

IN THE OLD HOUSE.

The fruits are stored, the fields are bare, The ground is hard, the skies are gray; November's chill is in the air; To-morrow is Thanksgiving day.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY HERO.



Chicago Tribune.

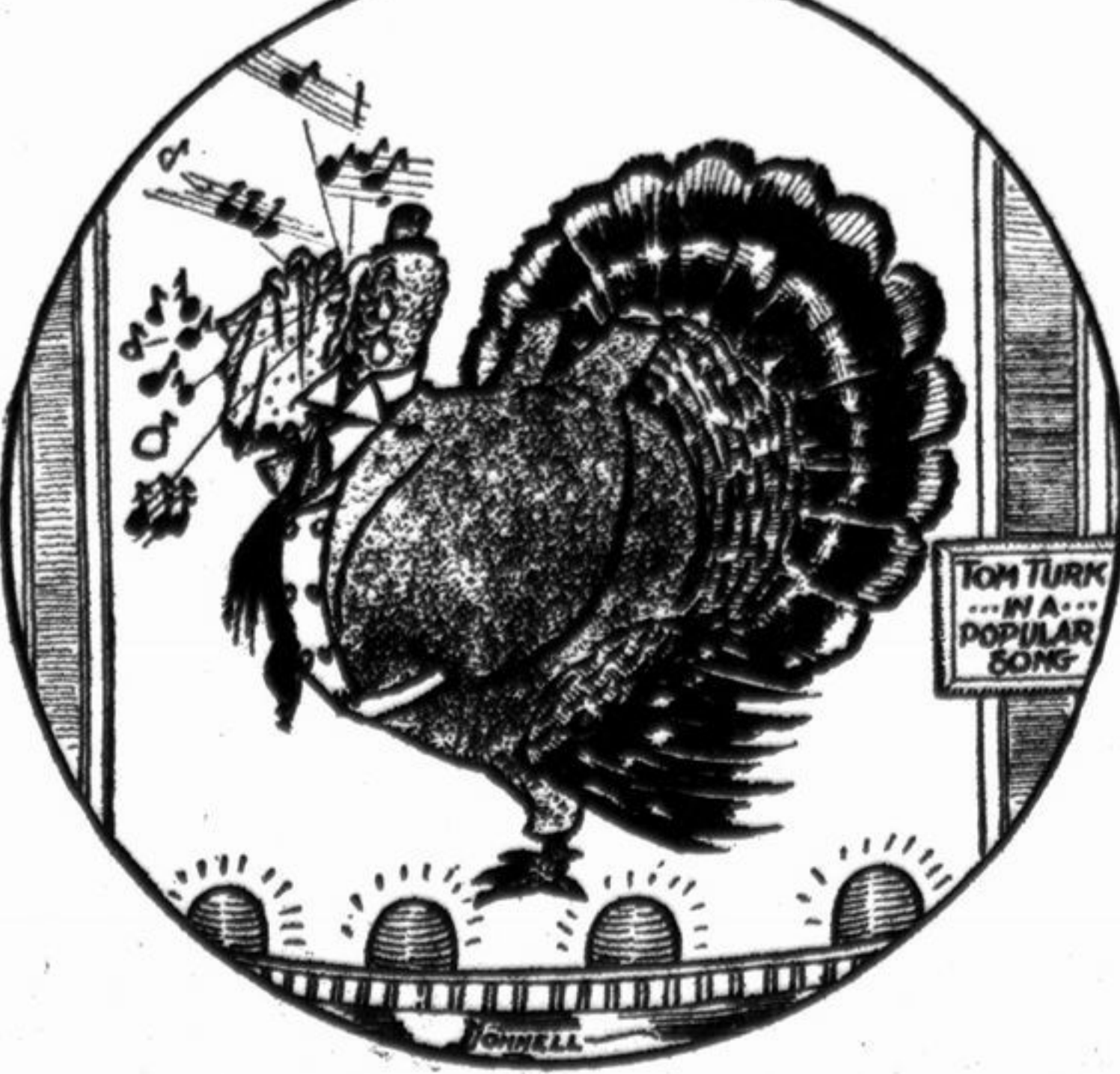
half a mile they might have seen the strong young man shed heartfelt tears as he leaned against the old oak tree by the little gate and gazed earnestly on the brown house at the edge of the woods.

"I wanted to help get dinner," Joan blurted out the horse and cutter around and asked his mother to take a ride with him.

John Warren's Thanksgiving.

John Warren dropped his newspaper on the floor of the car and stared out of the window. Strongly built and handsome, he was just now wearing on his face a look of utter weariness, resulting from a long trip in the West, where he had been looking after some interests of the firm of which he was a junior partner.

"THURSDAY ALWAYS WAS MY JONAH DAY!"



"I got sense enough to know my own mind," he said. "I told David if I heard of him lecturing for 'Hassan' Durrance for 'slectionman,' I wouldn't go to his house, and I wouldn't do as I might say."

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COMING HOME.

The whole farm was so pervaded itself in one tremendous joy.

Thanksgiving Day! Poke up the fire and make the oven hum; The turkey, roasting in the pans, are spitting out the fat.

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SAD ACCIDENT TO MR. ROBERTS.



Mr. T. Gobbler, Jr.—I wonder where papa is? He hasn't been home for two days. Sympathetic Friend—Why? Haven't you heard? He's had a sad accident.

"Was the accident serious?" "Oh, quite serious, I assure you. He had his head cut off, was boiled in oil, drawn and quartered, cut into strips and eaten up."

"Why, that's too bad. When did these sad events occur?" "They all took place yesterday. Would you like to see where he's been buried?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Let us go and pay our last respects. Is it far?" "No, the cemetery is quite near. Come, let us stroll over that way."

to—now, isn't this where you pinch my leg or give me a kick under the table? "Isn't it nice," said one of the guests, "to have a family reunion like this once in a year?"

"Yes," responded Uncle Allen Sparks, "I saw away energetically with his carving knife, but when they came like this, one at a time, you can hardly call it a reunion. This one seems to be the father of the one we had before last and the grandfather of the one we had last year."

Hadleigh Miltude—Had a horrible dream last night. Did I? What was it? "I saw the Salvation Army people give us yesterday was all a dream!"

"What seems to be the trouble, Mrs. Highness?" asked the doctor, warming his hands at the radiator before feeling her pulse.

"That's what I want you to tell me, doctor," said Mrs. Highness. "It's either a cold I caught at the football game or it's something I've eaten that has disagreed with me."

Mrs. Jenner Lee Oudgen—Did you have an enjoyable time yesterday? "Mrs. Melkdom-Holmes—Oh, dear no! We were scared out of our wits. Poor little Fido nearly choked to death on a bone."

Her Daughter's Debut—I want to ask you, sir, for your daughter's hand, sir. For Father, I'm not disposing of her in sections, but I'm willing to listen to any proposition involving all of her, sir.

Hub—But if you like the young fellow, Kate, why do you object to our daughter marrying him? Wife—Oh, she'll marry him for all that; but I want to give her a chance to say, when they quarrel, that "Mother didn't want me to marry you, anyway."—Boston Transcript.

A Martyr for Principle.

By Emily Huntington Miller.

He was mending his harness in the immaculate kitchen, a piece of burlap over the knees of his second-best pantaloons, and another under his feet to catch any possible litter.

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An Internal Difficulty.

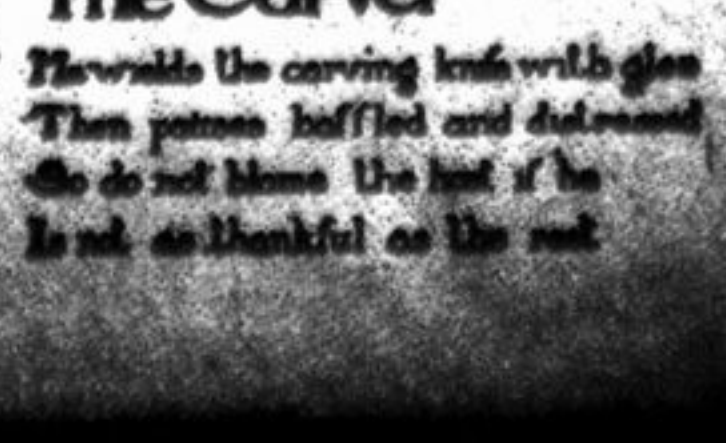
Little Archie Richards, at the close of the Thanksgiving dinner, sat at the table with his face suffused with tears.

"What is it mamma's little darling wants?" "But 'mamma's little darling' continued to cry.

"Does mamma's baby boy want some more cake?" she asked. "No," said the child, while the tears continued to flow.

"Does he want some more pie?" she further inquired. "No," he further replied.

"Well," said the mother, making a last effort to reach his case, "tell mamma what baby wants."



The Carver The whole of carving with glass. Then James huffed and did not do so well as the last year. He is so thankful as the rest.