in the class, but the girls had left her pretty much to herself, because of her shy, reti-cent ways, faded gowns, and humble sta-tion. Her face would have been attractive

if her expression had not indicated the sadness that usually filled her mind and heart. The woman with whom she lived did not mean to be unkind, but thought she was doing a great work of philanthrapy in sending the child to school; but she had never taken Anna into her heart, and the poor girl lived constantly in full view and sound of loving caressess and words that never fell to her lot. Out of school hours she was kept hard at work about the house, and had rarely any chance to run and play in the open air like her school-

Mabel sat beside Laura Easton in day school the next day, and had the best possible chance to speak to her, but some-how she did not refer to Aunt Milly's invitation.

"Mamma," she said, after dinner that day, "I didn't ask Laura. What you think of Anna Rivers?" Mrs. Terry answered the question by kiss on Mabel's lips.

"I don't know her so very well, mamma and I don't believe she has anything really fit to wear, but somehow my conhas been pointing right at her all the

week."
"I doubt if Mrs. Brandt can spare her just at that time," said Mrs. Terry.
"I'm afraid to ask her," said Mabel 'She's such a big, loud-spoken woman. Won't you go and see her, mamma !" "Certainly, dear, and you can go with

'Well, I never !" exclaimed Mrs. Brandt when Mrs. Terry made her errand known sitting in the Brandt parlor the next afternoon. "I never saw anything come around quite so handy. You see, we're all invited up to central New York to spend a week to Mr. Brandt's folks, and we didn't know what on earth to do with Anner. I have lots of help with the younguns up there, what with his sisters and cousins, you know, and we didn't want to pay Anner's fare so far, and we didn't want to board her around here. So that's how it stands. Anner, Anner, come here !" she called, going to the head of the basement

stairs. Anna was washing dishes from the noon dinner. She did not have time to do them between sessions, so Mrs. Brandt piled them up and left them for her. She came up stairs toiling under the weight of twoyear-old Jimmy, who was usually placed in his high chair near the sink, to be amused by her while she struggled with the crockery and cooking utensils.

"Anner," said Mrs. Brandt, "you're in luck! Here's Mrs. Terry and her little girl come to invite you to go up in the country with them to Thanksgivin." "They don't mean me!" said Anua, quick tears springing to her eyes.

Mabel's heart had been brimming with strange, new sort of gladness while she had sat there, and now, at the sight of Anna's incredutous surprise that anything pleasant had come to her, a genuine love for the poor little serving-maiden arose within her, and she said :

"Of course, we mean you, Anna! My auntie wrote that I might ask anyone of the girls, and I thought I would rather select you. Mrs. Brandt has consented and you will say 'Yes,' won't you?'

"I'm afraid she is badly off for good clothes," said Mrs. Brandt. "I've had my have the folks see her. Then she plays old brown cashmere ripped up and sponged the piano beautifully, and she recites 'Paul' to fix over for her ever since last spring, to fix over for her ever since last spring, but I declare I ain't had time to attend to it.

"Well, just let me take it," said Mrs. Terry. "There happens to be a lull in my sewing, and I would like to make the dress for Anna "

The Saturday before Thanksgiving saw a happy party crowded into Grandpa Eliot's big wagon at the Long Valley station. Anna Rivers hardly knew herself in her pretty new gown. The brown cashmere a tense as Fred. I was only trying to describe to you how Laura makes it all so Terry had added a crimson waist that was very becoming to the girl's fair hair and skin. Anna was freed from the scrubbing brush and the Brandt babies for one whole blessed week. The crisp, delicious country air brightened her pale cheeks and sent "I didn't know that Anna was so pretty," whispered Mabel to her mother on the way

the whole household, for in the loving, hat with feathers she has, and a seal Eton | cheery atmosphere of the Eliot home she everything about her that her presence but I think I ought, that some of those added sunshine to the family gathering. same plain farmer-folk that you wish to Mabel found that Anna was better comstartle could probably buy out the Eastons several times over. I have been sorry to of herself. She knew lots of stories and The games, and had a great deal of latent, innocent fun in her, on which her new environment acted like spring sunlight on the budded anemones.

"There's one thing about that verse that room for a moment to say "good-night."
"What verse, dear?" asked Mrs. Terry.

"Why, manma, the one papa read the other morning. Jesus had been telling how, if we invite folks that can't do anythis entirely to yourself for one week. You at the resurrection of the just. But I've might be very sorry if you should speak had a recompense already, and it's only to the girls at once." Anna? and how we all like her, don't

Long Valley had its mansion, a grand colonial house on West Hill. Squire Atwood had inherited it from his father, along with wide acres and a long bank account He was a man now in late middle life, and tality is pleasing to God and rewarded by his wife was a few years younger. If "Hill crest," as the Atwood place was called, was the most beautiful house in Long Valley, and for miles around, it was also the loneliest. Years before a lovely little daughter, the only child, had left the hearts that would gladly have given houses and lands to keep her with them. The desolate father had to repress his own grief that he might comfort his wife, who in her love and longing had followed the child far into "the valley of the shadow," and had only turned back because she must. Since then the house had been partly closed. The squire and his wife had girdled the earth with their journeys, had eaten their bread of affliction on every continent, and had only come back to Long Valley at widely separated intervals. They had brought "My dear, you must settle this yourself.
The question is, Would you rather have a and store them in the great garret. The grand piano in the drawing room had never been opened since the little girl died. The oil portrait of the child that hung over the silent instrument never lacked, when the mother was at home, its fresh

daily garniture of flowers. Thanksgiving morning the squire's wife stood at her bedroom window looking

across the valley.
"Henry," she said, "I'm sorry we planned to get home this week. This is Thanksgiving Day, you know. It's the hardest day for me in all the year, except Christmas and her birthday.'

"Well, Lois, I've been thinking about it. Suppose we go to church this morning, and thank God that He's spared us to each other, and that we have a hope of meeting Evelyn again and living with her forever. Seems to me it isn't doing just right for us to turn our house into such a gloomy place, and shut ourselves away from everybody and everything. If Evelyn could come and speak to us she would tell us, I feel sure, to stop our selfish grieving and do some praising instead. God is good to us, Lois."

"Yes, God is good," she repeated softly, "but I want my little girl-I want her!" "Lois," went on her busband, "hasn't God done a great deal more for her than we could do? Would you have her back if vou could ?"

Yes I would," said the mother, rolling slowly over her cheeks.

Would you have her back to suffer pain and be disappointed and to sin and to be lonely, and to see us go away from her one of these days? She would have been happy here,

replied his wife. "But she is very much happier there," said Mr. Atwood, with great tenderness in his face and voice, "and we are going to the same place just as swiftly as the years can carry us. Come, dearest," and he went to his wife and took her in his arms, "let us quit our selfishness, and give

thanks to God for His loving-kindness.' Thus it occurred that at the morning Thanksgiving service in the village church the Atwoods sat in their family pew, which was directly behind the one occupied by the Eliotts. Mrs. Atwood was o livious of either hymns or sermon. Her eyes were fixed on the lovely profile of Mabel's friend, Anna Rivers. There was a remarkable resemblance between Anna's face and the portrait over the closed piano at "Hillcrest.

"Look Henry," she managed to whisper to her husband, "Evelyn!"

"A wonderful likeness, surely," plied, as his eyes filled with tears. He feared that his wife could not main through the service, but the sight of the fair young girl, so like her own vanished darling, seemed to feast her hungry mother-heart. The hard lines that grief had traced around her mouth softened as she gazed. The moment that the service was over she held out her hand to Mr. Eliott and said eagerly:
"Do tell me who the golden-haired

young girl is with Mrs. Terry's Mabel!"
"A school friend of Mabel's," replied
the old gentleman, adding heartily, "and one of the nicest children I ever set eyes on. Poor little creeter! She's all alone in the world. Some woman took her out of an asylum and works her 'most to death between school hours.'

The next morning Mrs. Atwood's Victoria stood at the Eliott gate. The coachman brought a note from the mistress at "Hillcrest." It was addressed to Mrs. Terry, and asked a loan of Mabel and Anna for an hour or two. Mabel was wild with delight at the opportunity of going to the grand house on the hill, for it was supposed to be filled with rare and interesting bric-a-brac and choice souvenirs of

Anna had never seen such richness and beauty as were displayed in Mrs. Atwood's drawing room, and her brown eyes were full of quiet wonder. Her hostess asked her many questions which she answered intelligently, but when Mrs. Atwood ended by taking her in her motherly embrace, and saying, "How would you like to my little girl?" the poor child lost all power of speech, and could only hide her face in the soft-white shawl that lay on her

new friend's shoulders.

Squire Atwood paid a visit to the orphan asylum the next day, and even traveled out to the Brandt family to interview Anna's employer. The result was that Anna Rivers did not return with the Terry's to the city. Mahel's cup of blessedness was not embittered by a single drop of envy, not even at Christmas time, when she visited Anna in her beautiful home, and drove with her every day behind the Atwood bays.

"To think, mamma," she said after her return, when describing her glorious so-journ at "Hillcrest" "when I ask Anna what she prizes the most of all the lovely things that have come to her, she said:

Before night Anna had won the hearts of who brought it all to me.' And, mamma when she put her arms around my neck, looking so happy and so rested, I tell you emerged from her awkward shyness, and I didn't have to wait for the resurrection was so gentle, so gay, so delighted with of the just for the whole of my recompense. I'm so glad that Jesus had his way with that invitation.".—By Elizabeth Cheney in the Christian Advocate.

### HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. In the kitchen of the Hunter farm house, great preparations were being made for to-morrow's feast. Rows of pumpkin pies were puzzles me, mamma," said Mabel that night, as she slipped into her mother's room for a moment to say "good-night." ranged along the pantry shelves, and pies of cranberry were there also. And the fragrance of doughnuts was in the air, min-

gled with odors of fruit cake. That made John Henry's mouth water, every time he got a sniff of it. He had taken a stand by the kitchen table when the concocting of cakes and pies began, and that position he had steadfastly maintained all day, in spite of many peremptory or-ders and plaintive appeals from his mother to take himself off.

'I wish Thanksgivin'd come once week," he said, after having cleaned off the last bit of frosting from the knife he had begged the privilege of licking. "If there's anything I like, it's cake, an' pie,

an' turkey, an'-'And anything that's eatable." said his mother. "I never saw such a boy for eating. You never know when you get enough.' 'That's cause vittles keep tastin' good," explained John Henry. "I wish my stumick was bigger, so I could hold more. It's cause I can't get enough, to once, that

wish Thanksgivin'd come ev'ry week."
"Well, I dou't wish so," said his mothr, as she dropped into the rocking chair. What I'm 'most thankful for Thanksgivis, that it comes only once a year."
"I've often thought that maybe you'd be happier in a home of your own, Margaret, than with relatives, but I don't know's you would, come to think it over. you don't have the responsibility a married woman has. You're independent, and that's a good deal to be thankful for 'spec-

What's independent ma" asked John Henry. "Is it bein' an old maid?", John Henry Hunter start straight for the woodshed, and don't you dare show your face in this kitchen till I tell you you can come in," said his mother, in a tone that convinced him she meant business.

ially at Thanksgiving time."

"I hope you won't mind him, Margaret said Mrs. Hunter. when the door closed up on John Henry. "You know how it is with children, they're always saying the very things they have no business to. They're enough to try a saint's patience, 'specially John Henry.

'Oh, I don't mind being called an old maid," laughed Margaret Hunter, because I am one, you know, I was thirty four last

"Tnirty four! I declare, Margaret it don't seem possible! You don't look a day older, seems to me, than you did ten years ago. I was telling John yesterday, not an hour before you came, that I thought you got handsomer every year. But just look at me! Sometimes I think I look old enough to be John's mother, but he just laughs and says I look all right to him, so I don't mind it if my hair does begin to show gray streaks in it. I hope you wont think from what John Henry said, that John and I ever thought of such a thing, as calling you an old maid when we've spoken of you. I don't see where the boy got the idea."

Don't worry about it," responded Margaret. "As you say, it saves me a great many worries and troubles, no doubt. garet. The one unpleasant feature of it is the possibility that some day I may come to real-I am in the and you and Hugh and his wife may feel that it would be a good deal better for all

concerned if I had a home of my own," "Now Margaret Hunter don't you ever let me hear you talk like that again! cri-ed her sister-in-law, indignantly. You know you'll always be welcome to a home with us or with Hugh's folks. We're always glad to have you come, and you'd be welcome to stay forever, if you wanted to. I've heard John say, time and again, that as long as he had a roof over his head, you were welcome to the shelter of it, and I know Hugh and his wife feel just as we do

"I didn't say what I did, because thought you ever entertained such an idea responded Margaret, "but In think it natural to feel as if it would be better, all around, if we had homes of our own. lou'd feel that way, if you were in my

place, I'm quite sure." I presume I would," admitted Mrs. Hunter. But, maybe you'll have a home of your own, some day, after all There's no telling what may happen you know. I—I suppose Mr. Blair is coming over with Hugh's folks tomorrow, isn't he.

"Oh, yes I suppose so," answered Margaret, reddening a little. "It wouldn't seem like Thanksgiving without him. Let's see—how many years has it been since he began to attend our Thanksgiving John Henry." dinners.'

"Six. I guess," answered Mrs. Hunter. "John said at the time that he reckoned there'd he another place to go to Thanksgivings before long, but I've made up my mind that—that Mr. Blair hasn't made up his mind about it," and Mrs. Hunter laugh ed till her fat sides shook. "You don't mind my laughing about it I hope? I can't help it when I get to thinking about it. The idea of a man's being in love year after year, and not saying so! I wonder you don't get out of patience with him,

Margaret ... "I'm not supposed to know what his intentions are," responded Margaret, "and not knowing them, I could hardly be expected to do anything about it. I think he comes from force of habit. I admit that I used to have some curiosity about it but I've nearly outgrown it now. I expeet him to be part of our Thanksgiving dinner, just as I expect mince pies and

Mrs. Hunter leaned back in the rocking chair and laughed till she cried. The comical side of Mr. Blair's long-drawn-out courtship appealed very keenly to her sense of the ridiculous. The first time he came to share the Thanksgiving feast with the Hunters, her husband had invited him hecause, as he told his wife, he evidently "meant business," and he felt like helping matters along. Being so peculiar and bashful, it was all right to chance." But a year went by, and nothing was said or done by him to declare his chance." intentions, and next Thanksgiving Hugh had felt it his duty to include him in the list who partook of Thanksgiving day and thus give him "another chance." Thus it had come about that for several years Mr. Blair had eaten his Thanksgiving dinners alternately with the Hunters; but the "chances" thrown in the way had never been taken advantage of. Though she woodshed with me and you'll soon find would not admit it to her brothers, or their out what ma says," she said in a tone that wives, Margaret had more than once got had awful meaning in it. things that have come to her, she said: out of patience with the poor man. It there was no alternative. The prospect was absurd to have him, year after year, at before him was quite unlike the rosy one

any right to be there.

No man has any right to treat a woman in this way," she told herself. hope that some of these days I'll declare my feelings toward him, and that he's waiting for this to take place, before he de

clares his intentions-if he has any."

Thanksgiving Day ushered in no end of bustle in the Hunter homestead. Hugh's folks would arrive about ten o'clock, and there was a good deal of work to be done before they came. "I like to have plenty of time for visiting," declared Mrs. Hunter, "and the only way to have it is to get. as much of the work as possible out of the way early in the morning. I'll see to the turkey, and the vegetables, and all the rest that's to be done in the kitchen, and you may see to setting the table, Margar-You've got a knack of making things show to better advantage than I have, and I like to have things look nice Thanksgiving Day. It makes the dinner taste better. Oh, John Henry, do go out to the barn or upstairs or somewhere,-I can't stir without stepping on you or over you. Go right out of the kitchen this minute, or I'll tell your father to not let you have a mouthful of the fruit cake, when it's passed. This threat had the desired result, and John Henry retired to the dining room, where he took up his position near the door, through which, whenever it was opened delightful whiffs of fragiance came in from the kitchen beyond, tantalizing

the poor lad almost beyond endurance.

Margaret soon had the dinner table look ing very attractive. She gathered some chrysanthemums from the plants in the window and placed them in the centre of the festal board, and looped back the curtains to let a little sunshine in, and gave little deft touches to this thing and that, until John Henry, in watching her, came near forgetting what was going on in the kitch-

"If I was that man Blair, I'd marry her he thought admiringly. "Ma talked as if she hadn't the first idee how I come to "Sudden"." think of Aunt Marg'ret's bein' an old maid Don't she's s'pose boys sense things Mebbe she don't say old maid to Aunt Marg'ret's face, but she thinks it so' I'd like to know which is worse to say a thing, or think it? But boys hain't no right to open their mouths 'cordin' to some folks. Just wait till I get big. Then see if I don't talk when I feel like it, an' I'll bet they won't send me to the woodshed for it

From which it will be seen that the

transactions of yesterday still rankled in the mind of John Henry. Presently Margaret went upstairs to get ready for the reception of the expected visitors. She put on a pretty gown of gray crepe that brought out beautifully healthy color of her cheeks, and pinned a cluster of white and pink carnations at her belt. When she looked in the glass, before going downstairs, she smiled at what she saw there.

"I wonder if Mr. Blair will like my looks ?" she thought. "Poor man." And then she laughed as she thought of what his thoughts must be, during the day-this is, if used to be supposed, he had intentions."
Then she sighed softly and looked almost sober as she hurried downstairs, having heard sounds that indicated the arrival of "Hugh's folks."

Hugh's folks had come and so had Mr. Blair. His face brightened wonderfully as he saw Margaret standing in the doorway to welcome them. He held out his hand and opened his mouth as if to say something, but a wave of bashfulness seemed to sweep over him, and freeze him into silence. He had to "look the thoughts he could not utter." Margaret could not help feeling sorry for the poor man. he must suffer from his "peculiarities."

Dinner was over, and a little intervals of 'visiting'' followed it. Margaret and Mr. Blair sat down by the centre-table, and she showed him family photographs, exactly as she had done at that time of day, for the last six years. The humor of the situation struck Margaret very forcibly occasionly, and brought a color to her cheeks and a twinkle to her eyes that made the poor fellow sigh, as if for things "so near, and yet so far-" for peculiar" people

like himself. Hugh's wife and John's were talking over family matters in the kitchen and the children were having a noisily good time

upstairs. "I wonder if we'll have supper," said John Henry, by and by. 'Just as sure as you're alive I'm gettin' hungry again. I say, ain't Thanksgivin's and Chris'masses jolly enough."

"They don't begin with weddings," said John Henry."

John Henry."

"No I never did," answered her cousin.

"But, I'd like to. if they have good things to eat. Do they?"

"Do they?" Well, I sh'd say they did, replied Jessie, very emphatically. "Oh, cakes, an' cakes an' cakes!—bride cake, an fruit cake, an' cocoanut-cake an' chocolate cake an' little cakes with frosting all over 'em, an' lemonade an' ice cream. Why, I'd rather go to one wedding than a dozen

Thanksgiving's." "I wish I could go to one," said John Henry. "I wonder if I'll ever have a chance to. I s'pose I'll get married some time, but it seems like an awful long time to wait till then."

"I should think Aunt Margaret and Mr Blair would get married," said Jessie guess he wants to marry her, but dassent say so. Ma says he's waiting for somebody to propose for him. Wouldn't it be nice if they did get married I wouldn't wonder the least bit in the world if they'd have a nicer wedding than the one I went to." John Henry sat in thoughtful silence for some time.

"Why couldn't we do the askin," if that is what he's waiting for? I'd do it in a minnit, if I thought there'd be a wed-

ding."
"Oh, do," cried Jessie, all enthusiasm.
"Toba Henry. "I'll c "I will" declared John Henry. "I'll do it now. There'll never be a better chance. Accordingly John Henry descended to the sitting room, and marched resolutely up to the table where his Aunt Margaret and Mr. Blair were sitting.

says-Poor John Henry. His mother came in-

to the room just in time to hear every word he said. "John Henry Hunter, you come into the

the family gathering, precisely as if he that had filled his mind when he came were a member of the family, yet without downstairs, but he knew from past experience, that it must be faced and he suffered himself to be led out of the room in si-"If I lent anguish, with dire feelings of what

were in his place, I'd speak and let the was in store for him in the woodshed.

Were in his place, I'd speak and let the was in store for him in the woodshed.

Poor Mr. Blair! John Henry's question worst be known, as they used to sing at conference meeting. I should think he carried with it as much consternation as could see what a ridiculous position it puts me in. But I suppose he can't help being peculiar. The Blairs always were, they say. I don't know, but he has a vague opened his mouth once or twice, as if to say something, but no words came. as the door closed upon John Henry he made what was apparently a last desper-

> said? "What-what-what's the reason we don't get married ?"

At first Margaret was indignant. Then one look into poor Mr. Blair's woe-begone

ate effort, and what do you think

face changed her wrath to pity. "I suppose it's because you've never said anything about having such intentions It isn't customary for women to talk about such things with a man until -dear me! I don't just know what I meant to say. Anyway, it's his business to tell the voman, what he means, and give her a chance to say what she thinks about it."

"I know it," cried poor Mr. Blair "But when I've tried, and tried hard! to says something, I couldn't say a thing. I don't believe I'd ever dared to say as much as this, if that boy hadn't seen fit to help me out. He-he kind of broke the ice, an an'-now you know what I'd like to do an'-I hope you haven't any objections.

Have-have you !" Such a proposal! Margaret laughed till she cried. This actually seemed to encourage Mr. Blair, and make him bolder, for as soon as her face sobered down a little, he said to her, in very much the way an ordinary man might have said the same thing, "I wish you'd marry me. Will you?" But the saying of it apparently cost a mighty effort. He felt it was now

or never, very likely. "If you want me to," she answered. "Then let's get married right off-now" said Mr. Blair. "Get your bonnet, and we'll go right over to the parson's" cried this "peculiar" man.
"But—it's so sudden," expostulated

"Sudden!" I should say so!" and Mr. Blair realizing the absurdity of his court-ship as he had never been able to do before actually laughed. "Shall I. Margaret turned to her broth-

ers, who had suspended their talk about crops to listen to this most original love-"I don't see any reason why you need wait any longer," said Hugh, with a broad grin. "Strike, while the iron's hot."

"Never put off till tomorrow what can be done to day," advised John. By this time the women had become aware, in some way, of the condition of affairs, and they both urged Margaret to

let Mr. Blair have his way.
"There's plenty enough left from Thankgiving dinner to make a wedding supper out of," declared John's wife. So it came about that a visit was paid to the parson's that afternoon, and "these

twain were made one flesh." The remembrance of the particulars of the interview with his mother in the woodshed, came back to John Henry vividly, and stung him with a bitter sense of the injustice of things, when he became aware of what had resulted from his agency in

"They're all tickled 'most to death over what's happened," he declared to Jessie. 'An' they all know he'd never have got down to bis'ness if it hadn't been for me. But of course I had to get licked for it! But I ain't sorry I said it. Aunt Marg'ret she kissed me an, said boys hadn't ought to be whipped Thanksgivin' day, 'specially when they didn't mean nothin' an' Mr. Blair—he give me this jack knife -big blade an' two little ones, an' reg'lar bone handle—wouldn't swap with pa for his'n for less'n a dollar to boot—, an' I'm satisfied with the way it came ont' even if I did get a lickin'-only,''-and here John Henry looked sober and heaved a regretful sigh,—"I'd liked it better if they'd bad a reg'lar weddin', 'ith cake, 'n lemouade. 'n ice cream 'n things.''.—Eben E Rexford in Conkey's Home Journal.

Cat Cuts Off Niagara's Power. All the Electric Rallways and Lighting Plants in Western New York Affected.

A cat was the cause of a great deal of trouble to the International Traction Company and the Niagara Falls Power Company Thursday Puss climbed a trolley pole on the Buffalo and Lockport electric railway at Hoffman a small hamlet west of Lockport and tried to walk on a feed wire. Her tail touched the parallel wire that carried the current back to Niagara Falls. There was a flash that could be seen for miles as the 24,000 volts of electricity passed through her body. Puss was burned to a crisp Her charred body fell across both wires and didn't fall to the ground. This short circuited the current and caused a fuse at the Niagara Falls power house to be burned out. The power was immediately cut off from all the lines running out of the power house. It was two hours before the cause of the trouble was located and the charred remains of the cat removed from the wire. In the meantime almost all the electric railways and street lighting plants in western New York were without power.

# Who Lost the Nickel.

The Philadelphia Record tells of a little Sunday School boy who always receives a nickel from his father to place in the collection plate. Last Sunday his father gave him two nickels saying: One is for the Lord and the other is for yourself." As it was too early to start for Sunday School, the little boy sat on the porch steps in the warm sunshine, playing with the two nick els. After a while he dropped one and it disappeared down a crack. Without a mo-ment's hesitation, and still clutching the remaining coin in his clenched fist, he look ed up at his father, exclaiming, 'Oh, pop! there goes the Lord's nickel.

Millionaire Lumber Dealer Kills Himself.

John W. Robinson, Millionaire lumber dealer, banker and cattle man of Waco and Marlin, Tex., committed sucide at the latler place on Wednesday by severing the arteries of his arms and cutting his throat. Wednesday by severing the "I say, Mr. Blair, why don't you and Aunt Margaret get married? My ma application to his large business interests.

# The Turkey.

For weeks and weeks the ripened corn He's gobbled by the peck; Now on some sad November morn He gets it in the neck.

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