The Columbian.

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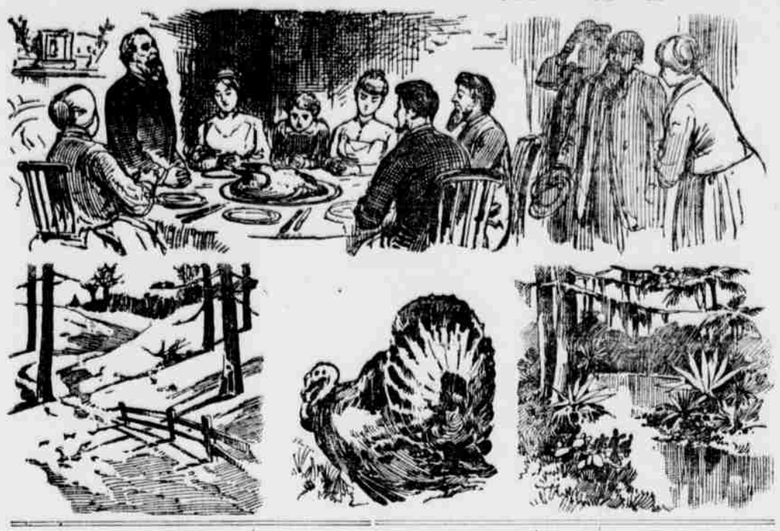

THE TURKEY'S LAST GOBBLE.

Behold me now.
A Turkey with a big T!
Time, 9 o'clock a. m.
By 5 p. m.
What will I be?
A wreck;
A total wreck;
A travesty on animated organism;
A weird, bewildering
Entanglement of bones
And gravy;
A hollow mockery;
With every wad of stuffing
Eternally knocked out of it!
A ghost,
Clothed in the
Bony relics of its living entity!
A ruined destiny
Carved out
To stand a monument
To appetite!
A gobbler with his gobble
Gone to those
Who gobbled in another key!
A——
But hold,
This is Thanksgiving day!
Rats!

—Washington Post.

THE LOST FOUND.

A THANKSGIVING STORY, BY ANNIE I. WILLIS.

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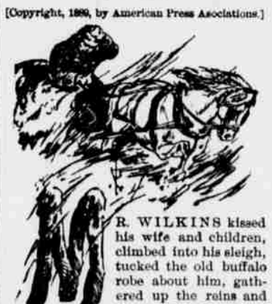

R. WILKINS kissed his wife and children, climbed into his sleigh, tucked the old buffalo robe about him, gathered up the reins and drove off. It was a bright November morning, two days before Thanksgiving, for which great occasion he was going to town, twenty miles away, to "do some tradin'."

He told the children, Bob and Elsie, that he would come back with lots of things—peanuts and raisins, and perhaps some oranges, besides other eatables necessary for the Thanksgiving feast.

How the little ones shouted at the mention of oranges, for you must know that such dainties seldom fell to their share. Hard work, early and late, on the little farm, only sufficed to keep the family plainly clothed and fed, and they had very few luxuries.

As the sleigh jogged along the man fell to thinking of the dear ones who would watch for his return on the morrow.

"I'll give 'em a good Thanksgivin' 'f I can," he thought. "There ain't no family that deserves it more. Wisht I could sell everything I've got with me. Wouldn't I make their eyes open, though! Mebbe I could buy 'em some figs. The children's never seen any. An' I'd git Mirandy an egg beater. She ain't never had none."

The miles to town grew less as the horse went on, and the influence of the brilliant winter day made Mr. Wilkins happy, not so much because he was susceptible to nature's beauty, but because he thought: "If this here weather'll only hold out, I'll be back early ter-morrer."

Mrs. Wilkins spent the day in getting ready for the feast, with such material as she had on hand. She killed the biggest and plumpest chicken in the yard, Bob looking on delightedly at the operation. Tender hearted Elsie ran into the house and put her fingers in her ears, so that she "could not hear the poor chickie cry," she said. Then there was rye bread to make, and a kind of "plain sweet cake," the best they ever had. There were also dried apples and pumpkin pies to bake, the house to set in order and the chickens to feed. Nine-year-old Bob and 6-year-old Elsie were eager to "help mother," and while the former fed old Red Top, the rooster, and his family, the little girl trotted around in her coarse brown cloak and blue hood sweeping the doorstep and picking up sticks in the yard for the fire, she said.

So the day wore on, and when the early winter evening closed in upon them, they had their simple supper of bread, mush and milk, and soon the little ones were asleep.

As Mrs. Wilkins sat sewing, she heard the wind rising, and went to the window to look out. The moon was partly covered by threatening clouds. While she watched they obscured the silver light completely.

"It looks mighty threatenin'," she said to herself. "I should feel real bad if pa couldn't git back for Thanksgivin', for the children has set so much store by what he's goin' to bring 'em. I wouldn't feel right good myself. We've eat our Thanksgivin' dinner together on that day this ten year, an' I've allers been thankful for my man an' children. There ain't many sech."

Thus her homely thoughts ran on until the light began to grow dim for the scarcity of oil in the lamp. Then she prepared for rest, first thanking God for her blessings and asking protection for her husband on his journey and a speedy return on the morrow.

Quiet brooded over the house and its inmates, over the little village near which they lived and over the tavern where the father lay, twenty miles away. But not for long. The rising winds, which had made themselves heard fitfully, now grew furious. They reveled in the open stretch of country around the Wilkins farm, which stood on the edge of the village, and chased each other across meadows whose crusted snow gleamed when the clouds were blown for a moment from the face of the moon. Soon more flakes began to fall, and, what with the wind and the smooth surface of the snow already fallen, were blown and whirled violently about until they threatened to hide some landmarks completely.

Mr. Wilkins' little house came in for a share of the drifts. It was low and white and square. Like many houses in rural New England, its rear door opened into a shed, behind which were the barn and outhouses, so that in case of storms the live stock could be easily reached. The snow played very queer pranks with the house that night. It left the roof almost bare, while it piled a drift in front which hid all but one corner of the window. It drifted against the barn door and hid the shed completely. Fortunately the well was under the shed roof and the chicken house could be reached without going out.

When Mrs. Wilkins awoke, her first thought was of the night before and her forebodings of a storm. She tried to look out, but the snow covered everything. Much frightened, she climbed to the loft of the one story house. Looking from the window, she perceived that not a person could be seen. The roads were piled with great white drifts, and the only house in sight, also a low one, was partially covered. Over all the sun was shining brightly. She saw at a glance that a sleigh could not get through the roads on that day and possibly not on the next. Then she went down and awoke the children.

"What's the matter, mother?" said Bob.

"Matter enough," replied Mrs. Wilkins. "We are snowed in, and father can't get home today."

At this little Elsie showed signs of crying, and her mother hastened to say, "But we'll have a Thanksgivin' when he does come, Elsie. Pr'aps he'll come tomorrer. See."

She got up, took the child to the window where the world was visible from one of the upper panes, and held her up.

"The sun's shinin' as nice as can be. That'll melt all the snow soon, and then we'll see father an' old Bess comin' down the road with lots o' good things."

This diverted Elsie, and she chattered gayly while her mother dressed her. Bob meantime climbed up and looked out of the small peep hole left by the snow.

"There ain't any people passing by, mother," he announced.

"No, nor won't be," she replied, "not till the snow's melted pretty considerable."

"What will we have to eat, mother?" he inquired.

"There's plenty o' things in the house," she said. "We sha'n't starve. Don't ye be afraid o' that, Bob."

After their breakfast of fried pork and johnny cake she went to feed the chickens. The children followed her, for it seemed "kind o' lonesome," as Bob said. No one passed all day. The sun shone out warm and bright, and, though they could not perceive it, was doing slowly but surely its good work for them. Bob looked out of the one pane of glass so long that he was tired. And it was no wonder, for he had to stand on tiptoe on the window sill to see out at all.

So the day wore on. When the children fretted their good mother talked about what father would bring, and how sure she was that he would come on the next day—the day of their great feast itself. She wasn't at all sure when she first said so, but this was her way of keeping her own hopes up, and she succeeded so well that she almost believed they would see old Bess and the sleigh Thanksgiving morning.

Wednesday had passed slowly to Mr. Wilkins in the dingy little hotel where he was staying. When he started for home early on the following morning the hangers on about the door forboded all sorts of evil results to his "foolhardy notion" of trying to get through such a snow, but he persisted in going.

"Seems es if I must," he told them.

It was hard work—harder than he had expected, but old Bess was a strong horse, and he himself used to rough weather.

Twelve miles were traveled without incident or accident. The rest of the way was lonely enough, some of it skirting woods and leading through glens. It was a wild, beautiful drive in summer, but desolate in winter. As Mr. Wilkins drove on, thoughts of an event of which he had heard in town recurred to his mind: "Judge Carter's little girl was lost; missing since Tuesday; servant took her to walk; neither of them seen since; a thousand dollars reward!" These had made little impression on the busy man at the time, but now, in the quiet of that lonely drive, they came back in fragments. He thought of his own little ones and of the awful weather that had prevailed since Tuesday, the day he had left home.

He was startled from his reverie by the sharp barking of a dog. It seemed to come from an old building off from the road, which, situated near a pond, had once been used as an ice house. He listened. Yes, that was the place from which the noise came, and the barking sounded as if something unusual had happened. The ice house was deeply

THE RESCUE.

filled with drifts, which lay thick between it and the road. He couldn't get through easily. It would hinder him in his journey, too. Perhaps he wouldn't see home that night, he said to himself. So he drove on.

What made him connect that dog's barking with the story of the lost child? He couldn't seem to get rid of that. He stopped, and again measured the distance and the height of the drifts, decided that it wasn't worth while to get through them "jist fur a dog," as he tried to make himself believe, and again started.

"What if it was your child?" The thought stung him.

"Well, here goes!" he said, and suited the action to the word by covering his horse with the sleigh robe and striking out for the house. It was a struggle even for the hardy farmer. As he neared the place the barking grew louder. The door on the side toward him was almost covered, so he made for the rear. That had been sheltered from drifts by the building, and a small door was accessible there. As he opened it a handsome Newfoundland dog rushed out, jumping on him and whining for joy. Mr. Wilkins' eyes, dazzled by the snow, could at first see nothing, but the dog pulled him toward the most sheltered corner of the place, where a four-year-old girl lay, white and motionless.

Mr. Wilkins dropped down beside her and felt her hands, head, and finally her heart. The little one was not dead, as he first thought, and his chief care was to revive her. Being utterly exhausted, all he could do at first was to fold her in his arms under his overcoat. Presently he started for the sleigh, followed by the faithful dog whose devotion had perhaps saved the child's life. He was anxious to reach the sleigh, for he had bethought himself of a bottle of milk which his host had put up with a lunch for him. That and the air seemed to revive the child. She clung to him, crying, until the dog poked his nose into her hand as he sat beside them on the sleigh seat. Then she smiled and tried to pat him, calling him "Nelo," her word for "Nero," which was the name on his collar. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently to sit up, Mr. Wilkins drove on towards home, planning to send word by the next person that passed his house bound townward, for he felt sure this was Judge Carter's lost daughter.

His work was not over when he reached home, and saw the little group waiting in the window for him. It was necessary to shovel his way in. His wife threw a rope to him from the loft window, attaching a shovel on the other end so that he could haul it out. When the way was clear he brought the now sleeping child in, and told how he had found her and the story he had heard.

Then what a talking and running to and fro commenced! The baby must be petted and fed and put to sleep, and the handsome dog must receive some attention.

THE DELIGHTS OF HOME.

"Will you tell us your name, dear?" said Mrs. Wilkins to the child, as she took her in her arms.

"Name, Nellie," said she, and, sure enough, her gold pin was so engraved. "Mary," "ride," "doggy" and "big man," were all she could say plainly about where she had been. Perhaps no one could understand her sweet prattle but her mother. At the thought of that sorrowing woman, Mrs. Wilkins said with tears in her eyes:

"O Samuel, I'm just grieved thinkin' about this baby's mother. When can we send word?"

"Likes not some one'll be goin' to town in the mornin', Mirandy," he replied.

After drinking a cup of tea which his wife had prepared while he worked, Mr. Wilkins started out to get his horse and sleigh under cover. This done, he prepared for a pleasant evening with his family. After the children had asked questions to their heart's content about his adventure, the talk drifted around to themselves.

"We haven't had any Thanksgiving, father," said Elsie, as she sat on his knee.

"I think we have, child," said Mrs. Wilkins. "Isn't it Thanksgivin' enough to see father back safe? That's better than all the dinners we could eat."

"Never mind, Elsie; we'll keep Thanksgivin' to-morrer," said her father. "I don't know 's it makes much difference when we keep it es long es we're thankful enough."

"An' have lots to eat," put in Bob. "What did you bring us, father?"

"You jest wait till morning an' see, Bob," said Mrs. Wilkins.

When morning came they found the oranges and raisins and all the good things, even to the figs, and to tell of what a feast they had, and how jolly they were, and how the little stranger enjoyed it with them, would be a long story.

It was not hard to interest their nearest neighbor in the lost child, and, as he had kept Thanksgiving on the right day, he volunteered to go at once to town. It was found that a servant had gone to walk with little Nellie and Nero, the dog, a little distance up the road, she had said. They had not returned, but the girl was last seen riding with a stranger whose slouched hat prevented his being recognized. Nothing definite was ever found out, but it was conjectured that she, wanting to be rid of the child and dog without going home, had left them in the old ice house, supposing that the dog's barking would attract attention from passers-by.

The grateful parents insisted on doubling the reward when they learned how much Mr. Wilkins had done to find little Nellie. The sum seemed like a fortune to the poor farmer. He bought more land with it, and very good land it proved to be, so good that it made life less hard for the Wilkins family. Little luxuries, hitherto unknown, became possible, and there never was a time when, from a pecuniary as well as a moral point of view, Mr. Wilkins was not glad he had fought his way through the drifts into the icehouse at the call of the dog and so saved the little one that was lost.

THANKSGIVING PIE.

R. JINKINS used to mention to his dear, devoted mate
How the pie his mother made him was the best he ever ate,
And as how, at gay Thanksgiving, in the merry days gone by,
The delight of his young bosom was his mother's luscious pie.

Mrs. Jinkins tried to please him, and all sorts of pains did take,
But her pie was not as tempting as his mother used to make,

And he only minced and nibbled, while in vain his wife did try
To concoct as good a pastry as his mother's famous pie.

Just to eat a piece of pie with all the long remembered charm,
He returned, one bright Thanksgiving, to the old New England farm,

And his heart was filled with rapture, and his spirits mounted high
As he puckered up his visage for his boyhood's famous pie.

But he found himself unable his Thanksgiving to enjoy
With the same decided relish that he used to when a boy,

And he left the feast half eaten, and admitted, with a sigh,
That the change was in his appetite, and wasn't in the pie.

He discovered that the pleasure of the great Thanksgiving fete
Didn't hinge, the way it used to, upon the things he ate,
And he couldn't leave the table with the same contented sigh,
With his spirit full of rapture and his stomach full of pie.

J. B. SMILEY.

Feeling Bad.

As on the table in pieces it lay,
Said the pumpkin pie, "My cup
Is about as full as can be today—
In fact, I am all cut up."

MELEAGRIS GALLOPAVO.

Which is the "Botanical Name" of the Patriotic Thanksgiving Bird.

If the fathers of the republic had been granted the right and power to create a truly patriotic and native American bird especially for Thanksgiving, and exactly suited for it, they could not possibly have done better than nature had already done. The turkey fills the bill. He is toothsome, he is gamey, he is wholesome, nourishing, and does not cloy. He is born at the right season, "comes in" just at the right time, is better by nature than by cultivation, and he is exclusively American. No other land has such a fowl. He is not only American, he is pan-American—that is, pan-North American. From the woods of the upper Saguenay to the forests of Florida, to speak scientifically, meleagris gallopavo is indigenous—in other words, the wild turkey was found native to the woods.

His intellect also is peculiarly American. He is a wily bird and does not give himself away without sufficient cause. He is ardent in love and savage in war, like other Americans. Like them, too, his ardor has often been the death of him; for it is only by "calling"—that is, imitating the voice of his mate—that the hunter can lure the wild turkey towards him. The practice was condemned by true sportsmen, for it was only practicable during the season when the turkey is not at his best. It is a curious fact, and known to but few in these wild turkeyless times, that the bird himself furnished the bone which served to "call" him to destruction. A single bone, about as long as one's forefinger, in each male turkey is hollow and of just the right shape for piping. With a little practice any one with an average ear can eject the breath through it in a way to make an exact imitation of the female turkey's love notes. At any rate, it is exact enough to deceive the male.

Dr. Franklin may have been joking when he suggested the turkey as the emblem of the United States instead of the eagle, but his suggestion had much to support it. The bird, as aforesaid, is native, exclusively American, wily and warlike. He is also in his native state a traveler and explorer. To the ordinary rivers the wild turkey paid little heed. The St. Lawrence and the Mississippi often baffled him, for it is rare, indeed, for a wild turkey to fly a mile. Even at his best estate he relies more on running than flying. From marked and tagged specimens turned loose after capture it has been shown that the turkey travels far. The great plains of the west barred his progress, however, as he insists on an abundance of clean running water.

Meleagris gallopavo is gone, practically extinct in most of the country, but he is tolerably well represented by Meleagris Americana—the common farmyard fowl—and in Europe the descendants of those turkeys which William Strickland, lieutenant to Sebastian Cabot, carried to England, are numbered by millions and are classified in several species and varieties. From the cradle to the grave the domestic turkey is interesting. First are the delicately tinted and lovely speckled eggs, and in caring for them the female almost resumes her wild nature. She conceals her nest with rare talent, rarely approaches it twice by the same route, and always makes a wide circuit in leaving it for the barnyard, coming in from some other direction with an innocent air that is amusing. The young are almost as tender as babies; it is in August that the growing bird begins to show what is in him. As the fruitful autumn advances he takes on the high and glossy shades of adult life, and in November is in just the right stage to be sacrificed, and most generally is. Peace to his hashes!

A Natural Presumption.

"Great heavens!" said the barnyard rooster, as he watched the feeble fluttering of a poor turkey, after the ax came down, "I wonder what the matter is with his nibs, the gobbler?"

"Well, judging from his actions," replied a facetious little bantam, "I should say that he had lost his head."

Thanksgiving Thoughts.

Be thankful that no speculator has thought to corner the cranberry crop or the turkey product of the land.

Rejoice that the spirit of progress that sneers at the doings of our fathers has not yet been able to affect the mince pie of our mothers.—Harper's Bazar.

Had Been Fired.

Said the turkey in the oven,
As the heat began to burn:
"Yes, I've severed my connection
With the head of my concern."

An Old Fashioned Thanksgiving Dinner.

SOUP.
Pot-au-feu.
BOILED.
Beef, Tomato Sauce.
Stewed Corn. Boiled Potatoes.
ROAST.
Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Lettuce Salad.
DESSERT.
Old Fashioned Bread Pudding.
Mixed Fruit.

Of Course He Was.

First Boarding House Turkey—How are you feeling?

Second Boarding House Turkey—Tough.

At the Thanksgiving Dinner.

"Well, well," said Master Turk, as he
Loomed up in the repast,
"It may be right, but seems to me
I'm losing flesh too fast."

Adapted to Thanksgiving.

At midnight in his fastened coop
The Turk was dreaming of the min'it
Of joy at festal board when
He'd be there, but not be in it.

Thanksgiving comes to crown a bounteous year;
Let's eat our fill of turkey while it's here.

Thanksgiving at a Colored Boarding House.

Mr. Newsome (the carver)—Miss Clufley, would you hab some ob de fowl?

Miss Clufley (thickly, as the bird slides off the dish)—Thanks, Mistah Newsome, but I's would radder hab er little at er time.—Texas Siftings.

The solar eclipse expedition has arrived safely at St. Vincent, Cape de Verde Islands.