

Cynthia White - Pest

By VINCENT G. PERRY

With a quick jerk Horace Sangster pulled his line from the water, and then cried out with disgust. The fish, if there had been one, had got away. Three hours without a catch—it was enough to annoy a man with normal nerves, and Horace was far from that.

The sound of the word startled him. He had not sworn for years. His nerves were certainly making a wreck of him. The solitude of the place was aggravating him, too. They had told him the simple camp life, with lots of fishing, would make a new man of him.

This was the second day, and he was going to make it his last. To begin with, he had had trouble pitching his tent. The storm in the night had kept him up keeping out the rain. Every crack of the bushes or sound of the birds in the trees caused him to start unsteadily. It was nearly as nerve-racking as an afternoon session with the fourth-year girls.

Without exaggeration, Cynthia was the worst girl he had ever had under his tuition. Her main object in life seemed to be to torment the professor of mathematics. Something always turned up for her to argue about or laugh over. There was always something for her to ridicule, and she never missed an opportunity to make him feel mean—perhaps because she was so large and he was so small.

As he sat there thinking it over, Horace made up his mind he had been foolish. It would have been easy to have arranged for her dismissal from the college. Why hadn't he done it? There was something he liked about Cynthia, in spite of everything. The spirit of fun behind those twinkling black eyes of hers appealed to him, and the warmth of her laugh made him long for something—something that was not in his life.

Suddenly the laugh sounded close beside him. He nearly toppled into the water from the shock it gave him. He turned quickly to confront Cynthia, a little way off, her eyes bulging over with merriment. After rubbing his eyes to make sure he was seeing aright, Horace smiled forth a greeting. Even the pest of his life was welcome in that solitude.

"Oh, Mr. Sangster, you look so funny there," she laughed. "If the girls could only see you in your bare feet?" "Heavens!" Horace tried to hide his feet behind a log. He had forgotten that he had taken off his shoes and socks to wade a creek.

"Don't be alarmed," she smiled encouragingly. "I am going to take off my shoes, too. One can't fish well with shoes on. How do you like my costume?" She was clad in khaki from head to foot, and her hair was hanging in curls over her shoulders. He had never realized how beautiful she was before.

"Love! You look peachy," he murmured, admiringly, not realizing that he had used the word "peachy" for the first time since he had got his degree. That encouraged Cynthia to take a seat beside him. Not that she needed encouragement, for she would have sat there sooner or later. It did not take Horace long to forget that he was a college professor and she was a mere student. Soon they were chatting gaily.

Her home was near by and she had spent every summer fishing in that stream for years. She led him to a place where he was "sure to catch something, no matter how poor an angler he was." When his luck remained poor and he still made vain attempts to land a trout, Cynthia did not fail to laugh at him and assure him that he was as funny as he could be.

Somehow it did not bother him to be laughed at out there. The air seemed to have got into his blood and given him a sense of humor that responded to her witty ridicule. He was not long in catching onto the right way to drag in the line, and before the afternoon was over he was catching as many trout as Cynthia. When they parted he had gained her promise to search him out the next day.

Cave Dwellers in France. In prehistoric times, when man had to fight with wild beasts not only for food but for life, he found a welcome refuge in grottoes and caverns. But as soon as humanity had achieved some degree of progress in civilization our ancestors forsook these primitive natural shelters for more comfortable dwellings.

Not Slaves to Precedent. Were one to analyze the careers of 200 or 300 of our leading men of finance and industry it would probably develop that not half of them continued in the line of business in which they started, but struck boldly out in the direction where they saw the biggest opportunities and where their inclination lay.

One of the earliest and most notable instances of this was Commodore Van-

Camping agreed with him after that. Fishing was the most wonderful sport in the world when one had a companion like Cynthia, he decided after two weeks of glorious days. Nerves? Why, he had forgotten he had such things! They would have still stayed out of his mind had it not been that a rainy day broke in on them. It made it necessary to stay in his tent and try and spend the day reading, wondering all the while what Cynthia was doing. Making fun of him, most likely—the thought came to him quickly and left him staggering. Perhaps she was. Perhaps she had spent all those days with him just to have something to tell the fourth-year girls when she went back to college. He would have to resign.

It would be just like Cynthia to do it—but would it? This new Cynthia was not a bit like the old Cynthia who had made his life miserable. But as the rain kept up his mind became more unsettled, and before the night was over he had made up his mind that Cynthia had been making a fool of him.

The next day he still thought it. When Cynthia appeared he hardly spoke. She saw at once her presence was not welcome. With a toss of her head she started up the bank and forded the stream some way up. After fishing alone for some time Horace realized that he had been a fool. Cynthia was too fine a girl to be insulted like that. He would find her and make amends. He started in the direction she had taken and attempted to ford the stream where he imagined she had crossed. The spot he chose appeared quite shallow from the bank, but as he reached the center, he stepped into a deep hole and sank out of sight.

Cynthia looked up just in time and with a cry jumped into the water and made for the spot. When he came up for the first time she was there to clutch him and a couple of strokes took them to safety. His body remained limp in her grasp, and as she dragged him over to the bank and placed him on the grass, the pallor of his cheeks alarmed her. He lay quite still. She placed her ears to his breast and then cried out with fright, "He's dead!" Madly she tried to shake him back to life, and then she seemed to lose her senses.

"Come back, Horace!" she cried. "Oh, Horace, don't die. There is so much I want to ask forgiveness for. I was just beginning to know you and like you, Horace—like you so much, Horace. Please open your eyes. I have been such a wretch to tease you. Oh, dearest Horace, open your eyes!" And Horace did. He could not sham any longer after being called "dearest Horace."

Cynthia's hysteria vanished when she discovered he was alive. She was very angry at first when he confessed he had not been hurt at all and was conscious all the time, but her sense of humor came to the rescue and she joined in his laugh.

"Please call me dearest Horace again," he said as he reached out for her hand. But Cynthia would not until he had told her how much he loved her and how miserable he would be without her.

"Dear old pest," he said just before the kiss that sealed their engagement.

JULIA WARD HOWE'S SALON

As Hostess It Was Said of Her With Truth That She Delighted in Contrasts.

When I think of it I believe that I had a salon once upon a time. I did not call it so, nor even think of it as such; yet within it were gathered people who represented many and various aspects of life. They were genuine people, not lay figures distinguished by names and clothes. The earnest humanitarian interests of my husband brought to our home a number of persons interested in reform, education and progress. It was my part to mix in with this graver element as much of social grace and gentility as I was able to gather about me. I was never afraid to bring together persons who rarely met elsewhere than at my house, confronting Theodore Parker with some archbishop of the old orthodoxy, or William Lloyd Garrison with a decade, perhaps, of Beacon street demagogues.

A friend said, on one of these occasions: "Our hostess delights in contrasts." I confess that I did; but I think that my greatest pleasure was in the lessons of human compatibility which I learned in this wise. I started, indeed, with the conviction that thought and character are the foremost values in society, and was not afraid or ashamed to offer these to my guests, with or without the stamp of fashion and position.—Julia Ward Howe.

Hard to Explain. Has it ever been fully explained why it is that a man on a cold, raw day will sit four hours uncomplainingly on a hard board in a rowboat and hold a fish pole, yet squirm and fidget and fume if he is asked to sit more than an hour and fifteen minutes on a cushioned seat in a well-warmed church?

derbilt, who was so old before he turned to railroad that his family and his advisers impugned him to let well enough alone and not to enter an entirely new field at his time of life.

This readiness of brainy giants to take up new things and to throw their whole selves into them is really one of the principal reasons why the United States has led the world in so many lines of endeavor. Wealthy Europeans, as a rule, avoid the new, untried paths; they are inclined to worship precedent.

Importance of the Past. To think of ourselves as masters of our habits is to bait a trap for our own moral death. What we are at this moment, depends not only on what we do at the time being but also upon how we have made up our minds countless other times by thousands of minutes already gone by and now out of our control. The one thing we cannot control is the past; it may, however, control us for good or evil.—Youth's Companion.

PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFS

While Frank Metzger was witnessing the premature peace parade and demonstration in Reading, he was arrested for making unpatriotic remarks, and he will have to answer the charge at the police court. He expects to be freed of the charge.

Finding homes for babies orphaned by the influenza epidemic in the Lehigh field has proved a difficult task for the committees who are working to straighten out the tangles created by the plague. Children over one year of age can be put out for adoption quite easily, but no one seems to want the infants.

Frick company employees donated \$442.85 to the Waynesboro emergency hospital association on account of the flu. Twenty-five departments of the plant participating in the generous offering, the amounts ranging from \$5 to \$66.40, the latter being the donation of the foundry. The local emergency hospital fund now exceeds \$2500.

James A. Hamilton, of Waynesboro, who has been associated with the Franklin Repository, Chambersburg, for thirty years as city editor, has resigned. He will be succeeded by Shirley Zarger, who for several years held a similar position on the Valley Spirit and more recently has been connected with the Public Opinion, Chambersburg.

Struck on the back of the head by a pair of knucklers when he advised two men, talking to two girls on the street, to "watch themselves," Frank Goff, a well known Uniontown man, is in the local hospital in a serious condition. It is believed he is suffering from a fractured skull. His alleged assailants have been arrested.

While all the world is fighting, these are very peaceful times at home, reports from New Castle aldermen records indicate. Alderman John McCormick, appointed in the sixth ward more than a year ago, has never had a case.

Jumping from the rear end of a big delivery truck, George McLaughlin, twelve years old, of Trainer, Chester county, landed directly in front of a Southern Pennsylvania trolley car and was fatally injured. He died while being taken to the Chester hospital.

William McCombs, New Castle boy, who went over the top with the first American forces, in the battle at Cantigny, which gave the Germans the first taste of Yankee lightning, has reached his home. He was invalided home.

The project to build within 150 days 178 houses in Sharon by the government, coming through the United States housing corporation, has been officially called off. No houses will be built.

The annual poultry show of the Berks County Poultry and Pigeon Societies will be held in the Doylestown armory on January 21, 22, 23 and 24. Harvey E. Snyder will be superintendent of the show. The association elected these officers: President, Dr. Howard Heller; vice president, Charles H. Selner; financial secretary, Walter M. Carwithen; treasurer, George Watson; directors, J. La Sayre, William F. Kelly, Jr.; Joseph C. Slack, S. B. Dentlinger, Walter Wisner, Harry C. Garner, Walter Hoffman, Howard P. White, Harvey F. Snyder.

News has been received in Connetquot that Private Charles W. Brinker, of Crabtree, died at sea and was buried with military honors. The young man, who was one of the first to leave his home town for service in Europe, was recently married to Miss Olive Altman, of Youngwood.

Coal companies of the Lehigh field have been ordered by the railroad administration to load gondolas to their maximum capacity. It was said that many cars were sent to the metropolitan centers which could have carried more anthracite.

Miss Esther Kleinspenn, fourteen years old, daughter of John F. Kleinspenn, was shot in the hip by one of four boys carelessly handling a rifle on Mount Penn, near Schuylkill seminary, North Reading. Her wound is not dangerous.

On "peace day" thirty-two gunners were counted on the farm of Henry Ahrens, near Reading, many bagging the limit of rabbits. Members of a Brownsville party caught a raccoon alive.

Miss Martha Williams, of Lansford, a senior in the West Chester State Normal school, has been appointed a member of the faculty of that school. She will be assistant to Professor Anderson in the department of higher mathematics.

The death toll from influenza at the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Fairview is now forty. Seventy-seven inmates are yet seriously ill. More than 100 have been pronounced cured during the last three days.

Rev. W. E. Schmidt, of Schwabkill, has been appointed a notary public, to succeed J. B. Grubb, resigned.

Louis A. Brown, of Browns Ferry, was shot in the hip by an unseen person as he walked along a road. Although the "flu" ban has been lifted in New Castle, the number of cases is as large as before the ban was lifted.

Fayette county's first soldier to die on a transport on the way to France was reported. He was Wade Hixson, aged twenty-three years, of Pennsylvania.

For the second time within three weeks Mike Mantanel was stricken at Carbondale. He will recover. His assailant escaped.

When a gun, which his brother was cleaning preparatory to a hunting trip, was accidentally discharged, Edgar Clements, nine years old, of Connettsville, was shot in the chest. He was rushed to the Cottage State hospital, where little hope is entertained for his recovery.

Dr. F. F. Urey, of New Castle, who has been located at Camp Wheeler, Milledgeville, Ga., has been promoted to the rank of captain, friends have learned.

Twenty-five young women and girls who drive their own motorcars have joined the motor corps being formed in New Castle to do Red Cross work. Cumberland county has passed the 50 per cent mark in war savings stamps sales.

Hezekiah Snow, of Marietta, was run down by an automobile and internally injured. Paid employees of the Allentown police and fire departments have petitioned city council for an increase in pay of \$30 a month, effective January 1.

A university extension course is being organized at Mauch Chunk for the study of French, under the instruction of Professor Tooby, of Lehigh University.

Because of shortage of teachers, Rev. Charles Truax, pastor of the Cedar Hill Methodist church, has taken charge of a Chester county school near Pottstown.

The Lykens-Wiconisco district was first to raise its quota in the war work drive.

The first Church of Christ, at Harrisburg, was badly damaged when the boiler of its heating plant blew up.

On account of lack of help at the Uniontown emergency hospital, nurses have been compelled to fire the furnace and do other laborious work.

In the peace demonstration at Grindstone Thursday night, Peter Capers was seriously shot by an unknown woman, who was firing promiscuously. George Krapp, elected treasurer of West Haleson, to succeed the late Benjamin Reese, has donated his salary for the balance of the term to Reese's widow.

Robert Hawn, a Harrisburg ambulance driver, turned an ambulance of the reserve militia into a pole to avoid running down a woman bewildered in this middle of the street.

Frank Durawowski, of Redington, went to Easton and met two Hungarians, who invited him to have a drink, held him up and robbed him of \$125.

Walter Kutz, of Summit Hill, a carpenter in the employ of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation company, died as the result of being squeezed between cars.

Because he refused to pay his fare on a Reading trolley car, Jere Eads was sentenced to twenty days by a police court magistrate.

Charged with threatening to kill Charles Fries, a Reading railway ticket agent at Pottstown, Russell Strohl was held for court.

While on the street near her home, Elizabeth Bowers, aged fourteen, of Reading, was accidentally shot in the right arm by boys.

After an absence of forty-eight years, Charles Bealer, of Penn Argyl, is visiting the scenes of his childhood, near Thatcher.

Automobile thieves invaded Morgantown, stealing the cars of Aaron Stoltzfus and John Snyder and \$200 worth of tires from David Kurtz's garage.

Missing for twenty years, Kate Zweig and Sallie Dundore, sisters, were declared legally dead by the Berks court and a brother, John Schmelck, inherits their estate.

Raiding was rendered so hazardous at Hazleton by boys peppering freight cars with heavy rifles that the Lehigh Valley railroad appealed to the city police for protection. Sparrows perch on the box-cars and brakemen are bombarded by the youthful marksmen.

William Bollitt, aged fourteen, Hazleton's juvenile jailbreaker, was caught sleeping under a porch near his home. Bollitt twice escaped from the Home of the United Charities, managed to get away from the Luzerne county industrial school at Kitz-Lynn, and slipped from the clutches of the Mahanoy City police two times. While he was being chased by the authorities his father was murdered.

William A. Wynn, engineer of the bureau of township highways of the state highway department and for fourteen years connected with the engineering forces of the state highway department, resigned to enter engineering work in the Texas oil fields.

City Commissioner Alexander C. Graham died suddenly of heart failure in Bethlehem, aged fifty-three years. He was a prominent manufacturer and real estate dealer and a trustee of St. Luke's hospital.

The state highway department announced that the United States highway council having approved the project for construction of 116 feet of roadway in Yendon borough, Delaware county, which is on the main road from Philadelphia to Baltimore, the contract had been let to the Union Paving company, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Mary Bonacci, of Park View, is at the State hospital in Hazleton and may lose her right eye as the result of the accidental discharge of a toy gun picked up by her four-year-old daughter.

Miss Kathryn M. Haag, Williamsport, for the last year connected with executive department, was appointed secretary to acting Commissioner of Labor and Industry Walter McNichols.

The public service commission has started to list cases for hearings in Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh for November 12.

The Westmoreland county poor board has elected John A. Brant, of Stahlstown, superintendent of the county home and Mrs. Brant matron. The reorganization of the Slatington Gas company under the name of the Slatington Gas corporation has been approved by the governor.

The Hazleton & Mahanoy division of the Lehigh Valley railroad already is preparing for the fifty Liberty Loan drive next spring.

Eugene Larrabee, aged fifty, of Susquehanna, was drowned in Comfort pond while fishing.

George H. Henritzky, past state president of the Pennsylvania Deutsche Gesellschaft, presented flags to the chauffeurs of fifty army trucks which passed through Hazleton.

As a protection to home merchants, Lansford council has decided to prohibit peddling within the borough limits.

Alleged to have violated the law by buying two rabbits, E. W. Hotenstain, a Berks county hotelkeeper, paid \$20 fine and \$20 costs.

Mrs. Tetlow's Thanksgiving Guests



HE old Tetlow place stood off to the east of Layton. It had once been surrounded by wide acres, but gradually the growing town had encroached on its borders; and, bit by bit, the property had been swallowed up, until at last the low-browed, rambling farmhouse was elbowed by smarter town residences, and could boast only a narrow doorway in front, and a cramped orchard in the rear.

"The mills had spoiled Layton," old Mrs. Tetlow used to say, with a dreary shake of the head, as she watched these changes.

The Tetlow farm had been a prosperous one in its day, and its owners had lived on it in quiet respectability for many generations. But they were all scattered and gone now—these Tetlows—save for the one lonely old woman, who gazed out of the small-paneled windows.

People said Mrs. Tetlow was growing forgetful. Perhaps she was—forgetful of the present.

It was a dreary November day. The clouds hung low and a few scattering snowflakes were beginning to fall.

"Real Thanksgiving weather," murmured Mrs. Tetlow, as she looked out of her front window.

"Yes, it's real Thanksgiving weather," repeated the old lady, drawing her small shoulder shawl closer about her. "It's time to be making the mince-meat."

"Mother always did that the first thing," she went on, by and by, "and today is Friday. Next week will bring the last Thursday in the month. The proclamation'll be read next Sabbath."

The knitting needles lay idle in Mrs. Tetlow's lap, as she rocked slowly back and forth.

"Grandma Spencer's folks always came by Wednesday night," she said, after a reflective pause, "and brother Peter and his wife and boys would get here as early as 9 Thanksgiving morning. The rest didn't come till nearly noon. I wonder where Peter's boys is now. I wish the West weren't so far off. I wonder if the boys' done well."

Mrs. Tetlow stopped rocking and sat up straight in her chair.

"Wouldn't I like to get ready for another such Thanksgiving party," she exclaimed, a red spot burning in either cheek. "I believe I will."

She arose, her slight figure trembling as she rolled up her knitting work and thrust the needles into it.

"Let me see," she went on musingly, how many must I provide for? There's Peter and Mary and the three boys, and Jane and Henrietta and Uncle Solon. Nannie and her husband and the little folks, bless 'em! and Grandma Spencer's folks and Joe and Letty. It'll be a long tableful, but I'll be ready for 'em."

Monday saw active preparations going on in the old kitchen.

The last thing each night before going to her bed the old lady looked her wavering candle and inspected her pantry shelves, and with every evening there were more toothsome goodies to behold.

When the traveling butcher stopped Wednesday for his usual small order, Mrs. Tetlow followed him out to his cart and selected the largest turkey in his collection. The man's eyes opened wide.

"Expecting company, ma'am?" he asked as he weighed it, and the old woman nodded gravely.

That morning the windows in the upper chamber were thrown open to the wind and sunshine, and sweeping and dusting and airing of bed linen were in order.

"Grandma Spencer's folks always come by Wednesday night," she said, "and the rooms haven't been used for some time. They feel a little damp, so I'll have them open all day."

Toward night Mrs. Tetlow put on her second best gown and sat down near the window to wait.

When her guests arrived, the nearest neighbor might not have known.

Grateful for Victory in War. This is indeed a sad world to which Thanksgiving day comes this year, a world full of death and destruction, woe and hatred, and my greatest and deepest thankfulness this year is that Almighty God made it possible for me to believe in an outcome of it all which shall be for the ultimate welfare of all people. My hymn of praise is for the faith that is in me. Otherwise, amidst the play of titanic forces which use us merely as pawns on a world chess-

board, I would see nothing but doom and despair. Unless we believe that wrong is going to triumph over right in this world, unless we believe that injustice is going to triumph over righteousness, unless we believe that God is mocked, unless we believe that the wheat of the kingdom is going to produce a harvest of tares, unless we believe that Calvary was a vain sacrifice, and that God is going to be defeated in his good purposes, we can thank God this day for the mighty faith which sees the invisible and

clime would be unquestionably flyable, but its successful landing would require an air-drome five or six miles long, to say nothing of extraordinary skill on the part of the pilot."

Faster Flying. "It would be easy for any English airplane manufacturer to produce a machine which could make better than 250 miles an hour," declared Capt. W. G. Ashton, one of the leading experts on air mechanism, the other day.

"This could be accomplished," he explained, "by merely altering the curvature, or caliber, of the planes. But this would mean a minimum landing speed of 150 miles an hour, and there is the great difficulty. The ma-

but a lamp was lighted in the dim best room that evening, and at nine o'clock the old woman took a bedroom candle in either hand and toiled up the creaking stair. On the little stand beside each bed she placed a brass candlestick, and, having turned back the sheets, went out again, murmuring a soft "good-night."

Mrs. Tetlow arose at dawn, and before it was time to prepare breakfast had dressed her turkey and set it aside, ready for the oven.

About nine o'clock she began to lay her table.

Having smoothed out every wrinkle in the cloth, she gathered all her geranium blossoms and put them in the center of the table in a glass bowl. Then the silver, which had all been polished the day before, was brought forth from its canted flannel wrappings, and Great-grandma Tetlow's blue china was lifted down from the shelves of the china closet.

"How good it is to see all these things out again!" exclaimed the old lady, surveying the result of her labor with pardonable pride; "and it's right good to have company once more," she added with a little sigh; "I've eaten alone so long."

"I've nothing to do now," she said, "but to sit at the front window and watch for the folks to come. I'll be able to see them far up the meadow road."

A few minutes later she was startled by hearing a knock at the front door, and, quite trembling with the shock, she arose to open it.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tetlow," it was Mrs. Clifford, the young doctor's wife, who spoke. "Good morning, Mrs. Tetlow. Isn't this a beautiful Thanksgiving day? Madam Clifford is out in the carriage and she wants to take you home to have dinner with us. Please say you'll come; and let me get your bonnet and shawl for you."

Mrs. Tetlow looked down into the bright young face, with a dreamy happiness in her own, as she slowly shook her head.

"You're real good," she said, "and please tell Madam Clifford I'm just as much obliged to her, but I can't come today. I'm—I'm looking for company."

There was a ring of tremulous pride in the old voice that went to the heart of the young woman. She looked up into the wrinkled old face and noted the strange glow of content and far-off happiness in the old eyes. Mrs. Clifford remembered it afterward with a sense of awe.

As she turned to go now she saw, through the open door, a corner of the long table, all ready for dinner.

"I'm so glad for you, Mrs. Tetlow," she exclaimed impulsively. "I hope you will have a pleasant Thanksgiving day." Then she hurried back to her carriage, and Mrs. Tetlow returned to her rocking-chair by the window.

"They're real late," she murmured to herself now and then, and a new, strange weariness and numbness crept over her as she sat and waited, her dim vision still wandering far up the meadow road.

Suddenly she started forward with outstretched arms. "Peter!" she cried, "Mary!" and then sank back feebly in her chair. "I'm right glad to see you all," she faltered, "but I seem to be a little tired. Just lay off your things and draw up near the fire. It is growing chilly." She drew her shawl closer about her, with a little shiver as she spoke.

"The sun had gone down when Dr. Clifford drove by the old Tetlow place, on his way to see some patient.

"So the old lady is entertaining," he said to himself, remembering his wife's story, and then, glancing at the house, he drew his horse up suddenly. "No lights!" he exclaimed, and an intuitive impulse made him stop. "I can't seem to go by," he said, "I must just run in and see if all is well with the old lady."

He hurried up the path and lifted the heavy knocker, but no one answered. Then the doctor opened the door and walked in.

"Mrs. Tetlow," he called, but the loud tick of the clock alone responded. Finally a sleepy cat emerged from the kitchen and rubbed against his leg.

Dr. Clifford struck a match and lighted a lamp that stood on the hall table. Then he passed into the sitting-room. The fire in the air-tight stove had gone out and the room had grown cold. Through a half-open door he could see dimly a long table, laid for many guests, but no plate had been disturbed.

The doctor raised the lamp above his head and turned toward the front window. In the high-backed rocker a slender, motionless figure leaned back among the cushions, but the old house was wrapped in peaceful stillness; for, with a wonderful smile upon her white lips, Mrs. Tetlow had gone forth with her Thanksgiving guests.

Life's Object. The image of Christ that is forming within us—that is life's one charge. Let every project stand aside for that. "Thou Christ be formed" no man's work is finished, no religion crowned, no life has fulfilled its end. The infinite task begun? When, how, are we to be different? Time cannot change men. Christ can. Wherefore, put on Christ.

What makes nearly all of our business men look so despondent and talk so gloomily?" asked a guest. "To pass the time I dropped into various establishments this forenoon, and the proprietors of practically all of them told me business had not only gone to t-

ket, but showed no promise of ever coming back. None of them had made a cent this year, and all were momentarily expecting to be closed by the sheriff. What is the matter? Is there a blight on the town?"

"They are afraid so," replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "Every one of 'em suspected you had come to open up a rival establishment and compel him to clean out his shebang, wash his windows, advertise, and be fairly civil and decent to his customers."—Kansas City Star.

"Johnny, just put another stick in the stove; that's a good boy." She closed her eyes a moment, murmuring softly to herself, "I mustn't give out now; my nearly dinner time. I'll just rest till the others come."

But soon she leaned forward again, a joyous smile on her lips.

"Nannie!" she exclaimed, "and the blessed baby! I didn't see you come in. Sit here, child; I'll hold the little one while you rest, and she began to croon softly as she rocked. "It is cold," she murmured again, "real cold; but then it's Thanksgiving weather."

Several moments slipped by, while the old clock alone broke the stillness; then Mrs. Tetlow raised her head. "I smell lavender," she said. "Aunt Henrietta! I knew you had come. I smelled the lavender."

"Grandma Spencer's in the best room," she added. "She came at sundown last evening and she seems real smart. What, Joe, you here, too! Did you come in the back way? Uncle Solon and pa are in the barn, aren't they?"

An anxious look suddenly clouded the sunshine in her eyes. "Nannie," she whispered, "will you just take a look at things in the kitchen. I seem to be a little tired, but there's nothing to do. I'll come soon."

Her gaze wandered up the "meadow road" again, the joyous look returning. "They're coming!" she cried at length. "They're coming; I can see the sleigh."

Then she turned, as though some one had touched her elbow, and started back wonderingly.

"My little Mary!" she faltered, with dimming eyes, "my little Mary, with her old rag baby! I thought—oh, father, John, here is our little Mary!"