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The Pandora is not constructed in the usual manner. The removal of a button with a hammer (many just use their fingers) allows the Pandora grates to be easily drawn out, as shown. Just a minute or two to do the trick.

No plumber's mess to clean up. No bill to pay.

Notice, too, that the Pandora grates are stronger, will last longer than the ordinary double grates. *Less to pay out for renewals.* Spaces between the Pandora triple grates are narrower than between ordinary double grates, which prevents good fuel slipping down with the ashes. *Sifting Pandora ashes is wasted effort.*

And that simple gearing arrangement on the Pandora makes the "rocking down" of the ashes just play compared to the heavy "shaking" necessary with ordinary ranges.

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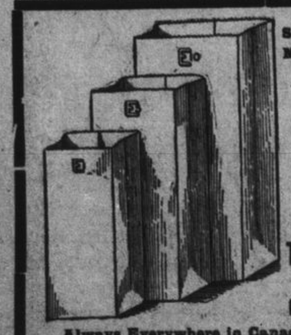

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Mrs. Stetson's Revolt

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

[Copyright, 1905, by John Barton Oxford.]

IT was commonly said in Centervale that old John Stetson held the strings of his own purse and "kep' a pretty tight holt on 'em too." This kernel of truth from the chaff of the town gossip Mrs. Stetson was turning over in her mind as she darned socks under the yellow light of an ancient kerosene lamp one evening early in Thanksgiving week. On the other side of the table her lord and master, old Jim—be of the closely held purse strings—perused the pages of the Weekly Mirror through two pairs of spectacles.

Stetson was a middle aged man of medium height, inclined to portliness of figure and baldness of the head. His face was clean shaven save for the stubble of iron gray beard on the chin, and this rather emphasized the hard, straight lines about his mouth which gave his face that expression locally characterized as "sot."

Mrs. Stetson was little, gray haired and bent of figure. Her hands were knotted by an unfortunate combination of housework and rheumatism. Her voice was at once appealing and apologetic. The neighbors said thirty years with old Jim had "crushed her sperrit."

"TURKEY? I GUESS CHICKENS 'LL DO WELL ENOUGH."

She glanced covertly across the table many times and furtively cleared her throat before she found sufficient courage to address her liege.

"Father," she began at length, a trifle more apologetical than usual, "so long's Marthy's goin' to bring her husband home here for Thanksgivin', don't you think we'd better have a turkey?"

Her husband turned to her. The two pairs of spectacles gave his face an expression of ridiculous ferocity.

"Turkey?" he inquired explosively. "I guess chickens 'll do well enough."

"Last year when we was up to Marthy's place we had turkey," Mrs. Stetson pursued. "Seems to me we ought to do as much for them."

"I calc'late a pair of them chickens will be full as good," said Stetson.

"They're nice chickens, I know," said Mrs. Stetson. "Them Plymouth Rocks is as plump as can be. But it seems though turkey fitted Thanksgivin' better, specially when you're goin' to have company. Why couldn't you kill one of them two turkeys I hatched out under the old black hen last spring and like to run my legs off bringin' up? They're likely lookin' fowl, and one would be plenty big enough for us."

"I sold 'em this mornin'," said Stetson.

"Sold em!" she gasped.

"Yes. Tom Babb wanted a pair of turkeys to raffle off up to his store the night before Thanksgivin', so I let him have 'em."

Mrs. Stetson straightened herself in her chair. She felt the "stiffening" go out of her knees, but her eyes flashed. Under the gross injustice of this thing her "crushed sperrit" had revolted.

"Them turkeys was mine," she said in a voice whose tone was new to him.

"I s'pose you paid for all the corn and grain they et," he sneered.

"They was mine," she reiterated, and there was neither appeal nor apology in her words.

"I guess it's pretty well settled who they belonged to," he said grimly.

She rose from her chair and stood before him. She trembled violently, but her eyes never faltered as they looked into his.

"Jim Stetson," she said chokingly, "I'm goin' to have Thanksgivin' as I want it. I'm goin' to have a turkey—if I have to steal it."

To his amazement she swept from the room before he could reply and banged the door after her.

* * * * * * *

In the big bare room back of Tom Babb's store the Thanksgiving raffle was in full swing. The room was hazy with rank tobacco smoke, and the pungent smell of recently consumed spirits pervaded the place. The sporting element of Centervale, with much laughter and many broad jokes, shook the dice on an old counter from a dilapidated dice box. In one corner the two turkeys were hung conspicuously for critical inspection.

At 9 o'clock the door leading from the front store opened. The crowd as one man craned heads to greet the newcomer, but instead of boisterous gibes they stared in amazement and suddenly fell silent, for into the room, thin, frail, but determined, strode Mrs. Stetson.

"I want to raffle," she said simply. "How much does it cost?"

"Twenty cents for three throws," said Babb.

Mrs. Stetson passed over the change.

Much might be written of her experience in that dingy room—of how she threw to the limit of her cash capital (60 cents); of how one of the Dayton boys showed her how to count the dice and as he bent above them slyly turned them over to count higher. But that has all passed into the official (unwritten) history of the town. Suffice it to say that at 9:30 Mrs. Stetson strode homeward with a plump turkey under her arm and the odor of vile tobacco about her clothes.

Her husband sat by the kitchen table as she entered. She threw her bundle on the floor beside him.

"I got my turkey," she said in challenge.

"Eh! Where'd you git it?" he said, stupefied.

"At the raffle," she said defiantly.

She was prepared for a storm of his wrath. She knew in that event just what she would say. To her surprise he calmly undid the bundle and critically inspected the bird.

"Good looking critter," he said. "You done fust rate."

She felt the hot tears in her eyes. Her throat seemed parched and choking. She sank into a chair.

"I never done fust rate, neither," she said brokenly. "It was all tobacco smoke, and they'd been drinkin', but you drove me to it."

He smiled grimly. The hard lines about his mouth softened. He came over to her chair and gently placed a hand on her shoulder. Her sobs were unrestrained.

"Sho!" he said uneasily. "Don't take on so, mother. I promise you you won't never have to raffle for another turkey—never."

HOW CHINA CELEBRATES.

Thanksgiving Day In the Celestial Kingdom.

In China at the beginning of winter a thanksgiving festival is held at which the deities are especially thanked for the preservation of life and health during the preceding twelve months. Offerings are presented on the family altar, and the ceremony is brought to a close by a grand dinner at which all members of the family can partake. The feasting and rejoicings are kept up for some days and extend to the last night of the year. On that evening it is a common practice in some parts of the country for boys to cry aloud in the street, "Maiboe"—"I sell my folly"—in order that they may be wiser the next year.

Every year on the fifteenth day of the first moon the emperor of China goes in great state to a certain field, accompanied by the chief officers of his household, and prostrates himself, touching the ground nine times with his head in honor of the god Tien, and pronounces a prayer invoking the blessing of the Great Being. Then as high priest of the empire he sacrifices a bullock to heaven as the fountain of all good. While the victim is being offered, a plow drawn by a pair of highly ornamented oxen is brought to the emperor, who throws aside his imperial robe, lays hold of the plow handles and opens several furrows. The principal mandarins follow his example, and the festival, which is really a species of thanks in advance for good harvests, ends with a distribution of clothes and money to the poor.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A whole lot of times the prodigal son comes back without repentance.

Some very weak heads are carried around on stylishly dressed bodies.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady who cures her husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save her Home. 97

A PATHETIC LETTER

"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that had set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive loving husband, comforts and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

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Also For Sale By HENRY WADE.

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About her complexion the average woman worries more than she does about her prospective harp and crown.

The Thanksgiving Pumpkins

By GEORGE COOPER.

GLOBES of gold on the upland lay
The ripened pumpkins at close of day.
Up the meadows the cows came slow,
With bells a-tinkle and gentle low.
Tommy paused by the old stone wall.
Unromantic was he, and small.
What do they see, those twinkling eyes?
Floating visions of luscious pies,
Flaky crust of the lightest brown!
Smacking his lips and looking down
Over the wall, he saw a sight.
Pumpkins were stirring, left and right!
Legs and arms had begun to sprout!
Tommy is too much amazed to shout.
How they grin at him—how they stare!
Straight on end stands Thomas' hair.

"Hold!" he hears a voice outring.
"Tremble—I'm the pumpkin king!
Bind the culprit, foot and hand;
Let him here before me stand,
Pumpkin subjects, I command!
Cut him up in crescent slices;
Chubby boy—I'm told it nice is!
Oft for him have we been sliced up,
Mashed and delicately spiced up.
Monster of the youthful brow,
Turn about is fair play now!

"Trice him up and slice him up;
Dig straightway an oven;
Roll the crust of watered dust;
Then this pie we'll shove in!"

"TREMBLE—I'M THE PUMPKIN KING!"

They lunged at him, they plunged at him,
They sat on him, fell flat on him,
Surrounded him and pounded him;
They seized him and squeezed him;
They rolled him and told him
What a pie to bake he soon would make
For their Thanksgiving dinner!
How very glad they were they had
A boy that was no thinner!

The early moonlight silvered all the hill;
Then Tommy woke and heard the cricket's shrill.
Those pumpkins lay in singular repose;
Not one of them displayed eye, mouth or nose.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tommy. "That was droll!"
Then to the farmhouse quietly he stole,
Rejoicing that his chubby self was whole.
But on Thanksgiving day, with curious eyes,
He gazed on grandma's luscious pumpkin pies!

—Examiner.

THE HARVEST HOME.

Thanksgiving In the Old Simple Days of England.

In the old simple days of England the harvest home was such a scene as Horace's friends might have expected to see at his Sabine farm. The grain last cut was brought home in its wagon, called the hock cart—surmounted by a figure formed of sheaf with gay dressings—suggesting a representation of the goddess Ceres, while a pipe and tabor went merrily sounding in front and the reapers tripped around in a band in hand ring, singing:

"Harvest home, harvest home!
We have plowed, we have sowed,
We have reaped, we have mowed,
We have brought home every load,
Hip, hip, hip, harvest home!"

In the evening of harvest home the supper took place in the barn or some other suitable place, the master and mistress generally presiding. This feast was always composed of substantial food with plenty of good ale.

There is a growing tendency at the present time to abolish these old harvest festivals and to substitute a festival for the whole parish with services in the forenoon and a dinner afterward, followed by sports and games for the men and tea drinking for the women.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thanksgiving Days In Hungary.

In Hungary Thanksgiving days or something analogous to them used to be common, but have now passed away except on rare occasions of national rejoicing. Then a horse race of a particularly exciting description takes the place that football occupies in the American observance of the real thing in the way of Thanksgiving celebrations.

Of course this world may be growing better, but a lot of new jails are erected every year.

It don't take but a little nursing to make a puny grievance grow strong.

Love may live on bread and water but it seldom thrives on such a diet.

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