

OLD THANKSGIVIN'

OH, THE wind is moanin' lone-some as it's creepin' to and fro through the branches of the trees so bleak and bare; and the sky looks kinder threat'nin' and there's just a hint of snow. And November's writ his name 'most everywhere. But the bright red fire's a-roarin' up the big brick chimney flue. And the old house kinder wears a happy grin; What's the odds about the weather when the loved ones sit together. And it's jolly old Thanksgiving' come ag'in! There's a turkey full of stuffin' that's a pictur' fer the eye, There's a puddin' that won't hold another plum; There's celery and there's cranberry sass, there's mince and punkin pie, All settin' there a-holl'rin' ter yer: "Come!" And here's mother, who's been countin' up the days fer weeks and weeks, And me a-feelin' young as twenty-four, And there's welcome runnin' over jest like dew drips off the clover. For it's jolly old Thanksgiving' come once more!

Oh, it's good ter be a child ag'in, if only once a year! It's good ter have the children round the place, It brings yer back the old sweet days in memory allers dear. And kinder smooths the wrinkles from yer face. Our boys and gals are back at home with children of their own. So let the fun and frolics now begin; We old ones' hearts are cheery, though our eyes, maybe, are teary. For it's blessed old Thanksgiving' come ag'in!

—Joe Lincoln, in Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Bucking Titus A THANKSGIVING STORY

BUCKING TITUS, otherwise William James Titus, mounted mail carrier for the republic, rode out of the Gunnison country with an unwelcome companion. The companion had joined him at Yoe's ranch, where he had been staying for a month, bracing up a degenerate lung. Titus hated a "lunger," as he opprobriously termed the invalids who made Colorado melancholy; and, anyway, Titus was a man of prejudices. He covered more ground than any other mail carrier in the whole state, and the snowbound pass that would daunt him, the height which would make him giddy, the path he would not venture, the storm he would not face he had yet to encounter. His critics might have claimed for him more bravado than wise courage—but Titus did not care about critics. Talking was one of the superfluous arts at best, according to Bucking Titus.

That was one of the two reasons why he objected to Bernard Anderson, his companion. Anderson would talk. He exclaimed about the glory of the mountains; he thought it worth his while to make comments upon the splendor of the autumnal foliage, and he even went so far as to say what he thought about the mists that entwined themselves around the cruel front of the Old Man's mountain—that grim wall of granite whose canyons knew the blackest tragedies of all the mountains in the country round about. Anderson was stupid enough to relate some of these tales—though they were ancient history to Titus.

But the second reason for dislike which Titus entertained for Anderson was of a more serious nature. Anderson had been four weeks under the same roof with Claribel Yoe. As for Titus, though for two years past he had ridden over the pass like the wild huntsman, thinking only of the face that he should see in the valley beyond, he had never so much as known what it was to press her hand or to sit opposite to her at table. To be sure, she had brought him out hot coffee now and then or bidden him to sit beside the fire, and on holidays had given him a true stirrup cup, yet he said to himself with endless iteration that she cared nothing for him—that she had never noticed him any more than she had 20 other men.

All men were chivalrous to her. How could they be otherwise? She coaxed sociability out of the solitude and made a home in the wilderness and tenderness in the country of granite rocks, and there were warmth and light and cheer in her dwelling among those bitter snows. Perhaps Claribel Yoe had ceased to be a mere woman and become something symbolic to the men who knew her—the adventurers who passed along the cruel road to Tin Cup.

Why, Jim Yoe's a man in a thousand! I've seen smart men, but he's got more practical sense and courage crammed in his head than any man I ever had the pleasure of meeting. As for Miss Claribel, she's an eidolweiss here in the snow."

Bucking Titus gave a fierce lurch at the saddle bags, though they seemed to Anderson to be adjusted quite correctly.

"How a girl can grow up in such surroundings as hers and yet have that soft voice and charming accent and all those adorable little ways of hers is more than I know. And she manages the affairs of the house perfectly. It doesn't matter how many drop in to dinner, she always seems to be prepared for them and to make them welcome. The servants are at her feet. I thought I'd seen some mighty fine ladies in my day, but I confess I had to come to the Gunnison country to see the finest of them all."

Bucking Titus spoke. He was a hero in his way and had known great dangers and had had combats with the elements and with wild beasts and wilder men but he spoke like a sulky schoolboy.

"If you think so mighty much of her," said he, "why don't you take her out of the Gunnison country?"

Bernard Anderson threw back his handsome head and laughed.

"Good-by!" cried he. "I like the idea! I'll have to go home and think the matter over. If it seems likely that she will fit into the life there—who knows?"

A "cotton tail" scudded out of the drifting snow before the men, and Anderson shied. Fortunately his horse stood steady. As for Bucking Titus, he sped a bullet quick as thought, and the little creature gave one last leap and lay inert. The mail messenger dismounted and picked up the pretty beastie.

"It will do for Aunt Dolly's stew pot at the boarding house," said he. "But this is for you and he cut a foot off with his knife and handed it to Anderson.

"Thanks!" cried the young city man, delighted. "As like as not it will bring me the eidolweiss of the Gunnison snows. Eh, Titus?"

"As like as not," responded Titus through his beard, and he put spurs to his horse.

Two days before Thanksgiving Bucking Titus started on his itinerary with the full intention of timing himself so that he would be invited to eat turkey at Yoe's ranch. This was before he had reached Bixby's, where he looked over his mail while he ate his breakfast. The process of look-



"THE DOGS ARE HOWLING FOR THEIR SHARE AND PARSON HAS TO SAY GRACE YET."

ing over the mail was always interesting to Titus. Folk did not have so many letters in those snowbound solitudes but that all took an interest in their going and coming; and Titus was honestly anxious to learn what Nancy Higgins wrote home from Ouray to her mother; and he waited till old man Sessions had opened Frank's letter from New York that he might find out how the boy was getting on and how he liked his job. So when he saw a letter addressed in a masculine hand to Miss Claribel Yoe and bearing a Cincinnati postmark, he knew just as well as if he had read it that the handsome young Anderson had magnificently concluded that she would "fit in" to his comfortable life and surroundings, and had written to tell her so. Titus cursed him for a puppy. He hated a man who made confidences, and any man so loose of soul as Anderson, who blabbed his affairs to any chance companion, seemed to him something less than a "natural."

"But she's bound to like the pretty boy," he thought. "He's the kind that takes a woman. Somehow, the nicer a woman is the bigger fool she marries."

And he said to himself that he would make no effort to eat turkey at Yoe's. But it may have been that his horse was fond of turkey—no, that is wrong, for there were two relays between Bixby's and Yoe's. Indeed, upon reflection, it is absolutely impossible to tell just why it was that Bucking Titus drew rein at Yoe's ranch at high noon of Thursday and blew upon his horn like a warder of an ancient port.

Ten faces appeared at the front windows and the door. There were the three dogs, and the two Chinamen, and Danny Cummings from over the range, and Evans, the Methodist missionary, and Quiver, the engineer, and Yoe, blond and glowing as Olaf, and Claribel, with mountain berries in her yellow hair and a smile of welcome in her violet eyes. Bucking Titus turned a trifle giddy and reeled as he tried to

white face walked toward the table. She caught at his coat, unseen by the others. He stopped and faced her, his eyes piteous.

"I think of you some other days, too, Mr. Titus—most other days."

"Claribel!" There was a beseeching inquiry in the tone.

"All other days, Mr. Titus."

"Claribel!" This time it was joy that shook his voice.

"Come, come, come!" called Yoe to them above all the racket of laughter and talking and shuffling of feet. "The dogs are howling for their share, and parson has to say grace yet. Get to your places, you two back there!"

They went to their places, which happened to be side by side.—Chicago Tribune.

walk to the door—but that, no doubt, was because of the cold. Yoe brought him a hot glass of goodly drink.

"You've hit it in the nick o' time," cried he. "The turkey is just coming out of the oven, and it's been sizzling mad these last two hours because you wasn't here to help eat it."

Savory scents and hot-oven sounds emanated propitiously from the kitchen. Bucking Titus tried to be gay, and made a good deal of noise as he got out of his bear coat and unbuttoned his leggings. But his heart was trembling like an aspen in a storm and he felt sick—like a man who hears the hammer that makes his gibbet. He delayed pusillanimously for about five minutes before he pulled out the letters. There were two for Yoe and the fatal one for Claribel.

He tried not to look at the girl while she read hers, but finally he had to steal an upward glance. Her face was flushed a little and she was smiling. An invisible hand of iron came from somewhere and gripped the mail carrier's throat. He leaned his head upon his hand.

After a minute the girl came over and sat near him, her letter in her hand.

"You seem really ill," she said, softly, looking at him with a glance of friendliness that almost broke his heart. "Was it so very cold?"

"Not so very cold. You'd better write the answer to that letter before I go so I can take it on with me. Or you can fix up a message and I'll wire if you like."

"You are uncommonly good, Mr. Titus, but there is no haste." The accent was dry.

"Eh?" gasped Titus, stupidly.

The girl broke into a radiant smile.

"Are you so anxious to get rid of me?" she whispered.

"Good God, no! Are—are—you—"

"Am I going of my own free will? No; so there!"

The mail carrier leaned back in his chair with a sigh of indescribable relief. The Chinaman brought the turkey in. It was a lordly bird, and the hungry mountaineers arose at its entrance—no rises when a king enters!

"Anything else you want to know?" whispered the girl, archly. Her eyes were dancing, her lips parted, her cheeks crimson. She was tempting past resistance.

"You know there is something else I want to know," came back the whisper. He caught her hand with a cruel clasp. "Do—do you—Claribel, do you ever think of me?"

"Sometimes, Thursdays." (Thursday was mail day.)

He dropped her hand, and with a



"A JUST CAUSE."

"For what are you thankful?" the father inquired.

Of his dutiful son, Master Freddie. The boy hesitated, and then gave a wink: "Oh, just because dinner is ready."

Objects of Pity.

"Living in a flat isn't so bad."

"Why not?"

"We are always invited out to dinner on Thanksgiving day."—Chicago Daily Record.



He Spent Over \$1,000.

Mr. B. A. L. Thomson, the Atwood building, Chicago, Ill., wrote, August 1st, 1900: "I have been troubled for five years with eczema, went to different watering places and baths and tried many remedies suggested by friends and eminent physicians at a cost of over \$1,000, all of which had done me no good. At the suggestion of a friend I decided for a last try to give your Lotion a trial, with the result that it has cured me, and I hope this letter may be taken advantage of by some poor unfortunate, knowing it will cure them." Palmer's Lotion has been before the public over 50 years and has effected thousands of cures. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl Street, New York, for samples of Palmer's Lotion and Lotion Soap.

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The Census of 1900.

A booklet giving the population of all cities of the United States of 25,000 and over according to the census of 1900, has just been issued by the passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and a copy of it may be obtained by sending your address, with two-cent stamp to pay postage, to the General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

\$100 Reward \$100.

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Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Bobbs—Too had about Nobbs. Lost all of his furniture because of a false alarm of fire at his house.

Dobbs—But if there was no fire, how could his furniture be destroyed?

"Well, you see, Nobbs lives in a suburban town where they have a volunteer fire department."—Baltimore American.

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This question arises every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, delicious and healthful. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry. At your grocers. 10c.

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Jell-O, The New Dessert.

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

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Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick head aches. Price 25 and 50c.

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Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

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Pico's Cure for Consumption is an infallible remedy for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

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Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of *W. D. Wood*

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

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It is usually this way: She has been feeling out of sorts for some time, experiencing severe headache and backache; sleeps very poorly and is exceedingly nervous. Sometimes she is nearly overcome by faintness, dizziness, and palpitation of the heart; then that bearing-down feeling is dreadfully wearing.

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But she does not get all right. She grows worse day by day, until all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established.

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