

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 hull
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 yer hev the best o'
fruits thet 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
soid,
That will find rewards where others
stop.
Remembering, too, that life worth
living
To God's most humble in thanks-
giving.

Where Age Lines Vanish.

They were drifting idly upon the
placid boom of the lake, a youth and
maid not yet out of their "teens." Other
parties, too, were afloat about them,
but to these they gave no heed. In the
face of one was the happy light of
careless girlhood, while the other
showed a seriousness beyond his eigh-
teen years.

"What is the use of arguing, Fred-
dy," the girl was saying. "You are
nothing but a boy, and a young lady
of my age cannot be expected to bind
herself to a mere youth by an engage-
ment, whose fulfillment stretches ever
so far away into the future."

"I'm as old as you are," he said
hotly.

"Yes!" defiantly, "but a girl at eigh-
teen is a woman, with all a woman's
hopes and aims, and a boy—why, you
are a boy still and you think you love
me; but, Freddie, I must have a great
man's love. Something to look up to
and honor. You can't love without
honor, now, can you? and you can't
honor and love a boy who has grown
up with you and who will always be
a boy to you, even when both our
heads are streaked with grey."

"You are not fair to me, when you
go on like that," he replied. "It's

Idly Drifting on the Lake.

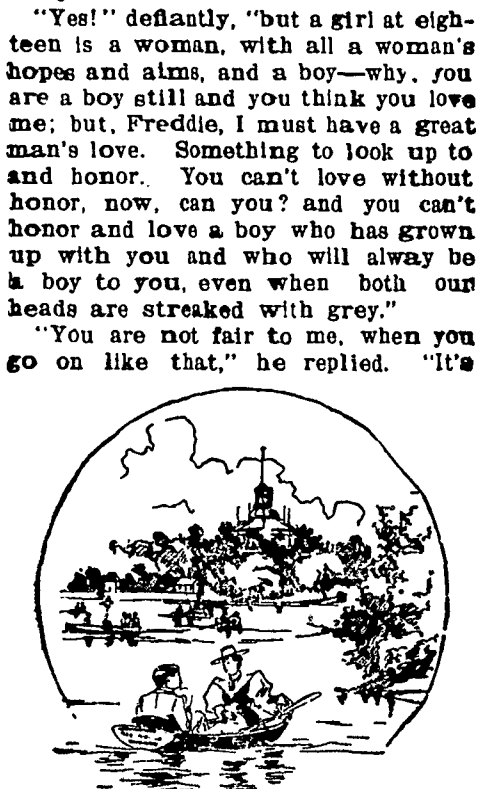
simply a flimsy excuse to throw me
over for that Captain Grantly whom
nobody knows and everybody believes
to be a rascal of some sort or an-
other."

"Stop!" she said, imperiously. "You
shall not abuse Captain Grantly to me,
and you would not dare to do it to
his face."

"Dare!" and he straightened himself
wrathfully and so suddenly that the
boat swayed and rocked as if struck
by a sudden squall. "Dare! but I do
dare. Do you think I'm a coward or
is this paragon of yours so formidable
that one must needs crawl to cover
like a whipped cur at the mention of
his name?"

"Don't let your sweet temper move
you to such heroics," she said with
fine sarcasm. "You know that I think
you a fine boy, and I shall always like
you as a playfellow of my infant days.
But it is time to stop our spooning
and love-making now that I am a wo-
man grown."

"I suppose you think you love Cap-
tain Grantly," he said bitterly, but as
coolly as he could.



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There was no help for it, however,
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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
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of his service.

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"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."

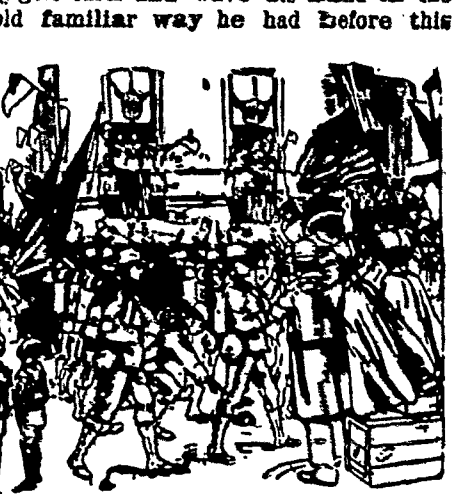
Her eyes flashed angrily.
"I will not remain in your com-
pany," she exclaimed. "Take me
ashore."

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 if 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 is right
about Texas as a place to build a fu-
ture in. Besides I am not altogether
wanted 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 thronged
the streets of many cities and sweet-
hearts ad wives wept and cheered with
tenderest sympathy and noblest forti-
tude.

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 fami-
lies 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 ambus-
cade in the heart of a tangled path-
less and almost impassable thicket of
palms and tropical undergrowth. Sudden-
ly the whirr-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 whirr-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 cov-
ering 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 toff, 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 it was, 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
slow up to round the curve just before
it drew 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
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village to have a war hero among
them, and this one was an outcast who
had spilled his blood as well as being
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After a while some one touched his
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"Why, you are not changed a par-
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S. E. HAMPTON.

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 toff, 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 it was, 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
slow up to round the curve just before
it drew 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 outcast 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-
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at the abrupt exclamation.

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woman?" she asked, archly.

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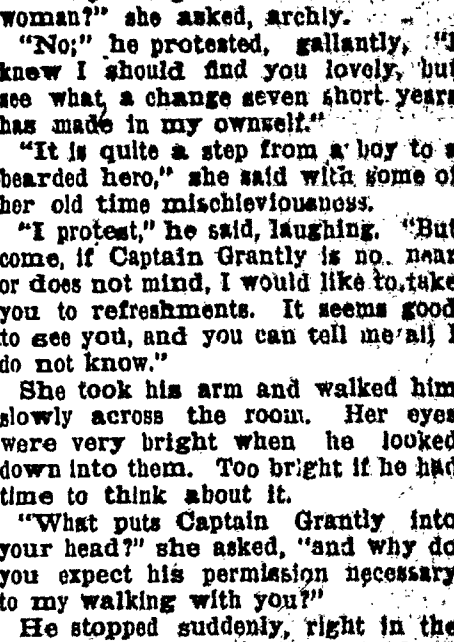
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NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE FINEST TRAIN SERVICE

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

EAST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—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