

A THANKSGIVING FEAST.

We two are the last, my daughter! To set the table for two Where once were plates for twenty...

Samuel, my son, in Dakota, Is a rich man, so I hear, And he'll never let want approach us...

A THANKSGIVING STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Old Pilgrim kept his ears back and his eyes on his mistress. He breathed heavily, but otherwise he did not stir. He was a large horse, a gray, with a small, intelligent head...

of a little sewing and a little nursing here in the village, the cow, and the chickens, and Old Pilgrim. But you, Jason, after the doctor's bills are paid, how am I going to keep you in Philadelphia?

Jason was very much like his mother, yet very unlike. Where her face was sweet and tremulous, his was cool and still. His brown eyes were careless, hers were eager...

It was on Thanksgiving Day of 1862 that Jason started back to Philadelphia. He said good-by to his mother affectionately, and promised to write frequently. Three times a week during the year that followed Jason's mother saddled Old Pilgrim and rode down to the post-office...

"This is Dr. Jason Wilkins?" "Yes." "Sorry, doctor, but I've got to arrest you and take you to Washington..."

The soldier drew a heavy envelope carefully from his breast, and handed it to Jason. Jason opened it unhesitatingly, and gazed at the contents.

Jason was locked in a room in a Washington boarding-house for one night. The next day at noon the orderly called for him. Weak-kneed, Jason followed him up the long drive to the door of the White House...

"You are Jason Wilkins?" said Mr. Lincoln. "Yes, Mr. President," replied the young surgeon. "Where are you from?" "Green Valley, Ohio."

Jason reddened. "Well, no; father was a poor Methodist preacher. Mother raised the money, though I worked for my board mostly."

Jason stalked obediently over and sat down in the President's seat. Anger and mortification were lit inspirations for letter-writing, but under Lincoln's burning eyes Jason seized a pen and wrote his mother a stilted note.

"I know that I don't need you, Pilgrim," she said. "It's just that you are like a living bit of Father—and if Jason wouldn't be so hard to let me go, I wonder if all young folks are like Jason?"

Another pause. "You may go, my boy," and Lincoln shook hands with him, his mind a chaos of resentment and anger. He made his way down Pennsylvania Avenue, pausing as two army officers rode up to a hotel and dismounted...

the President himself. We'll get home to mother for Thanksgiving, Pilgrim. We will, if God will let my unworthy hulk live that long."

And Pilgrim, with a scar on his right forehead, and Jason with the scar on his soul that only remorse imprints there, staid that evening for Green Valley.

One Has to Cut One's Way Through the Roads of Paraguay. The roads of Paraguay are about five yards wide throughout, and the trees meet overhead at a height of some eighteen feet, thus forming a tunnel of very uniform dimensions.

The makers of these troublesome but picturesque obstructions are large, highly colored, gaudy looking spiders with bodies that look as if they were about to explode, they are so blown out and glossy.

The Bishop's Place. The bishop of London, speaking at the annual meeting of the bishop of London's fund at Grosvenor House, said that churches did not drop down from heaven any more than bishops...

Like a Mental Moving Picture. Baker—People who have been near drowning say that in an instant all the events of their past lives are presented to their mental vision. Barker—I don't believe it. Baker—Why not? Barker—If it were true they wouldn't allow themselves to be rescued.—Life.

The Attraction. "You say you are in love with Miss Baggs?" "I sure am." "But I can't see anything attractive about her."

There are some forms of animal life which are nothing but a stomach. All other parts and organs are dwarfed or rudimentary; the stomach is the center of being. As a matter of fact the stomach plays a vastly more important part in the life of the highest type of animal life, man, than is generally recognized.

FROM INDIA. One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Picturesque Journey. Farming on a Steep Mountainside Like Files on a Wall. Nearing the Journey's End, Etc.

Dear Home Folk: We are to be off at six o'clock this morning and I pulled it open again and striking a match found that my "nasty little time-keeper" had run around its dial and I was about to reach the stage that told me I must get about. I wanted to smash the tiny thing but decided that wouldn't help my weary muscles and instead, dressed and packed my chattels...

Our first halt is for a bridge—long and high, stretching itself across the Jelum river, for so my silver band has been named by these people. We pay a tax of two Rupees, or sixty-four cents, and are allowed to proceed. Our way is now along the snow-fed river, a big volume of angry, rapid-rushing water held in its way by the two great mountains on either side of us.

We are greatly entertained by the skillful way in which the Kashmiri man farmer succeeds in balancing himself along the side of the 3500 foot hill while he cuts grass, and that long stretch of 3500 feet below, has scarcely a shrub big enough to stay him should he suddenly decide to have a bath in the quick icy river below.

Our entire way was almost at the river's edge and between mountains. Of course we came up again but it has been a gradual rise and the new peaks and vistas that came in sight saved us from noticing the hard tugs of the horses.

The scenery is indeed grand (and I think that expresses best the way it impresses me.) We have only done thirty-seven miles today and came to this charming little way-house, where the roar of the river is so loud one must raise one's voice if you wish to be heard.

Friday evening—Forty-eight miles further on the road. 4.30 saw us up this morning and the moon still held sway; it seemed scarcely fair to have to start so early but to get here and not kill the horses we must do it. We had our tea, toast and eggs and paying our bill, picked up the smaller articles and climbed into the vehicle again; the whip cracked and we were off.

Nothing new for some time, but soon the east became lighter and the mountains and stream looked darker and then the sun came up and the scenery, which before looked hazy and unnatural, now resolved itself into peak after peak—majestic in height, almost bare except for green grass and a few low shrubs. The smaller places were cultivated and every here and there the road widened and the valley became broader and truly little rice farms were seen. The houses of the owners, low, six feet high shacks, roof perfectly flat, floors, (where we could see them) of beaten clay, destitute

of furniture except the "charpoi" which not only acts as a bed but does duty for a chair; one can also use it very nicely for a horse's rack for food and so it is a most useful piece of furniture.

The scenery is just a repetition of yesterday, but perhaps a little less wild, for much farming is done along here. The men are tall and fine looking, dressed in blue pajamas, a long blue shirt reaching to their knees, a "pugra" of blue on their heads and generally a white scarf drawn about their necks. Their wives are not small but have tiny feet and hands, are very fair and very pretty and covered with jewelry, while the children are dears. They are all hospitable and inclined to want to be of service, and I am greatly entertained by their friendly stares as we stop in the bazaar, which, by the way, is different from those on the plains by having the entire front carved in a most gorgeous way.

Our horses are nicely rested so we drive along right merrily, but it is nearly noon and although we almost froze in our beds last night, today the sun is almost intolerably hot and we ask our driver to stop at the first shade tree and we get to rest and make our tea and eat our "tiffin" (dinner) while the men unahitch the fagged horses and feed them grass and balls made of coarse molasses, bran and water, which they eat as a stimulant to them. A Fakir (holy man) comes along and winds the most peculiar horn over a "puja" (worship) place near where we are sitting and on the road below us camels, at least two dozen, are stripping all the leaves from any and all the bushes their rubber-necks can reach. Yes, it is all curious and strange, and in the back-ground, the magnificent mountains which I have come so far to see. I could stay and drink it all in for hours and hours but time is flying and we must get started.

The scenery becomes milder and more beautiful and we are making long detours, for the way is steep and the sun hot. The trees seem to have vacated this special spot—even the spruce and pine, which for the last few miles have been keeping us company, have entirely disappeared so that bald, bare, glistening white mountains now greet and repulse you with their heat and glare and we are indeed glad that only ten more miles is to be our portion and ere long we will be resting, having had our bath and clean clothes. We are whirled about a mountain end and along its side for a little distance and cool, dark, shady groves of hemlock, pine and spruce, with poplars adding their straightness to the general assemblage, while ferns of all kinds, golden-rod, wild snap-dragon and asters help rest our eyes after the horrid glare. We came to a stop before a charming little gray stone bungalow and out popped the servants and we are again under shelter—this time the only ones to be cared for. But it is late and the roar of the river and the call of the night wind make my eyes heavy, so please excuse me for I must sleep. We will be off at four o'clock in the morning for our last forty-eight miles and I shall mail this at Srinagar, so you will get it next week. The next time I will tell you about our house-boat. I wish you could all be enjoying this gorgeousness with me.

How many times can a spider rebuild its web? This question seems to have been answered with reference to at least one species of spider, the trap-door spider. These spiders are very plentiful in California. They construct their nests, consisting of a mammoth tube lined with silk of their own manufacture, in the ground in situations protected from the washing effects of rain. Then they covered the nests with a woven trap-door supplied with a hinge.

The upper surface of the door is made to resemble the surface of the ground. If any insect disturbs the door the owner instantly opens it, and if the disturber is not too large and strong, the spider seizes it and drags it into the den. If on the contrary, the stranger is a formidable enemy, the spider clasps the door and holds it down with all its strength.

The result of many experiments, as reported by a naturalist of San Diego, shows that if the trap-door is destroyed the spider can reconstruct it just five times and no more; but each time there is evidence of a greater economy in the use of silk, and although the spider will attempt the renewal the sixth time, it invariably fails because its silk has been exhausted.

It would appear, however, that after the lapse of a considerable period, the spider acquires a fresh supply of the fluid from which it spins its web. Then it is able to resume the construction of silk-lined dens and trap-doors. A Fortified Monastery. The most strongly fortified monastery in the world is at Solovetsk, in Archangel, Russia. This monastery is enclosed on every side by a wall of granite boulders, which measures nearly a mile in circumference. The monastery itself is very strongly fortified, being supported by round and square towers about thirty feet in height, with walls twenty feet in thickness.