

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING.

The earth is brown and the skies are gray. And the windy woods are bare. And the first white flakes of the coming snow...

"THANKSGIVING'S" LOVER.

BY S. J. EDWARDS.

BEFORE the great bakeoven built into the huge stone chimney of Captain John Folsom's house...

she stood thus framed by the door-sill and jamb as would have delighted the eyes of any of the young men of that town.

"You do me honor, sir. I give my parole to you, and if I may be permitted, to this fair maiden who has interceded for me."

goose in charge paused for a moment in her task of anointing it with rich gravy, and said: "Father will be here, I know, if the Lord permits, but in these dark days that are upon us, Abbie, who can tell what may happen to our militia, parading here and tramping there that they may observe the redcoats. Father had, I think, some serious business which led the company away last night, and maybe he will not come to sit at dinner with us. 'Twill be a sorry feast for us if we must eat alone. How is the pie?"

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"I am grateful for your confidence, sir, and shall not destroy it. While these maidens guard me I shall protect them until you return."

"You are no spy," she said at last. "No, my child, not a spy. I am an officer of the King's army who has strayed within your lines. Thank you for your sympathy. You have beauty in your face, my child, but you have what is better—you have sympathy."

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have that confidence in you that I am willing to leave you for awhile with these gentle guards, my daughter and my niece, for I have a mission of some consequence in the village, which is a few miles away."



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have not a moment to lose." And then as he did not stir she went up to him pleadingly and with gentle manner, not knowing seemingly what it was she said or did; she put her hand upon his arm with gentle touch, and she said "Go, go; for my sake, go."

The door was closed and bolted, and the guard stood with the manner of defiance. In an instant Thankful had made disposition of the officer. Before he was aware what she was doing she had led him to the settle in the chimney corner, and she bade him to be seated there. None too soon, for the window was forced open and some one shouted: "Come out, you cur, or we will shoot you where you are!"

"I give that promise willingly." After Captain Folsom had gone away the young officer sought even the more earnestly to entertain these maidens, and their intuition taught them that their charms had found favor in his sight, for he looked upon them with admiring glances, although with the greatest courtesy and deference. He told them stories of England which they were pleased to hear, and of life among the nobility there and how the ways of those titled people differed from the simple customs of their kindred in the American colonies, and he asked the maidens many things about their manner of life, and it was plain to see that Miss Thankful had already won his high regard.

When he looked at her he saw the glance of exquisite joy which she could not conceal, and he perceived that gentle tears were coursing down her cheeks, which she did not care to wipe away, and he knew they were tears of joy.

Six years later, on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, a traveler dismounted from his horse in front of Captain Folsom's forge—for the Captain was a blacksmith in time of peace. The traveler looked curiously about, as though not sure that this was the place he sought, when his eyes rested upon a maiden who was standing in the doorway. It seemed to him as though the picture which he had seen in that identical spot six years before on the day of his departure was there again. He went up to her and said: "Thankful, my Thanksgiving. I have come."

A Roman consular army comprised two legions, each containing 4500 men. The unit of the legion was the manipulus, 100 men, commanded by a centurion. The legion was commanded by a tribune (brigadier general).

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Saunterer—Proportioned to the Stringency—Form a Syndicate—How Those Girls Love One Another, Etc.

Oh, tell me, brave aeronaut—And tell me true, I pray—Why do you risk your precious life In such a reckless way?

The hero sadly smiled and said: "A man, by harsh fate whirled, Will risk his all, if only he Can get up in the world."

Isabel—Clarence, did papa look glad when you asked him if you might have me? Clarence—Glad! His smile went three times around his head and hung down his back!

Sarah—Yes, papa has looked up his record and finds that the wretch is engaged to three of us at this very minute.

Agnes—(another victim)—Oh, isn't it splendid! We can all employ the same lawyer and save quite a little.

Tufft Hunter (of London, England)—Is it—aw—twee that youh American Indians—aw—cawn't raise mustaches, dontcher know?

Tony Adams (of Nebraska)—I don't think they can. But what's the matter with some of the fine heads of hair they raise?

"Been fishing?" "Yes." "Catch anything?" "Yes." "What?" "I don't know yet. I'll have to ask the doctor."

"I see Mrs. Skinfint has had her late husband's miniature painted and wears it under her chin."

"Did you hear about young D'Art, the china painter?" "No; what is it?" "He has been served like his own china."

"How is that?" "His wife's father fired him."

Maisie—Mrs. Homeleigh, have you got another face? Mrs. Homeleigh—No, my dear. What makes you ask?

Groaning Customer—I wish I was like that razor! Barber—Why sir? Groaning Customer—I'm just going into politics.

"Will you give me this little hand?" he pleaded lovingly. "Reginald, this hand is already pledged," she replied.

"I am very much disappointed in Reginald," said Mr. Currox. "I suppose so," replied the fond mother. "That seems to be a daily story with you."

"Maybe 'tis. But this came of taking him at his own word. When he got home from school he said that he was a good boxer. So I put him to work in the ware room, an' I'm doggoned if he could drive a nail straight."

He (at the husking bee)—I haven't found a red ear yet. She—You make me blush up to my ears. Ain't they a little red?

"Cholly's in disgrace at the club again!" said Willie Wibbles. "Deah! Deah! You don't say so. He's always in touble, isn't he? It was only last week that he came out without his twousahs wolloped up."

"This morn'ing he forgot to bwash and comb his chwysanthemum."

The Wife—Can you give me any money? The Husband—I haven't a cent. The Wife—There isn't any food in the house! What are we going to do?

"So," said Jaxon, "our Chicago friend Blower, has a new boy at his house?" "Yes, and he has named him Hamlet."

"That's a queer name. Blower isn't at all literary or dramatic, is he?" "No, but he's a pork-packer."

A man with a thin coat and a very red nose loitered about on lower Main street last night and struck every passer-by for a few cents with which to get a night's lodging.

A tall young fellow came bustling down the street. The red-nosed man stood directly in his path and began: "My friend, I'm a moulder by trade and I got sick last summer and I'm hungry and I want to get a few cents to get something to eat and a night's lodging. I've got seven cents."

"Ah!" said the tall young fellow, grasping his outstretched hand and slaking it cordially, "you're just the man I want to see. Give me a nickel, will you?"

Clergyman (to bride)—Do you promise to love, honor and obey? Terry Hote (to groom)—Hold, on there; that ain't legal.

"I really believe that we are descended from the ape," said Doodey. "I believe you are, too, Doodey," said Cynious; and Doodey wasn't at all pleased.

Uncle (reprovingly)—Now, Charlie, what do you keep a horse for? Charlie Fastdrive—Well, Nunky, I presume I keep him to let him go—[Godley's Magazine.]

Bobby—Pop, what is reason? Fond Parent—Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right.

Fond Parent—Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.—[Brooklyn Life.]

"Tommy," said the teacher, "do you know what the word 'foresight' means?" "Yes'm."

"Can you give me an illustration?" "Yes'm."

"You may do so."

"Last night, my mamma told the doctor he might as well call around and see me Thanksgiving night."

"You are charged with mutual assault," said the judge, "and from the appearance of your faces you seem to have been very much in earnest. What have you to say for yourselves?"

"We were merely rehearsing for a football match, your Honor," answered the two young men.

"Oh, if that is the case I will let you go. Let them be discharged, Mr. Clerk."

He—I have your mother's consent, and now— She—It can never be, sir. I highly respect you, and will be a sister to you, but— He—Hold on; you will be a daughter to me. I'm going to marry your mother.

In one of the cages in the circus parade at Walton, Mich., were a lion and a tiger. The beasts, especially the tiger, were fine specimens of their kind. In the same cage was the trainer, sitting in apparent unconcern. After the performance was over in the afternoon, in advertising the concert, which immediately followed, it was announced that Professor Reed, the lion tamer, would at the close go into the den in which he rode with the lion and the tiger in the morning and would feed them fresh meat from his own hands, to show the perfect subjection of the beasts. It was done as advertised. The beasts, however, were not in good humor and snarled, showing their teeth and lashing their tails as meat was handed to them.

When the trainer, in carrying out his programme, took a piece of meat in his mouth and held it out for the tiger, the great cat sprang forward partly against the trainer, knocking him backward and getting only a portion of the meat. Quick as thought it made a second spring, this time not for beef but for human blood. It struck the trainer on the right arm and breast with one of its great claws, tearing through his clothing and flesh, inflicting seven deep gashes in the fleshy part of his arm. The other claw struck his hip, tearing off the clothing, while its terrible jaws closed over the trainer's arm just below the elbow. The man never moved a muscle nor for a moment took his eyes from those of the tiger, whose savage nature was beginning to assert itself; its tail lashed its great striped sides and its eyes flashed fire. The nerve of the trainer saved his life. He called to the attendants near, "Bring the scrapers," all the time keeping his eye fixed on that of the beast and talking in a low tone to it.

It seemed an age, but it was only a few seconds, before two attendants, half dead with fear, thrust the iron rods through the cage against the sides of the tiger. The beast, which the trainer, pinioned as he was, still had partly under control, loosened his hold and crouched back in his cage, while the man backed slowly from the cage. As the door shut the tiger gave an angry growl, jumped forward, but the bars had closed. The lion showed great excitement and roared furiously.

The trainer's life was saved. A great sigh of relief went up from the excited crowd, women fainted and men struggled to get from the tent. The trainer was conducted to Dr. Morrow, who dressed his wounds. He was very weak and faint from pain and the terrible strain of the ordeal through which he had passed, but bore the operation without flinching. His arm was badly lacerated from the shoulder to the wrist. Three deep cuts were made by the tiger's claws in the fleshy part of the arm, and seven gashes, made by the beast's teeth, just below, penetrated deep into his arm, large enough to insert a man's thumb. After his wounds were dressed he went to the hotel.—[New York Telegram.]