



THANKSGIVING DAY SONG

There are days of rain,
And days of pain,
And days of muck and strife;
But the luckiest day for a man, I say,
Is the first day of his life.
I'm thankful this Thanksgiving day
That I am living, anyway.

I'm thankful I am living here,
Where I find everything so near;
So near to Nature's loaded shelf,
I reach my hand and help myself.
It seems that this world was designed
To fit and satisfy my mind.

This world I know
Has much of woe,
Has much of toil and sin,
But the luckiest world for the men of this
world.

In the world they're living in,
I'm thankful I am living here,
Where I find everything so near.

I'm thankful I am living now,
An apple on Time's highest bough;
For all the years have met decay,
That fruit, like us, might grow to-day,
And so we apples ripen fast,
Fed by the dead and buried past.

These times are rife
With noise and strife,
And not devoid of sin,
But the luckiest times for the men of these
times.

Are the times they're living in,
I'm thankful I am living now,
An apple on Time's highest bough.
—Sam Walter Foss, in Leslie's Weekly.

How CHARLIE SUBSTITUTED.

CHARLIE LESLIE'S father was a street car conductor. But now, three days before Thanksgiving, he had a bad attack of rheumatism, and was too ill to work.

"What are we going to do, mother?" Charlie asked, in a troubled tone, when everything possible had been done for his father, and Jesse and Jamie, the two younger children, were quiet for the night. "It's as much as we can do to make both ends meet, anyway, and now there'll be no money coming in."

"Oh, I can manage that for a little while," his mother answered. "I shouldn't worry a bit if I could only be sure your father wouldn't lose his position."

"I never thought of that," exclaimed Charlie, in dismay, suddenly remembering how very strict the company was. "Well, let us hope for the best," his mother said, trying to speak cheerfully.

But Charlie could not be content with hoping; he wanted to be doing. He thought of several ways in which he could earn small sums of money, but to get enough for the support of the family was another matter, and he pondered over it, and continued to ponder, till long after he was abed. Just before midnight he suddenly started up. "Why didn't I think of that before?" he muttered, and then stole softly downstairs for the little alarm clock on the mantel. In two minutes after he had wound it and placed it on the chair near his pillow, he was fast asleep.

When the alarm went off, five hours later, Charlie sprang out of bed and was half dressed before the whirring ceased. "In the kitchen he found his mother already up. She said that his father had been in great pain all night, and had not slept at all."

"I'm going to take his place on the car, if they'll let me," said Charlie.

Mrs. Leslie looked doubtful. "I'm afraid you are not old enough," she said.

"It won't do any harm to try."

"Oh, no!"

"It's vacation this week, too, and even if I had to stay out of school a month I could easily catch up, by studying hard."

His mother said no more, but made haste to prepare a warm breakfast, and put up a lunch for him. When Charlie was ready to start, he went in to see his father a minute and tell him what he intended doing. "Can I wear your cap and take your watch?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, if you want to!" groaned Mr. Leslie; "but it will be of no use; they won't want boys."

"Well, see," Charlie returned, with attempted cheerfulness. The morning was cold and disagreeable, and Charlie ran all the way to the car stables. As he reached the place he saw a man coming, and hurried toward him.

"Are you Mr. Rawlinson, the superintendent?" he asked, breathlessly.

"No; he is away for a day or two. I am taking his place. Can I do anything for you?"

Charlie stated his business in a few words.

"Come into the office and let me have a look at you," said the man, unlocking the door as he spoke. When he had turned on the electric light he gave Charlie a keen glance.

"Well—I don't know," he said, kindly but hesitatingly. "You are pretty young. Are you sure you could do it all right?"

"I know I could," Charlie answered, eagerly.

The man smiled. "Very well; try it

for one day, and we'll see how you get along."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" and Charlie, who, seeing by the office clock that it lacked only three minutes of six, made a dash for his car. McElroy, the motor-man, was already at his post.

"Hallo, Charlie," he called. "Thought I'd see you. Father can't come, can he?"

"No; I'm going instead."

"You! Well, I rather guess not, my boy!"

"But I've got permission from the man who's taking the superintendent's place."

"Well," he said, dryly, "you were in luck not to see Rawlinson himself. He'd never let you go."

"Don't you think I can do it?"

"Course you can, but he never'd think so."

Then Charlie, who was standing on the rear platform, by this time, with watch in hand, gravely rang the bell twice; McElroy with a grin obeyed the signal, and the car moved slowly out of the stable.

Soon the car began to fill, and then Charlie was too busy to think much about his own affairs. He had often been with his father, and so he knew exactly what to do. With the exception of a slight awkwardness at first in collecting the fares, he had no trouble, and the day passed with no unpleasant incident.

It was six o'clock when he set out for home, but though tired and hungry his courage was good. He had done his work faithfully and McElroy had praised him. The conductors and motormen on other cars, notwithstanding their great surprise at first seeing him, had also expressed their approval in various ways, and he knew he had their good will.

In the morning Charlie went again to see Mr. Trask, the man who was taking the place of the superintendent.

"I'm told that Mr. Rawlinson has a great objection to boys," he said, "but I hear good reports of you, and I am going to take the responsibility of keeping you on till he comes back."

This day was very like the preceding

ready, and a strong young arm to help her down the steps.

Then there was a girl who had put her fare inside her glove for safe keeping, and when it was wanted her fingers were so chilled she couldn't unfasten the glove.

"Let me try it?" proposed Charlie. The girl held out her hand, and in an instant the glove was unfastened, and with a laugh she shook a nickel into his palm.

Next, a young man got off, leaving a bundle behind. Charlie saw it just as the car started again, and picking it off the floor, hastened back to the platform. The young man had remembered and was running after the car.

"Foss?" shouted Charlie, with one hand on the bell cord.

"Yes, toss it!"

So Charlie tossed it, the young man caught it, and the car didn't have to be stopped.

But a few minutes later Charlie did ring, and as the car came to a standstill the door of a house opposite opened and an old man came out.

"How did he know that man wanted to ride?" one passenger asked of another in a low voice.

"There was a woman inside at a closed window motioning to him," her companion answered.

The car was so crowded that for a minute it seemed as if the old man would have to stand, especially as he was very disagreeable to look at, and not over clean. But Charlie whispered something to a boy near the door, and the boy sprang up and politely offered his seat.

A little after this they came to a turnout, where they had to wait for another car to come and pass. Here the portly man with the valise took his leave. McElroy watched him out of sight, then walked around to the rear end of the car.

"Well, Charlie, your goose is cooked," he said, regretfully.

"What do you mean?"

"Did you notice the man who just got off?"

"Yes, I noticed him. He seemed to have a grudge against me, though I

edit 'The Riverwell Electric Transportation Company."

Charlie flushed and his fingers trembled as he opened it. He glanced at the end and saw Mr. Trask's signature. Then he began at the beginning.

"My dear boy: Not to keep you in suspense, Mr. Rawlinson returned to-day. I have not seen him, as he went at once to his daughter's home on the West side. From there he telephoned me, asking who was the boy conductor on car No. 17, and how he happened to be there. I telephoned the answer, and then came this order."

Here Charlie crumpled the letter up in his hand. He knew well enough what the order was, and so what was the need of reading it?

"May I see?" said his mother.

Charlie hesitated, then gave her the letter.

Mrs. Leslie smoothed it out and ran her eyes over it. Her face lighted up. "Oh!" she exclaimed, joyfully, "won't your father be pleased!"

"Pleased!" echoed Charlie, "pleased?—I don't understand."

His mother handed back the letter, and Charlie read the superintendent's order:

"Let Charlie Leslie keep his father's place till his father gets well, and pay him his father's wages."

"What I can't see," said Charlie, who had been thoughtful and silent all through the Thanksgiving supper, "is why Mr. Rawlinson changed his mind, for I'm positively certain that when he paid me his fare he meant to turn me off."

But though Charlie continued to puzzle over the question, he never found the right answer to it.—Elizabeth Robbins, in Chicago Advance.

GROUNDS FOR THANKFULNESS

Mrs. Blimmer Didn't Quite See It in the Same Light That Frederick Did.

"Well, I know that I haven't anything to be thankful for, even if it is Thanksgiving day," announced Mrs. Blimmer, at the breakfast table, as she looked across at her husband.

"Why, my dear," replied he, "you have me."

"I have you, have I?" replied Mrs. Blimmer. "And that is something for me to be thankful for, is it? Well, not that I know of, isn't Frederick Blimmer, Thankful that I have you, indeed? It was the greatest mistake of my life in marrying you, and I have never ceased to regret it. It was all right to marry me, so far as you were concerned. It was quite a feather in your cap to marry one of the Joneses girls, but I think I must have been clean out of my mind when I said yes, and I think all my folks must have been plumb crazy ever to think of letting me marry you. I had an idea that I loved you, but I see now that I didn't know what an idea was, and if I had it to do over again I'd marry any man in the whole wide world before I'd come to you, Frederick Blimmer. And you needn't try to interrupt me, as you always do when I have a word to say, for I'll not listen to you. It isn't as though I had no chance to marry any other man, either, that I took you. I could have married Joe Simpson, as fine a man as ever walked on two legs, and he treats his present wife like as if she was an angel from Heaven, and she not his first choice, either. Then, Jack Dukas was fairly pining away for me, but I didn't have sense enough to marry him, although I knew he was only waiting for a little encouragement, but I was that independent I never would encourage a man the least bit. Besides those two there was Frank Palmer, who fairly worshipped the ground I walked on, but I wouldn't have anything to do with him because his hair was red, but it's a mighty fine-looking man he's got to be, and they do say his wife doesn't want for a thing, and she's as proud of him as if he was a king, and—Frederick Blimmer, what are you putting on your overcoat for? Didn't you say that you had a holiday to-day, and that we would spend a happy Thanksgiving day together, like we did when we were first married? O, well, go out if you want to, but if you are not home by one o'clock sharp not a bit of Thanksgiving dinner do you get."—Detroit Free Press.

never saw him before. Every time I glanced his way way he was eying me. What of him?"

"That," said McElroy, impressively, "was Mr. Rawlinson, the superintendent."

Charlie turned pale. "That the superintendent!" he repeated, slowly. "Then I have lost my place, sure."

"I'm mighty sorry," said McElroy.

"I wonder if he will pay me for these three days," thought Charlie, despondently, when they were again on their way. "Well, if he doesn't it is some satisfaction to know I have earned it—unless he turns me off before night."

Delicious odors from other people's Thanksgiving dinners floated to Charlie as the car sped along, and he wondered if his mother had roasted a turkey.

The long afternoon came to an end, and Charlie had yet received no word. "They're keeping it till morning," he thought. "I'll not say anything about it at home till then, either," he added. "Mother needn't have it to worry over till she's obliged to."

Jesse and Jamie were on the lookout for him, though it was so dark outside they could see hardly an inch beyond their noses, which were flattened against the pane. Charlie called to them as he went by, and they rushed to open the door for him.

"Mamma has saved the Thanksgiving dinner for supper, so you can have some," they cried. "Hurry—hurry—hurry—up!"

While he was taking off his coat, his mother came out. Her face was shining.

"Father is better—ever so much better," she said. "If he can rest and have nothing to worry him for a month or six weeks, his health will be the best it has been for years, the doctor thinks."

"Oh, dear!" thought Charlie. "How can he rest or help worrying when the superintendent is so sure to turn us both off, for good, to-morrow!"

At that moment the postman knocked, and handed in a letter addressed to "Master Charles Leslie." On one corner of the envelope was printed:

GUIDED BY INTUITION.

Woman Jumps at Conclusions Without Resorting to Logic and Wits.

"I begin to think there is no limit to woman's intuition. It frequently enables her to read character on sight, but what gets me and strikes me as uncanny is the fact that this same intuition projects her knowledge into the future and makes her about as conversant with things to come as with things past."

"Let me illustrate. When the copper market was so active I put in hours every day studying quotations, fluctuations, and the outlook. As the result of a conclusion reached by this careful method I invested \$200, made good margins, and was finally glad to let go with a loss considerably larger than my original investment."

"During a period of confidence and in the enjoyment of prospective riches I had told my wife of my investment and of the good things she might expect when the deal was closed. She gave her the spectacle lower and she was bound to make a plunge. She doesn't know what the word stocks means. A market report is Greek to her. She couldn't figure on the outlook if she had all the data and a slate and pencil. Yet she came to me with \$100 she had saved in old teapots and stockings and told me to buy P. Q. M. shares. I sneeringly told her that they were dead and buried; that she might as well invest in a dry oil well or a sunken ship. But her mind was made up. I thought the reason would be a cheap one for her and I obeyed."

"These shares took a sudden jump to the surprise of everyone and she cleared \$2,000. 'Men don't seem to have any business sense,' she said, when we compared notes. 'P. Q. M.' was not so pretty quick money, but a stupid man would never see it."

"Heavens!" Then the Detroit broker who had been talking dashed to the floor a 15-cent cigar he had just lit.—Detroit Tribune.

Surely a Dream.

The rich, talented, handsome stranger prostrates himself at the feet of the beautiful cashier in the laundry.

"Be mine!" he implores.

"A dream!" the young girl asks herself, anxiously.

She has not long to remain in doubt. For she presently spurns the rich, talented, handsome stranger and marries the bow-legged boiler-maker to whom she had pledged her truth.

This, of course, makes it a cinch that she is dreaming.—Detroit Journal.

Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

"We ought to do something to make ourselves solid with posterity," remarked one of the Pilgrim Fathers.

"That's so," replied his companion. "How would it be to inaugurate a national holiday that will be a convenient time for football games?"

The rest is history.—N. Y. Journal.

By the time a man succeeds in reaching the top of the ladder he is too old to enjoy the scenery.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS.

	Now York, Nov. 27.
FLOUR—No. 2 red.....	7 1/2 @ 7 3/4
CORN—No. 2 white.....	30 1/2 @ 31
RYE—No. 2 western.....	62 1/2 @ 63 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 white.....	10 1/2 @ 10 3/4
PORK—Family.....	11 1/2 @ 12 00
LARD—Western.....	5 3/4 @ 5 7/8
BUTTER—Western creamery.....	23 @ 25
CHEESE—Finest October.....	12 @ 12 1/4
EGGS—Western.....	14 @ 20
WOOL—Domestic fleece.....	21 @ 26
WHEAT—No. 2 white.....	14 @ 17 1/2
CATTLE—Steers.....	4 1/2 @ 5 1/2
SHEEP.....	2 00 @ 4 00
HOGS.....	4 25 @ 4 40

	CLEVELAND
FLOUR—Winter wheat pat'a.....	4 00 @ 4 15
Minnesota patents.....	2 1/2 @ 4 05
Minnesota bakers.....	2 1/2 @ 3 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	6 7 1/2 @ 6 8
CORN—No. 2 yellow on track.....	26 1/2 @ 26
RYE—No. 2 white.....	28 1/2 @ 29 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery firsts.....	25 @ 25 1/4
CHEESE—York state, cream.....	18 1/2 @ 14
EGGS—Ohio state, cream.....	13 1/2 @ 22
SEEDS—Timothy.....	1 20 @ 1 44
POTATOES—Per bush.....	3 1 @ 4 45
HAY—Timothy.....	9 50 @ 13 00
Bulk on market.....	12 00 @ 14 00
CATTLE—Steers, choice.....	4 50 @ 5 10
SHEEP—Fair to good.....	2 75 @ 3 25
HOGS—Mediums.....	3 50 @ 4 00

	CINCINNATI
FLOUR—Family.....	2 25 @ 2 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	6 1/2 @ 7 0
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	23 1/2 @ 23 1/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed.....	20 1/2 @ 25
RYE—No. 2 white.....	29 1/2 @ 29
HOGS.....	3 40 @ 3 90

	TOLEDO
WHEAT—No. 2 cash.....	6 7 1/2 @ 6 8
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	2 1/2 @ 2 3
OATS—No. 2 mixed.....	23 1/2 @ 23 1/4

	HUFFALO
BEEVES—Best steers.....	5 85 @ 6 00
Veals.....	7 00 @ 7 50
SHEEP—Mixed steep.....	3 60 @ 3 85
Lamb.....	4 00 @ 4 20
HOGS—Yorkers.....	4 05 @ 4 10
Pigs.....	4 00 @ 4 05

	PITTSBURG
BEEVES—Extra.....	5 75 @ 6 00
Good.....	5 00 @ 5 35
SHEEP—Prime wethers.....	4 10 @ 4 25
Lamb.....	4 40 @ 4 75
HOGS—Prime heavy.....	4 00 @ 4 10
Pigs.....	3 90 @ 4 00

A SENATOR'S LETTER.

Peruna as a Nerve and Catarrh Tonic the Talk of the World.



Hon. W. V. Sullivan, United States Senator from Mississippi, in a letter recently written to Dr. Hartman from Oxford, Miss., says the following:

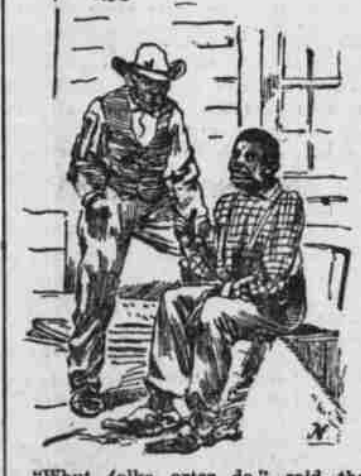
"For some time I have been a sufferer from catarrh in its most insidious stage, so much so that I became alarmed as to my general health. But, hearing of Peruna as a good remedy, I gave it a fair trial and soon began to improve. Its effects were distinctly beneficial, removing the annoying symptoms, and was particularly good as a tonic."

"I take pleasure in recommending your great national catarrh cure, Peruna, as the best I have ever tried."

—W. V. Sullivan.

Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. Peruna has no substitutes—no rivals. Insist upon having Peruna. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for a free book on catarrh.

A PROMPT INDORSEMENT.



"What folks order do," said the old colored man, "is ter try ter gib eb-erbody aroun' 'em some 'accuse foh bein' thankful."

"Yes," replied Weastus Pinkley, with emphasis, "da's what dey orter, 'stid o' buyin' new locks foh dah chicken coops."—Washington Star.

Heads the List Now.

This is the season when all accomplishments fade before that of being able to make good dressing for turkey.

—Athens Globe.

Come Every Year.

Thanksgiving day will soon be here and all the eagle sheets will have the same old pictures of "The dreams of him who eats."

—Detroit Tribune.

A Possibility.

Of e'en the sagest gobbler round it may be truly said
That sometimes on Thanksgiving he's apt to lose his head.
—Judge.

Wellington Secret Orders.

TRIBE OF BEN-HUR.
MELOBOIR COURT, No. 28, T. B. H., meets every second Monday evening of each month in Grand Army hall. Visiting members made welcome.
A. G. Wall, Chief.
B. Vanstor, Scribe.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
HAMELIN POST, No. 219, G. A. R., meets every second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month at Grand Army hall.
Visiting comrades are welcome.
A. W. Griggs, Commander.
C. Sage, Adjutant.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.
WOODBINE CAMP, No. 60, meets each second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at Grand Army hall.
Visiting sovereigns welcome.
HOWARD HOLLENBACH, Camp Commander.
Claude R. Lebeck, Clerk.

ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS.
LODGE No. 69, meets first and third Fridays of each month at Royal Arcanum hall. Visiting Chosen Friends welcome.

F. H. Phelps, Counsellor.
Mrs. L. A. Willard, secretary.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
LODGE No. 563 meets every second and fourth Mondays of each month at Royal Arcanum hall. Visiting members welcome.
E. W. Adams, Regent.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Lorain Lodge, No. 281, meets every Tuesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall. Visiting members welcome.
J. O. Lang, Noble Grand.
R. T. Spicer, Recording Secretary.

WELLINGTON ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F., No. 247.
Meets on second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall. Visiting members welcome.
John Pember, Chief Patriarch.
A. H. Peirce, Scribe.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES.
Wellington Tent, No. 105, meets on the second and fourth Fridays of each month at Maccabee Hall. Visiting Knights welcome.
J. H. Yeoum, Commander.
W. W. Helman, Record Keeper.

MASONIC.
WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 127, F. & A. M., meets Tuesday night on or before each full moon and two weeks thereafter.
Geo. W. Metzger, W. M.
F. G. Yale, Secretary.

WELLINGTON CHAPTER, No. 109, R. A. M., meets on Tuesday night following each full moon.
E. R. Stanzard, High Priest.
F. G. Yale, Secretary.

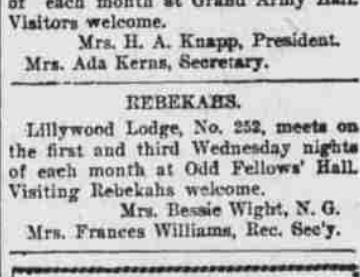
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Wellington Lodge, No. 440, K. of P., meets every Friday night at K. of P. Hall. Visiting Knights welcome.
W. T. Burdick, Chancellor Com.
R. T. Spicer, Keeper of Records and Seals.

LADIES OF THE MACCABEES.
Wellington Hive, No. 89, meets on the first and third Friday nights of each month at Maccabee Hall. Visiting lady Maccabees welcome.
Mrs. Alice Yeoum, Commander.
Mrs. Emma Coates, Record Keeper.

W. R. C.
Hamlin Relief Corps, No. 28, meets on the first and third Tuesday nights of each month at Grand Army Hall. Visitors welcome.
Mrs. H. A. Knapp, President.
Mrs. Ada Kerns, Secretary.

REBEKAHS.
Lillywood Lodge, No. 252, meets on the first and third Wednesday nights of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall. Visiting Rebekahs welcome.
Mrs. Bessie Wright, N. G.
Mrs. Frances Williams, Rec. Sec'y.

HIGH-GRADE HAWTHORNE \$22.50 NET.



15000 Sold in 1898

It's as good as any wheel made. All modern improvements. Guaranteed for one year. If not found as represented, return at our expense both ways, and you can have your money back on demand.

ASK US TO SEND YOU OUR FREE BICYCLE CATALOG. Send 15 cents for our 1,000 page catalogue. It lists everything used by mankind.

RODMONTREY WARD & CO., CHICAGO.

PATENT

Anything you invent or improve: also get CAVEAT TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN PROTECTION. Send model, sketch, or photo, for free consultation and advice.

BOOK ON PATENTS FREE. No Att'y's fee before patent.

C. A. SNOW & CO., Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D.C.