

squash, to say nothing of the saucy looking cabbages and pink cheeked turnips, all in holiday attire, for the next day was market day and the day before Thanksgiving, and to David it was doubly important because Mary Anne was to 'go 'long.'

'Yo' see I've fixed the seat comfortable like, with the blankets and this here bucket will do for a foot rest, and'—

'You're always so thoughtful o' me, David,' she answered as she pressed his arm. 'But come, supper's ready and those flannel cakes won't improve with waitin.'

The stars were still twinkling when the well loaded waggon left the lane which led from the quaint old farmhouse to the road, and it seemed that every rooster on the place had a pleasant good morning and a sad farewell for the gobblers and chickens which were perched on the top of the load and taking their last ride to town. 'Well,' said Mary Anne, 'this is comfortable,' as she settled herself for the long drive to Dover.

For some distance both were silent, then David said earnestly, 'Do you know, Mary Anne, I've been thinking about Thanksgiving day and what good times we used to have when we were youngsters, and it's been sort o' lonesome late years, don't yo' think?'

'Why, yes, David, but we haven't any relatives near here and Thanksgiving is a sort of relation day, and there isn't any one in our neighborhood we could ask to come to dinner. So we have sort of let it slip along, but if there was any one who would like to come, why I am sure we'd enjoy asking them.'

'Then let's do it, Mary Anne.'

'But we don't know any one, David.'

'That's so, but do you know, these vegetables and birds have been in my mind for a week, and it seemed I could hear 'em all saying, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and when I went to sleep last night those words were dancing before my eyes, "Freely give, freely give."'

'What ails you, David?' and his sister looked at him anxiously from over her spectacles. That anything had disturbed David's comfort of mind, was a serious matter.

'Ye' know we've read a lot in the paper lately of the good the Salvation Army are doing, right here in Dover, and of their great need of funds, and they say as how they just as soon have provisions as money. I've made up my mind that I will give this load of vegetables to the poor, as our thank offering to the Lord.'

Mary Anne's face was a study; this generosity was overwhelming, but there came to her mind the want and need in many of the homes and the scant supply with which to feed so many hungry little souls, and she wondered why she or David had not thought to do this thing before. A whole load of winter vegetables! but then, the Lord gave the vegetables in the first place, and who had a better right to them than his poor, and so the long habit of saving and economy was hidden behind the true feeling of helpfulness. 'It is a grand idea, David, and I am glad you want to do it, but how will you know where to go?'

They were soon in the city and the streets were full of the hurrying, busy people and no one seemed to notice the two country folks on the well loaded waggon, but David had sighted a poke bonnet.

'There's one o' those Salvation people now. Whoa, Bill, whoa Charlie,' and he drove up to the side of the curb, and called out cheerily, 'Good morning Are you an Army lass?'

The girl turned and looked wonderingly at the farmer, but answered pleasantly, 'Yes, sir, is there anything I can do for you?'

David told their story, and tears filled her eyes, and grasping his hand she said reverently, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and soon she was seated between them and they drove to the Army headquarters, where they could learn what was best to be done. David insisted that he wanted to 'peddle' the things out himself, so he and Mary Anne could get a glimpse of the poorer districts of their offering. Two assistants were sent to accompany them and from house to house, tenement to tenement they went, leaving here a basket of potatoes, there a few turnips and a cabbage, and always receiving the grateful thanks of wretched mothers and hungry children, and Mary Anne's heart ached to take them all into her own tender care.

Here it was that David received his inspiration. Why not take a load of these little children and tired mothers home with them for Thanksgiving? Mary Anne was delighted with the proposition, and at once she could see where each would find a corner in the old farm house, and perhaps real happiness besides; it was discussed with the helpers, and after some planning and much discussion as to which of the needy ones should be chosen, and a promise to those who were left that they too should have a turn, four mothers and six little urchins were stowed away in the big high waggon, and a joyous party set out for the country.

Such a Thanksgiving as it was! It seemed that each child thought he was in fairy land, and the worn, pale faces of the mothers fairly shone with the gladness in their own hearts, and, best of all, Thanksgiving was a whole week long, and when the guests were gone and David drove home, he said to himself and to Mary Anne, 'It surely is more blessed to give than to receive,' and Thanksgiving joys were theirs.

Pretty Trifles Easily Made.

There is much to be said in favor of such simple things as blotters, shaving pads, and match scratchers for Christmas gifts. For one reason, they are not hard to make, take very little time, and can be fashioned for the most part of material easily procured, and, further, in the nature of things, they need constant renewal, so that, though you made a number last year, fresh ones for this season will be quite in order.

BLOTTERS.

For these the indispensable thing is four or five leaves of blotting paper, large enough to more than cover an ordinary sheet of note paper. If you get half a dozen large sheets, you will be surprised to see to what good advantage they cut up. You may put an under-piece of stiff pasteboard to give your blotter form, if you chose. If you do, and the pasteboard is discolored, cover the upper side with a sheet of blotting paper pasted on, and the underside with a piece of unruled letter paper.

You may fasten the leaves to the foundation with ribbon or silk cord, punching two holes for it, or you can use one strong paper fastener, to the top of which you will fasten a bow of ribbon. In the former case the leaves are thrown back in using the pad, in the other they are turned round. Two strong brass rings cut and put through the holes at the top instead of ribbon form a fastening that probably some would prefer.

There are many ways of decorating the top sheet. Natural leaves, oak or maple, may be pasted on, or some appropriate motto put on in fancy letters, such as 'Blot out my faults,' 'Impressions from the pen of.....,' 'Pen and ink sketches,' or something similar.

If you wish to make a more elaborate affair, you can cover two sheets of pasteboard with linen or other suitable material. Join them by means of a narrow band of the same, and you have a strong cover, into which you can sew as many leaves of blotting paper as you wish. You can outline anything you desire on the linen cover before putting it on the pasteboard, and you can add pockets for paper and envelopes, if time and materials permit, or fancy dictates.

SHAVING PADS.

These need not be pads at all, but pretty balls of colored tissue paper, so well known as not to need describing. It is a question, however, if father or brother would not prefer a real pad, for a ball half-used is not a very tidy-looking arrangement, and it gets dusty and faded before it is all finished.

A liberal number of sheets of tissue paper, of any available color, and cut whatever size and shape you choose, can be fastened securely on the back of a rather stiff piece of pasteboard, the whole furnished with a ribbon or ring by which to hang it up. The chief point in these articles is to be sure that, while each sheet of paper may be quickly and easily torn off, the pad itself will stand a vigorous pull without coming to pieces.

The pasteboard cover may be decorated to suit the fancy, by painting. Applied pictures, or flowers, or stamp work. Leather, too, would make a very pretty top. Three or four extra bunches of paper for 'refills' would be a thoughtful addition.

MATCH SCRATCHERS.

These are truly endless in variety, yet all seem to turn round some play upon the words 'match,' 'scratch,' or 'strike.' Colored fashion plates furnish a happy hunting ground for the handsome young ladies 'waiting for a match,' or for the 'striking girls' (with tennis raquets or golf sticks) that figure so largely in these useful—indeed, almost necessary—neighbors to the parlor match-box.

A piece of sandpaper forming some part of the costume and a suitable motto inked on the foundation card is all that is needed besides.

Another line shows a rear view of the small boy in overalls with all sorts of variations. The chief point is the sandpaper patches on the overalls, though very comical touches are added by representing one button hanging by a thread, one of the suspenders fastened by a bent pin, or a tuft of hair coming through the top of the big hat. Quaint lettering on the card invites you to 'Scratch your matches on my patches,' or 'Don't scratch your matches on the walls, but scratch them on my overalls.'

A third group of ideas might be developed from one pretty design that showed a bustling hen, surrounded by her newly hatched chicks, and announcing to the public that she and they were 'out for a scratch.' The discolored egg shells were of sand paper, and the figures painted; but they could be either painted or applied according to taste and resources.

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