

THANKSGIVING DAY.

With grateful hearts let all give thanks,
 All lands, all stations, and all ranks:
 And the cry comes up along the way,
 For what shall we give thanks to-day?

For peace and plenty, busy mills,
 "The cattle on a thousand hills."
 For bursting barns, wherein is stored
 The gold of grain, a precious hoard:
 Give thanks!

For orchards bearing rosy fruit,
 For yielding pod and toothsome root,
 And all that God declared was good
 In hill or dale, or field or wood:
 Give thanks!

For water bright and sweet and clear,
 A million fountains far and near,
 For gushing streamlets, lakes, and rills
 That flow from everlasting hills:
 Give thanks!

For summer dews and timely frost,
 The sun's bright beams, not one ray lost,
 For willing hands to sow the seed
 And reap the harvest, great indeed:
 Give thanks!

For hearth and home—love's altar fires—
 For loving children, thoughtful sires;
 For tender mothers, gentle wives,
 Who fill our hearts and bless our lives:
 Give thanks!

For heaven's care, life's journey through,
 For health and strength to dare and do,
 For ears to hear, for eyes to see
 Earth's beauteous things on land and sea:
 Give thanks!

—M. A. Kidder.

BESSIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

MOST diffident and modest knock it was. Perhaps because it was so very diffident, so very modest, irritated all the more the peculiarly alert nerves of Mr. Godfrey Kirke.

"Oh, come in, come in!" he cried.

An elderly woman entered the room. She had a small, pale withered face; a kind face, though, pleasant, gentle. She was dressed in a worn dark gown. The net fichu, crossed over her slender shoulders, was clasped by an old-fashioned medallion.

"To-morrow will be Thanksgiving," she said; "I wished to know if I might prepare for the day after."

An originally handsome apartment, this in which the old man sat, and it had been handsomely furnished. Now both the room and its belongings bore the mark of creeping poverty, or extreme penuriousness. The master of the house, seated by the center table, seemed to share the character of the room. He, too, had been handsome once. Now he was expressive only of age and indigence, from the threadbare collar of his limp dressing-gown to the tips of his thin and shabby slippers.

"Prepare what?" he growled.

"Why a turkey, sir; or a pie, or—

"A bit of cranberry-sauce, sir—"

He looked so fierce, her words died in her throat.

"Turkey! And where do you suppose I can get the money to spend on turkey? And pie! To make us all sick, and bring doctors and doctors' bills down on me! And, with a sniff of disgust, "cranberry sauce—the skinniest stuff! No, Mrs. Dotty. A bit of bacon and some bread will be good enough for poor folks like us—good enough."

His housekeeper, for that was the unenviable position Mrs. Dotty occupied in Godfrey Kirke's household, resolved to make one last appeal.



"But I thought perhaps on account of the child," she began.

"The child—the child!" he repeated, frantically, "I'm sick of hearing about her."

Indignation made Mrs. Dotty quite bold for once.

"She's your own granddaughter, sir. That's what she is."

"Well, I didn't ask for her, did I? I never wanted to adopt her. What right had her mother to make such a poor hand of herself by marrying Tom Barrett, and then come back to die here, and leave me her girl? Eh? She's an expense, I tell you; that's all. An expense!"

"The Lord help us, but he's getting worse than ever!" murmured the woman, as, with a bang that was downright disrespectful, she slammed the door behind her.

"You—you, Miss Bessie!"

She started, as she looked up, and saw Bessie Barrett standing so near her. She was a slim, brown-haired little thing, of about seventeen. She was clad in an ill-made gown of coarse maroon cashmere. Her eyes were large, gray, just now very sorrowful. Her lashes and brows were quite black. The delicate features had a pinched look, and the pretty lips were paler than should be the lips of one so young.

"Yes; and I—heard."

"Oh, don't—don't mind, dear!" said Mrs. Dotty, soothingly, putting a hand that looked like wrinkled ivory on the girl's arm. "He is just a cross, sour, lonely old man."

"I do mind!" Bessie passionately cried.

"Oh, I do! I sha'n't stay here! I sha'n't be an expense to him any longer. I will go away somewhere!"

She broke down in a fit of bitter weeping.

"Now, Miss Bessie, dear, you mustn't cry that way; you really mustn't. I loved your mother before you, and I love you."

But the poor, little, old comforter was almost crying herself.

Years before, the Kirkes were the people of wealth and position in that part of the country. But one trouble after another had come upon the house. First, the wife of the master died. Maud, the daughter, married a man whose only crime was poverty. He was a frail, scholarly man, quite unfitted for a fierce struggle against adverse fortune. He fell ill and died. A year later his wife followed him, leaving their child to its grandfather, Godfrey Kirke. To the latter had come the final blow when his only son Robert, his hope and pride, had run away to sea. Then in the house, which since the death of the mistress had been a cheerless and dreary place, began a rigid reign of miserliness and consequent misery.

Bessie broke from her friend and ran upstairs and into her own little bare room. There was no fire in the grate, though the day was cold with the penetrating damp of a wind from off the ocean. She went to the window and stood there looking out across the flat brown marshes, to where the waters tossed, greenish and turbulent.

"A horrid day," she said, with a shiver, "but it can't be worse out than in."

She put on a short old Astrahan jacket, a little felt hat and a pair of much-mended cloth gloves. Then she went quickly down and out.

The dusk, the dreary November dusk, was filling the room when the old man, plodding over his accounts, laid down his pencil and rang the bell. Mrs. Dotty responded. Mr. Kirke kept but one other servant (if Mrs. Dotty could correctly be termed a servant), and she absolutely refused to enter the protesting presence of her master.

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

The meek housekeeper withdrew. Ten minutes later she brought in a tray on which were tea, bread, butter, two cups, two saucers and two plates. Mr. Kirke poured out his tea, shook a little of the sugar he was about to use back in the old silver bowl, added carefully a few drops of milk and cut a slice of bread.

"Butter has gone up three cents in the last week," he said. "I can't afford to use butter."

So he munched his bread dry, with a sense of exaltation in his self-imposed penance. He would not open the door to the poorhouse-door for himself by using butter. But, somehow, the rank tea tasted ranker than usual. Surely the bread was sour. And the gloom outside the small circle that the lamplight illumined seemed singularly dense. What was wrong! What was missing! What was different! He paused, his hand falling by his side. The child—she and Mrs. Dotty had always called her—the child was not here. She used to slip in so quietly, take her seat, and when her meager supper was over, glide away just as softly. Yes, little as he noticed her, she was generally there. He rang the bell sharply.

"Where is she?" he asked Mrs. Dotty, when she popped in her mild old head. There was no need to particularize. Mrs. Dotty cast a swift, searching look around.

"Isn't she here?"

Without waiting for a reply, she turned and ran up the stairs to Bessie's room. There she knocked. No answer. She opened the door, went in. The room was empty.

Hastily she descended the stairs.

"She's not in, sir."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know, sir."

Impatiently Godfrey Kirke pushed his chair back from the table.

"You ought to know; it's your business to know. But it doesn't matter—it doesn't matter in the least."

Down to Hanna in the kitchen went Mrs. Dotty.

"Did you see Miss Bessie?"

"Yes'm. Passin' westward a couple of hours ago—yes'm."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Dotty breathed a relieved sigh. Bessie had probably gone to Rose Dever's house. The Devers lived almost a mile away. As a storm was blowing up she would most likely stay there over night.

About tea o'clock Mr. Kirke's bell again tingled out. Again Mrs. Dotty appeared before him.

"Has the child come in?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know why she went out?"

"I suspect, sir."

"Well, speak up."

"She overheard our conversation to-day."

"Nothing of it," with a very angry flash from very faded eyes, "except that she vowed she would be an expense to you no longer."

"She did, eh?"

"Well, grimly, "I hope she won't!"

The child had a sulky fit. She was probably at the house of some neighbor. She would return when her tantrum had passed off. All this he told himself. Still he sat in his lonely room till long after midnight, listening, listening. When he finally went to bed it was to roll and moan till daylight, in the vague wretchedness of unhappy dreams.

Noon—the noon before Thanksgiving eve,—came, went. Bessie did not return.

All forenoon it rained. Toward evening the rain ceased, and a fog, a chill,

smoky, blinding fog, began to creep up from the Atlantic.

"If you don't mind," said Mrs. Dotty, making her appearance with a shawl over her head, "I'll just run over to Devers' and see what is keeping Miss Bessie."

"Do!" he answered.

She had spoken as if the distance were not worth considering, but it was quite a journey for her. When she returned she looked white and scared.

"She isn't there—hasn't been."

"Hark!" said Godfrey Kirke, holding up one lean hand.

"That is only the carrier with the flour."

"Ask him if he has seen her?"

Mrs. Dotty went into the hall. Almost instantly she returned.

"He has not. He says there is the body of a young woman at the town morgue."

"What!"

Godfrey Kirke leaped from his chair.

"He says that the body of a young girl was found in the East Branch to-day."

Godfrey Kirke sank back in his seat. Mrs. Dotty smiled a hard little smile to herself as she closed the door and went away. She knew how many friends Bessie had. She shrewdly suspected if she were not found at one place she would be at another; and she was maliciously and pleasantly conscious that she had given the hard-hearted old man a genuine scare.

Long the latter sat where she had left him. Thinking. For the first time in years he was thinking, sadly, seriously, solemnly. Thanksgiving-eve! In his wife's time the house was to be gay and cheerful on that night, so filled with comfort and bright anticipations, so odoriferous with the homely fragrance of good things in the kitchen, so delightfully merry with the brisk bustle attendant on the morrow's festivity. Now it was desolate, dreary, darksome with depressing and unutterable gloom. Whose fault was it! His! He decided Godfrey Kirke, as savagely relentless to himself in this moment as he would have been to another. His!

He looked around the dim, shabby room. He looked at the dying fire in the grate. He wondered of what use would be to him now his twenty-thousand in bonds, his eight hundred acres of meadow land, the money he had out at interest. He rose in a dazed kind of way, a shadowy purpose taking definite form in his mind. He wished he had been better to Bessie; he wished—but what was the use of wishing now! There could be but one satisfactory answer to all his self-condemnation. A shot from the revolver in the drawer under the table. He rose. He moved toward the table. His figure cast a fantastic shadow on the wall. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. There might be Thanksgiving for his death, though there could never have been any for his life.

"He had the weapon in his hand." He started nervously. Was that Bessie's voice! He turned, dropping the revolver with a clatter. Yes, there she was, not three feet away, fresh, fair, damp, smiling.

"It is the queerest thing," she said, coming toward him as she spoke. "I felt—badly—yesterday, and I went over to Mrs. Farnham's to see if she could get me work. I met Mrs. Nelson, and she asked me to go home with her. Dicky was ill, and she wanted me to stay over night. She sent you a note. At least she sent the boy with it, but he lost it, and only told her so this afternoon. As soon as I knew that I started home alone—although Dicky was no better."

"Yes!" said Godfrey Kirke. He was listening with an unusual degree of interest.

"And to-night, when I was almost here, (Nelson's is quite two miles away, you know), I got lost in the fog."

Her grandfather regarded her in amazement. What made her pale cheeks so bright? What excitement had blackened her gray eyes?

"And—a gentleman who was coming here found me, and—brought me home. Please thank him, grandpa. Here he is!"

With an incredulous, gasping cry, Godfrey Kirke retreated, as a big, brown, muscular fellow came dashing in from the hall.

"Robert!"

"Father!"

Then they were clasped in each other's arms.

"I'm back from the sea for good,



father. And I chanced to find my little niece Bessie lost out there in the fog. A young lady, I vow! And I was thinking of her as a more baby yet! Just think! She tells me Charlie Nelson wants her—"

"No? Well, Charlie is a fine fellow. He can have her—a year from to-day." So now you know why the Kirke homestead is dazzling with lights and flowers, and why it resounds with laughter this Thanksgiving; why old Godfrey

wears a brann-new suit, and a flower in his buttonhole; why Robert, in his right place, looked so proud and pleased; why dear, busy little Mrs. Dotty beams benignly; why Bessie, gowned in snowy, shining silk, thinks this is a lovely old world after all; why Charlie Nelson is so blessedly content, and why in each and every heart reigns supreme Thanksgiving.—The Ledger.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Suburban Clock—Superiority—After Something Definite—Well Up in His Part—Why Cert'nly.

A SUBURBAN CLOCK.

Caller—Land sakes! How late it is! Mrs. Suburb—Oh, you mustn't go by that clock. It's two hours fast.

Caller—Why don't you set it right?

Mrs. Suburb—Horrors, no! Don't touch it. That's the clock my husband catches trains by.—[New York Weekly.

SUPERIORITY.

Mamma—Why do you put on such airs over that little girl?

Wife—Woman—Her mother hasn't bought teeth like you has.

AFTER SOMETHING DEFINITE.

Miss Flyppent—When is your birthday, Miss Elderkin?

Miss Elderkin—I was born on June 30.

Miss Flyppent—Old style or new style?

WELL UP IN HIS PART.

"I wonder what your father will say when I ask him for your hand?"

"Don't worry about that, dear. He rehearsed it with me this morning, and he does it beautifully."—[Chicago News Record.

A LIBERAL HUSBAND.

"You have a charming home, sir, and if you will permit me to say so, you have a most amiable wife."

"You're right, my friend; I refuse my wife nothing, and she will tell you so herself. Come, open your mouth, Mary, and show the new set of teeth I bought for you yesterday."—[European Exchange.

WHY, CERT'NLY.

Chappie—I'll bet you ten dollars I can borrow ten dollars sooner than you can.

Cholly—Done—lend me ten dollars to put up.

Chappie—Certainly, dear boy (and then he faints).—[New York Herald.

A BASE SLANDER.

Winks—Folks say you always leave immediately after the sermon, so as to escape the contribution box.

Jinks (hotly)—It's a base slander! The only reason I start so early is to get first pick of the umbrellas.—[New York Weekly.

COULDN'T TELL.

Mrs. Kingley—Mrs. Whipper trims all her own bonnets. Don't you think she is smart?

Mrs. Bingo—I don't know. I haven't seen the bonnets.

THE ATTRACTION.

Prunella—Will Winthrop loves you for your money?

Priscilla—No; he doesn't know that I have any, so it can't be that.

Prunella—But what else could it be?

MYSTERY OF A NIGHT.

First Pullman Porter—Golly, chile, but I had a time last night.

Second Pullman Porter—What's de matter?

"Thought I los' a shoe. Looked fo' it high and low, den gub it up an' waitid fo' de passenger ter kick."

"And did he?"

"Hub! Reckon he didn't. Come out after while, stumpin' roun' wid one leg."—[Chicago News Record.

ONLY HALF WAY.

Algy—Mr. Bunker, I think I have been in your employ to be entitled to an increase in salary.

Bunker—I agree with you partly, Mr. Bluffers, I think you have been in my employ long enough. You can go.—[Exchange.

HE WAS EXTRAVAGANT.

Mrs. Bronson—What, been getting yourself another \$8 hat? Charley, you're too extravagant altogether.

Mr. Bronson (penitently)—I'm afraid you're right, Mary. And I won't do it again. Truly, I won't.

Mrs. Bronson (breaking into tears)—And you forgot all about the new \$35 bonnet I wanted you to bring down.—[Chicago News.

ONE OF MANY.

Mr. Flightie—Mere talent is not appreciated nowadays. Oh, if I only had a touch of real genius—

Wife—Genius isn't what you need.

"Eh? What, then?"

"Horse sense."

SHOCKED AND INTERESTED.

Jeanette—Terrible, that about Nora, isn't it? She has married just for money.

Glady—Well, did she get the money?

Jeanette—Yes, it's terrible. How did she manage it?—[Chicago News Record.

AN UNFAIRING TEST.

Foreign Visitor—Is that college a really fine educational institution?

American (proudly)—Is it? I should say it was. They've got the most idiotic college yell to be heard in the whole country, sir—yes, sir.—[New York Weekly.

OWES HIM MUCH.

"You see that man crossing the street? Well, I am greatly indebted to him, and indeed I can't tell you how much I owe him. One thing is certain—I never can repay him."

"He must be your father, since there is no other man to whom you can be under such obligations."

"No, he's my landlord."

A LOVE STORY.

Augustus Fitzgibbons Moran Fell in love with Maria McCann; With a yell and a whoop He cleared the front stoop Just ahead of her papa's brogan. —[Harlem Life.

A GOOD REASON.

Mother—Do you know why your pa called Mr. Blowhard a liar, Tommy?

Tommy—Yes'm; he's a smaller man than pa.—[Harlem Life.

Thanksgiving: Roast Pig.

Take a choice fat pig six weeks old, not younger, though it may be a little older. Have it carefully killed and dressed, and thoroughly washed. Trim out carefully with a sharp, narrow-bladed knife the inside of the mouth and ears, cut out the tongue and chop off the end of the snout. Rub the pig well with a mixture of salt, pepper and pounded sage, and sprinkle it rather liberally with red pepper, and a dash outside, too.

Make a rich stuffing of bread crumbs—corn bread stuffing is de rigueur for pig, though you can put half of one and half of the other inside of Mr. Piggy if somebody insists on loaf bread stuffing. If you use corn bread, have a thick, rich pone of bread baked, and crumble it as soon as it is cool enough to handle, season it highly with black and red pepper, sage, thyme, savory, marjoram, minced onion—just enough to flavor it, and plenty of fresh butter; moisten it well with stock, cream, or even hot water. Stuff the pig well and sew it up closely.

If you have a tin roaster and open fire, the pig will be roasted by that much better. If you have not, put the pig in a long pan and set it in the oven, and leave the stove door open until the pig begins to cook, gradually closing the door, so that the cooking will not be done too fast. The pig must be well dredged with flour when put in the pan. Mix some flour and butter together in a plate, and pour about a quart of hot water in the pan with the pig when it is put on the fire. Have a larding-mop in the plate of flour and butter, and mop the pig frequently with the mixture while it is roasting.

If a roaster is used, set it about two feet from the fire at first, but continue to move it nearer and nearer as the pig cooks. Baste it frequently with the water in the pan between whistles of mopping with flour and butter.

To be sure the pig is done, thrust a skewer through the thickest part of him; if no pink or reddish juice oozes out it is done, and ought to be a rich brown all over. When the pig is done pour the gravy in a saucepan and cook it sufficiently. This will not be necessary if the pig was cooked in the stove oven. The pig's liver may be boiled in well salted water, pouched up, and added to the gravy, which should be very savory and plentiful.

The pig should be invariably served with baked sweet potatoes and plenty of good pickle and sauce, either mushroom or green pepper catsup, for despite his toothsome, roast pig is not very safe eating without plenty of red pepper.—Good Housekeeper.

An Informal Repast.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Brown, "you would like me to wear a new dress at this Thanksgiving dinner you are going to give?"

"Can't afford it," growled old Brown. "As long as you have the turkey well dressed you will pass muster."—Judge.

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

As Thanksgiving Day waxes down this way The strutting turkey is ill at ease; 'I'm poor as the turkey of Job," says he; 'Tough and unfit to eat, you see; I gobble no more of my pigsticker; Let some poor fellow should gonole me; And a turkey buzzard I think I'll be. For the present, if you please." —Binghamton Republican.

Cause for Thankgiving.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Willie, have you had anything during the week to be especially thankful for?"

Willie—"Yes'm, Johnny Podgers sprained his wrist and I licked him for the first time yesterday."—Burlington Free Press.

A Thought For the Season.

He in whose store of blessings there may be Enough, and yet to spare, Bestowing, with a gentle charity, Upon the poor a share. By all the goodness that his gifts provide Will have his own thanksgiving multiplied.

Tommy's Dream on Thanksgiving Night

Tommy's Dream on Thanksgiving Night

Tommy's Dream on Thanksgiving Night



THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

MISS LAKESIDE—SO you are engaged to Charlie Smith! Well, I would not be in your shoes!

Miss Murrayhill—I dare say not, dear. They would pinch you terribly.

A REAL HERO.

"I love you so," said Chappie dear (The charming little fellow), "I go out in the wain for you Without my new umbrella."

—New York Herald.

A WITTY JUDGE.

In court:— Lawyer (pleading for the defendant)—I propose to show there is no man living who is more pretentious, more bombastic and more corrupt than the plaintiff in this case.

Judge—You forget yourself, sir.

SET HIM RIGHT.

He—One has only to look at your lips and see that you are intended for kisses.

She—On the contrary, the kisses are for my intended.—[New York Herald.

TWO WAYS OF PUTTING IT.

"I think," said Miss Sweete to Mr. Oldbach, "I think she's too young for you."

"Well," said Oldbach, smiling, "perhaps she is."

"Yes," said Miss Smart, "you are too old for her."

"I am, am I?" said Mr. Oldbach, as a red wave passed over his face and a dark frown clouded his brow; "I guess you don't know what you are talking about."—[New York Press.

DEFENSIVE MEASURES.

Bonds—Are you quick at footing figurars, Coupons?

Compons—Yes, if they're dude's figures, I have an only daughter.

A REGULAR CINCH.

Higgs—Are you following the horses now?

Briggs—Oh, yes.

Higgs—Find it pays you any better than it did before?

Briggs—Much. I'm driving a street car.—[Judge.

BANG UP STYLE.

"Did you notice that Miss Pompadour had her hair brushed upon her forehead to-night?"

"Yes; I thought it was a bang up way of dressing it!"

A TWISTED QUOTATION.

"Will you have another cup of coffee?" the landlady asked the boarder.

He shook his head.

"The spirit is willing," he said, "but the coffee is weak."—[New York Press.

CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.

The imprint of a Human Face Upon a Baby's Hand.

The little hamlet of Roseburgh, S. C., is to the fore with a curiosity which is ahead of all others. This is a 3-week-old baby, whose right hand bears the imprint of a human face. The face occupies nearly the whole palm, and is as clearly outlined as if drawn on porcelain. It is the countenance of a little child about three years old lying asleep, with the eyelashes drawn in fine dark lines on the full cheeks. The mouth seems to be slightly parted and the lips are delicately tinted.

The baby whose palm contains this singular portraiture is the child of Clarke Osborne, a thriving merchant of Roseburgh, and Mrs. Osborne declares that the face in the infant's palm is that of a little girl she lost about three months before the baby's birth. Relatives and intimate friends also profess to be able to see a strong resemblance to the dead child.

When the baby was first put in its mother's arms, she looked at the hands, and with a loud cry fainted away, but on coming to herself exhibited the little creature's hands to the attendants, who saw at once the strange likeness to the dead and gone sister. Mrs. Osborne was at first much frightened over the singular circumstance, but at last became convinced that this strange portrait was sent to comfort her. Physicians say, however, that the mother's caresses of the dead child impressed the unborn infant, who merely repeated her mental pictures of the little girl as she last beheld it.

The image on the palm was much clearer the first few days of the baby's life than now, and is thought to be gradually fading away. The family are very sensitive on the subject, and have refused to show the child except to relatives and most intimate friends, but a dime museum manager has already made propositions, which have been declined. —[Philadelphia Times.

Sunday in Western Cities.

They have an American Sunday in St. Louis. It is the same as what we in the East call a European Sunday. But it becomes apparent to whoever travels far in the United States that the only Sunday which deserves a distinct title is that of England, New England, and the Atlantic coast. The Sunday of Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati, New Orleans, St. Louis, and most of the larger cities of the major part of our land is European, if you please; but it is also American. In St. Louis the theatres, groggeries, dives, "melodrens," cigar stores, candy stores, and refreshment places of every kind are all kept wide open. The street cars carry on their heaviest trade, and the streets are crowded then as on no other day of the week. On the other days the city keeps up, in a great part, the measure of its old river-side hospitality, a survival of the merry era of the steamboats. The numerous night resorts—the variety and music halls, the dance-houses and the beer-gardens, blaze out with a prominence nothing gets by day.—[Harper's Magazine.

The Cranberry Cure.

It was mentioned in a late Cranberry Growers' Convention that fifty persons to whom had been given each a basket of cranberries during a recent prevalence of the grip, had used the sauce freely and daily, and in every case the strange disease had passed them by. An acid treatment, too, was recommended for cholera prevention. Would cranberry sauce answer in that case?—[New York World.