

HOW DAN KENT MISSED HIS THANKSGIVING BANQUET.

The Kents—father and son—came to Chicago when Dan was a small boy, so that the latter soon forgot about all the luxury of Oldsburg and its people. If he had been older he might have been gladder to forget it, for there misfortune had overtaken his family, his mother had died, and his vague recollection of the place pictured the one long, dismal street down which he rode in a carriage to the cemetery, where the autumn leaves reeked in a cold rain, and the clay falling into a grave sounded like the thump of his old toy drum.

Dan Kent, having a merry heart, didn't want to cherish any such dreary memories. So he had grown to manhood without revisiting the home of his infancy. Not so his father. The old man managed to stay away from the scene of his disaster till Joshua Colvin died. Then he went to the funeral of his old friend and partner, and ever after, up to the time of his death, maintained a habit of periodical visits to the old home town. Dan thought this odd at first; then he began to suspect that there was some old, long buried romance between his father and the Widow Colvin.

"You're right, Dan," said the old man, when his son twitted him about the Oldsburg visits. "I'd marry her now if I wasn't so old and poor, and if you take my advice you'll go after her daughter, Kate."

They were like brothers in their frank and loving relationship in those days, and Dan, who liked to banter his father, was almost glad to "have something" on the old man. But when the elder Kent grew feeble he talked always more and more of the Colvins. If they were a joke with Dan, they were not so with his father.

"I wish you'd go up and see them," he would say. "I can't any more, and—Dan—I wish you'd see Kate—young Kate. Bet you'd fall in love with her in spite of yourself. I wish you would and marry her."

And a few days before he died: "Dan, if anything happens to Kate or her mother, will you do what you can for them? Promise, Dan. You'll write to them, anyhow."



SHE DARTED ONE ANGRY GLANCE AT HIM.

When his father died, Dan grieved like a man, and regained his spirits like the wholesome, clean-hearted youth he was; but he forgot about the Colvins after he had answered the widow's letter of condolence. He remembered them again when he saw in the Oldsburg Banner the obituary of Mrs. Kate Niebling Colvin. He ought to have gone to Oldsburg to comfort the orphan girl, but he disliked funerals and he couldn't get over his gloomy impression of the old town. So he wrote a letter to Kate, as he had promised his father, sending such words of comfort as a stranger must, but offering to be of any assistance in his power. He scarcely expected a reply, but he got one within a week.

It was a stilted, studied letter. She was grateful for kind words from the son of her mother's kind friend. She would do quite well, she thought, when she got back to her work as a school teacher. Her work might help her to forget. It was a dismal letter—just like Oldsburg, he thought—and he did not answer it. A month later he got another from her. Would he kindly buy for her Klynor's pedagogical chart? It would cost about \$1, which she inclosed. "I will be ever so much obliged," she concluded. He found the chart, which cost \$3, and sent her a note in which he said he was glad to be of service. He didn't mention that he was loser by \$2 in the transaction.

Within a fortnight another letter came to him from Kate Colvin, in which she said that she had just learned the chart had cost \$3, perhaps more, and that she "would return the balance the moment her salary was paid. They are in arrears with me for the last two months," the letter said, "but I am sure they will pay us before Christmas."

To Dan Kent there was something poignantly sad in the plain, simple, but uncomplicated statement of the country school teacher's poverty. Two dollars! He was making money and spending it as lavishly as a self-respecting young man could. Evidently poor Kate Colvin could not spare \$2 from a scanty board that might not be replenished at once. He was a generous tender fellow, and, somehow, that bald, almost childlike confession of a girl's lonely struggle for the benefits which he won so easily and regarded so lightly, gave a sharp sting to his gentle spirit, and clouded his radiant face.

Then he made a natural but a most egregious mistake. He wanted to write a kind, sympathetic and helpful letter,

but he let a lot of sentiment into it. Sentimental passages never look right to a sensible girl who reads them in a letter from a man she has never seen. Besides, Dan wasn't exactly a master of rhetoric at that time, and what he wrote could have been couched in terms of infinitely greater tact and delicacy. His first faux pas, however, was in inclosing a post-office order for \$50, "a loan, of course," he wrote, "which I trust you will accept until such time as—"

It was awful, of course, but Dan was young and he meant to do a kind office to the orphan girl in Oldsburg. When he mailed the letter it dawned upon him that he had made an ass of himself. The more he combed over the sentences which he had meant to be the finest, the surer he was that they were coarse, impertinent, idiotic. She would be offended at his tone, insulted at his offer to loan her money. "I feel that there is a bond of sympathy between us," etc., had been the best he could think of as "an approach" to the mention of a loan, but now it sounded inexpressibly silly.

He got her answer by return mail, and when he tore open the envelope the \$50 fell on the floor. "Serves me right," he gasped, but his eyes began to bulge when he saw the first line of the letter itself:

"Dear, dear friend," it began. "Sad, indeed must that heart be which cannot be cheered by the sweet delicacy and soulful sympathy of a friend like you. O, how my lonesome heart goes out responsive, and yet—"

"That's what Dan said. He could hardly force himself to read it. If his letter had been badly framed, here was the dregs of gush. A wild hope that Kate Colvin hadn't written it seized him, but the narrowest comparison showed it to be her handwriting. There was nothing absolutely inhuman in her hysterical epistle, but it fairly oozed sentimentality, which Dan was sure he would always despise in a woman.

"Glad to get back my fifty, anyhow,"

he sneered, pocketing the order and tearing the letter with one angry jerk. Then he paused, put the torn edge of her communication together, and re-read it. "Oh, how my lonely heart goes out responsive." That line started him, and he laughed till the bookkeeper stared and the stenographer joined in the merriment.

"I'll get back at her," thought Dan Kent, as he opened his desk. And he spent two hours that evening trying to outdo the dordid periods of his Oldsburg protegee. But he didn't send back the fifty. On Saturday he got an answer that fairly scintillated with flashes of Cupid's arrows. He had supposed that his letter rose to every flight of sentimental hyperbole, but it seemed commonplace and tawdry by the side of the glittering fabric of her latest epistolary composition.

He had to get "The Children of the Abbey" from the public library before he could answer that letter, and, in order to stimulate her to a still more generous effusion, he wound up his ecstatic billet with a superbly servile petition for her picture. He said "counterfeit presentment" first, but for fear she'd regard that as a mercenary allusion, he scratched the words away and substituted "fair image." The photograph that arrived in the next letter was worthy of the foolish girl's correspondence. A simpering, weak smile, evidently calculated to display two pretty dimples and a row of the white teeth, a mass of fluffy blond hair, falling almost to the eyebrows; a white lawn dress of the style that had been considered "smart" a few years ago; bangle rings on the dainty fingers!

"She looks the part," laughed Dan, "and if I don't send her my picture now this sport will come to a sudden end."

The letter suggested an exchange, and Dan, in the exuberance of what seemed such a capital joke, determined to send her the picture of his barber, a dashing young fellow with melancholy black eyes and a tightly waxed Wilhelm mustache.

It was Kent's irrepressible love of fun that led him into this thoughtless and, for him, unkind correspondence. But the letters had passed so rapidly and with such increasing and almost outlandish expressions of romantic emotion that he had not taken time to look at any but the funny side of the affair. He had shown the letters to nobody, destroying them as soon as they were read. When he had mailed the barber's photograph to Kate with his autograph on its back he resolved to

make an end of an escapade which was just beginning to eloy.

As he grew serious he reflected upon the folly—"folly? Perhaps it was mean of me," he thought, and this last idea held him so that he went home and wrote an honest, manly letter to the girl, in which he strove to exonerate himself. He knew she would forgive him for returning her photograph, he said, and for asking her to forget the whole episode, which, he hoped, had given her as much harmless merriment as it had given him. The tone of this letter was so modest, so sensible so self-deprecating, and so completely disillusioning that Dan thought as he dropped it in the mail box:

"I had would have liked that letter. I would never have written the others if he had been with me."

That was Monday. Thursday was Thanksgiving Day, and as Dan Kent was to be the guest at a banquet that evening, he resolved to get a bite in his favorite cafe. The place was crowded with diners, and he looked in vain for a familiar face. The head waiter found a place for him at a table at which sat a woman alone. She was modestly, but quite fashionably, attired, young—perhaps twenty—at ease, with an odd mixture of confidence and shyness. Her black eyes shone with the light of a brave and quick intelligence. Her swart hair drooped about her small ears in smooth glistening tresses. Her red mouth—

Dan had got this far in his subconscious cataloguing of the beautiful woman opposite him when she darted one angry glance at him in which there was an unanswerable reproof for his fascinated stare. It vanished as quickly as it came. She drew from her reticule a parcel of papers, read a clipping, and then unfolded his letter to Kate Colvin with the same photograph of the Oldsburg school teacher that he had mailed on Monday! He started, looked again, stood up, and betrayed his curiosity by leaning forward.

She glared at him, looked frightened for an instant, and then flushed with anger.

"How dare you!" was all she said, but the emphasis of her low voice helped him.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he answered, sitting down. "I wrote that letter myself to the girl whose picture you have there, and it startled me to see it in your hand. I am the 'Dan' of that letter, Daniel Kent—"

He stopped short. Her face was wreathed in smiles.

"Why, Dan," she commenced, in that same sweetly singing voice. "No! Are you Daniel Kent? The picture? Anyhow, if you're Daniel Kent, or just a friend of his who helped him try to make a fool of a country girl, you're both mistaken. I'm Kate Colvin."

She began the sentence with a coo and ended it with a rasp.

Dan was dumbfounded, but he got out his card and gave it to her.

"Well, you might have known I wasn't the kind to borrow money from a man I had never seen," she said, smiling, and her brune cheeks red.

"You might have known I wasn't fool enough to write drivel to an utter stranger. As for you, I thought you were a downright idiot until I got that last letter. That rang true. I came down to Chicago to pay you the \$2 I owe you, and to—"

"But, Kate," asked the delighted Daniel, "what prompted you to start the—foolishness?"

"Oh, I didn't like your sending that money, and—well, I didn't want to be pitied, either. I imagined you were one of those Chicago smarties, and—well, it was dull in Oldsburg; it's always dull there."

"And now we've met and found each other out, Kate?"

They laughed like children, looking frankly into one another's happy faces. "It's Thanksgiving, Dan," she said.

"I'll give thanks that this (holding out the picture of the pudgy blond) isn't you," he laughed.

"And I'll give thanks that you couldn't look like this!" And she held out the picture of the dashing barber.

And they dined so merrily together that Dan forgot everything but Kate, and Kate nearly forgot to pay back the \$2—Chicago Tribune.

The Goal of Rich Americans.

Charlemagne Tower, the American Ambassador to Germany, was speaking of the American's love for Paris at a dinner he gave in Philadelphia.

"Our love for Paris is no doubt great," he said, "but I am sure it is not so great as our European cousins have led us to believe. We all of course, have heard the European saying, 'when a good American dies, he goes to Paris.' In Berlin, from a bearded French diplomat, I heard last year a novel variant of this. The diplomat said he was sure I would sympathize with the profound and ingenious emotion of a young American girl, who lived, he said, in a bleak western city. There were in those days no institutes for the treatment of rabies, save in Paris. The young girl's life was very monotonous. One day she burst into a neighbor's house, almost beside herself with joyous excitement.

"Her dark eyes flashed. Her cheeks had a delicate rose flush. Panting a little she cried in a tremulous voice: 'Thank goodness, we are going to Paris at last. Dad has been bitten by a mad dog!'"

Modern Dogs of War.

The German Army, fighting in Herero land, under Gen. Von Trotha, employs a corps of 200 dogs. One of these dogs was recently struck and wounded by a bullet in the engagement of Opabe, while scouting in front of the skirmishing line. He displayed the greatest fearlessness under fire and worked faithfully until disabled.

The Japanese are using a number of dogs for reconnoitering purposes. They are attached to long ropes and well trained. The Russians are employing dogs for sentry and messenger work.

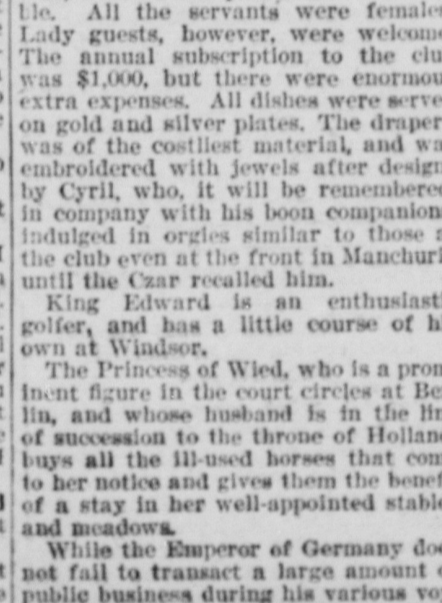
Capt. Persidsky of the late Count Keller's staff, writing from Odessa, says: "In finding the wounded men with which the millet fields are strewn nothing has succeeded like our seven dogs: their intelligence, especially the English bred ones, is extraordinary." I have been asked several times to supply dogs to the Russian army, and only quite recently was commissioned to purchase sheep dogs in the highlands for the German ambulance dog-training establishment. Perhaps instead of breeding and exporting dogs for foreign armies, we may some day find our dogs of service to their own country.

GOSSIP FROM ABROAD.

Tales of Diplomatic and Court Intrigue.

The Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada and successor to Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India, first came to Canada as Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne in 1883. He was then Lord Melburn. Three years later he served on the staff of General Middleton in the Northwest Rebellion and distinguished himself by his bravery. He was sent back to England for slapping the face of the colonel of a Montreal regiment with whom he had a disagreement.

The reason given for the Czar's refusal to permit the Grand Duke Cyril to marry the divorced Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, is that Cyril and his brother, the Grand Duke Boris, had prominent roles in the scandal which recently was disclosed at Kharkoff. Both grand dukes were members of the so-called club of Sybarites at Kharkoff, where indescribable orgies took place. The club, as I am informed, has only twenty members, all the sons of the first families of Russia. No males except



CZAR NICHOLAS AND HEIR.

the members were allowed to enter the club, which was a palace of white marble. All the servants were females. Lady guests, however, were welcome. The annual subscription to the club was \$1,000, but there were enormous extra expenses. All dishes were served on gold and silver plates. The drapery was of the costliest material, and was embroidered with jewels after designs by Cyril, who, it will be remembered, in company with his boon companions, indulged in orgies similar to those at the club even at the front in Manchuria until the Czar recalled him.

King Edward is an enthusiastic golfer, and has a little course of his own at Windsor.

The Princess of Wied, who is a prominent figure in the court circles at Berlin, and whose husband is in the line of succession to the throne of Holland, buys all the ill-used horses that come to her notice and gives them the benefit of a stay in her well-appointed stables and meadows.

While the Emperor of Germany does not fall to transact a large amount of public business during his various voyages for rest and recreation, when on his yacht at sea he is a very different man from the ruler of a great nation living in state at Berlin.

President Loubet of France has taken the barfoot cure; that is, himself, wife and daughter have gone barefoot, except for light sandals, on all but ceremonious occasions during this hot summer. The sandals worn by the President and his family come from Africa, being the approved Arabian kind. The President advises sandal wearing in summer for these reasons: "The naked foot not only benefits that member, keeping it cool and allowing it to breathe, but benefits the whole physical system and the mental as well. Liberate the foot of the customary enclosures, socks and shoes, and your nerves will grow stronger; if you are excited or worried, it will wear off easier."

Van Calava

New Blood in Naval Engineering.

From the Baltimore Sun

It may be questioned, in view of the Bennington explosion, whether the Navy Department's policy of restricting engineering appointments in the navy to graduates at Annapolis is best for the service. The graduates of the Naval Academy are bright fellows, no doubt, but only a few of them have a talent for mathematics, physics, mechanics and other like sciences that underlie the engineer's equipment. It is well known that there is difficulty in getting from their number enough men to take post-graduate courses at the Boston Technological School, and thus prepare themselves for the engine room and machine shop of the modern battleship or cruiser. The result is that the service is short of capable trained men who know how to handle boilers, engines, repair shops, electrical installation, etc. The Bennington is not the first of our warships to be injured by reason of insufficient attention in the engineering department. The remedy, it seems, is to inject some new blood from civil life into the engineering departments of our ships. It is all very well to reserve good berths for the Annapolis graduates, but the practice is carried too far when it results in starving the engine rooms. There are many graduates yearly from our technological schools who are as capable as any that can be found. The engineering department of the navy ought to be recruited in part from the outside talent, which has been educated in the art of ship construction, management and repair. It is possible to carry too far the policy of keeping all appointments in the navy for naval officers, especially when no exception is made of classes of appointments for which Annapolis graduates have no special qualifications.

Not a Meaningless Phrase.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

It is not meaningless that earth is called our "mother earth." It was somehow from the earth that mankind sprung at the dawn of life. It is into her arms he must go back when life is ended. It is from her intimate, loving touch that he must win the best in life as long as life is his.

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