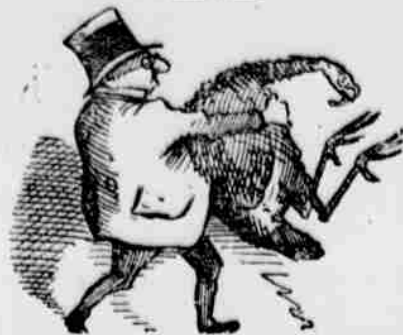


DR. FOTCHUM'S THANKSGIVING.



THIS IS NO OTHER THAN GOOD OLD DOG FOR FOTCHUM AND HIS THANKSGIVING TURKEY.



"I BECKON HE'LL KEEP TILL TO-MORROW," SAID GOOD OLD DOCTOR FOTCHUM.



"COME," HE WROTE TO ALL HIS FRIENDS, "COME AND BE THANKFUL WITH ME TO-MORROW A LA TURKEY."



But—

THANKSGIVING NIGHT.

Very Private Theatricals That Can Be Played Before the Guests.

By KATE FIELD.

Dramatis Personae.

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.—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 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 matter.

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 medicine effects a cure.

Mrs. O.—Sometimes; but this is not one of the times. Do you remember the "man in our town" who jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes. His fate is a graphic illustration of the case in point.

"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.—You thought wrong. You ought to know that a young pretty woman like yourself—

Mrs. O.—What! Tom, the woman-hater, 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.

Mrs. O.—That sounds beautifully. My protector is the world from the world by leaving me alone in it. He ought to have married a piece of cardboard. Poker is much more amusing than a wife.

Mrs. O.—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 falls at your feet it is because he has been disappointed in one woman and is seeking another.

Mrs. O.—(sighs suddenly). Oh! Tom.—What's the matter? Mrs. O.—There's a gnaw in my eye! How it pains.

Mrs. O.—(anxiously). Don't rub it. Mrs. O.—I must. Tom.—You'll only make it worse. Open your eye and let me see where the beast is.

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 be your protector. I have always cared for you.

Mrs. O.—(opens both eyes)—And I for you, Tom. That's the reason we used to quarrel. I never read my heart until you left me that day at Newport. I was so proud to call you back, and so I married.

Mrs. O.—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 imagination.)

STIRRING THANKSGIVING JAM.

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

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

My mother had measured the spices, And now stirred away in the shade, With a vigilant 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 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 smiled with his hand on my head.

While he said, "Yes, my boy, you know it, And he did it a day, That the fellows who put in the spices Will get the most of the pay."

—Harford Times.

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 alliance 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 Philadelphia.

Five months before, there had been a Thanksgiving which was far indeed from being a festival in Washington's camp.

Philadelphia had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and when winter approached, 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 this 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 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 exhort all officers and soldiers, whose absence is not indispensably necessary, to attend with reverence the solemnities of the day.

All of which was punctually observed by the army on the 18th of December.

Washington never exhibited his eminent 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 brought in abundant supplies of clothing and food, were directly due to his foresight 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 liberty and independence 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 9 o'clock to-morrow morning, when their chaplains 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 file-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 inspectors.

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 Woodford'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 succeeded by a second general discharge of the musketry in a running fire, and huzza:

"Long live the friendly European Powers!" "The last discharge of thirteen pieces of artillery 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 May sun 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 banquet, 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, and the news traveled from State to State and town to town, similar scenes of thanksgiving and festivity were repeated.—Youth's Companion.

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