



It was growing dark when Miss Martie, with her basket on her arm, came into the corner market to buy her Thanksgiving dinner. The basket was absurdly small, but Miss Martie was little herself, and when she set it on the high counter and stood blinking in the bright light, the calf's head at her elbow seemed to be grinning at them both.

"Well, Miss Martie," called out the market man, in his hearty fashion, "I see your mind is not set on a turkey this time, but just wait till I start this basket off for Cap'n Lawson's and I'll show you the right thing—a plump little duck I clapped into the safe this morning, thinking to myself that's the very moral of a treat for Miss Martie."

Miss Martie looked embarrassed and rubbed her forehead uneasily over a small coin that lay in the palm of her hand under her glove. It was a silver five-cent piece, and she had taken it with much hesitation from a little store of pieces, most of them given her when she was a child. For herself she could have got along very well with bread and tea, but somehow

valuable tid-bits, for Miss Martie had very little to offer him. She baked her delightful little puffs of biscuits, and enjoyed them immensely, finding them lighter and more digestible without butter. She read a Thanksgiving psalm and went about trying to sing in a little chirrupy voice like a brown sparrow. She brought in the small basket and flushed over the unexpected treasure-trove, but took it kindly as a bit of neighborly goodwill. The sweetbread, white and plump and all ready for cooking, reminded her of old Mrs. Morrison, just beginning to sit up and watch the people go by the window. What a toothsome dainty this would be for her, and what a delight to her she should be able to take it to her as she went to church, yes, and some of the celery, too, for a relish. The chops were transferred to a plate on the shelf, the sweetbread wrapped in a fine old napkin and laid back in the basket with the best half of the celery, and the biscuits Miss Martie had saved for dinner.

"The cold bread will go just as well with chops," she reflected, and prepared for church with a glow of happiness such as she had not known in a long time.

It helped to a real feeling of thankfulness, especially when she thought of old Mrs. Morrison, and how pleased she had been with the unexpected gift. She laughed a little to herself as she returned to her own door after service, remembering how when Sally Morrison had commiserated her on being alone Thanksgiving Day, she had assured her she had company invited—Tommy Barnes, from the next door, who was spending a couple of days with her, the rest of the family being away.

"I hope 't wa'n't a sinful untruth," she said, smiling at Tommy, who lay peacefully sleeping on the braided rug, "but if old Mrs. Morrison had set in to have me stay to dinner, I shouldn't 'a known how to get away, and she is such a talker."

With a long, clean apron over her best frock, Miss Martie began cheerfully to make her small preparations for the Thanksgiving feast. She had meditated leaving one chop for breakfast, but her walk and happiness had made her hungry and she decided to

cook them all.

But where did she put these chops—she was getting so forgetful—she could have sworn she put them on the shelf—could she have left them in the basket after all? He perplexed eyes fell from the shelf to the floor, and there, just peeping from the wood-box was the plate, and two small, very small, bits of bone, gnawed quite clean and white.

Ungrateful Tommy Barnes, lying there in peaceful slumber, with those precious chops rounding out your yellow sides, if justice had befallen you then and there you might not have lived to steal again. But into the midst of Miss Martie's righteous wrath came the reflection that Tommy must have been hungry, and the fault after all was partly her own for putting temptation in his way, "though how anything could have been further out of his way than that shelf, I don't really see," she added, dolefully.

At that minute Tommy Barnes waked from his nap, transformed himself into a camel, yawned in a frightfully tigerish fashion, and proceeded to sharpen his claws on the rug, the sacred rug into which had been braided some precious old garments dear to Miss Martie's heart. It was a straw too much to have insult added to injury, and springing from her chair, she cuffed Tommy in such vigorous fashion that three or four hearty blows found their mark before the astonished sinner could withdraw his claws and bound out at the back door, left ajar in the search for the chops. At that instant a resounding knock on the front door sent Miss Martie's heart to her throat with a sudden leap, as if justice were already coming to take her in hand for unreasonable cruelty.

When Miss Martie was peacefully patting about, unconscious of the cruel trick fate and Tommy Barnes had played her, Mrs. Deacon Giles was surveying her husband with a disturbed and tearful face.

"You don't mean to tell me," she repeated, "that the minister's folks ain't comin' at all, and you and me has got to eat this big dinner alone? Here, I stayed home from church to tend to it. Oh, you needn't to look as if you thought it was a judgment. Josiah I wouldn't be such a hipper-crit as to pretend to be thinkin' of spiritual things when I was wonder-



in' if Sarah Ellen would remember to baste the turkey. Seems to me they might let us know sooner."

"But I told ye, mother, it was a telegram come just before church. You can't regerate telegrams like the weekly newspaper, or stop folks from dyin' unexpected."

"Then, why didn't you rush round and get somebody else? Mercy sakes! 'Twon't seem like Thanksgiving at all—"

"Didn't seem to be anybody to ask but old Mrs. Morrison and Marthy Ellison. I drove round by the Morrisons, but the old lady was just having

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The proportion of killed to the number of railway travelers is in France one in 19,000,000, England has one in 28,000,000, and in the United States one in 2,400,000.

Benin City, on the west coast of Africa, which only a few months ago, before the British captured it, was known as the City of Blood, is now law-abiding and civilized. It has a British residency, a council of chiefs, a regular postal service and golf links.

A woman in Washington claims to have the power to locate any internal physical disorder by means of concentrating her vision upon the patient. Physicians have declared that her observations are correct, and they are able to use them in diagnosing a disease.

It is generally thought that the practice of having bonfires on Election Day was first suggested by the fact that it used to be the custom in England to build bonfires on Guy Fawkes Day, November 5. In Bristol, R. I., it is still the custom to have bonfires on that day.

One way Nature has of evening things up in this world is to make spendthrifts of rich men's sons. Money carries its own curse. The late Millionaire Pullman, by his will, cut off his two sons with a bare living, held in trust for them, thus anticipating the stern curse of providence.

It is said that there are three times as many teachers employed in the Sunday schools in Massachusetts as are employed in the public schools of that State, and the Congregationalist says that Sunday school teaching has reached a stage of development when teachers, in addition to piety, must have mental equipment.

Reports indicate a poor peanut crop this year. It was hurt first by the dry weather, and then by the wet weather. The rain found a part of the crop on the ground, dug, but not sacked, and, as there hasn't been sunshine enough to dry the peas, the result is that both the vines and the nuts are damaged from mildew. And even where the peas had been stacked there is some damage from the rain being carried by the high wind into the interior of the stack.

State Superintendent Stryker, of Kansas, has discovered that thousands of dollars belonging to the school funds are annually squandered by residents of the plains in the western part of the State. In Logan county there is a school district containing but one family. The man, his wife and his son annually elect themselves members of the School Board, vote a six months' school, at \$30 a month, and employ the daughter as teacher. The younger son is the only pupil of the school.

Presbyterians all over the world—and there are nearly 13,000,000 communicants—will celebrate the 250th anniversary of the meeting of the Westminster assembly and the adoption of the Westminster Confession of Faith. There is to be no national or international celebration, but each presbytery will have a celebration of its own, that being in accordance with Presbyterian polity. New York will lead the way with a celebration; a few weeks later there will be one by the Philadelphia presbytery; Washington will follow shortly, and then others will be held at various times in different parts of the country.

Discipline is evidently a factor in the French army, as two incidents which have just occurred during a single sitting of a court martial at Tunis go to prove. A soldier belonging to one of the African battalions, brought up on a charge of disobedience, when asked what he had to say in his defense, shouted, "You are a lot of swine and drinkers of blood," and was promptly sentenced to ten years' hard labor. The man who was introduced after him was accused of a similar offense, and the usual questions with a view to establishing his identity had scarcely been addressed to him when he tore a button off his tunic and flung it at the face of the President. For this offense he was condemned to death.

An agitation has sprung up in Russia for the reform of the church calendar of business reasons. One of the results of this is an embarrassment in trade. A Russian writer says: "In view of the constantly increasing traffic between Russia and foreign countries, the twelve days' difference between calendars is inflicting sensible and growing losses on our commerce. To cite one instance, it need but be pointed out that our exchanges and our reports during the Christmas season abroad are most inactive, and when business abroad revives again, Russia celebrates her own Christmas." The Russian press has taken the matter up, and is urging the government to take in hand a reform which must ultimately be inevitable.

Commodore Melville proposes, in order to test the question of trans-polar currents, to send adrift a number of specially constructed casks north of Behring Strait, and then attempt to trace their course. "Certainly," says the Philadelphia Press, "the experiment is worth trying, and it would be fitting were the money raised in Philadelphia to furnish the casks. As to sending them adrift, the United States Government vessels which will be called upon to do more active duty in Alaskan waters than ever before might well aid in this work. In favorable summers a run north of Wrangel Island is but a pleasant excursion, and under very favorable conditions the casks could be dropped off so far north as to insure that they would follow the Jeannette-Fram drift."

A bulletin for October from the Massachusetts Labor Bureau brings

together statements of accidents to employees on the railroads and in the factories and mercantile establishments of Massachusetts for eight years, including 1896, which makes a formidable showing for the factories. The total number of employees killed on the railroads was 584, an average of 73 per year, while the injured numbered 3,855, an annual average of 457. This exceeds the record of fatal accidents in the factories, where the total victims for the eight years numbered 233, or an average of 29 per year. People injured, but not fatally, in the factories numbered the large total of 6,356, or 794 per year, which largely exceeds the record of injured on the railroads. An explanation is that the number employed in the factories largely exceeds the number employed on the railroads, but the figures would seem to be proof that the provision against accidents in factories is not as efficient as is claimed.

The most beautiful house in the buried city of Pompeii has been recently unearthed. It is called the Iomus Vitrarium, and belonged to the noble family of Vitell. Instead of removing the marbles and bronzes and portable articles to the National Museum at Naples, everything has been left just as it was found, and tables, pictures, tessellated floors, statues and fountains and ornamented walls have been enclosed by the government with glass, thus affording protection from the elements and the vandal proclivities of many tourists. Exquisite mosaics and statuary may be seen, and the rich colorings of the walls are marvelously brilliant when one considers that nearly nineteen centuries have passed since the painting was first done. The fluted marble columns of the peristylum are things of beauty, and the marble basins in the fountain court are wonderfully beautiful and artistic. Two small bronze statues of boys have silver eyes.

Greater New York will be an empire within 300 square miles, the world's city of greatest area. Its Mayor, under the liberal powers given him in the charter, will be its sovereign. There will be a parliament of little power, composed of twenty-eight members in the upper house and sixty-one in the lower. There will be eighty-four members of the school board, and nineteen of the board of education. Within the city are elected sixty-one members of the Assembly of New York State, or nearly one-half of the whole membership, and twenty Senators out of a total of fifty-one. Within Greater New York are elected sixteen members of Congress, or more than in any single State of the Union, excepting only New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois.

According to the New York Sun a remarkable application of the perfected phonograph has been made by Mme. Anna Lankow, a vocal instructor of New York. She had several talented pupils anxious to secure European experience. Theodore Wagermann, a phonographic expert, furnished the delicate cylinders, and, under his direction the pupils sang their best into the phonographic horn. Mme. Lankow took the cylinders to Berlin, where the voices were reproduced for the German masters. The experiment was so successful that engagements to sing in Germany in concert and opera were obtained for two of the pupils, based solely upon the phonographic samples.

Evolution of the Wrecking Business.

Old British law thus describes wreck and salvage: "When any ship or boat is stranded or in sore distress on any shore or tidal water of the United Kingdom any one assisting to save the lives of those on the endangered vessel, or to save the vessel itself and its cargo shall be entitled to receive from the owners a reasonable sum besides expenses. This payment is called salvage. No receiver of wreck is entitled to salvage. Salvage on account of preservation of human life has priority to all other claims for salvage." History is full of accounts of false lights and lures placed by dishonest hands for murderous purposes. A shipload of passengers may go to the bottom for all the wreckers may care, so they gather a little profit from the disaster. In ancient times the British Crown appointed a wreck master, whose business it was to take charge of and assist all stranded vessels and to prevent the plunder that almost always accompanied the breaking up of ship on an unfrequented shore. Our life-saving service is the outgrowth of the wrecking-master idea. The life-savers are volunteers, although salaried, and are among the bravest and strongest-hearted men in our land. Only on exceptional occasions do we realize what their services really are. When a great ship, with hundreds of passengers, is rescued from the jaws of death the world wonders, but these men, with the muscles of steel and the eagle eye, take their lives in their hands whenever they go out to bring in some poor fisherman or to gather up the scattered remnants of some unimportant marine industry. Wrecking has been reduced to a science, and the appliances and methods employed in this work are among the most interesting constructions ever designed by inventive genius.

Roosting in a Tree Like a Bird.

James Conwell, aged forty-two years, was brought to Elkton jail and placed in charge of Sheriff Mackey. He is a small man, with dark hair, has been living in a tree on the Battle Swamp road and made a nest of leaves and sticks which covered him completely. His strange actions were noticed by people passing along the road and his arrest followed. He says his home is in New Jersey and that on September 9 he escaped from a Philadelphia hospital. Since that time he has been subsisting on tomatoes, corn and apples. —Baltimore Sun

THE JOYS OF THANKSGIVING.



it seemed a dishonor to all her happy past not to have something special on Thanksgiving; and so she had a feeling of real pity for it, lying there warm and snug in her palm, and so soon to go tumbling into the heap of clashing, jingling coins tossed about by the butcher's greedy fingers, or perhaps into the pocket of that horrible apron with blood-stains on it. Miss Martie shuddered, but quickly recovered herself to say, cheerfully:

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Simmons; but don't you think ducks are a sight of trouble, what with the stuffing and the roasting and needing to be looked after and basted regular? I made up my mind to something simple, and I don't know anything that's easier got or more relishing than lamb chops. Two lamb chops is about what I thought of, Mr. Simmons. You know there's only me."

Mr. Simmons had not seen the five-cent piece, but he understood just as well as if he had, and he began to cut the chops at once, talking all the time to relieve his own embarrassment and assuring Miss Martie that "if folks only knew it, there was nothing like lamb chops to encourage your appetite and strengthen you up all over."

"But you'll have to take three chops," looking curiously at the money Miss Martie laid in his big hand, "or I'll have to make change, and change is scarcer than hen's teeth to-night. You might have come unexpected, you know, and an extra chop would come in handy."

Miss Martie laughed so genially that the market man ventured to slip a sweetbread and a bunch of yellow celery into the basket on the sly. He would have loved to put in the duck, but that would have looked as if he suspected her reason for not buying it, and, bless you, he knew better than that. Some people have feelings, though their faces are red and their hands coarse and greasy.

Miss Martie went very happily down the street. She had lighted her lamp before she went out, and a cheerful little ray smiled encouragingly at her as she came to the gate. All the other windows in the weather-beaten old house were black and empty and looked to the lonesome little woman as if all sorts of hobgoblins might be peeping out at her from the gloom behind them, for Miss Martie's neighbors had gone away on a Thanksgiv-

scarcely thought of Tommy, as she trotted about, setting the sponge for her biscuits in a pint bowl, putting a little cup of broth on the stove to warm for her supper, making her tea, toasting her bread, and at last sitting down by the table in the little green chair with a patchwork cushion. Up to this point Tommy had sat quietly by the fire, having learned by many severe lessons that little folks should be seen and not heard, but when Miss Martie poured out the savory broth the delicious odor was too much for his fortitude, and with one bound he sprang into her lap.

"Bless me," said Miss Martie, "if I hadn't clean forgot you, and you half-starved, I dare say. There, get down. I never could abide cats around my victuals."

She put Tommy gently on the floor, crumbled some bread into the bowl of broth, cooled it carefully and set it down for him to eat.

"It's pretty rich for me anyway," she said, as she made out her supper with toast and tea.

It was perhaps well for Tommy that he took an early promenade next morning around the back yards of the neighborhood, and secured several



Put it and sance it and give us all some, From lean skinny Joe to Tom Fat; For 'tis Thanksgiving Day and this face all so glum, Was never cut out for one bat. —Thomas Sherwood.

On Desert Air.

Winthrop—"If Freddie is going to spend Thanksgiving with his grandmother, perhaps you'd better buy him that tin horn."

Mrs. Winthrop—"I spoke to him about it, my dear, but he said it would do no good to him, as grandmother is deaf."

The Kid's Harvest.

Now he is as pleased as pleased can be, And has no cause to sigh, With all his heart he says: "To me Thanksgiving time is pie."

The Turkey on the Wall.

THE opening of the chestnut burr, The leaves, yellow and sore, Told beyond a peradventure That Thanksgiving Day was near. But, to my childish fancy, The surest sign of all, Of the nearness of Thanksgiving, Was the turkey on the wall. It plainly told the story That we had not long to wait, For the path from wall to table Was very short and straight, It hung all plump and golden In the pantry near the door For a day or two before the feast, And then was seen no more.