

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE HOME THANKSGIVING.

O men, grow sick with toll and care, Leave for a while the crowded mart;

Walk through the sere and fading wood, So lightly trodden by your feet

Teats the ripe fruits from the orchard boughs; Drink from the mossy well once more;

Go sit beside the hearth again Where circle once was glad and gay;

Draw near the board with plenty spread, And if in the accustomed place You see the father's revered head,

Thank God for those that are left you still, And though where home has been you stand

Today in alien loneliness; Though you may weep at mother's hand,

Thank God for friends your life has known, For every heart, departed day;

For us the Sparrow-hawk. A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Miss Anna Sparrer lingered at her breakfast table, dividing her attention between an open letter lying by her plate, and a teaspoon she was balancing on the edge of her cup.

All the other Sparrows had gone to try the further life of the unknown. Even she house had been changed, as one half of it had been saved off and moved away.

Miss Sparrer's loneliness oppressed her. She looked at other women with their husbands and children with silent envy.

Why, I thought you approved of foreign missions?" she said, looking up in amazement. "By all means and every means."

"Certainly. Perhaps they can do this and not leave the other undone," said the Minister.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Miss Anna, her thumb on her lips. "But this doesn't belong to me. It belongs to the Society."

To be sure he had, the poor man! It was a wonder he could do what he did. His overcoat was thin, and shiny and white at the seams.

"Heart alive!" said Miss Anna, when he had gone. "If religion's worth having, it's worth paying for."

The Minister's visit remained with Miss Anna like something uncomfortable in the digestion. And she was quite low-spirited, with a sense of not having done all her duty.

"Oh, it's only us!" came a girl's voice. "We want to come in just a moment, if you'll let us. We want to see you on some very important business."

"Oh!" exclaimed one of them. "We were going by, and you hadn't pulled down your shades, and the room looked so like an old picture in the twilight."

"And we saw the shining of your wonderful mahogany!" cried the other. "And we felt we must see it nearer! Oh, do excuse us!"

Andrew, at any rate, had an idea that Miss Sparrer was a person of vast riches and exalted rank; and he always stopped pitching coppers and sweating at the other boys when she passed by.

"I have nothing to sell," said Miss Sparrer icily, not asking her guests to sit down, and angry with herself and with them that she so violated the laws of hospitality.

"Now you must be offended," said the first one. "It's nothing personal, you know. It's simply a commercial matter."

"Yes!" cried the other coming back from the little dining room where she had adventured. "Any day you care to sell us the furniture in these two rooms, we can give you some good modern furniture, looking very much like it, only—well, made yesterday, but your neighbors would never know the difference—let me see—

"I don't know," said Miss Anna. "I don't know," said the other. "I don't know," said the other. "I don't know," said the other.

Andrew a dollar for it, and I bought no more." "You paid Andrew a dollar! He never gave me no dollar! That's where it is! That's where it is! My Johnny, I guess! Here!"

"I told you all I'm going to," said the sullen voice. "If you don't say 'jes' what happened about them turkeys, Andrew, I'll send you to the poor house before dark!"

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FIGHTING BULLS.

They Are Easily Managed When They Are Massed Together.

In Spain accidents to bullfighters are of frequent occurrence, and it is interesting to see the hero of many fights swing into the chapel attached to the bull ring and kneel before the effigy of the Virgin Mary before entering the arena.

Bullfighting is the national pastime. Boys play at it in the gutters, and there are bullfights for amateurs all over the country at which only two-year-old bulls are used and young and old descend into the arena. Astounding is the enthusiasm.

Interesting, too, is the psychology of bulls. When herded together they are docile enough, and it is a picturesque sight to see the bulls brought into the paddock prior to the fight through the streets of the city when all are sleeping.

In the plains where the bulls are reared men on horses manage them quite easily so long as they are massed together. Three bulls in the ring together would be useless for a fight, but each bull separately will fight to the death.

Bulls literally see red. Were it not that a bull will always dash at anything red the men in the ring would have no chance whatever. Occasionally, bulls have what is called the evil eye and remain indifferent to the red capa extended to them, and then the list of casualties is generally high.

Sometimes a bull which has shown prodigious power and fight is pardoned by the populace. A cow, kept for the purpose, is then sent into the arena, and at sight of her the bull forgets man and the fury of the battle and general, trots behind to the paddock, as meek as any heifer.

Many are the curiosities about bulls, which sometimes refuse to attack a particular horse and when a man is down, motionless, disdain even to paw him. Some bulls make instinctively for one man and will chase him all around the ring, leaping the barrier if he vaults over it, and if he falls will kneel upon his body and gore him to shreds.

There is no mercy in bulls, and none is shown to them.—Nineteenth Century.

PASSWORDS AT THE BANKS.

A Secret Sign Given Those Who Cannot Write Their Names.

The banks give secret passwords to depositors who cannot read or write. When one of these depositors goes to draw out money the cashier leans forward and whispers:

"What's your password?" The depositor whispers an answer, and if the correct password is given the money is paid out.

In a bank the other day a negro woman sat upon a bench, her face indicating intense application of mind. The cashier nodded toward her and said:

"What's your password?" "That's the way she was answering the question," said the cashier. "She asked me for the password and I answered her."

"Well, sit down and think it over," I suggested to her. "It may come to you." In a few minutes the old woman arose with a happy look upon her face and went up to the cashier's window.

She put her face far inside the narrow window as she could and whispered: "Abraham Linkin."

"Correct," answered the cashier, and he paid her the money she was after. "Ah, Jes' couldn't place dat man's name at first," she said as she went out.—Kansas City Star.

Over Eight Feet Tall. King James I. had a gigantic porter eight feet six inches in height, but he was not perfect, being round shouldered, knock kneed and lame in one foot.

Of a similar height was Charles Munster, a yeoman of the Hanoverian guard who died in 1676, and seven years before there was being exhibited in London a Dutchman eight feet nine inches high named whom in Peeps' diary we find the following entry on Aug. 15, 1689: "Went to Charing Cross to see the great Dutchman. I did walk under his arm with my hat on and could not reach his chin with the tips of my fingers."

Whipped Cream. "Look here," shouted the irate neighbor over the fence, "your youngest son has been stoning my cats and pilfering my apple trees! He is a scamp!"

"Don't talk that way about my son," blurted the fond parent. "Why, he is considered the cream of our family."

"The cream, eh? Well, I'd like to see him whipped."—Chicago News.

Work For Nothing. First Crook—I'm getting tired of work. Second Crook—What's the matter now? First Crook—I raised a check from \$10 to \$1,000 and tried to get it cashed, and the cuss didn't have that amount of money in the bank.—New York Press.

There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in.—Emerson.

A QUIANT CHARACTER.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF THE ITALIAN MARQUIS DEL GRILLO.

Grin Joke by Which He Attempted to Revolutionize the Administration of Justice in Rome—Giving to Caesar What Belonged to Caesar.

The Marquis del Grillo, husband of the famous actress, Adelaide Ristori, was one of the best known characters of his day. Rich, bearing a title that made him one of the most conspicuous figures in Roman life, and absolutely indifferent to what others thought of him, he indulged in all sorts of pranks.

Society called them eccentricities and pronounced him slightly unbalanced, but in reality he was possessed of unusually bright faculties. He had a keen sense of humor, loved excitement and was thoroughly awake to the shortcomings of his generation. His eccentricities were so many object lessons, which it pleased him to administer in his own quiet way, and they seldom went wide of the mark.

His first attempt at a practical joke, if such it may be termed, bade fair to revolutionize the administration of justice in Rome.

Punctually at 10 one bright spring morning every church bell in town began to ring "a morto," a long, peculiar toll used to announce a death. Plus IX was then reigning pontiff and, hearing the general tolling, asked who the great personage was that all Rome was mourning. None of his "suiff" knew, but inquiries at St. Peter's elicited the fact that the Marquis del Grillo had sent the order without specifying who was dead.

The pontiff was even more mystified, and when word had come from other churches to the same effect he sent for the marquis, who promptly answered the summons.

"I hear," said Plus IX, to the marquis, that it is at your bidding that every bell in Rome is tolling. Who, then, is dead?"

"Justice, your holiness," was the enigmatical reply.

"Justice? Your holiness—Justice. The goddess is no more in the pontifical states."

And thereupon he related to the astonished pontiff how, becoming aware of the corruption existing in judicial circles, he had made an experiment. Claiming that the farm of a poor neighbor of his belonged to him, he brought the poor man to court and by liberal bribing obtained possession of the whole estate, to which he had no right whatsoever.

The pope, after listening attentively, censured the marquis severely for the method used, but history tells us that the lesson bore fruit and that many changes took place in important civic positions.

At another time the marquis, who always dressed very modestly, made his way on foot to the palace of Prince Massimo, where a big reception was being held. As he approached the entrance a pompous lackey looked him over from head to foot and then barred the way.

"No admittance tonight," he said insolently. "A reception is going on."

The nobleman stood amazed, for even over princes he often took precedence, but then he saw the humor of the situation and, smiling to himself, walked away.

Half an hour later a magnificent coach drew up before the palace, and out stepped the marquis, resplendent in a gorgeous court uniform and scintillating with decorations. In a minute the whole house was astir, and the hostess herself met him and led him in. The night was warm, and soon she invited him to have an ice, an offer which he promptly accepted. Imagine her feelings when, instead of eating it, he coolly and deliberately proceeded to spread spoonful after spoonful over the front of his uniform and on his numerous decorations.

"Why, marquis," she exclaimed in alarm, "what are you doing?"

"Giving Caesar what belongs to Caesar," was the quiet reply. "Your servants refused to let me in in the garb of a plain gentleman, but promptly admitted my costume and decorations when I carried them in. Is it not they that should be rewarded?"

A peculiarity of the marquis was his refusing to have as personal valets any but the most quiet-witted of young fellows, who could help him in his little escapades without having to be coached too much. Many amusing tales are told of his experiences in engaging them. In one instance he was sitting at the piano trying some church music when a new applicant was ushered in. He didn't stop playing or even glance around, but began to ask questions, the answers to which evidently did not appeal to him, for he suddenly struck a loud chord and, following the tone of the music, chanted in a loud voice, "You will never do for me." Then he rose and without a look at the man started to walk out of the room. Quick as a flash the applicant stepped to the piano and, striking the keys with both fists, chanted back solemnly on the same air, "I'm very glad of it, because I don't like you a bit."

Any one else would have had the man thrown out for his impudence, but the marquis paused at the door and smiled with appreciation.

"I guess we shall get on nicely, after all," he said pleasantly. "See my 'maggioromo' and speak to him about terms."—New York Times.

His Money's Worth. Laundryman—I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost. Customer—But here I have just paid you 12 cents for doing it up. Laundryman—Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it.—Harper's Weekly.

Nothing is easy to the unwilling.—From the Gaelic.