

run that distance, with the bear so close, when you might have killed him on the hill and saved your breath?" Bill smiled shrewdly. "What's the use of killing a bear in the mountains and lugging him in when you can run him in?" he asked.

The Horse Blew First.

A farmer went up to a veterinary surgeon to ask what he was to do about his horse, which had been taken very ill.

"Give him this powder," said the vet. An hour later the farmer came up again and said that he couldn't get the horse to take the powder.

"Oh," said the vet, "I forgot. Put this tube down his throat, then lay the powder in the tube and blow it down his throat."

Within half an hour the farmer came running back, pale and excited.

"What's up now?" asked the vet. "Didn't you do as I told you?"

"Yes," said the farmer. "I put the tube down his throat and laid the powder in it, but the horse blew first."

In the Mountains of Kentucky.

It was Thanksgiving Day in the mountains of Kentucky, and I was about as far from the traditional Thanksgiving dinner as Boston is from the Blue Grass. But the mountains were beautiful in the soft, warm haze, the woods were odorous in nutty richness, the crimson was turning to such a lovely brown as one might expect the pink of the turkey's flesh to turn under the warmth of the oven, and I was feeling fairly fit, although I knew I would be lucky if I got any dinner at all. At that moment I had no idea where it was to come from, but I had an hour before noon, and I was heading toward the valley, where I was pretty sure to find some kind of fare.

It was fully mid-day when I rode up to a moderately substantial farm-house on the mountainside. Not very inviting, true, but I was hungry enough not to be squeamish. A woman, coming to the door in response to my "hello," told me I could have dinner in half an hour, and very thankfully I put my horse in the stable, where he could get a bite, and took a seat in the sunshine at the end of the house. There I was joined presently by the man of the house, who had been at work in a field near by. He was lank and lean, but cheerful withal and companionable. Our talk for a while ran to politics and crops, and then became desultory.

"By the way," I said, "this is Thanksgiving, isn't it?"

"Well," he replied, in a calculating tone, "I knowed it come somers along in the fall, but I didn't know jist when. We ain't much 'round here on celebratin' uv it, an' I'll be derned if I know whether it's politics or religion. Would yer mind tellin' me sumptin' about it?" I like to find an inquiring mind thirsting for information, and forthwith launched out.

"Thanksgiving Day," I said, with due solemnity, "is a day set apart by the president of the United States, regardless of religion or politics, for the people to offer up their thanks to the beneficent Author of all good for the blessings He has bestowed upon them. It is the day when everybody should be thankful to the Lord for all that He has done. The celebration of the day consists of two services—one spiritual, in the churches, and the other material, at the dinner-table. Then is the real celebration," I went on, with considerable enthusiasm, "thinking about what I was missing, when they have the large, fat, brown-roasted turkey swimming in oysters and gravy, and the nice cold celery and the sweet-potatoes, and the mealy butter-beans, and the big pink ham, and the thick mince pies, and the plum-pudding, and the—"

My host held up his hand for me to stop. He had been licking his chops hungrily, and once or twice he wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve.

"Say, mister," he broke in, "air you the new preacher that's comin' on this circuit?"

"Not much," I laughed. "I am buying walnut logs."

A shadow of disappointment flickered over his face and he became silent.

"Why do you ask?" I inquired, knowing he had reasons.

"Well," he explained, "I wuz thinkin' ef yer wuz, an' yer preached a gospel uv vittles like that, you'd knock the waddin' outen every parson in these parts, an' turn every dern sinner from the error uv his ways. You plumb would, mister, an' I'm sorry you ain't the man; fer ef thar is one thing needin'er than another in this part uv the vineyard ter lead the way onners an' uppers it's good vittles."

We were called into dinner at this point, and I wasn't long in finding out that my host knew the needs of his neighborhood.

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