

THANKSGIVIN' JIM.

He always dodged round in an old, ragged coat. With a tattered blue comforter tied on his throat. His dusty old cart used to rattle and bang. As he yelled through the village, "Gid dap!" and "Go lang!"

HANNAH JANE'S THANKSGIVING

"Come out, Cherry. Don't you want to come out?" Hannah Jane fastened the door of the canary's cage open with a twisted hairpin, and the bird spread its beak at her, uttering the fiercest scolding of which her little throat was capable.

only by the customers whose old gowns she made over. Hannah Jane's was a humble line of dressmaking, but none the less necessary. She liked to go out by the day and sit at a good home table for her meals; but she had learned how it heightened her popularity to be willing to accept odd jobs of sewing at her room, and so it was that her meals were nearly all taken from the little gas stove, which heated her pressing-iron, and were shared only by the belligerent canary, who considered her his vassal.

placed hose. Hannah Jane was as ignorant as the canary of young men's ways, or she would have known how long it takes for comforts to stir their curiosity. After this the interesting day of the week to the dressmaker was that on which the laundry bundles were delivered. She began to feel a proprietorship in the flexible whistle with which A. Wyman sped his own march through the hall night and morning.

went on, indicating his parcels; "but I tell you I shall remember you for many a long day. I'm glad I didn't go away without knowing who was really my benefactress." "Go-go away!" "Yes," the young fellow flushed with his happiness. "I'm going to be married." He kept radiant eyes upon her.

of his world, lay in what proved to be the first stage of an attack of brain fever. But it was not in this room that Wyman first came back from the realm of his fantasies. He lay in a place where the sunbeams stole through the shade and birds flitted about.

"Why don't you?" The little woman was beginning to brace herself to explain in some way the inexplicable. "Because you haven't any. You've done all this for some reason that I've been hunting for for days."

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Harry J. Page and Margaret A. na Faust, both of Oak Hill. Edward N. Smith, of Lansie, P. and Freda L. Faugner, of Oscec Mills.