quite confident that he would not re-fuse them so innocent and eminently praiseworthy a desire. They had talked

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

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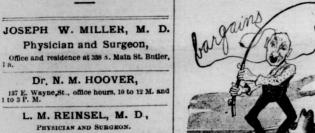
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

by Dr. Waldron.

New Troutman Building, Butler, Pa.

LEAKE, M. D.

CAPTURED.



Cobb met a beautiful young lady named Webb, and it is related that he fell in love as soon as he Spied-her. Our tale is told. We've caught your eye Do you catch on? Well; just follow along a little further. That "birds of a feather, flock together" in little droves by themselves is no more truly verified than at our store. Those who are good Judges of goods in our line, and who wish to get the best goods in the market for the money, con gregate at our store daily. There is al-ways room for one more; so don't be backward, but call in and see us.

I did not think of advertising this fall, but I met a man who asked me

Heck, The Champion Clothier & Furnisher. And strange to say, he informed me that he had never heard of me. Well! it is just such people we are after, and if this should catch their eye, we hope human curiosity will lead them to read it for it is one of the commonest traits of the race. It was curiosity that led Eve to taste the forbidden fruit; and her offspring have their curiosity that led give to taste the forbidden fruit; and her offspring have their curiosity excited every day as a hereditary temptation, from the small boy everlastingly peeping into boxes to the hired-girl with her eye to the key hole. Eveybody wonders what is in it. Properly directed, this curiosity often leads to satisfactory results, and D. A. Heck invites all curious people to make a voyage of discovery to his store and see the largest store, the largest stock of clothing—in Overcoats, and Suits for men, boys and children, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Shirts, Under wear, Cordigan-Jackets, Leather Coats and Pants, Overall-Jackets, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, Rubber Coats, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Hdkfs, Mufflers, Brushes, Purses, Bill and Pocket Books, Ladies and Gents' Watches, Chain-Charms, Rings, Pins, Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Silver Card-Cases, and a full line of Notions-at remarkably low prices; no matter how low you have been offered goods we have them still lower and for quality we never take a back seat. It will be to your personal advantage to give us an early call PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. and get our prices, and you are sure to give us a large share of your pat-S. W. Corner Main and North Sts., Butler, Pa. Thanking our many friends for their very liberal patronage.

We remain, yours to please.

D. A. HECK, Champion Clothier, Furnisher and Hatter. 121 N. Main St. Butler, Pa.

HENRY BIEHL

122 NORTH MAIN STREET,

BUTLER

DEALER IN Hardware and House Furnishing Goods.



Washing Machines; the Standard Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine, 2500 stiches per minute; the No. American sewing machine. dso Singer and Empress; agricultural implements and Stoves, table and pocket cutlery, hanging lamps; manufacturer of tinware, tin roofing and spouting a specialty; the Johnston mowers, is alty; the Johnston mowers, is alty in Jim's chest to see a photograph in Jim's chest pocket—"

that lave a chizer his pace, the shingles on their hinges, the shingles on their hinges, the shingles on the roof on the house! No, sir! To perdition wid your roofs of the pace, and the roof on the house! No, sir! To perdition wid your roofs of the roof on the house! No, sir! To perdition wid your roofs of the roof on the roof

PENN'A

reaper and steel frame binder, Warren ready mixed paint, warrented; screen doors and windows, refrigerators and lawn

No better place in the city to trade. ee my large store room full of goods, 1361 feet

WHERE A CHILD CAN BUY AS CHEAP AS A MAN

FURNITURE!

FURNITURE!

FURNITURE!

New styles arriving daily. It will be but a short time until you will be looking around for your holiday presents, we want to call your attention to our beautiful line of fancy

ROCKERS,

MIRRORS---Mantel and Cabinets, PARLOR CABINET, etc.

Attorney-at-law. Office on second floor of Anderson building, near Court House, Butler, Pa. We will also have for the holiday trade a full line of Dinner and Tea Set at any price from \$4.50 to \$75, all new styles and new shapes, goods guaranteed not to craze. A beautiful line of BUTLER, - PA. Vase and Bouquet Lamps, from \$1.50 to \$10. Anything you want in the Mutual Fire Insurance Co. above goods call and see us.

Truly Yours

Campbell & Templeton,

136 N. Main St., - - Butler, Pa.

AFTER HARVEST

Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, Canada, Dr. Gable treats all diseases of the you want NEW FURNITURE to re-

domesticated animals, and makes ridgling, castration and borse dentistry a specialty. Castration performed without clams, and all other We are headquarters for first-class marrying man, and the thought of an outsider—a woman at that—coming into surgical operations performed in the nost scientific manner. goods. Remember we have no mark his irresponsible bachelor existence, and laying down any sort of law, or Calls to any part of the country promptly responded to.

Office and Infirmary in Crawford's Livery, 132 West Jefferson Street, Butler Pa.

Goods. Remember we have 1 down sales; our prices are alway as is consistent with good goods. down sales; our prices are always as low

is consistent with good goods.

A full line of QUILTS in addition to had the fact borne in upon him, as it were, until the children were well grown, Teddy had started to college and joined the rabble, and Kittle had shown a decided and unblushing preference for a certain sophomore whom or and builder in brick work, grate setting and all kinds of brick-laying also dealer in barrel lime, wamline, cements. National, Portland st grades, in the market. Calcined

E. S. DREW, - 128 E. Jefferson, St. stolen visit to Teddy's room sliding down one of the pillars that supported his (the major's) porch, and whom he had there-

THE MAJOR'S SPREAD.

How the Good Old Soul Entertained Enemies Unawares.



"Did vou ar advised you? "Approach him? How can a fellow ap-proach a man that meets him at the first sally

with the sword of ridicule, and then follows his thrust with a cannonading of vituperative epi-"If you hadn't allowed those fellows to run poor old Sultan—"

"Oh, Sultan be hanged! They didn't hurt him any—"

In the resemble them and the the major; for all that they felt that their uncle loved them as dearly as they loved him, and when Teddy preferred

"He might have overlooked past of-nses, and mightn't --" his request, rash though it had been considered at the first blush, they were fenses, and mightn't —"
"Look here, Kittie McCalligan, what's
the use of your 'mights' and your
'mightn'ts'—Uncle Mac detests, abhors, abominates, despises, hates and loathes the college boys—"

"For which I am painfully aware he has, too often, just cause. Who ties cats to his window shutters? Who puts cats to his window shutters? Who puts turtle eggs under the hen? Who smuggles howling dogs into the cellar at had grown to seem almost a thing acceptable dead of night, fills Sultan's mane with burs, and paints the front fence red, white and blue? You may use all the window of a thunder clap out of a clear sky.

The very moment poor Teddy had the red in the pretty bloom of her rounded cheek. "That's dessert, darling," whispered the man. "Ted's a brick—brick? he's a whole pavement! We boys are positively stuffed—kiss me good-night, love—'sh—there!"

"If he didn't hate 'em they wouldn't chosen was unpropitious; the major had but just discovered fresh traces of "'They' — with Teddy McCalligan,
ring-leader, left out?"

"Oh, I say, Kit—"

"You fellows don't do much to make him love you that I have ever seen. "Invite your college friends to cat a him love you that I have ever seen.

Great, grown boys like you, at that, not a soul among you under seventeen—"

Thanksgiving turkey, is it?—a Thanksgiving divil! I'll tache them to give giving divil! I'll tache them to give thanks in my house! Would ye pour thanks in my house! Would ye pour thanks in my house! "Nor one of us over twenty. Twen- wine for the murdherers of your uncle,

the fellows so far from home, and that, and half-way homesick, the most of 'em, and not one allowed to go home at Thanksgiving, with the Don kicking up the half dust about it all—"

where or the intrinciers of your uncle, and shir sugar in it to their liking? Tare an' ours, but you're a cool-faced lot, wid the chake of a grinning chimpanzee! Invite the bloody begrars, say you—oh, no, ye'll not! I believe the fight to do what tuch a dust about it all—"

"You can go home, at any rate, and as for being homesick, I'll wager that lime"

lave I'll reserve the right to do what invitation's done in me own house, or know the raison why! And I'd rather than the company of transpared to the company of the compan Lansing farm wagons; New Sunshine & Howard ranges, Stoves, table and pocket Stoves, table and pocket Stoves, table and pocket Stoves.

like—and you needn't roll your eyes around in such an indignant manner, either—you're not the only girl living."

"Teddy!"

"addy!"

"Teddy!"

"Stunning picture—eyes like stars, mouth like—well, what you crying about?"

"Did you—did—did—did you ever hear lim say he way was knowed to say he way and show the stars of the

Jim say he wa-was homesick?" "Think the fellow's a blubbering idiot? S'pose you imagine he's going around dampening handkerchiefs with

and had since filled the major's nights

the fond heart was broken, and before

of two charming children, who were

after forbidden the premises.

the brine! Oh, I say, Kit, that was your photograph I caught on to-help a felably vigorous, Celtic epithets-"college Poor children! Teddy's notion of doing the hospitable was nipped in the bud, so green that there was no means When a man in impecunious circumstances acts in a manner somewhat unusual, he is straightway dubbed a crank; if, on the other hand, of determining just how rich in hue or how beautiful a flower it might have become; and Kittie's little dream of a a man of means is guilty of the period of bliss wherein a most enchantselfsame actions, he is termed merely eccentric. Maj. McCalligan's bank ing gown of peach blossom tinting ed equal honors with the figur account was large enough to allow him to be called by the longer and more cuphonious appellation, and persistent enough in his oddity to keep the sibof a tall and rather awkward youth known to the college world as "Jim Junior"—this delightful dream vanished in the miserable dawn of her uncle's tempestuous mood, and the wretched sun of a day of disappointment shone ilant word continually upon the tongues of the people unluckily obliged, by stress of circumstances, to dwell inside the corporation of the populous college town. The major had settled there through mists of big unshed tears.

be fid at the ixpinse

"Uncle, you haven't forgotten your long before any great barracks of a school building had been erected, be-fore the noise and confusion consequent upon the arrival of hundreds of manner-

less youths within the town—youths who laughed law and order to scorn, "To fetch a pack o' tramps on Thanks-giving day to dine with you. I've met thirteen in the interim—sorry it's fhirwith a hideous unrest. That he, the hero of a hundred battles, should be routed by such an enemy to his peace, that he should pull up stakes and fly be-fore so puling, so inane a foe was as far scarecrows he could scare up along with him, I wouldn't wonder-hello, from his thoughts as that the major's ire was that adversary's chief joy. In every way possible, innocently or uncle, what's the matter?"

"Noth—nothing, Teddy—nothing, me oy!" The laugh shouldn't be on him poy!" The laugh shouldn't be on him, ac'd be bound. What an ass—what a long-eared, deep-mouthed, braying as he had been to give that boy Teddy the dear delight of seeing his quick Irish blood fly to his seewling brow, and hearing his quick Irish tongue berating them with the choice invective he had, with seeming forethought, gath-(and, if Teddy! others, of course, other who were his arch-enemies and es pecial abominations) such a grotesque such an absurdly ridiculous hold upon

"Had you forgotten about it, uncle?" "Forgotten? D'ye think me mim'ry" failin' me? We'll have a regular fais—turkey enough fer twinty, and oyste In the college town, therefore, the major had remained, pestered and en-joyed by youths who grew to manhood, dhrissing to confound the natives! Maj. McCalligan that can taich the be-nighted world the rale maning of hos-pitality. Faith, it shall be a beautiful raduated, and, as the years flew by, began sending on second editions of themselves to their beloved Alma Mater. During this passage of time the major's sister—the sole idol of his heart—had married and, after several years of married bliss, had found herself a widow, with two little children to care for. Although she realized their great peed of her and fought beyond the line.

shpridi"
And it was. The great oaken table, pulled cut to its last joint, with the company napery covering its polished surface, groaned with the burden it bore. There was no half-heartedness about Maj. McCalligan; the glitter of his best silver, the sparkle of his finest crystal, the glowing hues of the brightest flowers from his hot house, the aroma arising from well-cooked viands -all these awaited in due time the

need of her, and fought bravely to live for their sakes, her efforts were of no avail, and each day saw her more and more the shadow of her former self. In vain her brother tried to comfort her oming of the guests.

By ones and twos and threes they the winter frost had melted above the grave wherein lay all her hopes, there came—a motley crew—an unkempt, unwashed lot of hungry men, knocking was another mound to be covered by the soft white mantle of the snow, and the major, filled with that mournful at the side door, knocking at the back tenderness felt only by lamenting Irish hearts, led the two little ones back to his own fireside, accepting them as a sacred legacy. He gave them his name and his undivided care and attention, and joyed in the sense of his ownership of two chapming children, who were door, ringing at the front door-each ing, however, the shaking of dirty paws felt confident Teddy, the rascal, thought to take upon him. It actually warmed the good old Irish heart within now as much his own as though he had suffered sleepless nights during their him to see the hungry, gaunt-eyed men put away the delectable provender with which he had provided them, and infancy, and been fretted by a wife of his choice—for the major was not a marrying man, and the thought of an the thought that for one hour at least these outcasts were appearing their seldom-satisfied appetites and were drinking in, together with their frahis irresponsible bachelor existence, chalking any sort of mark for him to toe, was a maddening one. grant Mocha, a glimpse of life among the lofty and refined, touched his heart But even saered legacies can be, at times, trying. Not that the major had had the fact borne in upon him, as it with the warm finger of self-satisfac-tion, and he beamed benignantly upon

his indigent guests. The clatter of dextrously-handled knives (which weapons were favorite conveyors of food from plate to mouth) and forks, the loud swoop and gurgle caused by the swallowing of coffee cooled in saucers, the noisy crunch of erence for a certain sophomore whom he had caught on his way back from a teeth upon rapidly-disappearing edi-bles, the half inaudible grunts accompanying the pointing of an unwashed on the fire—weeping on one digit toward some desired viand, to-

gether with the major's good-naturedly encouraging and voluble chatter, made a cheerful hour of it all. At times the to mark his chagrin at the turn affairs had taken, but Teddy, too wily for his uncle, caught each glance upon a countries of the countries of enance so expressionless that it bounded back and was lost somewhere be ween the chicken salad and the cheese.
At last the hungriest man among them desisted with a sigh-even he

BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1891.



arose, and, with an attempt at a bow, and a gutteral something meant for thanks, filed slowly and slouchily toward the kitchen door

The major, after calling Kittie from exit, passed into the library to enjoy quiet smoke and a retrospection of the heart-warming scene.

A tall, awkward man brought up the rear; a lean, lank, cadaverous fellow, with black eye-sockets, and beard of a sessing lineaments. As the major dis appeared, and Kittie, beaming with a smiling curiosity, brought all the bright beauty of her girlish years into the nov this brother, that it had, by degrees, gether obnoxious tramp of them all, the idea, lost its first impossible aspect.

It did not occur to them that what they had talked and dreamed over until it arms, and left a very dirty kiss upon

TOUGHENING FOR THANKSGIVING.



I'm going to a boarding-house. - Life.

discriminate so heavily against dressed

them-that the deserving hungry shall

Calligan, and that bread and wather's too good for the likes of"—here fol-lowed untranslatable, but unquestion-Philanthropist-What's the matter? e is caused by overwork or mental

nothing but work offered me since I struck the town, and I'm anxious for fear I'll have to take it or leave .-

He-Have you heard the news? Yesterday morning, Mary Dawson jumped into her father's carriage and eloped with the coachman. She-What's her father done about He-He has advertised: "Send back

the horses, and all will be forgiven."-Farmer's Boy-Father, why cannot rise in the world the same as other men? For instance, why cannot 1 some day become secretary of agricut

Old Farmer-Too late, too late, my son, you know too much about farmin'. -Good News. wedded wife,

He supplies her with the lovellest steam
printed cheques in blank.

The only little drawback to their happy mar
ried life

Is his failure to deposit any money in the

. Precocious. say Mozart played on the

"Dolls."—Harper's Bazar. Progress in Medicine.

Gargoyle—There's been, a great improvement in medicine lately. For instance, doctors don't bleed patients as Bloobumper-Don't they! Well, paid a doctor's bill of \$400 only last eek.—Detroit Free Press.

A New Standard. "To think that Blodgett, of all men, should have married a plain girl!"
"They say the new Mrs. B. has ar "Evidently he selected his wife as he razor-for temper, not for

'Dinguss is a man of expensive hab

'Yes. Dinguss' habits since I have been accquainted with him have cost terest."-Chicago Tribune. George Bond-It seems to me that 1

nell burning hair every time the fire is Little Johnnie-I guess you do. Sis morning.-Truth. and mother is to dwell long in the land what may we conclude as to the boy 'Ain't they like each other?" said the

fond mother as she admiringly contemplated her twins.
"Yes," said the Boston lady; "they are as like each other as two beans." Lord Noodleby—And wheah do yaw best people live in New York? Maude—Our untitled nobs live along

We keep our piers or the river front. -Jury. He Finishes His Work. There is no misfortune without its compensation
Thus man is like a log of green wood



What glory to reign on the platter, Proud creature, while greatest and least Proud creature, while greatest and least Of tongues of all peoples bespatter Thy form with their praise; what a feast To feel you're the real inspiration Of every sharp, scintillant thing That falls from the mouth of a nation-Rise, bird sacrificial, and sing:

For think, you're the actual power That pushes the big social car That pushes the big social car Up heights where our souls for an hour Their promised lands view from afar; Where, ringed in a holy day splendor, On top of the mountain of Self, Our hearts can find time to grow tender, Away from the lowlands of pelf. The whole of our future you're storing With food of gay laughter and song,

With food of gay laugues.
O'er moments unseasoned are pouring.
The gravy of mirth, rich and strong.
At memory's hearth we will taste you.
We yow, as we taste you to-day.
While blest recollections will baste you. And turn you forever and JULIA H. THAYER.



prayer or worship of Thanks-giving. The average condition of man s one of happiness. Wherever the nake a fairly good use of life, and therethe two simple facts—an intelligent mind and the world of a Creator, comes the religion of thanksgiving. It of gravy and stuffing. igent manhood and womanhood—the theist alone being silent.

Many religious minds have doubted whether they should ask the Maker of the universe to grant them some bless-ing. It has seemed to them only an outburst of egotism to ask the Deity to onfer upon their mind or body or business some special favor, but no religious nature has ever hesitated to breathe "Can you tell me," he asked, as he entered an office on Broad street the other day, "why the railroad should office of the day, "why the railroad should office would seem to be inhuman. It has been the reasonableness of this "Certainly, sir. Dressed meat is dead, isn't it?"

"Certainly, sir. Dressed meat is dead, isn't it?"

It has been the day of piety that has made it outlive the years which saw the early fathers of our country assemble in the name of the name of the country assemble in the name of the country as a c of our country assemble in the name of gratitude. It was soon seen that the Heavenly Father was not a special always bulldozed by a railroad company."—Texas Siftings.

Only Caused It.

of our country assemble in the name of gratitude. It was soon seen that the Heavenly Father was not a special friend of those who landed upon Plymouth Rock. His love and care touched alike all years, all places and send my collection of the first grapes. all men. The fall of the first generation into its grave did not terminate the history of the Thanksgiving day, because the Divine goodness never ends at a human tomb. It passes over graves like a morning sunbeam and follows the living race. The day once seen and once established could not but travel on, because the kind Providence which created the day traveled onward and was as active and beautiful in the

eighteenth century as it had been in the eventeenth.
The Thanksgiving day stands forth in our time in the same light as that in which it stood in the days when Miles Standish walked upon the Atlantic shore. There is not a patriot in our nation who is not as dear to Heaven as was each soul in the Mayflower. Once started upon its career Thanksgiving day can end only by command of a na tional atheism. The mind may be slow in discovering a truth or a duty, but when it has reached such a sentiment as that which comes out in bloom each November it can never recall the noble

sentiment and close up its account. As the seasons come and go the na tion grows greater in all the dimensions of merit. Behold the growth of our country! The days of Plymouth Rock Young Myzer is quite liberal with his newly wedded wife, wedded wife, loveliest steam in more millions, and in more of education, wealth, art, science and goodness. The scene has become so vast that the hearts in this land to-day should be bowing before God's altar in a love and -Puck. joy greater far than the sentiments which expressed themselves so solemnly when our state was young. Our prayer "They say Mozart played on the piano at the age of six."

"That's nothing. I've got a little girl only two years old who plays on the piano every day."

"What does she play?"

"What does she play?"

"Dolls", "Harper's Bazar.

Premature Rejoicing. "Horray!" screamed the young turkey; "Thanksgiving day is gone and I'm still here." "Shut up!" said the old gobbler; "you evidently have never heard of Christmas."—Puck.

Mammon's Temple. Harty—Can it be that old Scadds was at his office all day Thanksgiving?
Kirk—Why, yes; he followed out the recommendation to "repair to his place of receiving." Providence of the place of

A Whimsical Woma Housekeeper—How long did you remain in your last place?

Applicant—Sure I left in wan day

There was no plazin' tha leddy at all at "Whimsical, was she?" "Indade she was that. The first night she complained because I boiled the

tay, an' th' very next morning she com-plained because I did not boil the coffee. Thin I left."—N. Y. Weekly. Progress of Modern Refinement "And now, children," remarked the Sunday-school superintendent, as he brought his review of the lesson to a "if the boy who honors his father

"He isn't in it," responded the children, with one voice.—Chicago Tribune. Rules Must Be Complied With.

Robber (to bank teller)—I'm Bloody Jim, th' Rip Roaring Snorter of the Rockies; hand over that there cash. Bank Teller (mechanically)-I have no doubt, personally, sir, that you are Bloody Jim, the Rip Roaring Snorter of get somebody to identify you.—N. Y. Herald.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Worrit, "is it really true that many people are buried TRULY THANKFUL.

Just Try to Feel Like Brother Hood and You'll Be Happy. I always liked Thanksgiving day. Coming, as it does, at such an appro-priate season just before the long hard winter, I am in better shape, so to speak, to have a soul filled with gratitude, than I would be along about, say, February, when the buckwheat flour is running low and the grocer doesn't wait upon me with the



worst, and said:

"Eh—well, you see, Mr. Hood, we couldn't do it. Have to draw a line somewhere, you know."

I was mad in a minute. You know

"Don't you give me credit for with all your heart and soul, and you

"Why certainly, Hood," he said, "but -eh-couldn't for anything else, you know."

Still that is alien to my Thanksgivings in general, and Thanks giving dinners in particular, will al-ways touch a responsive chord when make a rainy good use of hic, and therefore to appreciate its wonderful powers
and mysteries, then the heart reaches
a happiness which can at times cry out:
"I bless, Thee, oh God!" Many times
in each season, or year, the mind not
dull or wicked says to itself: "Thank
Call "I keed set define its Call I tread God." It need not define its God. It need not be a Christian or a pagan. Out of will do us nicely, thank you, and if

is the simplest form of piety, and is therefore the most universal. It sweeps over the whole arena of intelyou," or "None of the so-and-so for me,

other people eat and like, yea, verily, And that's one of the things that Charles Newton Hood, familiarly, "Newt" Hood, has to be thankful for to-day—his appetite. Rising at a moment's notice to Pate de foi gras, quail on toast and blue points, or happy with stewed grocery-store codfish and boiled patatoes.

If I don't particularly like a viand. I just eat a little more to make up.
Why, if I should happen along in at African forest upon a pleasant party of cannibals enjoying a Thanksgiving dinner of stalled missionary and con-

order up for more spareribs as often as did the big chief with the ring in his



WHY SHOULD WE

NIBALS? It is right that we should be thankful and eat much turkey on Thanksgiving day, for yea, that which we do not eat will be warmed over for us the rest of

We have much to be thankful for The world's fair is bound to be held sometime, new states have been added to us, and baby's teeth have come through well. Next year we will have politics. Let us be thankful that it is not this year.

If we are sons or daughters who have fled or been kicked from our father's home in days gone by, let us remember that Thanksgiving day is the dandy time to waltz home and have all forgiven, unless the standard Thanksgiv-ing day story is wrong.

If we are rich, let us be thankful that we know not the pangs of poverty, and if we are poor, let us be thankful that we do not have the care and responsibil-

ity of great wealth. Let us be thankful anyway.

CHARLES NEWTON HOOD. Gobblers Everywhere. The turkey is not the only gobbler at the thanksgiving board, particularly in

An Unfortunate Break "I declare, I never thought!" cried Mrs. Lincolnpark, after her dinner was "Never thought of what?" asked

families where there are boys.

Mr. L. Why, I placed Col. Jones and Mrs. Parkerton next each other at dinner, and, now I think of it, he was her first husband!"-Harper's Bazar.

One or the Other.
Seaside Visitor-What a magnificent villa! It must have cost a fortune.
Driver—That's Smith's cottage. Visitor-Ah, indeed! Smith, the so man, or Smith, the pill man?-N. Y Weekly.

Nothing to Fear. Lady—Little boy, isn't that you nother calling you?
Little Boy—Yes'm.

"Why don't you answer her, then?"
"Pop's away."—Good News.
Explained. "I wonder why that widow, Mrs. Hit-

terby, paints the edges of her eyelids black."
"In memory of Hitterby. It's a mourning border just like that on her stationery."-Judge.

Grease and Cash. Hessman-Confound it! I've managed to get several spots of grease on Seedeigh—I was fortunate enouget several dollars on mide.—Jury

THANKSGIVING DAY. When We Should Put Out of Sight Every-thing Disagreeable.

Three thousand years ago Moses in-structed the Israelites to keep a feast after they got established in the Holy Land. They called it the feast of the tabernacles, and for eight days follow-ing the close of the harvest they dwelt in booths made chiefly of green boughs, and feasted on corn, wine, oil and

The Greeks had a nine days' feast of similar character, and the Romans also had one in honor of Ceres, goddess of

after them the English. Our Thanks-giving comes from the Puritans, and it will be noted that, like all its predecessors, the observance bore special reference to the harvest, and, if the harvest failed, there was no Thanksgiving. We have outgrown that narrow view of the day, and it is safe to say that Thanksgiving day will never be omitted again, no matter what calcapits allows the same transfer. no matter what calamity falls

ways something to be thankful for. Sorrow and disappointment come to all, but there is no life so dark that it is without one ray of sunshine. have nothing else, you are to be ful for life itself.

"Don't you give me credit for honesty?"

same alacrity that he did when I first opened the account with him early in the season.

I once intended giving my patronage to a certain grocer. 'I went to him, in perfectly good faith, and, as is usual with me, asked for a little time.

He coughed about thrice in a peculiar way, to sort of prepare me for the worst, and said:

"Eh—well, you see, Mr. Hood, we reconciliation. Bid them to your Thanksgiving feast and forgive and be

somewhere, you know."
I was mad in a minute. You know how the Hoods are, fly off the handle in a jiffy and say things they're likely to be sorry for afterwards. I blurted out indignantly:
"Don't you give me credit for with all your heart and soul, and you will have your reward in a feeling of happiness that will remain with you for many a day.—Golden Days.

AN UNEVEN THANKSGIVING









City Lady-Mr. Barnyard, we found a gold ring in the crop of the turkey

a gold ring in the crop of the turkey you sold to us.

Mr. Barnyard—Just my durn luck!

Mariar wanted that one for our dinner, but I was hard headed an sold it.

After this she kin hev her own way. Maria (aside)—I fed that 'ar ring to the bird with my own han's, an' naow I reckon ther ain't no doubt who's goin' ter do the bossin'.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Contempt for Human Ignorance Mrs. Turkey—Gobbler, what do you think? I saw a lady to-day with a small gold wishbone at her throat!
Gobbler—Ahem! Ought to be ashamed of herself! Even our fledglings know that's not the right place for a wishbone.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.



The reason Willie Winks did joy his turkey .- Golden Days.

The Foolish Little Turkey. Little Turkey—Oh, mamma, mammal I saw some gold and silver wishbones in the jeweler's window. Please get

Mother Turkey—My child, our lives are in constant peril as it is. With gold and silver wishbones none of us would escape. Jewelers' Weekly Important to Smoker "You ain't a-gwine to give ten cents

for that cigar, are you?"

"I believe I will, Sally," said he.

"Jest to burn up?" said she.

"That's what it is make for, Sally," said he.
"Well," said she, "I'd look at a dime

a long time before I'd give it for that thing and then burn it right straight up. If I was gwine to be a fool I'd be a fool some other way."—Texas Sif-

out of my mind that I've largovers something.

Dumley-Not your flawsk?

Chappie-No, nor me loading tools, nor me compass. Here are me eleaning implements, shell extwactor and me cartwidge bag. Aw, I have it now. I have left me gun at home! Deutelly awkward, isn't it?—Jury.

"And dear John ate a great lot, and gave a little piece to the kitten before he went to his train."
"Well?" "And the kick-kick-kitten has just

On the Stubble Field. Chappie-I can't get the impwession out of my mind that I've forgotten

Dreadful Possibilities.
Fair Visitor—Dearest friend, what is the matter? Mrs. Knewliwed (sobbing)—This mum—mum—morning I made some lul -lovely cake.

ings.