ART SUPPLEMENT.

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HE was not a bad man at heart. But the very qualities which moved some people to call him a "jolly good fellow" were identical with those which made other people consider him a bad citizen, and, with the usual emphasis of people who take the downward view, a very bad citizen.

When his wife died he seemed to awake with a sudden shock to the issues of life and the fact of death. He had loved her with all that marvelous depth of tenderness, that inconsistent fervor which sometimes underlies the weakest natures.

In the newness of his grief he forswore his old ways and habits. He knew himself to be weak. He fancied the way to strength of resistance lay along the road of self-exile to strange scenes and unfamiliar faces—that road well worn by the restless feet of those who fly from the battle within to wage an unequal struggle with the allies without.

He left his little son, made doubly dear to him by the sense of loss, with his wife's cousin, gave to her what money he could spare for the child's support, promised to send more at regular intervals, and departed westward.

* * *

More than a year later he roused himself as if the finger of fate had touched him. He remembered, with an anguished regret, that he had failed again; that for months he had drifted from place to place, he himself scarcely knew where or how. He remembered that his promised remittances for the boy had ceased. He saw himself broken in strength, in health, in spirit. He felt suddenly overpowered with the consciousness of his own weakness, and, as a drowning man's arms reach wildly out toward any illusion of help, his thought went out toward his child.

It seemed to him that the love of his boy could save him. The miracle of salvation became to him possible, wherein a little child, strong in love and innocence and faith, should lift the fainting, failing manhood of the man.

A passionate yearning seized him to hold again to his heart the little form, to feel about his neck the clinging arms, to hear again the lisping words which came to his weakened memory like distant echoes in a dream. And then he remembered the day when first the child was laid in his arms; he remembered the thrill, the wonder, the first pride of fatherhood. Then, in broken glimpses, as a fair landscape is seen between blurs of mist, there came to him memories in swift succession, of the growth, the incidents of the child's few years.

"I must go to him," whispered the man with a gasp, as he lifted his head from his hands. His face was flushed, tears stood in his eyes. His resolution was carried out with feverish haste, and he turned his face to the East.

* * *

His wife's relative had little excuse for him. She had long considered him a hopeless vagabond. So when he appeared suddenly, as from the possible, and, in her opinion, better, dead, she was not prepared to receive him with especial cordiality. The story was soon told. The boy had died months before. He slept by his mother. No one had known where to address the father, who was supposed to have forgotten he had a son. She was really not much surprised at the apathy with which the father listened. It was consistent with her estimate of his character. She had no means of knowing that his faculties were stunned. But she was astonished beyond measure when, in a mechanical way, he insisted upon giving her money for the expense of caring for and burying the boy.

"Is that quite all?" he kept asking, and then, abruptly but quietly, he said: "Good-by; I'm going back."

Out in the street the wintry air in a measure revived him, but he kept his thought skimming nimbly over memories of trivial things, frivolous and worse, lest it should alight and linger on the agony of self-reproach which, by some strange sub-consciousness, he knew smoldered in his mind like an unquenchable fire.

He knew that his hope was dead; he felt the certainty of fall now that nothing remained to him to lean upon. But he thought of other things.

A sleety mist filled the air, sparkling in the street lights like a mazy shower of brilliants. The particles stung his face like Elfin arrows. His features were tense and rigid. His eyes were hot and dry and his head ached with a dull, insistent, maddening pain. He passed the colored globes of a drug store and stopped. Red, violet, and green the shafts of light pierced the dark. The people about him seemed shadows, the sound of their voices leagues away. Dimly he remembered a prescription for an opiate he had used for headaches like that. Fumbling in his pockets he found the paper and entered the store.

"Make twice the number of powders," he said to the clerk. "I don't want to bother getting the stuff so often."

The clerk hesitated.

"Nonsense," said the man. "I'm perfectly familiar with the use of it. Give me one of them now with a glass of water."

Then he went into the street again with the packet of powders in his pocket, and already the mere taking of the drug had somewhat soothed him. He felt hushed; his mind seemed to clear and lift itself into a curious, impersonal attitude. As he walked he found himself quite willing to contemplate calmly the sodden pain at his heart, the utter hopelessness and uselessness of his life. With a mocking persistence the many resolves he had made to himself, the efforts to change, the ever-succeeding failure surged up before him, and his lip curled in contemptuous scorn of himself. Never did a man hold himself up to more merciless scrutiny, more intolerant judgment.

With hands thrust deep in his pockets and head a little stooped, he strode down the street.

"Look out there! Can't y' see a feller?"

In his abstraction he nearly fell upon a group of wretched children of the street who stood clustered about a restaurant window.

And such a window! The light of mellow globes flooded it. It was decked with holiday greens. In the center, on a platter sprigged with parsley, reposed, brown and crisp, a roasted pig, with the reddest of apples in its mouth. On each side a fair, fat turkey, dressed for the oven, lay in state. Lobsters, in their scarlet coats, brown quail with heads tucked under their wings to swell out the pitiful little breasts, and divers other resources and accessories of the culinary art lent color and suggestiveness to the tableau.

And the breath of the children made frosty blurs on the glass between, dotted with clear spots where warm noses and chins had pressed.

The man stopped. A tiny fellow, about as large as his own boy would have been, but ragged and dirty and shivering, as by God's mercy his own never would be, lifted a newspaper up to him and piped in a shrill little voice:

"Buy a paper, mister, to help me git a T'anksgivin' dinner!"

"Is this Thanksgiving?" asked the man, with a dull surprise.

"Sure!" said the boy. "Don't y' see dat lay-out in de winder?"

The man looked at the window. He had not noticed it before. He stared at the children. He put his hand in his trouser pocket and felt the small roll of bills he knew was there. He remembered approximately the amount. Brushing past the pleading child at his feet, he went abruptly into the restaurant. After a brief interview with the manager he returned to the door.

"Who wants a Thanksgiving dinner?" he asked. Two or three voices said "Me!" explosively, but for the rest an incredulous stare alone responded, until one boy said, slowly and reproachfully: "Ah-h, g'way! You're givin' us guff!"

A wan smile crept over the man's face. He steadied himself against the door.

"Whoever wants the dinner come with me."

"Do y' mean it?"

For answer the man opened the door, and the children, without more ado, clumsily shuffled past him. All save one, a girl with an accordion slung from her shoulder and the black locks of Italy straying from under the red kerchief on her head. She paused with a look of inquiry.

"Does de girl come?" asked a boy. "She's a purty good feller—for a girl."

"Yes, come along," said the man, with an affectation of cheerfulness. "In a time like this female suffrage goes."

They were led by a grinning waiter to a private dining-room where a long table stood shrouded as with new-fallen snow; and while the children were taken to wash their hands and faces, the man, whose head throbbed afresh as he came in from the outer air, took in a glass of brandy two of the powders from the package in his pocket.

It was a motley company that huddled together in one end of the room when the children returned. They whispered among themselves; they eyed with open mouths the room, the waiters, the table, and the man who sat at its head.

The man's face glowed, his eyes shone; he seemed to have forgotten himself.

"Bring us a real old Thanksgiving dinner," he said to the waiter, "and plenty of it, without too many frills. Some soup and—some turkey——" He paused and looked archly at the children, who caught the spirit of his glance and shouted: "Yes, yes!"

"Yes, some turkey with cranberry sauce——"

The tiny newsboy hugged himself and murmured: "Cramb'ry sauce!"

"And some scalloped oysters," continued the man, stopping after the mention of each delicacy to watch the children, who shivered with eagerness and punctuated each pause with approving nods and murmuring echoes, "and some sweet potatoes, and plenty of bread and butter, and—ah, pickles——"

"Ah-h, pickles!" repeated the children.

"And pie—shall it be mince pie or apple pie?" he asked.

This question required pondering, and a youthful Alexander cut the Gordian knot by saying: "Le's have bofe."

"Right you are," said the man. "Bring us both!"

When they sat down there was some little confusion owing to the company's ignorance of table etiquette. As it was, the bigger boys sat first with as much of a choice of location as the haste permitted.

"Here, here," said the man to a boy who scrambled for the seat at his right hand. "When there's only one lady in the company the seat of honor should belong to her."

And so the daughter of Italy took the chair reserved for her, shyly, but with eyes sparkling with pride and mouth curled demurely.

"What's your name?" he asked.

Before she had quite answered "Marg'rita," a boy at the other end of the table cried out, "We calls her Billy!" and instantly leaned back with his hand over his mouth, abashed at the sound of his own voice and the general giggle which followed, while "Marg'rita" grew rosy red.

The man touched her hand reassuringly and turned to his left, where sat the little newsboy. Long and steadily he looked into the child's face.

"He, too, had blue eyes," he murmured, with a catch of the breath as for a brief instant his own eyelids closed and he bit his lip.

"Say, mister, you'se got a big family tonight, sure!" was the comment that recalled him.

"Yes, and you must eat all the turkey you can," he said, with a gayety that surprised himself.

"You bet cher life!"

When the soup was served—"Wait a moment," he said. He had a vague notion that some sort of grace ought to be asked. Swiftly his thoughts flew back to the New England home of his boyhood. He remembered the bowed head of his mother and the subdued voice of his gray haired father asking the divine blessing. Oddly enough, he remembered, too, how he used to kick under the table at his brother to make him laugh. Somewhat unsteadily he rose and leaned heavily upon the table. A strange giddiness was creeping upon him which required all his will to resist.

"Lord bless us, and make us——"

His mind wandered; he could not think of the next word. It seemed to him he had no right to address the deity—what, he! It was absurd! And while he hesitated two of the children, thinking the benediction done, cried out, "Amen!" and fell to eating their soup with a clatter of spoon and dish and divers other noises of the mouth not heard in polite society.

What if some of them put their plates up to their lips to drain the last drops; what if some of them ate with their fingers and surreptitiously stole choice bits from their neighbors' dishes; what if there arose occasional outcries and incipient riots which the bewildered waiters promptly quelled! In spite of these things the dinner was a complete success from the standard of its purpose.

Never [illegible] appreciatively hungry; never was host more careful to supply his guests, though it must be confessed he himself ate little, and as the dinner progressed his eyes grew dull, and from time to time his head drooped slowly forward till he caught himself like one fighting against an overwhelming drowsiness.

At last, when each child had eaten two pieces of pie, even to the last crumb, the man rose to his feet, clutching at his chair for support. He brushed his hand across his eyes. Strange lights danced before him, crimson and gold; the air was populous with unknown shapes, weaving in slow mazes; soft melodies sang in his ears as from infinite distances, thrilling, uncertain, rising and falling as with the swell of an invisible sea.

"Children," his own voice sounded remote and dissevered from him, "good-night. Have you had a good dinner?"

The vociferous assent recalled his straying fancies. He saw his guests multiplied as in a room walled with mirrors.

Being of unceremonious habit, they stood not upon the order of their going and soon were gone. As the little newsboy slid down from his chair the man laid a hand on the child's tangled head and gazed in his face with a look of yearning tenderness. The boy looked startled and hurried away.

"It was a great success," said the man to the waiter as he laid a bill on the cashier's tray. He uttered his words with hesitating precision.

"It—is—the—only—good—thing—I—ever—did—in—my—life," and then he laughed aloud.

The waiter smiled complaisantly; the tip was large enough to cover many eccentricities.

"Bring me a bottle of brandy, some cigars, and an evening paper," said the man, still in the same measured tone. "I will ring when I want anything more," he concluded, and the waiter withdrew.

Nearly an hour later he cautiously opened the door and peeped in. Seeing the man had partly turned his chair so that the light would fall on the paper he silently retired again, for the tip had been large. But the manager of the restaurant was impatient.

"Hurry that man out," he said. "Does he think it's a hotel?"

The waiter was between two fires, but when he had hesitated as long as he dared he again opened the door.

"Did you ring, sir?" he asked diplomatically. There was no response, and he went swiftly to the averted chair. On the table the cigars were untouched; one glass of brandy had been taken from the bottle; several small white paper wrappers lay on the cloth beside the emptied glass. In the chair, with his hands still holding the paper and his head against the high leather back, sat the man—but his spirit had gone too far on a long quest to be recalled.

HAROLD R. HEATON.

Plum Crick uster hev a 'leven, but it hesn't
any more:
They could swipe the other 'levens—never
even let 'em score.
Why, they done the Coon Crick fellers with-
out turnin' of a hair—
Ev'ry team they ever tackled they hed beat
'em fair an' square.

Shorty Johnson wuz the capt'in—uster work
fur ol' man Smith,
Bin a cowboy down in Texas, wouldn't do
to monkey with—
He wuz sort o' low an' chunky, like a story
an' a half,
An' he uster to bunt the center like a
hungry, suckin' calf.

Bud Carney wuz the quarter—he hed allus
lived out West;
Take his fist an' hit a critter an' the butcher
done the rest;
Then Evans wuz their full back, an' he wuz
mighty hard to beat,
An' the half backs they wuz speedy when
they's in their stockin' feet.

All in all, the Plum Crick 'leven wuz a dog-
nab'd gamey set,
Uster practis all day Sunday, an' wuz never
overhet.
They's so used to breakin' bronchos an' a
bein' kicked by mules
They could scrimmage 'cross a gridir'n an'
be fresh at kickin' gools.

After swipin' all the 'levens thet wuz playin'
on the Cricks
They concluded thet they'd ought 'o teach
a college team some tricks—
What wuz college fellers good fur, 'cept it
wuz fur growin' hair,
Plum Crick couldn't help believin' they
could do 'em fair an' square.

So they got a game Thanksgivin' with a
college they'd heerd of;
Bought some black an' blue silk ribbin fur
their friends to wave above;
Fixed a yell up fur the 'cashun, practis'd
reg'lar ev'ry day—
Ev'ry feller in the 'leven took his girl to see
him play.

All the girls they wore white dresses with
rozets of black and blue,
An' they walked 'round town all mornin',
'cept one girl whose shoes wuz new—
An' the fellers bought some peanuts, an'
some peppermints to crunch,
An' they hed their pickchers takin' all
a-standin' in a bunch.

When at last they come to line up they wuz
laughin' in their shoes
At them long-haired college fellers they in-
tended fur to bruise;
An' they couldn't keep from chucklin' when
they thought how they's sashsay
Clean across them college fellers like they
owned the rightaway.

When the college feller kicked off, some-
how 'ruther then it seemed
Like he knew more 'bout sech bizness than
the Plum Crick 'leven dream'd;
After that the 'levens lined up, Shorty John-
son passed the ball,
When the people in the gran' stand either
seen or heerd him fall,

An' the college hed a touchdown long fore
Shorty struck the ground.
Then the Plum Crick fellers kicked off, an'
the college run around,
An' the quarter tried to stop 'em, an' they
sent him up to Mars—
Hedn't bin fur gravitation he'd a-staid up
'mong the stars.

Then the Plum Crick 'leven give up, an' the
girls hid their rozets,
An' they started back fur Plum Crick with-
out leavin' their regrets;
Jest before they reached the crossin' Shorty
Johnson he come to,
Couldn't tell jest what hed hit him, ask'd
the fellers if they knew.

Now the Plum Crick 'leven never knew the
kind of school they'd met;
Shorty Johnson thought it over afterwards
an' said he'd bet
"Thet it wuz a preacher-college—thet'e the
meanest kind o' school;
'Bout ez handy at Queensbury ez they are
the Golden Rule."

But the Plum Crick 'leven never tried it
after thet there game;
[illegible] decided thet same ev'nin' thet their
schoolin' wuz to blame,
[illegible] they agreed among each other thet

[illegible] springtime when the plains and hills
Are decked with early flowers,
[illegible]nd all the lakes and all the rills
Are filled with April showers,
[illegible]he sweet birds hear God's message clear
To greet the world with singing—
[illegible] then, O, then, each moor and glen re-
joice in glad thanksgiving.

[illegible] summer, when each garden bed
Is red and white with roses,
[illegible]nd every graceful lily head
[illegible] golden dreams reposes;
[illegible]hen o'er the plain the ripened grain
[illegible]he harvest days are bringing—
[illegible] again, the time draws when the
[illegible]d sings in thanksgiving.

[illegible]n, when the sighing breeze
[illegible] buds and bloom to slumber,
[illegible]set leaves from swaying trees
[illegible]n a countless number,
[illegible] soft bells chime in tones sublime,
[illegible]oy their praises flinging—
[illegible]n, O, then, the hearts of men unite
[illegible]n sweet thanksgiving.

[illegible]nter, when the Christmas King
[illegible]lls all the earth with glory,
[illegible] angels fair in anthems sing
[illegible]he old and precious story.
[illegible]rough the skies from Paradise
[illegible]gelic hosts are winging—
[illegible]n, amen, for Bethlehem our heads
[illegible]hanksgiving.

[illegible] pilgrim barque
[illegible]sion,
[illegible]aters dark
[illegible]an,
[illegible]one
[illegible]ing—
[illegible]hildren draw
[illegible]ving.
[illegible]TERBERG.

CLAIMS to be the best [illegible] can make, and is sold [illegible]

Have Had Fourteen Indian Wars.

Our government has had fourteen great Indian wars, which are estimated to have cost it not less than $150,000,000, and as much more in private loss was sustained by individuals.