

broom, and dusted them, then she set the table in the dining-room with the very best dishes and finest silver. She set a teeny vase in the middle of the table, with two violets in it; and she put dolly table-napkins at each place. When the house was all nice and clean, she dressed Lavinia in her pink muslin, and Dora Ann in her gray velvet, and Hannah Winch in her yellow silk, then she seated them around the table, each one in her own chair. Polly was just telling them about company manners, how they must not eat with their knives or leave their teaspoons in their cups as they drank their tea, when the nursery door opened, and in came mamma with a real Thanksgiving dinner. There was a chicken leg to put on the platter before Hannah Winch, for Polly always made her carve. There were cunning little dishes of mashed potato and cranberry sauce, and some celery in a tiny tumbler, and the cutest squash-pie baked in a patty-pan.

Polly Pine hopped up and down with delight when she saw it. She set everything on the table, then she ran away to put on her nicest muslin frock with the pink ribbons, and go down to dinner. There were gentlemen there for dinner, gentlemen Polly was very fond of; and she had such a nice time visiting with one of them. He could change his table napkin into a white rabbit, and she forgot all about the dolly's Thanksgiving till they were eating the nuts and raisins. When Polly did remember, she jumped down from her chair, and asked mamma if she might go upstairs and see if the dollys had eaten their dinner. When mamma told about the doll-house Thanksgiving, all the gentlemen wanted to go, too, to find out if the dollys had enjoyed their dinner.

The front door of the house was open; but Polly opened it all out, and there sat the dollys just as their little mamma had left them, only they had eaten up nearly all the dinner. Everything was gone except the potatoes and cranberry sauce. The chicken leg picked bare, the bread was nibbled, and the little pie was bitten all around.

"Well, this is funny!" said papa. Just then they heard a funny, scratchy noise in the doll-house, and a little gray mouse jumped out from under the dining-table. He ran out at the front door down the steps; and, before you could say "Jack Robinson," he had gone, nobody could tell where. There was another tiny mouse under the sofa in the doll-house parlor, and a third one under the bed, with a poor, frightened, trembling little tail sticking out. They all got away safe. Papa would not allow mamma to go for the cat. He said, "Why can't a poor little mouse have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as we can?" —[Good Housekeeping.

### Recipes.

Sausage Rolls.—Put a level teaspoon of salt and two teaspoons of baking powder into one cup of "Five Roses" flour, and stir well; rub in one tablespoon of butter, add a half cup of sweet milk, and as much more flour as is necessary to make a soft dough. Roll out, and cut in rounds with a biscuit cutter. Lay fine sausage meat in half of each roll, turn the other half over, and pinch the edges together. Place in a buttered dripping-pan, and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes.

Muffins in Southern Style.—Mix together one pint sweet milk, two beaten eggs, two tablespoons butter, half a yeast cake (dissolved), and a little salt, with enough "Five Roses" flour to make a very soft batter. Beat the ingredients thoroughly together, and let the batter rise over night. In the morning, butter hot pop-over irons, and half fill each with batter. Let rise again for half an hour, then put in a hot oven, and bake until they are a rich brown.

"A promising young officer had been wounded, and a surgeon had dressed his wounds. General Grant sent for the surgeon later to ascertain the young officer's chances.

"He is wounded," said the surgeon to the commander-in-chief, "in three places."

"Are these wounds fatal?" General Grant asked.

"The surgeon nodded a grave assent."

"Two of the wounds are fatal," he said. "The third is not. If we can leave him to rest quiet for a while I think he will pull through."

## Two Mary Smiths and One Thanksgiving Dinner.

By Mrs. Susan M. Griffith, in The Christian Herald.

It was the breakfast table of Miss Mary Smith No. 1, and a very little breakfast table it was in every sense of the word. Little as to size, and exceedingly small as to the meal spread upon it. Also, Miss Mary Smith herself was a diminutive woman; so much so, that she was commonly known in the suburb of Riverdale, where she resided, as "Little Miss Smith."

Of course, Miss Smith was poor, or she would have had more for breakfast than a slice of baker's bread, a pat of butter you could cover with a good-sized thimble, a tablespoonful of meat hash, and a very weak cup of coffee without sugar or milk; especially when she was as hungry as she was that cold November morning, just three days before Thanksgiving.

Yes, the little gray-haired lady, fifty-five years old next Christmas, was much in want of a sufficiency of this world's goods, but her poverty was of a most respectable kind. It never was allowed to trouble anyone but herself. If her breakfast was meagre and unsatisfying, she ate more largely of the Bread of Life, sang more blithely and talked more gaily with the young folks who passed her door. Indeed, she was as cheery as her own sweet song-bird, the golden canary who swung in his cage in the south window and poured forth a flood of melody all day long.

Little Miss Smith had lived in the beautiful suburb of Riverdale for many years; ever since her parents died, in fact. "It was quieter there than in the city," she said, and that was true; but it was cheaper, also, much cheaper, and little Miss Smith was obliged to bring her expenditures within the narrow compass of the hundred dollars a year allowed her by her only living relative, a well-to-do brother residing in a distant city. How she managed to exist on so small an annuity no one knew, though the question was often asked and pondered over. That she did live, and seemed to live well, was what the public, easily satisfied by a respectable outward appearance, said, and the decision of the public always settled everything; but perhaps the questioners might have understood the matter better had they seen the one small slice of baker's bread, the tablespoonful of hash, the tiny fire-which was expected to heat both rooms—for Miss Smith used a small oil stove on which to cook her meals—and the carefully-preserved twelve-year-old gown.

Although Miss Smith's circumstances were not known, she was well known and loved and respected, not only in the suburb of Riverdale, but in the city to which it belonged. She had many friendly acquaintances and some good acquaintances among the more wealthy families; to be sure they were a little inclined to be patronizing, but they remembered Miss Smith's father and mother when they occupied a very enviable social position, and when he was judge of a circuit court; and, remembering her as a part of their fallen fortunes, sometimes drove out in their shining carriages to see how she got along, and instead of seeing her poverty—which, indeed, was always hidden as far away as it could be—saw her two eminently respectable rooms, adorned by the excellent, old-fashioned furniture which had descended to her from the parental home, wearing rather an aristocratic air, and herself in her black dress, so carefully darned and sponged and pressed, with the neat linen collar and cuffs, and their verdict was that, "Really, Miss Mary was very nicely fixed indeed. So comfortable and cozy; and they understood that her brother sent her, regularly, a hundred dollars a year. Really very good of her brother; extremely considerate and generous."

At church, too, where she always worshipped each Sabbath, always in the same black silk dress she had worn for twelve successive years, the same bonnet with the velvet ribbon and purple violets, the same shawl folded in a triangle, they thought her very ancient in fashion and peculiar in manner, but quite well enough off to sign subscription papers, which, of course, she did, going without any breakfast at all, to pay them, oftentimes. If you had asked about her, almost anybody would have said: "Little Miss Smith? Why, no, she isn't poor. She is odd and old-fashioned—the queerest

little body you ever saw. Everybody likes her though, she is so nice and kind." And that would have been the end of it.

After this lengthy introduction you ought to know little Miss Smith pretty well; and you will not be surprised to learn that, being of a social turn, and having few to talk to in the course of the day, she not only directed much conversation to her bird, Fluff; but also talked much to herself, or, if you like it better, mused aloud. So it came to pass, that this morning, as she ate her slender breakfast, she gazed out of the window and kept up a pleasant chatter regarding her neighbors.

"Dear, dear, dear me!" she exclaimed, all of a flutter, "Parson's grocery wagon is stopping at Mrs. Bascom's for the second time this morning, and there is Rogers going to Peterson's with a load. They must both be making extensive preparations for Thanksgiving this year. My, my! what a monstrous turkey! It weighs from fifteen to twenty pounds, I'll venture, Fluff. And there goes a bushel basket loaded to the top. There is a great deal of money in that basket, Fluff. I should like you to count it up if you could. A great deal of money to be eaten in one dinner. Ah!" with a tender little sigh, "I didn't use to think much of it myself, once, Fluff, in the good old days when I lived at home with my dear old father and mother. Before they died, and the property was found to be—well, not at all valuable—that is, you know, Fluff, quite involved. I'm not intending to complain, Fluff; not at all. I should be ashamed to do that when I think of all the blessings the dear Lord has given me; but I do confess that I would dearly love to taste one of those good old dinners once more. I do wonder if I can afford a chicken for Thanksgiving this year—a very little chicken. A chicken and dressing and gravy would taste mighty good, together with a bunch of celery and a dish of cranberries. It may be a wild, extravagant thought, Fluff, but I have a mind to look in my pocketbook and see if I can afford it," and away she went to the upper bureau drawer and brought forth her terribly thin little purse.

Pouring out the few pieces of small change on the table, she carefully counted it over some half-dozen times to make sure, then she gravely shook her head.

"I guess we can't do it this time, Fluff, dear. I guess we'd better not. I haven't quite as much change as I thought, and the rent is to be paid next week, you know. I'll get a nickel soup-bone. Soup is nourishing and goes further than chicken, and I can make a very thankful dinner on it, very. And there will be the celery and cranberries. I really think, Fluff, I can manage them."

A knock at the door, causing little Miss Smith to spring out of her chair with a nervous little scream. But it was only the pleasant postman, who seldom brought her anything but her weekly religious paper and the semi-annual check from her brother in Chicago. He now held out a dainty embossed envelope, upon which was her name in the daintiest of handwriting.

"Looks like a good one," said the cheery postman. "It's a good time to get letters now—so near Thanksgiving. There's generally a big turkey dinner enclosed in 'em." And then he laughed cheerily as he ran down the steps and whistled for the next house.

In the flutter of strange excitement, little Miss Smith took the letter into her inner apartment and opened it with the utmost care. Sure enough it was a formal invitation to the Montagues in the city to Thanksgiving dinner. The Montagues—old acquaintances, and one time quite intimate friends of her family, but far removed by the force of circumstances and the lapse of years. Dear, dear, dear me! That they should think of her! She would write a grateful acceptance at once on some of the scented paper she kept for very special occasions, in her very best style which was a very good style, by the way—and then she must look to her silk dress and bonnet. As she needed no Thanksgiving dinner now, she would buy a few little trifles to freshen up her old garb and help it to pass muster.

While she is doing this in such a glow of happiness as she had not experienced for many a year, we will introduce to you the second Miss Mary Smith, of

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