

THIS IS NO OTHER THAN GOOD OLD DOC-TOR FOTCHUM AND HIS THANKSGIVING TUR-

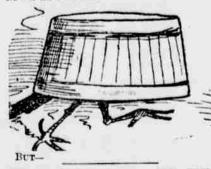


"I RECKON HE'LL KEEP TILL TO-MOR-ROW," SAID GOOD OLD DOCTOR FOTCHUM.



THE STITE STITE

"COME" HE WROTE TO ALL HIS FRIENDS, "COME AND BE THANKFUL WITH ME TO-MOR-



THANKSGIVING NIGHT.

Very Private Theatricals That Can Be Played Before the Guests.

BY KATE FIELD.

Dramatis Personre. LYDIA OSBORNE—A Widow. TOM FLEMING—A Bachelor Cousin.

SCENE-Anywhere. TIME-Thanksgiving. (Tom Fleming discovered seated on sofa in drawing-room, gazing intently at Mrs. OSBORNE's portrait in a photographic album. Mrs. OSBORNE enters, and approaching unnoticed, looks over Tom's shoulder.)

MRS. O .- That Tom Fleming should be caught looking at a woman's photograph!
Tom-I wasn't. I was looking at your late husband's.

MRS. O.—And what is your opinion of my—late husband?
Tom—I think he's to be envied. MRS. O .- Why?

Tom-Because he's in heaven.

Mrs. O .- Well, upon my word, you pay

me a neat compliment. Tom-Pardon me; I spoke without think-

Mrs. O .- Then do you mean to say that

my husband isn't in heaven?

Tom (impatiently)-Confound it! I don't care where he is.

Mrs. O.—Tom, how can you! Tom—That is to say, I mean—I mean—

I don't know what I mean.
Mrs. O.—Evidently. Yet formerly you were very fluent in ventilating your ideas -particularly when they were disagree-

Tom-So were you, Lydia. MRS. O .- No, I wasn't

watches her with interest.)

Tom-Yes, you were.

MRS. O.-No, I wasn't; and I hate contradiction. Now tell me, Tom-is it true that you are a woman-hater?

Tom-Yes. Mrs. O. (clasps her hands with delight)-Capital! Nothing could be better, for I'm a man-hater, and we can rail together, can't we? Tom looks at Mrs. Osnorne with surprise.) May I arrange my hair? You were announced before I had quite finished my toilet, and I'm going to a reception. I must look as well as the women who hate me. (Arranges frizzes. Tom

Tom-If you hate men, what difference does it make how you look?

Mns. O. (laughing) - What a naive ques-

tion! Do you imagine women dress to please men? Why, my dear, unsophisti-cated Tom, they dress to torment one another. This dress will be the death of Julia Stanton.

Tom (quickly)-So much the better. You will not have lived in vain.

Mrs. O.—How dreadful! But let me see —to be sure! You were engaged to her once, were you not?

(Tom turns over leaves of album savagely, but does not reply.)

MRS. O. (takes up needlework and sits in

wmchair. Sings)
"Says the old Obadish to the young Obadish,
'Obadish! Obadish! Obadish!"

Tom (looks up)—What possesses you to
sing that confounded bosh?

Mas. O.-Because I'm bored to death.

Tom (turns round)-Bored to death.

Mrs. O.—I'm glad to hear it. Were you more so, perhaps I'd be less bored.

Tom-I'm not doing anything!
Miss O.—Precisely. If you were doing something besides glaring at that album, and would sit to me for a three-quarter view of your face instead of the back of your head-which is imposing, I admit, but monotonous-you might be agreeable enough. I have often heard of capillary attraction, but beauty is not always led by a single hair, nor even by a whole head of it.

Tom-Lydia, you are the most exasper-ating person I ever knew. MRS. O .- Tell me why. I'm all atten-

Tom-Because-because you are-Mrs. O.—Fiela woman's reason! Tom (in a passion)—Wait until I've finished my sentence. Because you told me you longed to renew our acquaintance; instead of which you've renewed our

quarrels.
Mrs. O.-Didn't one include the other? (Laughing.) I'm sure it did when we were

Tom (seizing hat)-Good afternoon. The

Tom (seizing hat)—Good afternoon. The next time you see me under your roof you'll know it.

MRS. O.—Of course I shall. I'm not an idiot, though I am your cousin. Tom rushes to the door. MRS. O. rushes after him and intercepts his exit.) Ididn't mean it. Tom. I've only been teasing—a luxury I haven't enjoyed since we parted. Come, now, sit down and help make some light-

ers, and I'll be good. (They sit on sofa, MRS. OSBORNE cutting paper for lighters.)

TOM—On that condition I remain with pleasure. But what need have you of lighters? Is smoking one of your accomplishments? plishments?

MRS. O.—Not exactly; though I can smoke to oblige a fellow occasionally.

Tom (quickly)—What fellow?

MRS. O.—Ned.

Tom-Is that all of his name?

Mrs. O. (laughing)—Oh, dear, no! Edward Saunders.

Mrs. O.—My brother.

Tom—And who may he be?

Mrs. O.—My brother.

Tom—Why, you never had a brother.

Mrs. O.—Not a real one, I know. Ned is adopted, and consequently a great deal nicer. One can't help having real brothers, however unpleasant, if they happen to be

born, but one needn't adopt a brother un-less he's likable. Tom-Then you like-Ned? Mns. O.—Like him. I love him!

Tom-The devil! Mrs. O.-Tom, be more choice in your Tom-I beg your pardon. If it is not impertment, I'd like to know why you love—Ned?

Mas. O.-Because, when Mr. Osborne died, he was devotion itself.

Tom (dryly)—Very likely.

Mns. O.—Nothing could exceed his kindness. He gave up ail his engagements to

Tom (ironically)-What a sacrifice to his

Mrs. O. (not heeding Tom's remark—His unselfishness has absolutely revived my faith in his sex-at least in one member of

Tom-Didn't you believe in the man you married?
Mis. O.-I never married any man.

Tom-Bless my soul! wasn,t Mr. Osborne a man? Muss. O.—A man? I suppose so; but I never married him. He married me. There's a difference.

Tom-I suppose there is. What amazes me is that you ever allowed Mr. Osborne

to marry you. Mas. O .- If you had been my father's child, you would not be amazed. I was too young to resist, but I never was a hypocrite. My husband was harsh and cruel and when he died I did not shed a tear.

Tom-delighted at the confession, jumps up and walks about nervously; then recalling "Ned," stops in front of Mrs. OSBORNE). So, not loving your husband, you took to loving Ned. Mns. O.—(indignantly). Ned is a married man!

Tom-That doesn't seem to make the least difference now-a-days. Mrs. O.—I'm ashamed of you, Tom. Ned's wife is as dear to me as himself. Tom (jumps up and sings with delight).
Tol, lol, lol!

MRS. O.—What ails you, Tom? Tom—Nothing, nothing. It's three years isn't it, since the late lamented—

the very late lamented—departed.

Mrs. O.—Three years, four months and

one day.

Tom—What a head for statistics! (More earnestly sitting beside Mrs. O.) Do you know, Lydia, it's a pity that a woman with such capacity—

Mas. O.—I've capacity, have I?

Tom—Please don't interrupt me. I repeat, it's a pity that a woman with such capacity for loving should not bestow it

on a worthy object.

MRS. O.—What sort of an object?

TOM—What sort of an object? A man, to be sure. Do you think I mean a poodle? MRS. O .- Some of my friends are so

much more attached to their poodles than to their husbands that I was in doubt. Tom-This is too bad! Are you never serious, Lydia? Marriage is no laughing

MRs. O .- I am quite aware of that, Tom. Tom-But really, you ought to marry.
Mrs. O.-Good gracious! haven't I been married? Sometimes one dose of medi-

cine effects a cure.
Tom-Sometimes; but this is not one of the times. Do you remember the "man in our town" who jumped into a bramble bush and scratchd out both his eyes. His fate is a graphic illustration of the case in "And when he saw his eyes were out,

With all his might and main He jumped into another bush And scratched them in again.'

Mrs. O. (laughing)-Then you think that at present I am-Tom-Going it blind, to be vulgar but

forcible. I do. Mrs. O.-I thought my eyes had been opened long since.
Tom-Then you thought wrong. You ought to know that a young pretty woman

like yourself-Mrs. O .- What! Tom, the womanhater, paying a compliment?
Tom-Lydia, you've a horrid habit of

interrupting conversation in the middle of a sentence. I say that a woman like you needs a protector to shield her from the world. Miss O .- That sounds beautifully. protector shielded me from the world by leaving me alone in it. He ought to have

married a pack of cards. Poker is much more amusing than a wife.

Tom-Lydia, you're a cynic. There are men-and men. Now I think that in the game of life woman is the "right bower," and that hearts are trumps!

Mrs. O.—Here's a miracle! Since when?

Tom-Since always. You are blind not to know that whenever a man rails at your sex it is because he has been disappointed in one woman and is seeking another. Mns. O .- (rises suddenly). On!

Tom -What's the matter? Mrs. O.—There's a gnat in my eye! How

It pains. Tom-(anxiously). Don't rub it.

Mrs. O.—1 must. Tom—You'll only make it worse. Open your eye and let me see where the beast

MRs. O. (both eyes closed)-I can't. Where are you? (Extends hand.) Tom (gives hand)-Here I am. (Draws MRS. OSBORNE to him and lays her head on his shoulder.) Dearest Lydia, let me te your protector. I have mways cared for

you.

MRS. O. (opens both eyel.)—And I for you,
Tom. That's the leason we used to quarrel. I never read my heart until you left
me that day at croquet. I was to proul
to call you back, and so I married.
TOM—I was too proud to go back without being called, and so I proposed to
Julia Stanton, who thank heaven, jilted
me.

Mrs. O.—Tom, I think I'll jump into another bramble bush. (The rest is left for the reader's imagina-tion.)

STIRRING THANKSGIVING JAM.

I remember a whitewashed kitchen.
Its windows and doors flying wide,
Where indelent summer breezes Were stealing from side to side.

O'er the fire hung the great brass kettle. Where the fam seemed to mutter and sigh, And perched on the table stirring Was a boy-and the boy was I.

My mother had measured the spices, And now stitched away in the shade, With a vigliant glance through the doorway, If the stirrer a moment delayed.

I thought as I stirred, that next winter, On Thanksgiving, some other day, As the company sat at the table, Some one would be sure to say:

This jam is really delicious;" And mother would smile, no doubt, While of the fellow who did the stirring. No one would question about.

My father came up through the sunlight To the door with his quiet tread.

I told him of what I was thinking.

And he smi ed with his hand on my head.

While he said: "Yes, my boy, you know it, And you li find it's the old world a way. That the fellows who put in the spices Will get the most of the pay."

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The most joyous Thanksgiving recorded In American annals occurred in May, 1778, when the news arrived that France had concluded a treaty of friendship and alli-ance with the thirteen States of the American Union. It followed the winter of want and harrowing anxiety which General Washington and his army passed at Valley Forge, on the banks of the Schuylkill, twenty miles above Philadel-

phia. Five months before, there had been a Thanksgiving which was far indeed from being a festival in Washington's camp. Philadelphia had fatlen into the hands of the enemy, and, when winter ap-proached, the American general knew not what to do with his shivering troops.

There was no room for them in the country towns of Pennsylvania, which were filled to overflowing with refugees from the captured capital. General Washington, after much reflection, made up his mind to remain where he was, and create a little town of his own.

So, in his Thanksgiving proclamation of December 17, 1777, he announced to is intention, saying that, "With activity and diligence, huts may be erected that will be warm and dry," in which the troops "will be more secure against surprises and at hand to protect the course." prises and at hand to protect the country." But, first of all, the army must comply with the call of the Honorable Congress to render thanks for the brilliant successes of the recent campaign, which had resulted in the surrender of Burgoyne

and his army. "The general directs that the army remain in its present quarters, and that the chaplains perform divine service with their several corps and brigades, and earnestly exhorts all officers and soldiers, whose absence is not indispensably necessary, to attend with reverence the solem-

nities of the day."

All of which was punctually observed by the army on the 18th of December. Washington never exhibited his emi-nent qualities in a more striking light than he did during the winter at Valley Forge. He was then wholly the great man. The patient endurance of the men was due in great part to his presence, to his manifest sympathy with them, and his known activity on their behalf. The measures which ended the famine, and have the highest symplet in abundant supplies of electricisms. brought in abundant supplies of clothing and food, were directly due to his fore-

sight and energy.

"It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to defend the cause of the United American States, and finally to raise us up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our lib-erty and independency upon a lasting foundation, it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the Divine Goodness, and celebrating the important event which we owe to His Divine Interposition. The several brigades are to be assembled for this purpose at i o'clock to-morrow morning, when their chapiains will communicate the intelligence contained in the Postscript of the Pennsylvania Gazette of the 2d instant, and offer up thanksgiving, and deliver a discourse suitable to the occasion.

"At half after 10 o'clock a cannon will be fired, which is to be a signal for the men to be under arms; the brigade inspectors will then inspect their dress and arms, and form the battalions according to the instructions given them, and announce to the commanding officers of the brigade that the battalions are formed.

"The commanders of brigades will then appoint field-officers to the battalions, after which each battalion will be ordered to load and ground their arms. At half-past eleven a second cannon will be fired as a signal for the march, upon which the several brigades will begin their march by wheeling to the right of platoons, and proceed by the nearest way to the left of their ground by the new position; this will be pointed out by the brigade in-

'A third signal will then be given on which there will be a discharge of thirteen cannon, after which a running fire of the infantry will begin on the right of Woodord's, and will continue throughout the front line; it will then be taken upon the left of the second line, and continue to the right. Upon a signal given, the whole army will huzza:

Long live the King of France! "The artillery then begins again, and fires thirteen rounds; this will be suc-ceeded by a second general discharge of the musketry in a running fire, and

'Long live the friendly European "The last discharge of thirteen pieces of artiliery will be given, followed by a

general running fire, and huzza:
"The American States!" This programme was executed with precision, and the effect was brilliant and picturesque in the extreme. A bright Maysun was shining overhead, new colors were flying, and many of the soldiers were attired in new uniforms. Lafayette

and other French officers were present. In the afternoon General Washington invited the officers and guests to a ban-quet, which was greatly celebrated at the time. An eye witness reports to one of the newspapers that the officers marched to the amphitheatre thirteen abreast, and

arm-in-arm.

Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene, Lady Stirling and her daughter, with many ladies of the neighborhood, graced the scene. Lafayette was in the highest spirits, and triumphant joy shone in every countenance. All over the land, as the news traveled from State to State and town to town, similar scenes of thankstiring and festivity were repealed. giving and festivity were repeated.—Youth's Companion.

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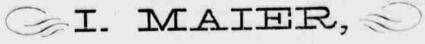
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