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" TOO the duty which liest nearest you, and which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer."



## The Strike of Hannah

HE evening before Thanksgiving Hanmah Dodd sat in the
monlight beside her
kitchen window. It was
vey late; her four children were in bed, the two younger
ones in a room opening out of the
kitchen, and heated by its stove, the
two older upstairs in a room whose
window-panes were coated with frost.
It was a very cold night. Winter

window-panes were coated with frost.
It was a very cold night. Winter
and set in early that year. Thin has gone a long way toward bringing
about Hannah's state of mind. Lain
gabeen a member of the Congregational church ever since she was
girl in her teens, having been a constant attendant of that church, and
bringing up her children to do likewise, having stinted herself of the
necessaries of life to pay her pewrent and drop her pennies for home
and foreign missions into the contrirent and drop her pennies for home and foreign missions into the contri-bution-box, having endured in faith and love through sore hardships and bereavements, she now, at this period of her life, had become in heart and mind as relentless an anarchist as any in Russia. Her very soul rose up against the existing condition of things. It kicked ruthlessly, although to its own undoing, against the pricks. to its own undoing, against the pricks. There was to the woman's fierce heart made fierce by the sense of unmerit-ed injury and deprivation at the hands of Providence, a certain satisfaction even in the misery which her unwont-ed and utterly futile rebellion brought

Hannah Dodd was a tall, angular creature, wide-shouldered and flat-chested, with enormous muscular strength for a woman. She had perchested, with enormous muscular strength for a woman. She had performed tasks at which many men would have shrunk. She had not been a woman born to be fondled and cherished. That which she might have expected as her due from others had been exacted from her by others. Her bushand, who had died before her last child was born, had been a helpless, which was much a mochild her from the first as first and her first first and fitting that she should her work and fight, although she was a work and fight, although she was swork and fight, although she was sword again. Hannah Dodd valued herself at once so humbly and so highly, that never, had she been alone in the world, could she have come into this state. But she could wrestle with angels and she could wrestle with angels and sprincipalities of the winds for the sake of the winds and the winds of the winds for the winds with the winds of the winds of the winds of the winds with the winds of the winds of the winds of the winds with the winds of the winds o

been an off year for apples, and some boys belonging to the new family who had moved in aext door had stolen the few which had been on her trees. There were in her pantry for Thanks-giving dainties, absolutely nothing ex-cept a little corn-meal, half a can of molasses and two thirds of a dried codfish. "Dry salf fish for Thanks-giving dinner!" said Hannah Dodd, and her tone was as if she cursed. Then she added in a terrible under-tone, "Those MacFarlands!"

tone, "Those MacFarlands!"
It was possibly the MacFarlands who had precipitated this crisis in her mental attitude. All that day she had been at work at the great Mac-Farland house preparing for the MacFarland Thansagrung. The MacFarlands were a weathy family who liver the state of the stat a fine specimen of old Coionial architecture, about hair a mile up the street from Hannah and the place at the season of the sea

\*

she sent for her by little Tommy Simmons, the red-headed boy next door, whom she suspected of stealing most of her symbol to come to the door, whom she suspected of stealing door, whom she suspected of stealing the content of the bourse of the bourse of the bourse of the content of the conten

shut the door in the granning little red-headed boy's face.

The next morning she had obeyed her summons, she had not dared do otherwise, for she was dependent upon her neighbors for her little income. She did almost anything in the way of odd jobs, and she had now a view toward earning some thing for Thanksgiving.

Exactly in what way it concerned this little inland village it would have been hard to say, inasmuch as not a send living there owned any securities as well living there owned any securities not any kind except old Joel Hammond and the send of the send son for it, but the vihage reli it must be very prudent that year on account of the panic, and therefore the women who had been in the habit of hiring them in bed to do extra work for them. The particular is a superior than a bodd to do extra work for them in the particular in the

affected.

However, she did not know that.

She went back to first principles and
accused Providence itself, with no
intermediaries of great capitalists or
ruling power. She had been nearing
this state of revolt Lefore she obeyed
the summons of Tommy Simmons and
vant up. the street in see Mrs. Maria the summons of Tommy Simmons and went up the street to see Mrs. Maria Gore. As she approached the stately face at a window. Immediately she heard the soft patter of footsteps, then the key was turned, and Mrs. Gore bade Hannah enter.

the key was turned, and Mrs. Gore bade Hannah enter.

I She followed Mrs. Gore into the south room. It was filled with superbold mahogany furniture. There was a faded Turkey carpet, and some was a faded Turkey carpet, and some was to the control of the substantial of the substan

(Continued next week.)

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this state of desperation, but a chip can precipitate tragedy. It was only because, for the first time, she was unable to provide her children with. a Thanksgiving dinner. Somehow Thanksgiving without its appropriate dinner seems a sacrilagious, organion.

Thanksgiving without its appropriate dinner seems a sacriligor occasion. Hannah felt as if Provoceoco had fairly forced her into descent the felt angry and actually guilty her felt angry and actually guilty cause in her pantry there was absolutely nothing which could serve by any stretch of imagination for a Thanksgiving dinner the next day. She had not contemplated a turkey. There had never been turkeys Thanksgivings.

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ons ING DER

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