



Miss Victoria Kingsley, of Kingsley hall, could afford to be a little eccentric, people said. Not only was she rich and beautiful and highly accomplished, but she had reached the mature age of six-and-twenty and was mistress of her own fortune. Prior to the death of her parents, both of whom had succumbed in the same month to a prevailing fever, the family had resided in the city, spending a portion of each summer only at their handsome country sent. But soon after her bereavement the young lady had gone into seclusion at Kingsley hall, which was a part of her heritage, and had since lived in the strictest retirement there, receiving no visitors except when her younger brother. Robert, brought a party of his boon companions up from town for a few days' recreation during the shooting senson.

It was now three years since Miss

days' recreation during the shooting senson.

It was now three years since Miss Kingsley had been left an orphan. At her age this was a long time to renounce society, and it was not strange that the world pronounced her eccentric. But that portion of the world residing in the wealthy and eminently respectable village of Pennstock began to have hopes for her when she suddenly emerged from her sequestration so far as to become the hostess of a Thanksgiving dinner party. The truth was that Miss Kingsley had been doing some serious thinking. It had occured to her, upon reflection, that people had a right to conclude that she wan supremely selfish and proud, and she decided to set aside this verdict, if possible, by giving a series of entertainments at her house. Thanksgiving day was at hand, and she began to put her plan into execution by inviting a number of her church acquaintances in the village to dine at Kingsley hall on that day.

Of course the invitations were all



"MAURICE GRANBY!" SHE SAID.

"MAURICE GRANBY!" SHE SAID.

the ordinary in Pennstock. As for Miss Kingsley, she was surprised to find that she took a lively interest in the preparations for the dinner, and when Thanksgiving day dawned, with a frosty and nipping air, she was inclined to be proud of the success of her undertaking in one respect. It had proved to her that there was a pleasanter way of passing her time than in brooding over her sorrow. All day she was strangely buoyant and cheerful, as if possessed by a presentiment that something very pleasant was about to happen.

And that afternoon something did happen-something that was not down on Miss Kingsley's programme. The busy young woman had entered the kitchen to give some final directions to the cook, when she observed that a strange man was sitting quietly in a chair on the opposite side of the room, She paused abruptly and stared athim, with a flash of startled recognition in her eyes.

"A poor tramp, mum, what asked for

"Maurice Granby!" she said, in a low but distinct voice. "Can it be possible?"
The recognition was evidently mutual. The stranger rose to his feet, a picture of astonishment and confusion. He was a strikingly handsome man, tall and straight as an arrow, with a drooping brown mustache. He certainly had not the appearance of a tramp, except that his clothing was threadbare, and even ragged in places, and he wore no overcoat.

"I-I beg pardon!" he stammered. "I did not know—"
But Miss Kingsley seemed to suddenly recover her self-possession. Turning to the cook she said:

"Never mind, Hannah; I will see this gentlenan myself. He is an old friend of the family." Then, addressing the man: "Will you please come with me, Mr. Granby."

He looked as if he would have preferred to sink through the floor, but she had turned and was leaving the kitchen before he could reply. He followed her hesitatingly, mechanically, like one in a dream. She led the way to a small room adjoining the library. There she turned and faced him.

"Mr. Granby, will you kindly tell me what this means?"
He stood before her, filmbling his hat in his hands. Her question seemed to increase his confusion, and he had to clear his throat several times before he could find his voice.

"It is all an unfortunate blunder," he exclaimed at last. "I did not know that this was your home. I chanced to be passing, and I thought—well, I was hungry, and I—no, I will not sit down," as she waved her hand toward a chair. "You mistake my meaning," said Miss Kingsley, with a look of distress. "I am not asking why you are here. God knows I am glad to see you. What I wan to know is what has brought you to this—this—condition? I cannot be lieve that you have voluntarily adopted the life of a—"

"Of a tramp?" he said, finishing her sentence with a blitter smile.

"Pardon me," she added, hastily; "I have no right to question you. Pray, don't misjudge my motive. I know that you are ner on to blame for the change in your fortunes; I know that you are increased for a wrong net."

after that. Of course, I don't blame power that story since, Mr. Granby, my unhappy brother has told me everything."

The man started.

"He has told me," continued the women, her face white with suppressed excitement, "that it was he and not you who forged the check for \$15,000!"

"He told you that? Good heavens does your father know?"

"My father and mother have botted gone to another world, Mr. Granby, Robert and I have been orphans for three years. It was not until after their death that he made his confession to me. He told me of his youthful instruction for garebling and horse races; how he became so deeply Involved that in a moment of desperation, to avert the disgrace he saw staring him in the face, he forged the signature of a depositor in father's bank, hoping thus to retrieve his losses and replace the money before its withdrawal was discovered, You, as teller of the bank, cashed the check without suspicion. Afterward, when the money was squandered, and Robert realized that his exposure would kill his mother, bring disgrace upon his family. You told him you would divert suspicion from him if he would keep his own counsel and promise on his oath to never gamble again. You would divert suspicion from him if he would keep his own counsel and promise on his oath to never gamble again. You would divert suspicion from him if he would keep his own counsel and promise on his oath to never gamble again. You would keep his own counsel and promise on his oath to never gamble again. You would keep his own counsel and promise on his oath to never gamble again. You were the criminal, and that you had feld to escape the consequences of your word by suddenly disappearing, thus bringing suspicion upon yourself, so that when the forgery was discovered nobody could doubt that you and begged you to his how you do not know what a shock it was to took and there were tears in her eyes. "But you do not know what a shock it was to took for the family. All laint welding reception, and Maurice was the formal proposition of the

such taith in you. Thank heaven, the story never got into the papers. Robert and I have tried hard for two years to find some trace of you, that we might make such reparation as lay in our power. And Robert says that in some mysterious way the bank has recovered the amount that was lost on the forged cheek, including the interest."

Maurice Gramb, by this time, was smilling with the air of a man who has had a great burden lifted from his mind. "I am glad you know the truth," he said, with an expression of profound relief. "When I left New York I went west and enlisted in the regular army under an assumed name. I served five years. But I was in communication with an intimate friend—a young lawyer—and when my aunt in Vermont died last spring, making me her sole heir, I had my friend convert the property into cash and turn it over to the bank. There was just enough, with what I had been able to save from my pay as a soldier, to replace the \$15,000 with the accrued interest. I had assumed the debt, you know, and thought I ought to pay it. On leaving the army I started back to New York, where I still have a few friends. I had not money enough to take me clear through, so I concluded that a tramp of a hundred miles or so would do me no harm. I am accustomed to marching."

"You have outdone Don Quixote himself!" exclaimed Miss Kingsley. "Of course, every dollar of that money will



THE GRAND TURKEY DINNER.

be returned to you, and my fortune and Robert's are at your disposal."

"But, after all," said Granby, seriously, "you must not give me too much credit for what I have done. Perhaps I should have hesitated if your answer to that audacious note of mine had not made me wretched. Do you remember it? I felt that I had nothing to live for after that. Of course, I don't blame you; it was the worst kind of presumption on my part, a poor man, to offer myself—"
"Don't say that!" she interrupted."

It was Thanksgiving, and the first time that joyous occasion had fallen since young Mrs. Lamblain had acquired her matronly title. All the relatives on both sides of the house had been in-



"AIN'T THE TURKEY DONE YET?"
ing to see my sister at the time.

acy'll overlook things, anyhow."
"Alpheus, is your mother the woman

overlook her daughter-in-law's miskes?" And Alpheus was silent.

However, by five o'clock—dinner was

"in meticars had procressed fairly

remarked Mrs. Lambkin. "I—I once read that cold slaw and canned tomatoes were unwholesome anyhow."
"Nobody wants more than turkey with jelly and potatoes," remarked her husband, sagely.
"Then there's wedding cake and fruit; we shall do finely."
"We shall. I will entertain our guests while you finish."
"And put on the best china with the prettiest linen. I only wish. Laura could see the dinner."
At a quarter past seven, Mr. Lambkin cautiously opened the kitchen door, finding his wife kneeling by the stove.
"Isn't the turkey done yet," he hazarded, "they are all a little impatient. Mother says, though, she never knew anyone before who could cook a big dinner with no odor in the house."
"Alpheus, that turkey will never be done!"
"The man sald it was tender."

NOT PROVIDED FOR.



Twickenham—Don't you think our Thanksgiving dinner will be a great success?

Mrs. Twickenham—I am afraid not.
Twickenham—Why not?

Mrs. Twickenham—Not one of the men you invited knows how to carve.—Brooklyn Life.

The most conclusive test that we most the significance of a word is outliff to use it in its proper connection "Tommy," said the teacher, "do you now what the word 'foresignt seams?"

means?"
"Yes'm."
"Can you give me an illustration?"
"Yes'm."
"You may do so."
"Last night my mamma told the docter he might as well call round and see me Thanksgiving night."—Washington Star.

Asking Too Much.

Mr. Yaleman (tragically)—My darling, won't you name the day for our marriage? I shall be utterly wretched until I can call you my own.

She—Very well. Say Thanksgiving day.

A MEMORABLE DINNER.



Pripes the quali his cheerful call.

Fast beside the glowing grate
(Locks as white as occan foam!)

Now the aged couple wait
For 'the children's' coming home—
Children who from far and near
Children who the mean of the children who for the

Thou who rulest everywhere, Be our children still Thy care, On the sea or on the land Keep them ever in Thy hand, Guiding still in rain or sun, May Thy love still make us one And its sweetness ne'er depart From the homestead of the heart."



"That's the chap that was alway pokin' fun at me 'cause I kept from eat in' all the stuff they gave me; I knowed what I was about. They couldn't fool me when Thanksgivin' was comin'."—Montreal Herald.

lay.
Mr. Rushington—Well, I am thankful that I am not living without hope!
Miss Gush—And I, that I usually eat
my Thanksgiving dinner at the DeStyles.

my Thanksgiving dinner at the De-Styles.

Mr. Greathead—And I am thankful that this Thanksgiving finds me in the best boarding-house in this country.

Landlady — Pass your plate, Mr. Greathead, and allow me to help you to another piece of turkey.—Puck.

A Joyful Surprise.

Mr. Border (after the boarding-house repast) — Your Thanksgiving dinner put me right in the spirit of the day, Mrs. Muleterg.

Mrs. Muleterg.

Mrs. Muleterg.

Mrs. Huleterg.

Mrs. Huleterg.

Mrs. Border—Well, it's true. It made me feel so thankful that the dinner wasn't as bad as it might have been.—Chicage Record.

age Record.

Poor Bird!

The turkey is not a brilliant bird,
When all is done and said,
For on all great occasions
He's sure to lose his head.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Chicago

Kismet.

The turkey looks around and sighs:
"What is the use of living,
When Christmas makes a grab for what
When Christmas makes a grab for what
"Detroit Free Press.
—Detroit Free Press.

A CONUNDRUM.



The Goose—What's the difference between the Easter girl and the Thanksgiving turkey?

The Turkey—I dunno.

The Goose—Why, one is dressed to kill and the other is killed to dress.—

Truth.

As the Day Approaches.
He is filled with dark forebodings,
The turkey, old enough:
He presently'll be filled with sage,
And giblet sauce and stuff.
—Detroit Tribun

What is

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teathing troubles, cures constination and distulence. teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency, Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by foreing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DB. J. F. Krawan.

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
CONWAY, Ark. ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,
New The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

che Best & of all Cough Medicines

is Dr. Acker's English Remedy. It will stop a cough in one night, check a cold in one day, prevent croup, re-lieve asthma, and cure consumption, if taken in time. It is made on honor, from the purest ingredients and contains neither opium nor morphine. If the little ones have croup or whooping cough, use it promptly. * * * * * * Three Sizes—25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle.
At Druggists.
ACKER MEDICTIVE CO.,
16 and 18 Chambers Street, New York.



MANSFIELD STATE NORTAL SCHOOL.
Intellectual and practical training for teacher three courses of study besides preparatory. Speciatention given to preparation for college. Stude dmitted to best colleges on certificate. Thirty gra iention given as entitled to be stated and a superior of the state of

Dr. H. W. MONROE, Dentist.

Located permanently in Birkbeck brick, second floor, rooms 1, 2 and 3, over Smith's shoe store, Freetand, Pa. Gas and ether administered for the pain-less extraction of teeth. Teeth filled and artificial teeth inserted.

Reasonable prices and

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

ALEX. SHOLLACK,

BOTTLER.
Beer, Forter, Wine, and Liquors.

Watch the date on your paper.

ESTATE OF HENRY C. GRESSELL, late

CET THE BEST When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine not be deceived by alluring advertisements d be led to think you can get the best made,

Most Popular



NEW HOME

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

OLISOR, MASS. BOSTON, MASS. 22 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.
CHICAGO, ILE. ST. LOUIR, MO. DALLAS, TEXAS.
SAN PRANCISCO, CLA. ATLANTA, G.
TOP SALE BY
D. S. Ewing, general agent,
1127 Chestnut street, Phila., Pa.



SHOLE TAX COURTER A 16-Page Weekly Newspaper ILLUSTRATED.

W. E. BROKAW, Edit It gives the single tax news of the esslies a large amount of the best prop earlier. Every single-taxer, and all models information regarding this





C.A.SNOW&CO.