

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

How golden were barley and rye
In the wind and the sun
How amber the tassels of corn
In the flood of the morn—

BILLY AND SUSY—A THANKSGIVING STORY.

For years the sisters, Miss Melissa Abbot and Mrs. Sarah Drew, had lived in peace and concord, not in the same house, but in adjoining ones.

Neither of the women was a gossip. It was nearly a month before it leaked out that Melissa Abbot and Sarah Drew had had a quarrel and were not on speaking terms.

Mira Holmes heard of the estrangement, and came to see Mrs. Drew about it. "I am so sorry to have been the means of parting two like you," she sobbed.

"You didn't part us," replied Sarah Drew. "It was two yellow cats that looked exactly alike."

"I wish they didn't look so much alike," sobbed Mira, trying to sip the tea. "I can't see how you are to blame for that."

"I don't," admitted Mira. Then she broke down, and wept. "I am so sorry to have been the means of parting two like you," she sobbed.

Abby had heard every word of the discussion. She always barged; she considered it her duty. She gathered up the kittens, and presently she came to the sitting-room door.

"I don't want to hear a word," replied Sarah, shortly and haughtily. "But—" "I don't want to hear a word. I know you were listening, and you always take everybody's part against me."

Later in the afternoon, she and Miss Melissa's girl, who was also an old woman, had a conference out in the garden, over the fence. Each held a yellow kitten.

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Draw, on the Sunday after the minister's call, watched with secret pride and approval each other's staying at home from church.

Miss Melissa caressed her yellow cat, and said, "Well, I am glad she has some pride, if she hasn't anything else."

That Sunday there was almost a rift in the cloud of dissension between the sisters, a rift based upon righteous pride and resentment of interference.

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Miss Melissa stared at the cat and kittens then at her sister. "Then—" she began. "They were both Susy," said Mrs. Drew.

"I had made up my mind, anyway, to come over here and ask you to forgive me, and take my Susy if you thought she was Billy."

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How Old Are You?

A few days before his death Bishop McCabe wrote to the Editor of The Christian Advocate one of his characteristic brief letters, in his own hand, with the comment, "This is vasily amusing; cannot you put it in your amusement columns?"

One day there came to the court of a king a gray-haired professor who amused the king greatly. He told the monarch a number of things he never knew before, and the king was delighted.

"I think that is a real good idea," said Sarah Drew, warmly. "So it happened that Thanksgiving evening the old Abbot house was brightly lighted, and after supper the sisters, Mira and her mother, and Harry Ayres all sat in the best parlor of the old Abbot house, before the hearth-fire."

"I should love to have them, thank you, Mrs. Drew," said Mira. "Neither she nor her young lover dreamed that the love in the hearts of the two old sisters struck, albeit free from all romance, a note which cheered with their own into true harmony of thanksgiving."

Mistaken reference is so often made to what is termed the "epitaph written by Mark Twain for his wife," that it is worth while to set the matter straight.

The verse used as the epitaph is as follows: Warm summer sun, Shine kindly here, Warm southern wind, Blow softly here, Green sod above, Lie light, lie light, Good night, dear heart, Good night, good night.

"Clean money" is the slogan of A. Cressy Morrison, who is endeavoring to create a public sentiment which will render impossible the circulation of paper and metal currency which is "tainted" in the literal sense of the word.

The new railroad from Peking to Kalgan, in the interior of Mongolia, has been completed as far as Han-Kow, twenty-seven miles from Peking.

Pi Yuk Liang, Pitcher.

His full name was Pi Yuk Liang, but he was always called "Pi Yuk." He went to school twenty-six years ago at Phillips Academy, at Andover, in Massachusetts.

Now, you must know that at Exeter, N. H., a few miles from Andover, there is also a Phillips Academy, and every year, as sure as Christmas comes, the great Andover team, in the outfield, in May and June of 1881. Incidentally, he was "change-pitcher."

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