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her heart for more than a week. "O, they're coming to talk to us—about that! I knew we'd have to face it some time, but it wasn't fair for everybody to come." Then they turned away from the window and she saw her husband's face. "O, don't look that way, Daniel; and do be careful what you say! We did do wrong. Remember you're in your own house and don't be harsh. I s'pose they mean well."

Daniel strode into the hall and stood at the front door waiting grimly to receive the unbidden visitors, and Martha followed, carrying a lamp. When he heard footsteps on the walk he flung open the door before anybody could rap, and in a moment hall and doorway were crowded and everybody was crying "Surprise! Surprise!" and pushing good-naturedly past everybody else, trying to be first to shake hands with Daniel and Martha. Very much bewildered, Daniel was borne along with the others into the living room, and while Martha was looking after the wraps he found himself going about the house for extra chairs and lamps.

When the others were seated, Mr. Vinton, who remained standing, began to speak. He went at once to the heart of the matter, but did it with such tact and delicacy that Martha and Daniel felt relieved, not hurt. He told how natural their mistake had been and said that one unconscious wrong was a small thing when balanced against the good deeds of a lifetime. When he ended by telling how deeply Mr. Ballard's sermon was regretted by the entire congregation and

spend Thanksgiving alone, and decided that somebody had to come. The boys couldn't, of course, so we left the house party in charge of Jim's sister—she's a perfect genius at entertaining—and here we are. We didn't know you were having a party and don't want to intrude, but do you suppose there's room for two more plates? We're simply famishing."

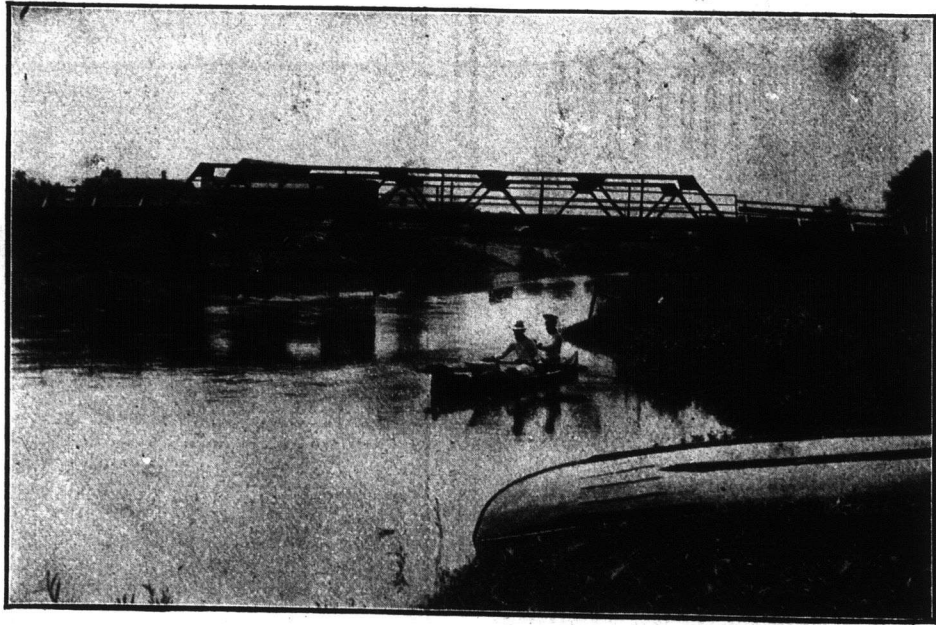
"Daniel," and Martha spoke softly as she came down stairs late that night after tucking her two girls in, just as she had done when they were little children; "you'd better kill a turkey first thing in the morning and I'll make some pies and a cake. I thought this was going to be our saddest Thanksgiving, but I believe it's going to be the happiest—we've more to be thankful for, anyway."

A Live Topic

A member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, according to "Harper's Weekly," tells of the sad case of a young woman from Indiana who was desirous of attaining social prominence in Chicago.

Soon after her arrival there she made the acquaintance of a student at the university to whom she took a great fancy. Evidently it was at this time she realized for the first time that her early education had been neglected, for she said to a friend:

"I suppose that, as he is a college



Town Bridge, Gladstone, Man.

that they had come that evening thinking that a social time together would dispel any misunderstanding that might have arisen, everybody shook hands again, after which Martha hunted out her longest tablecloth and passed around her entire supply of aprons; for a Mapleton surprise party was not complete without a substantial supper and she found the kitchen table loaded with baskets of Thanksgiving dainties ruthlessly appropriated from the pantries of the entire neighborhood.

"We talked it over at the Aid Society Tuesday," explained Sarah Criswell as she dexterously carved a roast chicken, "and we felt as though we ought to do something to straighten things up for we saw how you took that pesky sermon to heart. Some was for having a committee appointed to tell you how sorry we was, but that seemed sort of cold and strange-like, and when Mary Barton mentioned a surprise party we agreed it would be just the thing, bein' that the children can't come and you're all alone this Thanksgiving."

Seated at the table and looking past the long rows of friendly faces to Daniel, who was his own hearty, hospitable self once more, Martha felt that she ought to ask for nothing further—that she had enough to be thankful for, and to spare; but just then there was a movement behind her and her eyes were covered by soft, gloved hands.

"Guess who I am, mother!" cried a merry voice; then the hands slipped down and rested on her shoulders and Alice's brown eyes were looking into her own. "We just couldn't stay away, mother; here's Harriet, too. We've been perfectly wretched the whole week, thinking of you and father having to

man, I'll have to be awful careful what I say. What'll I talk about to him?" The friend suggested history as a safe topic. To her friend's astonishment she took the advice seriously, and shortly commenced in earnest to "bone up" in English history.

When the young man called the girl listened for some time with ill-concealed impatience to his talk of football, outdoor meets, dances, etc., but finally she decided to take the matter in her own hands. She had not done all that reading for nothing; so, a pause in the conversation affording the desired opportunity, she suddenly exclaimed, with considerable vivacity:

"Wasn't it awful about Mary, Queen of Scots?"

"Why, what's the matter?" stammered the student, confused.

"My gracious!" almost yelled the girl from Indiana, "didn't you know? Why, the poor thing had her head cut off!"

Where was Bill?

Bill Jones is a country storekeeper down in Louisiana, and last spring he went to New Orleans to purchase a stock of goods. The goods were shipped immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the drayman his wife happened to look at the largest; she uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance and asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box which read as follows: "Bill inside."