

AN UNCONVENTIONAL THANKSGIVING

By HOPE DARING

The train due at Paris Junction at 8:35 was ten minutes late on Thanksgiving morning. As it halted before the little station, which stood amid bare brown fields at the crossing of the two railroads, a gentleman and a lady stepped to the platform.

The lady gathered her sealskin cape around her and hurried into the depot. She was a plump, middle-aged woman with a clear, dark face. When the gentleman entered the room, she was addressing the station agent.

"How long before the next train west on the other road?" she asked in a voice of peculiar sweetness.

The man started and drew nearer. "There won't be 'nother train till 4:10."

"But there is one train in a few minutes."

"It's gone. Your train was late."

She gasped. "What am I to do? I must be at Latimer before 2."

"I don't know."

She turned appealingly to her fel-



"LEON BARTLEY!"

low traveler. He stepped forward, lifting his hat.

A glance into the strong face lighted by frank gray eyes, and she gave a little cry, a soft rose-pink flush staining her cheeks.

"Leon Bartley! How do you happen to be here?" and she timidly extended her hand.

"I am on my way to spend Thanksgiving with my old friends, the Heringtons, at Latimer."

"And I to eat my Thanksgiving turkey with my cousin, Lulu Myers."

A moment's silence fell between them. The station agent had retired to his little den, which contained his desk, leaving the two travelers in possession of the room. There was a brisk fire in the stove, and the air was laden with the fumes of the soft coal. Aside from the stove, the sole furniture of the room consisted of a wooden bench which extended along two sides. The uncurtained windows were dingy and dirty.

Outside there was only the shining tracks and the fields. At a little distance a solitary farmhouse could be seen.

They were roused by a dash of frozen sleet against the windows. Bartley advanced to the door of the little inner room, saying:

"I will see if there is not some way out of our trouble."

Left alone, Zoe Freeman drew her cloak around her and let her mind wander back to the past. Fifteen years before she had been the promised wife of Leon Bartley. They had quarreled and, in a fit of pique, she had married Robert Freeman. Wealth and social position had been hers, but Freeman soon became a helpless invalid, and life held little for her save the cares and duties of a nurse. A year ago death had set her free.

Leon Bartley had never married. They had met occasionally, but never since Freeman's death.

Here her thoughts were interrupted by the return of Bartley.

"It is as you feared. There is no way you can reach Latimer before 5. There are few passenger trains upon either of these roads. I am very sorry for your disappointment."

Her face flushed, then paled. "We must wait with what patience we can," she said, unconsciously using the plural.

He brought for her from the inner room the only chair in the building. A few moments later the station agent said:

"I'm goin' to the house awhile."

He strode away, and they were alone. Outside the sleet continued to fall. Zoe turned from the dreary picture framed by the window with a sigh that sounded strangely like one of content.

They talked fitfully. Both avoided referring to the past, and the present held little in common for them. Yet as they talked of the events of the day, of books, and of people whom they both knew, an unconscious change came over them. As in the days of old, she was aware of a tender deference shown toward her, a deference

that was genuine and had in it nothing of patronage.

After a time Bartley glanced at his watch and rose to his feet.

"I am going to raid the surrounding country and see what I can do in the way of a Thanksgiving dinner."

"Not in this storm," she cried, and her clear dark eyes fell before his.

"I have an umbrella. Besides I am used to storms."

He was gone some time. When he returned, she was at the door to meet him.

"I see you were successful," pointing to the bundles he carried.

He shook his head. "You will think it a poor success. At the agent's home dirt was too plentiful. I saw we could not think of dining there. I made my way to another house, only to find it locked. However, there is a postoffice near, where the agent assured me I would find a 'store.' There—well, the contents of these paper bags will tell the story."

She laughed as merrily as a child, and began to peer into the bags. Soon they were seated, she in the chair, he on the bench in front of her. Sheets from a newspaper he happened to have in his pocket were spread over their laps, and on these they placed crackers, cheese, peanuts and sticks of red and white striped candy.

"I'm sorry," Bartley began, eyeing the spread with evident disfavor, "but it is the best the land affords. Here is a part of every eatable thing in the merchant's stock, save gum, molasses and articles that must be cooked. It is a poor Thanksgiving dinner to offer you, Zoe."

The name slipped from him unawares. She blushed and began to talk lightly. All constraint vanished. The burden of years seemed to have fallen from them. Suddenly she looked up, an arch smile carving her lips.

"Think of the tables at which we expected to sit today. Remember the various delicacies, the silver, china, embroidered linen and flowers, then note the contrast. Is not this a strange Thanksgiving?"

He leaned forward, and again her eyes sank before his. "I remember it all, and yet I feel like returning thanks because I am here—with you."

Just then the station agent entered. A freight train came in sight and halted. Zoe retreated to a window while the men went out and in the depot. After a short time the train went on, and the agent again left the travelers alone.

Bartley came at once to her side. "In an hour there will be a train going back to your home. You will take it, will you not?"

She nodded. In an hour they would be separated. There would be nothing of this strange Thanksgiving day save a memory.

He came a step closer.

"Let me go with you, Zoe."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I love you still. Neither have you forgotten. Why should we lose one hour of the happiness life holds for us? We will go to your home and this very night become husband and wife."

She shook her head, although she

did not draw back when he took both her hands in his.

"No, Leon. Not today."

"Why not?"

"It's—well, it's unconventional."

He laughed lightly, for he knew his victory was won.

"This has been an unconventional Thanksgiving, darling. It is a real one, though. I never knew what the word meant until I could give thank for you and your love."

Raisin Cake.

Cream one cup of butter and two cups of sugar. Add one cup of milk, three eggs, two cups of raisins (stoned) one grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful each of grated cloves and cinnamon, about four cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Make about as stiff as pound cake.

Joy softens more hearts than tears.—Madame de Sartory.

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THE MAKING OF HISTORY.

An Art in Which Our Versatile Cousins, the French People, Are Unrivaled.

France is the incarnation of the Muse of History, inasmuch as she is never idle. Her mode of making history is distinct from that of any other nation, and especially from ours. England makes history in a matter-of-fact, utterly unheroic and utterly non-spectacular way; just as her best historians record it in a sober, solid and often the reverse of brilliant manner. Our incidents are not magnified into episodes, and our episodes are not inflated to the size of conclusive events. There is no concerted, orchestral accompaniment to our rejoicings; on the contrary, there is much cacophony under the name of cheering. We are lions who roar like bulls of Bashan; we are the most materially civilized people on the face of the globe who cannot combine to decorate or illuminate a single thoroughfare in a thoroughly artistic manner.

On the other hand, there is no yelling of "Treason!" at the slightest reserve. We are, in fact, a staid, unimaginative people, who take our pleasures not "moult tristement," as Froissard had it, but sedately, until our animal spirits get the better of us, and find vent in the aforesaid Bull-of-Bashan roars. But our cheerfulness is, for all that, never exhausted, and the largest stock of it is reserved for "duty" in the case of misfortune. Our cheerfulness is the bootjack of our resignation.—Illustrated London News.

NEARLY A BREAK DOWN.

Mrs. Olberg, a Prominent Minnesota Lady, Tells a Remarkable Story.

Albert Lea, Minn., Nov. 19.—(Special)—There are few men and women in this state or indeed in the whole northwest, who have not heard, or do not know personally Mrs. Henriette C. Olberg of this city.

Mrs. Olberg was Judge of Linen and Linen Fabrics at the World's Fair, at Chicago, and Superintendent of Flax Exhibit at the International Exposition at Omaha, Nebraska, in 1898. Mrs. Olberg is Secretary of the National Flax, Hemp and Ramie Association, and Assistant Editor of the "Distaff." Her official duties are naturally very onerous, and involve a great deal of traveling and living away from home. She says:

"During the World's Fair in Chicago, my official duties so taxed my strength, that I thought I would have to give them up. Through the continual change of food and irregular meal hours, and a poor quality of water, I lost my appetite, and became weak and nervous in the extreme. My kidneys refused to perform their usual duties. One of my assistants advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and sent for a box. I am pleased to say that I derived immediate and permanent benefit. I used three boxes, and feel ten-years younger.

"I have great confidence in the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and am always glad to speak a good word in their favor.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are weak women's best friend."

All Dealers, 50 cents a box.

Sliced Mutton in Chafing Dish.

Have ready six good-sized but thin slices of mutton six olives, cut fine, or two tablespoons of capers minced, six teaspoons of grape or plum jelly, or the same amount of tomato catsup or sauce, one level tablespoon of butter creamed with one rounded teaspoon of corn starch, and one-half cup of gravy, mutton broth or hot water. Put the water, jelly and olives into the brazer, when boiling, add the butter. Stir till it is thick and smooth, then add the meat, salt to taste and cook for a few minutes. Serve very hot, directly from the brazer, and pass it with thin slices of brown bread or graham wafers.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She's a Winner.

He—O, promise to marry me. I know I'm not worthy of you, but it will make me so happy.

She—You drink, you smoke and you bet.

He—I've signed the pledge, honor bright. Now accept me.

She—Well, you smoke and you bet.

He—Haven't you smoked for a year. Now, will you marry me?

She—You bet!—Harlem Life.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without gripe or pain, produce easy, natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Foresight.

"Ma," said the little boy, "pa's got a new sign on the store. He doesn't call it a 'drug store' any more, but a 'pharmacy.' I wonder what made him change it?"

"Your pa is thinking of going into politics, Eddie," she replied, "and wants to fix it so he will stand a chance to get the farmer vote."—Chicago Times-Herald.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not coat over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Said in Haste.

Joe—That's right, I'm just fifty-eight years old.

Bill—Say, you might talk that way to me a hundred years, and I'd still believe that you were not over forty.—Indianapolis Press.

A sound of doctrine—the science of acoustics.

BOTH SIMPLE AND DIFFICULT.

The Chinese Language Has No Grammatical Rules, But is Made Up of Many Dialects.

Paradoxical though it may sound, we are strictly within the limits of accuracy when we say that Chinese is, at the same time, the simplest and most difficult language in the world; most simple in the absence of those grammatical rules and inflectional forms which vex the student of European languages; most difficult because of the combination of different languages—and all known as Chinese.

The "book" Chinese is never spoken, while the colloquial in written form would merit the supreme contempt of the average Chinese student and supercilious scholar.

The written character is universally the same throughout the empire; but each province, city, town and village seems to have reserved the right to invent its own pronunciation of those written words which are common to the whole nation, and which constitute an eternal and inseparable bond which will link the eighteen provinces together as long as China remains a nation.

The possibility of two Chinamen meeting each other, and while each speaks Chinese, being unable to indulge in mutual conversation in that language, will at once serve forcibly to illustrate the pronounced differences of the Mongolian tongue.

It would be more correct to say that China possesses a number of languages, distinct and separate, and each subdivided into numerous dialects, a linguistic condition which at once suggests the absence of railroads or other means of bringing the various provincials into conversational contact with each other.—Frederick Poole, in New Lippincott.

Selecting Glassware.

To select glass with discretion it is necessary to understand somewhat of its manufacture, and to recall the properties of the chemicals of which it is composed. These materials are chiefly soda, potash, lime, alumina and oxide of lead. The quality of the glass to be manufactured depends upon the amount of the basic material united with the silica or sand. The best glass is made with lead, which gives to it luster, fusibility and high refractory powers. It is often called flint glass, to distinguish it from lime glass, which is much cheaper and of a decidedly greenish tint. Flint glass is that which is most generally used for cutting and polishing. It may be picked out by the clear, bell-like tone which it sends forth when struck. This test may be made without any danger of breaking the glass, if it be held firmly in one hand while the upper parts or edge, is sharply struck with a pencil or other instrument, the only care requisite being to see that the glass does not touch any object when it is struck, since, if there be room for it to vibrate, glass will never break.—Harper's Bazar.

Mystified.

"Mamma, my birthday comes this year on Monday, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"And last year it was on Sunday, wasn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did it come on Saturday the year before?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?"—The King.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Otto Carlson and O. Gardeen, St. Paul, Minn., folding umbrella; William Curtis, Duluth, Minn., machine for placing hoops upon barrels; John A. Ekelund, Minneapolis, Minn., folding umbrella; Conrad Clauson, Audubon, Minn., straw stacker; Otto Hausman, Minneapolis, Minn., attachment for bicycles; Knud K. Lerol, Jr., Newburg, Minn., regulator for windmills; Hilda A. Nottingham, Fort Benton, Mont., hasp lock; Henry G. Roth, Minneapolis, Minn., adjustable compartment display counter or cabinet.

Lothrop & Johnson, patent attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

The Difference.

Tommy—Paw, what's the difference between a bird and a fowl?

Mr. Fig.—In thinking of one you get sentimental, and in thinking of the other you get hungry.—Indianapolis Journal.

Some articles must be described; White's Yucatan needs no description; it's the real thing.

A Variable.

Teacher—How many pounds to the long ton?

Precocious Pupil—Two thousand two hundred and forty.

Teacher—And how many to the short ton?

Precocious Pupil—Depends on the coal dealer.—Puck.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM is the favorite for dressing the hair and renewing its life and color. HINDSCOFFER, the best cure for corns. 15c.

Finis.

Waggs—Well, Buzehard has got himself in to a hole at last.

Daggs—What's he been doing now?

Waggs—Dyin'—buried yesterday.—Ohio State Journal.

FITS Permanently Cured. Notice of nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, 740, 9th Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Narrow Escape.

Mrs. Henpeck—What's this? Ah, a blonde hair—

Henpeck—That must have come off the Belgian hare I had for lunch.—Syracuse Herald.

Each package of PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better, too.

Many an actor whose name is on a billboard is an acrobat when it comes to jumping a board bill.

A long time—the grandfather's clock.

There's a Difference.

She—Well, you didn't think I paid too much for my hats before we were married.

He—I didn't pay for them, then, my dear.—San Francisco Town Talk.

The Oldest Banknote

Is in the possession of the Bank of England. It is dated December 19, 1359, and is for 655 pounds, but on account of its age same is made very valuable. One of the oldest and most valuable stomach medicines is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For fifty years it has cured dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness or insomnia. It will cure when faithfully taken.

Near Head of the Class.

The Governor—So you are making the acquaintance of soubrettes, you young renegade? How far along have you got?

The Son—Tolerable; I was only three men behind you at the stage door last night.—Denver News.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 2c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Beyond Him.

She—Are those Russian names really as twisted as they look?

He—They are, indeed. Some of them are so hopelessly involved that even a railroad brakeman could not pronounce them.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

He Got There.

Eacon—What's your friend Cooley doing now?

Egbert—Lecturing.

"On what?"

"On the North Pole."

"Oh, I didn't know that any one had got there yet."—Yonkers Statesman.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an Infalible

medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

In Kentucky.

Mamma—Did you know, dear, your little cousin Isabella, in Frankfort, is dead?

Isabella—Who shot her?—Life.

Evidence.

Eess—The say Maud Goody kissed a man at the Jones' lawn party the other night.

Jack—That's true.

Eess—How do you know?

Jack—I had it from her own lips.—

Inclined to be rather fast—the shoot the chutes.

DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach and have indigestion, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's attention daily. An inflamed and ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symp-



Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS.

toms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the guiding advice of Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store. Anyway, write a letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your troubles. Her advice is free.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS

Successfully Prosecutes Claims, Late Principal Examiner Bureau of Pensions in Civil War. 15 adjudicating claims, atty since

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S 5055, Box 5, Atlanta, Ga.

afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

N W N U —No. 47— 1900.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

FADED IN HER YOUTH

Pretty faces and graceful forms of young women! Why is it they are soon replaced by plainness and lankness? It is because the young girl just entering into womanhood does not know how to take care of herself and has no one competent to instruct her. It is not necessary that there should be anything weakening or wearing about the obligations of a female organism. Parents of young girls should inform themselves and prevent their dear ones from making costly errors.



That young woman has a just cause of complaint, who is permitted to believe that great periodic suffering is to be expected, that severe mysterious pains and aches are part of her natural experience as a woman. These things are making constant war on her health, her disposition and her beauty. It is a wanton sacrifice, absolutely unnecessary and cruel. It is more—it is criminal.

Dr. Greene's NERVURA for the Blood and Nerves

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is the right medicine for every young girl who is just entering the first stage of womanhood. It prepares the system in every way to act normally. It enriches the blood supply, and keeps the nerves calm and steady. Fortified with this great medicine, all the womanly duties may be undertaken and experienced without the slightest jeopardy to health. It preserves the gifts of nature and assists their development into glowing, healthful beauty.

Mrs. MARY FRANCES LITTLE, of 2 Hunter Alley, Rochester, N. Y., says:

"I was very pale and delicate—had no color. I took Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and now I am well and strong, my face is plump, and cheeks red, and my complexion pure."

Mrs. WILLIAM BARTLELS, 239 East 87th St., New York City, says:

"Dr. Greene's Nervura made a wonderful improvement in my health, and that dark, sallow look left my face. My friends hardly know me. I have gained flesh and am like a different person."

The nervousness in women which invariably comes with pain is of itself certain to stop the development of beauty in face and figure. Excited nerves make sharp lines and hasty speech. The beautiful curves which make women so attractive are not possible when the female organism is out of order, as it surely is when discomfort and pain are always or even periodically present. It is only necessary to look in the faces of young women everywhere to see that this must be so. Else why are they so pale and thin?

GET FREE ADVICE FROM DR. GREENE

Real beauty is rare. It belongs to perfect health. It is possible to every woman who takes the matter in hand intelligently. Get advice from Dr. Greene, the great specialist in these matters. He will tell you why all this is so, and show you how to avoid the stumbling blocks that bar woman's way to happiness. You may consult Dr. Greene without cost by calling or writing to him at his office, 35 West 14th Street, New York City. Don't throw away your beauty. Write to Dr. Greene to-day.

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