

Farmer's Thanks- giving.

[S. E. Hampton.]

Solomon Krum he followed his plow
And yanked the reins of the horse
he drove;
And the horse in surly mood, some-
how,
Contrived to twist as if he strove
To plant his foot with the clumsi-
est skill
Where the finest corn stood up in
the hill.

"Now what's the use," quoth Solomon
Krum,
"Ter labor and slave ter get along;
When this sarten sure ill luck will
come
"In spite o' me-an' there's suthen
wrong
"Bout all the while, 'till I'm
clear distrot
"With nubbins o' corn an' 'tater
rot."

"All this talk er 'bout Thanksgiving
time,
"Mebbe is good in a gin'ral way;
"But I can't see much for thanks in
mine,
"With only jes half a crop o' hay,
"An' fodder corn when scanty an'
yeller
"Ain't likely ter make a cheerful
feller."

"Tain't a bit er use fer some ter try;
"If they ain't got luck the bull
thing's wrong;
"Now there's o' Brown," and he
heaved a sigh,
"If I had his luck I'd sing his song.
"It's mighty easy ter be thankful,
yer know,
"When you hev the best o'
fruits that grow."

Just over the fence was neighbor
Brown,
He turned his furrows with even
care;
His smiling face ne'er carried a frown
And his cheerful song was ev'ry-
where.

"Take pains," he said, "ter do all
things right,
"And a song will make yer labor
light."

And that's the motto for young and
old,
It will bring success in field or
shop;
It's the cheerful workers, not the
scold,
That will find rewards where others
stop.
Remembering, too, that life worth
living
To God's most humble in thanks-
giving.

"I do," was the saucy reply. "and
I shall marry him whenever he asks
me."
"Better wait until he does. Or throw
yourself at his head. He will prob-
ably appreciate you at your own val-
uation."
Her eyes flashed angrily.
"I will not remain in your com-
pany," she exclaimed. "Take me
ashore."
With a few sturdy strokes he did
so, and standing on the bank he asked
with a tinge of humbleness in his
tone:
"Is it goodbye?"
"Goodbye, and forever."
He did not wait to hear more, or try
to dissuade her, but turned and walk-
ed quietly off through the orchard,
vaulting the fence with rather more
clumsiness than usual, and passed on
over the meadow land, where the mild
eyed Jersey kine stopped their grazing
to raise their heads and look as he
passed, out over another fence where
he was lost to her view within the
"rounds of his father."
She heaved a sigh as he disappeared,
for she had stood where he left her
and watched his going, half hoping he
might turn and wave his hand in the
old familiar way he had before this



Departure of Troops for Cuba.

Captain Grantly had come across their
scenes, to forever destroy the devotion
of childhood, just when it buds into
stronger flower.

And he? Well, he felt unmeasur-
ably crushed and hurt. It was hard
for him to realize an end to boyish
dreams, and he had ever dreamed of
future rosy hours and always with
Genevieve as the central figure, and
now it was all over. The sunshine
and the meadow grass were all one
dull leaden color to him, and it birds
sang as was their wont. He did not
hear them. Perhaps his affection was
more serious and deep than is usual
with youths of his age, but he surely
felt undone completely and but one
determination filled his disturbed
mind, to flee from it all. Away off
anywhere, so that he could be free
to forget and where the scenes of his
sorrow could not follow him.

He sought his father's presence im-
mediately while the desire to get away
was yet burning within him like an
unquenchable volcano, and asked that
he might be sent at once to Texas,
where an uncle on his dead mother's
side owned a ranch and had offered
frequent invitations to him to come
and visit or make his home there,
where the boundless prairies offered
a freedom and opportunities not found
in his home village. This seemed to
his disturbed mind now just the thing
for him to do, and he told his father
so.

"But why this sudden change?"
asked the mystified parent. "It was
only last week that you were making
other plans for this winter and seem-
ed to entirely omit from them any
wish to leave home."
"Yes, I know," he replied, "but I
have given the matter more serious
thought in the last few days, and I
can see that Uncle George's ranch
is just about Texas as a place to build a fu-
ture in. Besides I am not altogether
winded here, you know."
The hint was effective. It had trou-
bled the good man some that a better
understanding did not seem possible
between his young wife and this son-
who was nearly as old in years if not
in wisdom, so he gave his consent
without further protest.

And so he went after a few hurried
galls and hasty goodbyes. Perhaps he
feared a meeting with Genevieve
might unnerve him from his purpose,
and, besides, the novelty of prepara-
tion, now that he had decided to go,
kept his thoughts busy. Youth is
buoyant and even love unrequited is
powerless to destroy every interest in
life at sunny twenty.

His father heard from him more or
less regularly for five years. Always
his letters contained glowing accounts
of his robust health and growing pros-
perity, so that all concerned seemed
to settle naturally and contentedly to
the change.

About this time the whole country
was startled and aroused by the ter-
rible disaster which had befallen an
American war ship peacefully anchored
within the harbor of a friendly
power. By cruel treachery, as most
believed, and without a sign of warn-
ing, a good ship and crew were blown
to eternity; and men talked of it with
stern and serious faces, while the
more warlike youth demanded im-
mediate war.

The detail of investigation is neces-
sarily slow and it seemed to drag
while the intensity of feeling grew apace.
But there never was but one outcome
possible, and soon the exciting de-
parture of troops for Cuba throughed
the streets of many cities and sweet-
hearts ad wives wept and cheered with
tederest sympathy and noblest fortitu-
de.

From far off Texas came a simple
note which read doubtless like many
another written during those exciting
days:
Dear Father:—I have joined the
Rough Riders. All men whose family
ties permit as mine do, should respond
to the first call of his country. To
fight for God and liberty is a privilege
I am glad to embrace. My next letter
will be from Cuba, please God I am
spared to write it.

Your affectionate son, FRED.

There was something new about the
name of Rough Riders that attracted

attention to them at once. Never be-
fore had the New York dude and the
rougher but braver cowboy stood
shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of
one small regiment. There was curiosi-
ty to know how each would act in the
presence of the other under fire. That
curiosity may have extended to the
ranks of that same small regiment, but
it did not do one heard of it, and there
was very soon an opportunity given
to test the courage and appease the
curious.

Although but second in command,
it was Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt's
name that fastened itself upon this
troop of fearless heroes, and as Roose-
velt's Rough Riders they will forever
live in history as examples or brave
American manhood.

It is not necessary to our story that
we follow them in detail through all
the scenes and hardships of the brief
but successful campaign, leading up
to the surrender of Santiago, and the
collapse of Spanish resistance on
Cuban soil: What we have to do with
is their first encounter with the
enemy, which was almost an ambu-
cade in the heart of a tangled path-
less and almost impassable thicket of
palms and tropical undergrowth. Sudden-
ly the whir-r-r of Mauser balls
filled the air and cut through the
branches about them. The hidden-en-
emy could not be seen and the smoke-
less powder used revealed no lurking
place. Still the epithet whir-r-r and
whistle continued and several found
living targets. And then the cry went
round that Sargeant Fish was down.
Ham Fish, who was the pride of this
band of rough and ready fighters, just
as he had been of boon companions
on Broadway before his country's
needs called out a latent courage that
few suspected in him, as in others of
his class. And it was small wonder
that some went to swearing at their
inability to locate the hidden foe, and
could do no better than shoot at ran-
dom among the palm branches that
seemed to afford best chances of cover-
ing an enemy.

It was at this trying time that the
brave Colonel Wood rallied them with
words that should live forever:
"Don't swear, boys; fight!" he said,
and with a wild shout they dashed
forward and soon routed the Spaniards,
who fled precipitately to a more re-
spectable and safer distance, and quiet
once more reigned.

It was a sorrowful count-taking that
followed this first notable skirmish of
the Spanish war. The excitement of
battle is one thing, but the gathering
together of the killed and wounded
after it is quite another, and there
were few dry eyes among these brave
men as they hurried to afford such
succor as was possible. The seriously
wounded claimed first attention and
among these was found Lieutenant
Frederick Delmore.

With the other unfortunate he was
tenderly borne back to the rude hos-
pital hastily improvised, and there
sheltered from the burning sun, he

and not many miles from the home of
his childhood.

Never since the day of his great
disappointment in his love affair had
he felt like returning there. He had
outgrown his folly, for folly he now
came to believe it was. He had thought
sometimes of the brown, wavy hair
and laughing eyes of Genevieve, and
her face had appeared to him some-
times as if in a dream when he dozed
restlessly and fever-stricken and
wounded on his hospital cot. But
when full reason returned to him he
had smiled without pain and thought
of her only as the wife of another
man.

Now a longing seemed to possess
him to revisit his old home, and he
planned a surprise for Thanksgiving
time only a few weeks off.

He knew his native village in the
old days made this a time for feasting
and joy, and he had small doubt the
custom was kept up religiously even
now. If he went, he knew the town
hall would be filled that night by a
merry throng, drawn together by some
charitable enterprise to raise money
for a worthy purpose, and he made up
his mind to drop in upon them quietly
and see how many of his old friends
would recognize him.

The train would get him there in
the dusk of early evening and it would
flow into the village just before
dawn into the village. This would
be his time to drop off and cut across
lots to his father's house.

All his plans worked admirably and
his father's joyful welcome, seconded
by his step-mother, was all he could
wish for. He had a good deal to tell
and questions on both sides had to be
asked and answered before they set
out to visit the entertainment, as he
wished to do, and so it was a trifle
late when they walked in, and soon
found themselves the center of a
crowd of friends, who recognized or
wished to be introduced to the tall
stranger. It was not long before the
whole assemblage knew who he was
and were talking of his bravery as the
papers had reported it. It was some-
thing of an event too in this small
village to have a war hero among
them, and this one was an outlier who
had spilled his blood as well as being
one of their own boys, so his welcome
was hearty and sincere.

After a while some one touched his
arm lightly, and he heard an old fa-
miliar voice saying:
"No word for me, Fred?"

He turned quickly to look into the
smiling face of Genevieve. Hardly
a day older she looked, so lightly had
time fled his shafts at her. More
womanly and lovely she appeared, but
then it was not so many years ago
that he had gone away. Only seven
and she was not yet twenty-five by
some months.

"Why, you are not changed a par-
ticle," he said, and then both laughed
at the abrupt exclamation.

"Did you expect to find me an old
woman?" she asked, archly.

"No," he protested, gallantly. "I
knew I should find you lovely, but
see what a change seven short years
has made in my ownself."

"It is quite a step from a boy to a
bearded hero," she said with some of
her old-time mischievousness.

"I protest," he said, laughing. "But
come, if Captain Grantly is no, near
or does not mind, I would like to take
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"What puts Captain Grantly into
your head?" she asked, "and why do
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He stopped suddenly, right in the
middle of the floor. He was afraid
his agitation might be noticed, but
he did not care for that. His whole
mind was racing back along the years
to a hosting scene on a summer lake.

"Are you not Captain Grantly's
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"You are not any more cool of tem-
per than in the old days, I fear," she
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"Answer me," he said, with sup-
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"Why, no! I am no one's wife."
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"I always loved you, Fred; only you
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Despite the crowded room he caught
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now that they each had their heart's
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S. E. HAMPTON.



He was not at the charge of San Juan Hill.

was carefully nursed and watched
over by those angels of the Red Cross
who fought faithfully for weeks to
preserve the spark of life that yet
remained in him.

His wound was of such a nature as
to preclude all thought of early re-
covery, and his impatience and fret-
ting to get back to his troop only re-
tarded matters. He felt illused and
wretched to be thus early deprived of
striking a telling blow for his coun-
try's honor just when the Star of Lib-
erty was but fairly started on its
glorious round of relief to a suffering
and oppressed people. However, there
was no help for it, and it was small
satisfaction to him when told by the
thoughtful nurse, who hoped to cheer
him, that his name was among those
heralded far and wide as a hero who
had done his full duty, and who would
forever wear his wound as an honor-
able badge of victory dearly won.

One day the doctor told him as
kindly as he could that his improve-
ment was not at all satisfactory, and
that it was decided to send him and
some others back to America, where
better care could be given. He pro-
tested, feebly of course, but as earnest-
ness as possible. He felt to be sent
home was taking him away from the
revenge he meant to have when he
could once more face the foes of his
country.

There was no help for it, however,
and he had to go, and so he missed
the charge up San Juan Hill, and he
was not a participant in the rapid
events of the few succeeding months,
which proved the valor of American
arms too well to need future service
from wounded heroes, and the fall of
Santiago came long before the hos-
pital delivered up Lieutenant Delmore.
It was a great disappointment to him
and not at all what he had hoped for,
but as he had won his full share of
fame so early in the campaign, so
must he be content with the briefness
of his service.

It was along late in the fall before
he was fairly recovered and honorably
discharged, and when this occurred
he found himself in New York City

and not many miles from the home of
his childhood.

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American Turkey. They are ready to come to the table for Thanksgiving.

NEW YORK CENTRAL THE FOUR-TRACK YORK LINE

Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rochester, as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE
A. M.—7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45