

A SONG OF PRAISE.

When winter clothes the earth in white,
When cold winds are blowing,
When shortest day brings longest night,
When icy streams are flowing—
Then in the shelter of the home
We know the joy of living,
And in the cheerful fireside glow
Find cause for true thanksgiving.

When spring returns with sweetest breath
When birds are gayly singing,
When life prevails where once was death,
Relief and gladness bringing—
Then in the leafing of the trees,
In verdure new and tender,
We see the work of Providence,
And heartily praise we render.

When summer's dreamy days are ours,
And in the vales and mountains
We view the beauty of the flowers,
The gleaming of the fountains—
Then from the glory of the hills,
From splendours wide abounding,
From all things warm and bright and fair
A call of praise is sounding.

But chiefly when the autumn comes,
With all its weight of treasure,
And rich reward of care and toil
Bestows in fullest measure—
A myriad orchards, fields and vines,
Proclaim to all the living,
"A loving God supplies our need,
Oh, praise Him with thanksgiving!"

—Mary J. Porter.

UNCLE RICHARD'S DINNER.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

When Aunt Louisa came into the room that morning, I could plainly see that there was something on her mind; the family had very evidently commissioned her to have something out with me. I knew it by the unconscious air she tried to assume, and at once began to review my conduct for the past week. For a wonder I could think of no recent act of mine likely to call down upon my head the family displeasure, and I accordingly awaited her opening with some interest.

"Well, Dick," she began—Aunt Louisa can't help patronizing people, and I forgive her—"next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day."

I couldn't see her drift, so I waited. "Your mother has a letter—that is Uncle Richard has invited us all out to his place for dinner."

I breathed more easily. "Oh, that's it, is it. Now, Aunt Louisa, I really must ask you not to frighten me that way again. I thought from your manner at first that you had discovered something—not that that there is anything to discover, you know, but then—"

Aunt Louisa arose from her chair and stood in front of me. She had evidently decided to take the bull by the horns.

"Oh, come, Dick. Don't let's chaff. You know what I want. Will you go?"

"O-o-h, Dick!"

This in a very disgusted voice indeed.

"Now, Auntie, don't be unreasonable. Why should I? Would you?"

Of course that was a very foolish question. I might have known that she would say yes, and she did.

"I would do whatever my family decided was for the best, and—"

"Very well. The portion of the family here assembled decides that I for one decline the kind invitation."

Aunt Louisa looked out of the window at the first snow of the season, but I don't really think she saw it. I watched the little clock on the mantel piece and tried to calculate how many seconds it would be before she would again begin.

"But, Dick, it's the first time Uncle Richard has invited us to his house for twenty years."

"I have had a message from him once a year—"

"You deserve it, Dick. You know you did put cayenne pepper in his snuff box."

"Twenty years ago. And he has chosen to send a neat little package of cayenne pepper on every birthday since! I'm afraid he'd force it down my throat at dinner."

"But, Dick, he'll never forgive the family if you don't go."

"No," I assented, "he won't."

"But don't you care? There won't be many more Thanksgivings before he dies and then—"

Aunt Louisa didn't know what then. And I did.

"And then his brother's wife's sister's children will get his money unless we patch this up. Why don't you say it?"

"Dick, you're perfectly shocking! You know I have no such thought. None of us have. I'm sure we have all been very fond of Uncle Richard for all his eccentricities."

"Oh, he is eccentric, is he? I had imagined that he is a perfect model of what an affectionate uncle should be. He never forgets me, I am sure."

"Now, Dick, don't be sarcastic. At such a time we should show—"

"Do you mean," I asked, "at Thanksgiving times in general or when one is expecting the death of his mother's uncle?"

"I mean when the season of Thanksgiving comes round." Aunt Louisa looked me full in the eyes, and was really impressive in her manner. "I know, Richard," she went on "none of us are perfect, but at this time I think we ought to try, at least, to be grateful and forgiving and all that. I really do."

"But, my dear Aunt Louisa, I've nothing to be thankful for. None of my neighbours have been killed—"

"Richard, I do not care to hear such affected cynicism—such cheap twaddle!—and Aunt Louisa glared out of the window worse than ever."

"You don't understand, my dear aunt, and by not understanding, you betray. I will not say an ignorance, only an unfamiliarity with the Thanksgiving Day literature of all time. If you will refresh your memory, as I'm sure you can, you will recall the scene of the hero in his sumptuously furnished apartments, declaring that he has nothing to be thankful for, and just then there is a loud crash, and the little match girl who has come into the room throws up the blinds and shows all his neighbours killed by a terrific explosion of gas in the next block. The hero then has so much reason for gratitude that he starts out to buy the match girl a new pair of shoes and tucks the story to a close by marrying her and discovering that she is a

great heiress. I repeat, auntie, that none of my neighbours have been killed."

Aunt Louisa still looked out of the window and said nothing.

I felt hurt. It seemed to me that I had made an especially bad point, and I did not like to have it received with such an utter lack of appreciation.

I reached for my hat.

"Dick," cried my aunt, "you're an inhuman wretch, and you want to ruin all our prospects."

It was evident that she was getting in a temper, and being conscientiously opposed to talking to an angry person, I determined to end the interview.

"Really, auntie, you'll have to excuse me. I can never consent to toadying to a rich uncle, even if I am his namesake, in order to get his money. I think it's immoral. He can leave it to his brother's wife's sister's children, so far as I am concerned."

"Yes, somebody he picked up in Chicago. Somebody we don't know anything about. Why, I don't even know her name, and goodness knows whether she has even that slight claim on him!"

Aunt Louisa flounced out of the room in a way that I should call rude. There are some women that can be made to be more beautiful when angry. You read about the flashing eye, the heightened color, and all that, you know, but in Aunt Louisa's case the color all goes to the nose. And it isn't becoming. I've told her so. But she continues to lose her temper. I'm sure she wouldn't if she only knew how she looks.

Jack Greenough said to me the other night at the club:

"Dick, old man, what're you up to next week? Come go shooting?"

Now, you know I care just about as much for shooting as I do for marbles, but then Jack always has a jolly crowd with him, and there's enough fun on the side to pay for the hard work of fugging around a gun that you're afraid is going off. So I told Jack I'd go. It would be a way out of Uncle Richard's dinner, anyway.

"Then I'll count on you," said Jack, "and say, send down your traps—my man will get them there'll be a dinner or two and you'll need them. Daisy Merrilwee is in the neighborhood."

Miss Merrilwee—Jack has no right to call her "Daisy"—he doesn't know her nearly so well as I do, and I've only met her half a dozen times—lives some place up in the country, but when she comes to town she shines with a radiance that I don't see how the fellows resist. I'm sure I can't and I'd go—why, hang it! I thought I'd almost go to Uncle Richard's to see her.

So that's how I found myself on Thanksgiving Day, with Jack and half a dozen of the fellows at some out of the way place, tramping through the snow and banging away at the birds whenever we got close enough. They all thought my shooting very funny, until I shot Jack's dog, but after that the sport lagged, and we were glad to seek shelter in a farmhouse Jack had hired for headquarters. We slipped into civilized clothes, and helped Jack mourn for his dog. Of course, I felt sorry, but then, you know, a dog's only a dog, after all, and Jack made more racket than I would over the death of the car of all the Russias. He'd sit and tell us what a good dog he was, and how much he knew, and gave us his pedigree, and went on, until I began to debate whether it wouldn't be the proper thing to put a band of crapes around our hats.

Jack didn't say so, but I believe he more than half blamed me, because that spotted cur got in front of my gun when it went off.

But Jack got over it, and then began to tear around like mad to get us ready for dinner. Miss Merrilwee had been over the day before from her uncle's who lived, it seemed, on the next farm, and had invited the whole crowd to eat dinner with them. Jack explained that her uncle seemed to be a queer old duffer, but good as the piles of gold he had, and he could warrant we'd have a frolic.

It happened as we rode to the house that Miss Merrilwee's horse—she had ridden over with some of her visitors to show us the way—was jogging along beside mine.

Miss Merrilwee is always handsome, but I don't think she ever looked quite so handsome as she did on that horse. I blessed my stars that I hadn't been dragged off with Aunt Louisa to spend the day with some crabby old bachelor uncle—and yet, if I had the money he ought to leave me, I'd ask Miss Merrilwee to—

"Don't you think," she was saying, that Thanksgiving Day is a great institution? It's so American, you know, and I love anything American, and—"

"Miss Merrilwee," I interrupted, "I am American, and if you think that you could—now could you?"

"Oh, Mr. Hartwell, I really—"

"But couldn't you, now. I have worshipped you always, it seems, and if you can't do any better than to love me for my Americanism I'll go round wrapped in the star spangled banner."

We'll observe it the year round—maybe without the turkey, but it will be Thanksgiving just the same!"

Miss Merrilwee's horse was very close to mine. Her hand went out and rested on the hand that held my rein.

"Dick," she said, "this is serious business!"

"To be sure," I replied, "but then it's no new thing to me."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in some haste.

"I mean loving you. Don't you remember when I first met you?"

I hoped she did. I wasn't sure whether it was at the Charity ball or not, but it was about that time. She didn't however.

"Well," I went on, "you dropped a rose that night and I picked it up, you will refresh your memory, as I'm sure you can, you will recall the scene of the hero in his sumptuously furnished apartments, declaring that he has nothing to be thankful for, and just then there is a loud crash, and the little match girl who has come into the room throws up the blinds and shows all his neighbours killed by a terrific explosion of gas in the next block. The hero then has so much reason for gratitude that he starts out to buy the match girl a new pair of shoes and tucks the story to a close by marrying her and discovering that she is a

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When we rode into the yard the others were dismounting. I felt conscious of Jack's inquisitive eyes, but beyond them, on the verandah, was another pair, sharper than Jack's. Aunt Louisa's, by all that was wonderful. Gradually it began to dawn on me.

"Daisy," I whispered, "what's your uncle's name?"

"Why don't you know? How queer. Mr. Richard Hilliard."

"My uncle Richard," I cried, "and you are his brother's wife's sister's daughter."

"Why, why, let me see. Yes, I guess that's the exact relationship. And are you his nephew, Dick, that's to have all his money?"

"That's not to have it, I'm afraid, for But Aunt Louisa, who had just arrived with the family, came forward, and there were introductions all round. In the midst of them Uncle Richard appeared, looking not a day older than when I detested his snuff.

"Don't tell me I have to be introduced to my own nephew," he cried, and started toward Jack, but aunt Louisa deftly pushed me forward, and Uncle Richard seized my hand.

"Why, I'd known him anywhere. He's a Hilliard all over. Have you brought any cayenne pepper?" and he laughed almost as loudly as he howled when he got that historical original dose.

"Well, no uncle, not that kind, I haven't," I replied, "but if you'll give me a half minute's audience, I have something more startling than that."

You have. Well, come here, you young rascal, and let's have it."

While the visitors, including Aunt Louisa, who reluctantly let me get out of her sight, went into the house I told Uncle Richard I loved the daughter of his brother's wife's sister, and that we wanted to get married.

"Now, do you know," said Uncle Richard, "that that's what I brought you down here for? Marry her? Why to be sure."

So I was thankful, after all, and nobody had been killed, either. Unless you count Jack's dog.

A SIGHT-SAVING MAGNET.

It Draws a Piece of Steel from a Man's Eye.

A few days ago at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, Thirteenth street and Second avenue, a flat piece of steel measuring $\frac{3}{4}$ by $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, that was embedded in a patient's eye was removed by means of a powerful magnet. No knife or other surgical instrument was used. It was said at the hospital yesterday that the operation had been successful and that the patient, a skilled tool worker, would probably be able to return to his duties within three weeks.

About a week ago Joseph Brown, 25 years old, of Plainfield, N.J., called at a Plainfield oculist's office to be treated for severe inflammation of the left eye. An examination showed that some foreign substance was embedded in the eyeball, that the cornea was badly inflamed, the iris torn, and that the pupil had become opaque. After questioning Brown the physician came to the conclusion that a piece of steel was the cause of the trouble. Three days before, while at work at a factory in Plainfield, Brown had felt a sudden pain shoot through his left eye. He was engaged in boring through a thin steel plate, and it is supposed that one of the chips pierced the eyeball. The piece of steel was so deeply embedded, that to use the knife in removing it was to destroy the eye. Brown was therefore brought to the Eye and Ear Infirmary in this city, where it was decided to try the magnet.

The use of a magnet in removing small particles of iron and steel from the eye is not rare, but the process followed heretofore had been to place the surface of the magnet in contact with the offending substance, when the latter could be easily withdrawn. In Brown's case, however, the exact seat of the trouble could not be located, and the physicians decided to try a new method. The patient was placed in a chair in front of a powerful electro-magnet two feet in length. The magnet, which was pointed at the ends nearest the patient, was connected by means of wires with a dynamo. While one of the doctors held Brown's head firmly the operator gently pushed the patient's chair toward the pointed ends of the magnet until they rested on a level with the injured eye.

When the magnet was within inches of the end of the magnet Brown uttered a cry and jumped from the chair. The powerful attractive force of the magnet had drawn the piece of steel outward, cutting the eye as though with a knife. On repetition of the experiment the end of the piece of steel appeared on the surface of the eye, then resorted to, and the steel was drawn out. The eye was dressed, and Brown was assigned to one of the wards in the hospital. It was said yesterday that although the eye had been permanently injured the operation had probably saved Brown's sight.

A Wonderful American Road.

Henan C. Cooke and C. A. Fauble, who are exploring San Miguel Mountain, near San Diego, were reported some days ago to have found an ancient roadway and tunnel to a gold mine. They say the report as to the tunnel was a mistake, as was shown by further excavation into the hillside. Their deception was due to the fact that a slide of rock and earth down the mountain side had made a deposit, in a natural way, having the appearance of a tunnel debris.

They firmly believe that a gold mine is there somewhere, and intend to continue their search. They have found ore ledges and have drilled holes on the three mining claims, all showing good prospects.

Their description of the old graded roadway naturally leads to interesting speculation as to who constructed it. They say it can easily be seen that a dirt road over the crest of the Hog-back, rising from the Sweetwater river well up the mountain side, was first traveled extensively. But later travel was diverted over a part of the distance to a level shelf, and this new road is the one that creates wonder and astonishment. The grade is so perfect that Cooke and Fauble firmly believe it was established by the best of surveying instruments. The solid rock has been cut out so deep that powder or some other explosive must have been used. They are on the lower side have been made on true lines, and a distance of 1,000 or more feet this kind of work shows educated workmanship.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Brotherly Differences.—He Was Obscure.—It Would Do—Wrong Impressions.—Etc., Etc.

"The brothers don't speak to each other now, you say?"

"No."

"What is the trouble between them?"

"They've each joined a different church."

HE WAS OBSCURE.

A.—When I see you I always think of the proverb, "To whom God gives an office he gives an understanding."

B.—But I have no office.

A.—Well, don't you see how that fits?

IT WOULD DO.

"I've bought a bulldog," said Parsniff to his friend Lessup, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel. Can you think of something?"

"Why not use a dentist's sign, 'Teeth inserted here'?"

WRONG IMPRESSIONS.

Lady Guest.—I felt certain there was a man in the house last night. Wasn't that a strange fancy?

Hostess.—Oh, our cook is a new woman, you know.

CHANGED CONDITIONS.

She.—Do you men still pursue the even tenor of your way?

He.—No; we are content to pursue the even fier no; if we think you have it to lend.

NO OFFICE FOR HIM.

Weary Watkins—Ever think of gittin' into the porchouse?

Hungry Higgins.—Me? No. I don't want to become no public office-holder. You won't find me askin' nothin' of the country as long as I kin git my own livin'.

BRIGHT GIRL.

He.—Miss Reader is a very bright girl.

She.—Yes, when she reflects.

STUDIES IN GENEALOGY.

Willie sat behind his grandmother, making a sketch of the old lady.

"What are you doing, Willie?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I'm only tracing my ancestor's back," replied the hopeful.

WHERE HIS SLEEVES WERE NECESSARY.

"Papa," said little Johnny, eagerly, "I saw the fattest woman to-day!"

"How much did she weigh?"

"I don't know; she wasn't in a museum. But she was so fat she filled her sleeves up tight."

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

"Great Scott!" howled the boss, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?"

"Why," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I done it."

A FEARFUL ACCIDENT.

Scott.—It was a fearful accident that happened to young Downey at Mrs. Lazebny's reception.

Mariboro.—What was the trouble?

Scott.—He tried to sing "Go to Sleep" with a stand-up collar on. In the middle of a high note his larynx got wedged on the top of the collar, and there he was blowing off an upper C like a steam launch.

NAMELESS MALLICE.

First Author.—Have you heard that our chum, Smithers, has married?

Second Author.—Yes; he wanted to double his circle of readers.

SHE NEEDED HELP.

"Do you think you can read my mind?" asked the youth.

"Not unless one discovers it for me," was her answer.

AN EXPERIENCED HUSBAND.

Mr. Blinks.—I wish to get some hairpins for my wife.

Great Merchant.—This is a wholesale house, sir.

Mr. Blinks.—Of course. You don't suppose I'm fool enough to go on buying hairpins at retail, do you? I want a barrel.

MISLEADING ACTIONS.

"You would never imagine Spooner and Miss Dashaboot to be in love with each other, would you?"

"No; they act as if they were relations."

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

"I wish you would give me a name for a new brand of butter," said a dairyman to a customer.

"Certainly," answered the customer. "If it is like the last you sent me, I would suggest 'Sampson.'"

THAT WAS DIFFERENT.

Wife.—Say, dear, why don't you pay the bill the doctor sent around? He has called for it two or three times.

Husband.—That's all right. He can afford to wait.

Wife.—Well, you didn't seem to think he could that night you were sick.

HER PRIVILEGE ASSERTED.

"What is the use of talking about going to the theater when you know it is too late?" asked Mr. Binberg, petulantly.

"Well, can't I have the satisfaction of wanting to go?" retorted his wife.

THOUGHTFUL WIFE.

Mr. Blinks.—It's very kind of you, Maria, but I'd rather buy my cigars myself. Seven for a shilling is rather too cheap.

Mrs. Blinks.—I know it's cheap, but I thought there must be one good one in the seven.

RECKLESS OF EXPENSE.

Painting Instructor.—Ze young lady puts ze points on too thick.

Mrs. Newrich