

The railroads of the United States are capitalized at \$11,000,000, or \$63,000 per mile.

For every 1,000 of population, California has twenty-eight criminals, Massachusetts twenty-three, and Texas twenty-one.

Determined women have invaded another educational citadel. The University of Edinburgh has granted the degree of M. A. to Misses Geddes and MacGregor.

Hereafter in California all fines imposed for crimes against children, where the offender is prosecuted by a society organized under the laws providing for such society, will be paid over to such society to enable it to carry on its beneficent labors.

A man must accept what his employer pays him, pay out what other men charge him, put on the underwear his wife puts out for him, eat what she spreads before him and sleep on the bed the way she makes it. Still occasionally there is talk of a man being free and independent.

In a breach of promise suit, relates the Buffalo Express, an Indiana court has decided that it is not so bad to damage the affections of a widow as it is to trifle with the heart of a young woman who has never known true love. A Daniel come to judgment! The courts are getting more practical every day.

A Heidelberg doctor has a somewhat grotesque solution for the Cretan troubles. He proposes that the island should be made into a German hydro-pathic establishment, where all the victims of chronic rheumatism, nervous ailments and asthma in the fatherland could be treated by German doctors. He might have added that the first patient upon whom the water treatment be tried should be the "Sick Man of the East."

The New York Mail and Express says: The War Correspondents' Memorial, just erected at Gapiand, Md., is a monument too long delayed to a band of men equalling in heroism any enlisted upon either side in the Civil War. It stands on the border line between what were once North and South, and its tablets bear the names of scores who served journalism on opposite sides in the great struggle. Few dedications of memorial shafts on the field have been more interesting than the dedication of this one.

Edison's fellow wizard, Nikola Tesla of New York, is said by the Electrical Review to have produced an electric light of wonderful brilliancy, by means of vacuum tubes which are not in mechanical contact with the electric source. That is to say, Mr. Tesla sits between the tubes and the exciting coil, and the light glows in the tubes without interruption. His device produces about 100 millions of electrical vibrations in a second, according to his calculations, thereby making an exceedingly brilliant light.

A hostile critic of Joan of Arc has arisen in Paris. Joan was, M. Louis Martin says, moved by a narrow and almost blamable feeling of patriotism. She arose when the peoples of Europe, weary of feudalism, were trying to weld themselves, province by province, into great States. She found France and England united under the sceptre of Henri IV., and broke the bond that held them together. Had they continued under the same sceptre they would have formed the one great absorbing, over-ruling, and grandiose State of modern Europe.

The railroads of the United States are mortgaged to the extent of about \$8,000,000,000 and they have other indebtedness (which it costs them as much or more to carry, and which must sooner or later be covered by bonds) to the extent of nearly \$1,000,000,000 more. It must cost them at least \$300,000,000 a year to pay interest on their indebtedness. There is no way to escape any of this burden of debt, except through the door of bankruptcy, with the sequel of receiverships and reorganizations. Already within a few years, a great part of the railway systems of the United States have got rid of portions of their indebtedness by this very process. Otherwise, the total volume of railway bonds mentioned above would be considerably greater than it now stands. At present, the railroad companies of the United States are obliged to make each mile of the road in the whole country earn and pay interest on an average fixed debt of about \$40,000—wages and other operating expenses having been met—before anything can be given to the stockholders.

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING.

The earth is brown, and skies are gray,
And the windy woods are bare,
And the first white flakes of the coming snow
Are afloat in the frosty air;
But the sparks fly up from the hickory log
On the homestead's broad stone hearth,
And the windows shake, and the rafters ring,
To the lads' and the lassies' mirth.
The farmer's face is furrowed and worn,
And his locks are thin and white;
But his hand is steady, his voice is clear,
And his eye is blue and bright,
As he turns to look at his sweet old wife,
Who sits in her gown of gray,
With the cobweb 'kerchief, and creamy tresses
She wore on her wedding day.
He bows his head to the laden barn,
And the guests they are silent all,
"Thanksgiving, Lord, for the sun and rain,
And the fruit on the orchard wall,
For the silver wheat, and the golden corn,
And the crowns of a peaceful life—
The greatest blessing that Thou canst give—
A true and a loving wife!"
This white-haired lover he binds to kiss
Her hand in its frail of lace,
And the faded rose on her wrinkled cheek,
With a proud and a courtly grace;
And the snowflakes click on the window-pane,
And the rafters ring above,
And the angels sing at the gates of God
The words of the farmer's love.
—Minnie Irving.

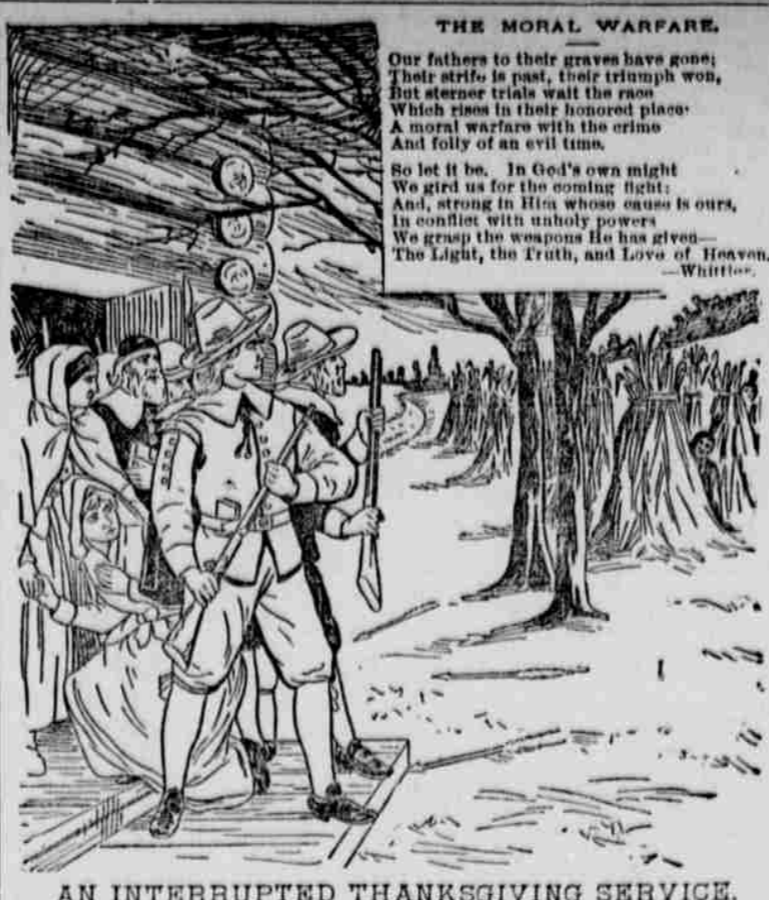
HOME AGAIN.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

ATHER a very singular name, Jane, such a very singular name. Oh, if it should be!"
The words were a wail, in accents of such utter misery, that the strong woman who heard them felt her eyes grow misty. She bent over the speaker, a silver-haired old lady, helpless for years with paralysis, was lifting beseeching eyes to her face.
"Don't take on, so, deary," she said, soothingly. "There's many one, the more's the pity, driven to suicide by hunger and cold. Why should this one be—?"
Then she choked. Her nursing, her baby, the child she worshipped, driven by hunger and cold to suicide.
"But, Jane," the invalid persisted, "it is such a strange name. See," and she pointed to one sentence in the paper before her: "the only clue to the identity of the would-be suicide is a wedding ring marked 'John to Delphine.'"
"I see," said the nurse, "but—"

And again the wished-for words of comfort failed her. The paragraph was no uncommon one, merely the record of a woman's attempt at self-destruction. She had thrown herself off a bridge, clasping a babe close in her arms, and had been rescued and taken, quite unconscious, to a hospital. Her dress was described and the inscription on the ring given; that was all.
But the paralyzed woman reading the newspaper was journeying over memory's plain, back—back twenty-five years, when a baby lay upon her breast, the only one God ever gave her. A blue-eyed babe, nursed tenderly, reared in every luxury, petted, indulged for twenty long years, the idol of two loving hearts. Then—oh, the bitter rock on the plain—one day this child of so much love left her home to follow the fortune of a man who was so unfit for the care of her sweet girlhood, that her father had forbidden him to enter the house where his child dwelt.
The lovers—if the very name is not a desecration, where on one side was mercenary calculations, on the other blind worship—met at the house of friends and planned an elopement.
When Delphine was gone, when no doubt of her treachery to her parents remained, her father, a stern, hot-tempered man, cursed her, and forbade her name to be mentioned in his house. And her mother, even then helpless, shivered and moaned, and silently prayed for the child whose deceit could not destroy her mother's love.
And for five years no line came to tell them of repentance, no prayer for pardon.
One letter from John Hollis, the man who had so basely stolen a young, trusting girl from a happy home to follow his evil fortunes, the father answered, crushing forever the hope of fortune that had prompted the villain.
Such a letter as he read, grinding his teeth with impotent rage, effectually prevented a second demand upon his father-in-law's purse, and Delphine knew in that hour what misery lay before her.
But she made no appeal.
The future she had deliberately chosen she accepted as her punishment, seeing at last how wickedly she had requited the love of years.
"Mrs. Bernard, dear," Jane said, softly, caressing the haggard face, at last buried in the pillows of the lounge, "don't—don't take on so."
"If I only knew, if I only knew," the mother moaned; "and, oh, Jane! it is Thanksgiving Day. How can I pray thankfully if my darling lies to-day in a hospital dying—by her own act? Jane, I must see Mr. Bernard."
Jane went willingly upon this errand, but returned slowly.
"Mr. Bernard has gone out, ma'am."

Stores were closed, and groups were going to and fro with the expression expected pleasure brings upon faces worn with the world's cares.
The butchers' carts rattled about noisily and hurriedly, that turkeys might be delivered in time to secure longer holiday for the carriers. Children with "going to grandma's" legibly printed on their faces skipped lightly over the cold pavements.
Nobody noticed the handsomely dressed old man who strode rapidly in the direction of the city hospital, forgetting carriages, horse cars, everything but the necessity of satisfying that dreadful doubt in his heart.
Now he sickened for fear this desperate wretch was his child; now he prayed it might be, that he could claim her for his own again.
"Here—yes, sir," said the physician, in answer to his inquiries: "living? oh, yes, she'll get over it; needs food as much as anything. Can you see her? Certainly—Sarah," calling a nurse, "take this gentleman to a 39—pauper ward."
"39—pauper," lay upon a cot that was scrupulously clean, perfectly comfortable, yet sent a chill to James Bernard's heart.
Her babe, a lovely boy of some six months, pale, but with large, dark eyes full of intelligence, was seated beside her, and the mother's eyes rested upon his face mournfully, but without any delirious fire.
James Bernard staggered back a little, and the nurse whispered:
"She's quite herself this morning, though she will tell us nothing of herself. Shall I speak to her?"
"No, I—I will speak to her."
The voice was hoarse, choked, but the woman upon the bed heard it, and looked up.
Many a cry of anguish, of dying agony, of piteous appeal had rung through that "pauper ward," but never one of more passionate entreaty than the one word, "Father!" that burst from the lips of the woman snatched from death by a policeman's rough grasp not twenty-four hours before.
The morning was dragging wearily along in the room where every luxury wealth could command was heaped about Mrs. Bernard's invalid lounge. Trembling with excitement, mingled hope and fear, the mother watched the hands of the clock travel slowly over the face. Again and again Jane had gone to the library, only to return to make the same report.
"He's not come in yet, ma'am."
It was past noon when the long strained patience gave way.
"Jane you must go to the hospital. I shall die in this agony of doubt. You can see it—if this is a stranger, and—if not—oh, Jane, surely—surely her father will forgive her now."
As if in answer to the cry James



AN INTERRUPTED THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

"Gone out? Why, he never goes till after 10."

Down in the cosy library, where James Bernard enjoyed the leisure well earned by years of mercantile toil, the morning's newspaper had been opened deliberately, the money article scanned, the foreign news enjoyed, and the reader was idly looking over other columns, when a sentence seemed to spring out of the page before him, so clearly it stood defined against the mass of print.

"The only clue to the identity of the would-be suicide is a wedding ring, marked 'John to Delphine.'"
Eagerly every line of the tragedy was read, the sweat standing in great beads upon James Bernard's face.
"Shabby weeds!" he muttered, "a widow, starving!"
Then in his heart arose a great cry, breaking through the stern repression of years.
"Delphine, my girl, my treasure!"
He could read no more. Only that one pitiful record could he see upon the whole broad printed sheet, and the yearning bitterness of his heart would not be stilled.

"I must be sure," he thought, at length. "I hope Delia will not see this. Shall I see? No, my face would betray me. I will not see her until I can tell her it is not our child, or—"
What? He would consider no further, but put on his overcoat and hat, and hurried out into the bleak November air. It was Thanksgiving Day, and the city wore its holiday air.

Stores were closed, and groups were going to and fro with the expression expected pleasure brings upon faces worn with the world's cares.
The butchers' carts rattled about noisily and hurriedly, that turkeys might be delivered in time to secure longer holiday for the carriers. Children with "going to grandma's" legibly printed on their faces skipped lightly over the cold pavements.
Nobody noticed the handsomely dressed old man who strode rapidly in the direction of the city hospital, forgetting carriages, horse cars, everything but the necessity of satisfying that dreadful doubt in his heart.

Now he sickened for fear this desperate wretch was his child; now he prayed it might be, that he could claim her for his own again.

"Here—yes, sir," said the physician, in answer to his inquiries: "living? oh, yes, she'll get over it; needs food as much as anything. Can you see her? Certainly—Sarah," calling a nurse, "take this gentleman to a 39—pauper ward."

"39—pauper," lay upon a cot that was scrupulously clean, perfectly comfortable, yet sent a chill to James Bernard's heart.

Her babe, a lovely boy of some six months, pale, but with large, dark eyes full of intelligence, was seated beside her, and the mother's eyes rested upon his face mournfully, but without any delirious fire.

James Bernard staggered back a little, and the nurse whispered:
"She's quite herself this morning, though she will tell us nothing of herself. Shall I speak to her?"
"No, I—I will speak to her."
The voice was hoarse, choked, but the woman upon the bed heard it, and looked up.

Many a cry of anguish, of dying agony, of piteous appeal had rung through that "pauper ward," but never one of more passionate entreaty than the one word, "Father!" that burst from the lips of the woman snatched from death by a policeman's rough grasp not twenty-four hours before.

The morning was dragging wearily along in the room where every luxury wealth could command was heaped about Mrs. Bernard's invalid lounge. Trembling with excitement, mingled hope and fear, the mother watched the hands of the clock travel slowly over the face. Again and again Jane had gone to the library, only to return to make the same report.

"He's not come in yet, ma'am."
It was past noon when the long strained patience gave way.
"Jane you must go to the hospital. I shall die in this agony of doubt. You can see it—if this is a stranger, and—if not—oh, Jane, surely—surely her father will forgive her now."
As if in answer to the cry James

THE MORAL WARFARE.

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past, their triumph won,
But sterner trials wait the now,
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.
So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight;
And, strong in His whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The Light, the Truth, and Love of Heaven.
—Whittier.

Bernard at this moment entered the room. Upon his face there was a strange solemnity, and not seeming to see the quivering lips, the imploring eyes lifted to his face, he kissed his wife tenderly.

"Delia," he said, gently, "did you read the newspaper this morning?"
"Yes, James—"

"You saw, perhaps, a paragraph describing the attempted suicide of a woman—named—"

"Delphine! James, you read it? James—James you will see if it can be our child. James, you will forgive her now!"

And the poor, helpless figure writhed as if the poor mother would have thrown herself at her husband's feet.

"You thought—too," he said huskily.
"Yes, yes, Jane was going to go, but now you will go. You will see if our darling, our Delphine, has been driven to such mad misery as to try and take the life we cherished so tenderly. James, you will go?"

"Delia, you must try to be calm," cried her husband, frightened at the terrible agitation, so much more pitiful from her inability to move, except above her waist. It was awful to see the white, thin fingers twisting and working, the pale face so agonized. Literally afraid to tell his tidings, James Bernard took the little figure in his arms.

"If you will be quiet, love," he said, "I will tell you good news."
She was quiet enough then, lying panting with exhaustion in her husband's arms.

"Then you know!" she gasped.
"I have been to the hospital."
"And it is not our Delphine?"
"Delia, it is our Delphine!"
"Oh, James—James!" and here the tears broke forth, and the invalid shook with sobs.

"Our Delphine, Delia."
"Dying?"
"Thank Heaven, no! She has had hours of unconsciousness, but is rational again, and she knows me. Her illness now is not dangerous, only the effect of—" with a choking sob:
"Starvation!"

"Oh, James—James!"
"She can be nursed back to life."
"There?"
"Can you bear it, Delia? She is here!"

"And not with me? Oh, how can you keep her from her mother?"

In answer to the cry, James Bernard left the room, motioning Jane to follow him. Only a few moments later he returned, half supporting, half carrying, a weak, trembling woman, who sank, half fainting, into her mother's arms.

There was a long silence, broken only by the voice of Mrs. Bernard, speaking low, caressing words and murmurs in answer, faint and low, but full of tenderness.

Then Jane appeared, asking:
"Is there no welcome for my bonnie boy, the darling with grandpa's eyes?"

And a glad greeting followed the painful, yet joyful meeting between the parents and the long lost child.

It was a sad story Delphine Hollis told to sympathizing listeners; but the miseries, the trials of the unlamented wife were softened in the widow's recital, and over the dead was spread a mantle of gentle charity and forgiveness.

"Dinner, Mrs. Bernard," Jane said, at last, "and Thanksgiving."
And while she set the invalid's table, James Bernard escorted Delphine to the dining room to preside over the bountiful repast provided there, with a heart full of most sincere and fervent thanksgiving.

Their First Thanksgiving at Home.

Mr. Newbryde (attempting to carve the turkey)—"Good heavens, Mary! what have you stuffed this turkey with?"
Mrs. Newbryde (with dignity)—"Why, with oysters as you told me."
Mr. Newbryde (again trying to force his knife through)—"But it feels like rocks or stones."
Mrs. Newbryde—"Oh, you mean, horrid, cruel brute! That is the oyster shells. You always told me the only way you liked oysters was in the shells. Boo! hoo! hoo!"—Puck.

A funny way to make money—

Write jokes.
And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

Thanksgiving Decoration.

The old question comes up again and again as to how to devise something novel for Thanksgiving decoration. The day is one pre-eminently homely and simple in its spirit and traditions—a day set apart for returning thanks because of the necessities and every day comforts of life.
Nothing is so appropriate in commemorating the occasion as the embellishments from the harvest fields. In drawing rooms nothing is more effective than Indian corn and diminutive yellow pumpkins, the corn with its long stalks and golden ears stacked on either side of the wide doors or grouped in corners, the small pumpkins with more ears of corn piled at the base.
Vines of cranberry crowded with the tiny red globes can trail across mantel shelves or twine up and down columns, while garlands of red and green peppers, all sizes and shapes, and great bunches of wheat and oats are rich and beautiful in effect. Fruits of all kinds—grapes, late pears and peaches, rosy apples and purple plums, mingled with their own foliage are unique and highly typical of the harvest home.
For dining table ornamentation a novel and most attractive mode is to cut from the ordinary garden vegetables shapes simulating flowers—from the beet a deep red rose; from the yellow turnip, a tiger lily; a white lily or chrysanthemum from the potato, with lettuce leaves for foliage, while cabbage, celery, cauliflower and the dozen other kitchen garden productions add blossoms to this original bouquet. One of the ornaments serves at each plate as a favor, while a huge group mingled with fruits forms a fine centerpiece.

It is a very simple matter to shape these mock flowers, a sharp knife and a little skill is all that is required. They may be prepared the day before Thanksgiving and kept fresh in a bowl of water.

Revenge.
"What are you doing that for?" asked the old Gobbler of the young Tom, as he observed that fine looking bird standing in a corner of the barnyard on his left leg, and drawing in and shooting out the right with monotonous persistence.

"Hardening my muscles," replied the young Tom, shifting to the right leg and keeping up the performance with his left.

"Are you entered for the Thanksgiving games?" inquired the old Gobbler.

"No," responded the young Tom; "I am entered for the Thanksgiving dinner, and that boy who lives in the big house has been coming out here every day for a month to see how I am coming on. Well, if I must be eaten, I must, but that boy isn't going to give many thanks when he tackles my drumsticks, that's all!"—Harper's Weekly.

A Thought for Thanksgiving.
"The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain chose where it should fall, God's showers would not fall as they do now."

Tale of a Tough Turkey.
Right up to the market stall strode he, And bought a bird that was ten pounds three, Then quickly home to his wife he sped, And told her all that the man had said. Of how to pick and stuff and cook, And with loving hands she took That tough old bird that was hard and gray, And into the oven she stowed him away.

And then—for their married life was young— With joyous hearts they sat and sung, Until, as around the clock hands spun, She said with a smile that the bird was done, And he laughed aloud, and his joy was great, For his stomach told that the hour was late, And he kissed his wife and he cried in glee At the fine old bird that was ten pound three.
And said, "I will cut him now in two," And took his knife that was bright and new And hacked away for an hour or so, Till his blade got dull and his movements slow.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And backed away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.
And said, with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—Mail and Express.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

RECHAMEL SAUER.
Put four tablespoonfuls of butter and three of flour in a saucepan, pour on this three gills of boiling water; tie together a bayleaf, sprig parsley, one of thyme, put in a saucepan, with small slices of carrot, half an onion, tiny bit of mace, eighteen peppercorns, generous teaspoonful of salt two tablespoonfuls of gravy or stock, simmer gently half an hour; strain, add three gills cream, let it come to boiling point, and serve.
This is one of the most useful sauces; it may be used with fish, poultry or vegetables.—Chicago Record.

APPLE MERINGUE.

One of the most inexpensive of desserts is an apple meringue. This is not to be confounded with an apple meringue pie, which is made of a strained apple sauce, flavored with lemon peel, is spread, if you wish, with apple jelly and a meringue