The earth is brown and the skies are gray, And the windy woods are bare, And the first white flakes of the coming snow Are affoat in the frosty air.

But the sparks fly up from the hickory log And the homestead's broad stone hearth. And the windows shake and the rafters ring To the lads and the lasses' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and worn, And his locks are thin and white, But his hand is firm and his voice is clear, And his eye is blue and bright As he turns to look at his sweet old wife,

Who sits in the gown of gray, With cobweb kerchief and creamy frills She wore on her wedding day.

He bows his head to the laden board. And his guests they are silent all-"Thanksgiving, Lord, for the rain and sun, And the fruit on the orchard wall, For the silver wheat and the golden corn.

And the star of a toilsome life, The greatest blessing that Thou canst give-A true and loving wife!"

This white-haired lover he bends to kiss Her hand in its frill of lace, And the faded rose on her wrinkled cheek,

With a proud and courtly grace. And the snowflakes click on the window pane.

And the rafters ring above, And angels carol the farmer's thanks As they mount to the Gates of Love. -Minna Irving.

"THANKSGIVING'S" LOVER.

RY S. J. EDWARDS.



EFORE the great bakeoven built into the huge stone chimney of Captain John Folsom's house there sat a fair young girl on a lowery morning of November, 1777, and near her, basting a fat goose on the spit befor a log fire, stood another even fairer than These she.

maidens, clad in coarse linsey woolsey garments of homespun their hair concealed except for a few locks that wandered from beneath the linen handkerchiefs with which it was protected, the sleeves rolled to the elbows, revealing arms that were fair to look upon, so white were they and of such exquisite roundness, were busy with the preparation of a feast, and the natural tint of their cheeks, which was as delicate as the peach blossom, was heightened by reason of the heat that came from the cracking logs.

She who stood at the door of the bakeoven hesitated a moment and turned her head slightly to one side as though she listened. Then tossing her hand gently, as though to indicate that her ears had been misled, perhaps by the wind without, she or the oven door and smiled as she perceived the fragrant odor which came from the cavern within. With a broom splint she penetrated the crust which surmounted a great pie that she might learn whether the baking was well done, and then she turned to her companion and said:

"Twill be a fine feast for Uncle John when he returns to-day. Surely he said he would be back by noon.' The maiden who had the spitted



"BASTING A FAT GOOSE ON THE SPIT."

goose in charge paused for a moment in her task of anointing it with rich gravy, and said: "Father will be here, I know, if the

what may happen to our militia, parading here and tramping there that they may observe the redcoats. Father and gentle manners prevailed. had, I think, some serious business night, and mayhap he will not come to sit at dinner with us. 'Twill be a

John delights to eat them, covered with the gravy of the dish.'

For some moments the maidens continued these preparations, and then window, and peering out for an instant turned and opened the door, handsome man and well favored and can be concealed." it turned upon its rusty hinges. "What is it that you hear, Abbie?"

said the other.

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING, they stood thus framed by the door- have that confidence in you that I am have not a moment to lose." And that town.

their step, and surely that is Ephra- few miles away."

Abbie returned to the kitchen and made preparations for the great table to receive the bounty with which the day was to be celebrated, while the other maid stood awaiting the coming of her father. She saw the company as it marched around the bend in the road, with her father at the head, and she was going forth to meet them, when of a sudden she halted. The look of joy upon her face was changed to one of wonderment, and she stood, her head bent slightly forward, that she might the better see, perplexing and hesitating.

The company had come as near to the farmhouse as the meadow that adjoined it on the west, and there they halted, and the maiden saw that one was with them who was not of the company when they marched away the night before. He stood alone, erect, constrained, and she perceived that his hands were tied with thongs behind his back. She saw her father talking earnestly and seemingly directing two or three men of the company to take this man in charge, and scarcely knowing what she did she approached her father and was so near that she could have put her hand upon his shoulder before he saw her.

'you were captured within our lines them until you return." without a pass and having no authority to be there. I am going to send you asked Thankful in a merry mood. with a guard to the commander of our miles or so beyond. He will discover dignity of gentle sport. whether you are no British spy, but

our lines by accident." "What has he done, father?" the girl asked, for she was filled with pity for this man, who seemed so proud and

yet so pleading in his manner. "What Thankful, is it you? Why are you here, my daughter?" said the

Captain. "I came to welcome you, father." "But this is no place for you. have a prisoner.'

"A prisoner! Surely he can do no harm. He is not like an army man land which they were pleased to hear, ing bitterly. and he seems well favored."

"Nevertheless we found him wandering within our lines and there are ple differed from the simple customs his gang!" the Captain shouted, and spies about and he may be one of

"A spy? Surely, I think not." And the girl went to the prisoner and stood before him in the innocence ful had already won his high regard. of maidenly confidence and looked full into his eyes, lifting her head to do so, for he was tall and seemed to tower far above her in his splendid presence.

"You are no spy," she said at last. "No, my child, not a spy. I am an

what is better-you have sympathy. The girl went back to her father and she said:

who is somewhere in the Jerseys with | been good to me these many years, but | Washington, should by accident be he has been best to me to-day. So her it was demonstrated that he had told captured by the redcoats. It would name shall be Thanksgiving since she the truth when he said that he had break your heart and mine if they took is born upon that day; and that, sir, strayed within the patriot lines by achim for a spy. Surely there is truth is my name, although they call me, for cident. in this man's words. Come, bring him | the sake of shortness, Thankful." with you. Don't you remember that | She said this with such modesty and it is Thanksgiving Day, and that we with such delicious suggestion of grace, are to have a roasted goose and a chicken and her cheeks were so gently flushed pie, and Abbie has baked a glorious and her eyes so bright, that the young pumpkin pie? Let him come and be officer could not conceal the admiraour guest, and I'll warrant he'll promise tion for her which had seized him, and me that he will make no effort to when she perceived it she turned away escape until you hear from the General with gentle coquetry. Thus this what shall be done with him."

truth. My daughter's intuitions are long acquainted. year after the harvest to give thanks panting into the room. to the Lord and to eat a great feast will ask you to share this with us. You able to speak for lack of breath. will be a prisoner, but I will take your parole that you will make no effort to escape."

"You do me honor, sir. I give my parole to you, and, if I may be per-

interceded for me." They unloosed his thongs, and when "Father will be here, I know, if the his hands were free he stepped up to he'll have him hanged to a tree for re-Lord permits, but in these dark days Mistress Thankful and he took her hand venge." that are upon us, Abbie, who can tell and bended over it with the courtesy and grace of one who had been accustomed to places where high breeding

They had a fine feast at Captain Folwhich led the company away last som's table, and the British officer being no longer under great restraint, became most companionable and ven- Let him go with me and I will hide sorry feast for us if we must eat alone. tured gentle jests with Thankful and him."

How is the pie?" Thankful brought the officer's cloak riously with Captain Folsom upon the war and its battles they-Thankful and the house till he returned." Abbie-under pretense of some engagewhich creaked with mighty moans as moreover very young for one of his stature and of his rank, for it was

plain that he was a high officer. "It seems to me that I hear the merrymaking, and Captain Folsom, and the officer, even in the suspense their grandfather and great grandmarch of the company, and still I do being greatly impressed with the man- and terror of the moment, perceived father met his Thanksgiving. not know but 'tis the wind. See, the ifest honor and nobility of his pristhat she had assumed the manner of snow has begun to fall a little." The oner guest, had such confidence that he one who had authority and can exerother maiden arose and went to the at last said: "Sir, I do not know cise it. She stood erect, her head door, and so they stood side by side, whether your rank would permit me thrown back, her eyes very bright, two legions, each containing 4500 men. peering out far down the highway to to call you Captain or Major or Colo-her cheeks now somewhat pale, and The unit of the legion was the manithe turn of the road, where it skirted nel, for one of these offices I know she said: "You must go, sir. I com- pulus, 100 men, commanded by a centhe Long Island Sound. And such a must be yours. You do not care to mand it. Go with him. Hark. Don't turion. The legion was commanded

sill and jamb as would have delighted | willing to leave you for awhile with then as he did not stir she went up to the eyes of any of the young mea of these gentle guards, my daughter and him pleadingly and with gentle man-"Tis true, Abbie; 'tis true. I hear consequence in the village, which is a was she said or did; she put her hand



"YOU ARE NO SPY," SHE SAID.

"I am grateful for your confidence, sir, and shall not destroy it. While

"Will you promise to obey us?" "In all things," he replied, bowing

"I exact only one promise, sir," have strayed, as you have said, within said the Captain, "and that is that you

> "I give that promise willingly." After Captain Folsom had gone away the young officer sought even shout, a great rushing noise, the door the more earnestly to entertain these was burst open and Captain Folsom maidens, and their intuition taught and some of his company entered. them that their charms had found "What is this? What is this?" he said. favor in his sight, for he looked upon them with admiring glances, although ence. He told them stories of Eng- tried to prevent it," said Abbie, cryand of life among the nobility there and how the ways of those titled peoof their kindred in the American colonies, and he asked the maidens many it was plain to see that Mistress Than ?-

> "Tell me," said he, "how is it that they call you Thankful? 'Tis a pretty name, and well given to you, I should say, but I never heard it before I heard her tenderly and carried her to her them call you by it."

"But it is not my name," she said. officer of the King's army who has 'I have heard my mother say that on that her lips moved they were restrayed within your lines. Thank you one Thanksgiving Day they sent to my for your sympathy. You have beauty father, who was in the church, and thanksgiving to God that He had in your face, my child, but you have bade him hurry home, and when he came home he found me there, though I was not there went he went away, and so he said, as he held me up: 'It "Father, suppose my brother John, is Thanksgiving Day. The Lord has his charge to the outposts of the Brit-

Thanksgiving afternoon, which had The Captain seemed to hesitate for promised to be so dreary a time for a moment, and then turning to his him, was one of joy, and when the prisoner he said: "Sir, I am myself shades of evening came and the candles impressed with your dignity of man- were lighted the maidens and the young ner. It may be that you speak the officer were like those who had been

that it is so. I have changed my mind. In the evening the girls brought ap-I shall send a messenger to the General ples and nuts and cider, and they were with a dispatch telling of your capture, having a merry time, when of a sudden and then whatever he commands-that Abbie arose and went to the door. Her will I do. Meanwhile, sir, it is our quick ears had detected a strange feast day. We are accustomed every sound. A moment later a lad came

"Look out, Thankful; they are comand to make merry in our families. I ing to attack you," he said, scarcely

"They? Who? Who can attack us?" "Tis Ben Williams and his gang. Twas yesterday that the cowboys captured a lad-a cousin of Ben Williams -and for some reason they hanged mitted, to this fair maiden who has him, and now Ben is bound to have

A moment later a young man with a known to you. There's trouble brewing, I fear. They are coming to take come." the officer away and to do him harm.

"Tis nearly done, I think, and the meats and bounties with gentle dig- and hat and bade him go, but to her Folsom that his daughter Thankful such a pie was never made. 'Tis full nity and unconscious grace. And amazement he refused. 'I cannot was compelled to leave him when she of giblets, for you know that Uncle when she turned to converse more se- go," he said. "I gave your father my married this man whose life she had

ment for the preparation of the des- brute. He will take you out and kill he took her to his estates in England, she who was called Abbie went to the sert, glanced furtively at him and ex- you, sir. Go under the escort of the which were great, and there as long as changed confidences that he was a guard and he will take you where you they lived, and to this day among their

sicture did these fair maidens make as tell us your name or your rank, but I you hear that mob shouting? You by a tribune (brigadier general).

my niece, for I have a mission of some | ner, not knowing seemingly what it upon his arm with gentle touch, and

she said "Go, go; for my sake, go." "For your sake?" he murmured, and he seemed to hesitate, and then she turned to the guard and bade him lead the officer forth. But at that moment the cry of the mob was so distinct that it revealed that escape was impossible. Thankful bade the guard step in and bolt the door, and commanded him to use his musket if anyone should try to force an entrance. And even as she spoke the door was forced and an ugly face was protruded, and some one shouted: "Come out, you redcoat!" and would have said more had he not been felled by the butt of the guard's

The door was closed and bolted, and the guard stood with the manner of defiance. In an instant Thankful had made disposition of the officer. Before he was aware what she was doing she had led him to the settle in the chimney corner, and she bade him to be seated there. None too soon, for the window was forced open and some one shouted: "Come out, you cur, or we will shoot you where you are!"

"Oh, you coward-you coward, Ben Williams! He has done you no harm, and he is unprotected," and Thankful, speaking thus, placed herself so that she stood directly before the officer. "Sir," she heard her father say, these maidens guard me I shall protect There was a crash, a confusion of sounds, for they were trying to force the door. The officer, then realizing that this fair maiden was protecting him with her body, pushed her aside. army, who is in the camp a dozen with grace, and yet with the mock saying: "No, no; I cannot permit this. You must not be injured. Let me pass." At that moment a musket was discharged, and the officer, perwill not quit this house until my re- ceiving that Thankful was reeling, supported her in his arms. She had received the shot instead of him.

A moment later there was a mighty

"Ah, uncle. Ben Williams and his gang are trying to capture the officer, with the greatest courtesy and defer- and they have shot Thankful as she

"Williams, take him away; bind him; put him in the guardhouse with then kneeling down over the body of his daughter he mouned, saying: "My things about their manner of life, and Thankful, my Thankful; oh, my daughter, they have killed you!" "They have killed her, sir, while

she was trying to save my life," said the officer, and he wept like a child. But she was not dead. They lifted room under the gable roof and when they saw that she opened her eyes and

spared her life that night. from the General instructing Captain Folsom to deliver the prisoner under ish army at the Bronx in exchange, for

As he was about to go away he said to Captain Folsom: "I have one favor to ask. May I see Mistress Thankful for an instant alone?" It was permitted. He went and stood by her bed-side and took her hand, "Thankful," said he, "I am going away. It is not right that I should speak to you except in thanks, for I am an officer in an army opposed to yours, but I may say this: I heard your unconscious confession when you bade me go for your sake, and your sweet words then uttered will be in my memory until I come back again when these battles are over." and then he kneeled tenderly over her and touched his lips to her forehead.

When he looked at her he saw the glance of exquisite joy which she could not conceal, and he perceived that gentle tears were coursing down her cheeks, which she did not care to wipe away, and he knew they were tears of

Six years later, on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, a trayeler dismounted from his horse in front of Captain Folsom's forge-for the Captain was a blacksmith in time of peace. The traveler looked curiously about, revenge, and he has heard that there is as though not sure that this was the a British officer here, and he swears place he sought, when his eyes rested upon a maiden who was standing in the doorway. It seemed to him as though the picture which he had seen musket in his hand entered the door in that identical spot six years before and he said: "Mistress Thankful, your on the day of his departure was there father left me here on guard unbe. again. He went up to her and said: "Thankful, my Thanksgiving. I have

"I knew you would," she said, and with such gentle sweetness of manner that he took her to his arms.

It was a grievous sorrow to Captain word of honor that I would not leave saved, but it was a joy for him to know that she had a husband worthy of her. "But you must. Ben Williams is a She had married Sir John Sterling, and descendants, the last Thursday in But the officer would not stir. He November in every year is celebrated would only say that he had given his as a thanksgiving ceremonial, and in pledge and he would not break it. In the evening to the children every year In the afternoon there was gentle an instant Thankful seem changed, is told this romance of the day when

A Roman consular army comprised

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Saunterer-Proportioned to the Stringency-Form a Syndicate-How Those Girls Love One Another, Etc.

THE SAUNTERER. Oh, tell me, brave aeronaut-

And tell me true, I pray-Why do you risk your precious life In such a reckless way?

The hero sadly smiled and said: "A man, by harsh fate whirled, Will risk his all, if only he Can get up in the world." -- [Boston Budget.

PROPORTIONED TO THE STRINGENCY.

Isabel-Clarence, did papa look glad when you asked him if you might have Clarence-Glad! His smile went three

his back!-- [Detroit News-Tribune.

FORM A SYNDICATE. Sarah-Yes, papa has looked up his record and finds that the wretch is engaged to three of us at this very

Agnes--(another victim)-Oh, isn't it plendid! We can all employ the same lawyer and save quite a little. - Detroit News-Tribune.

HOW THOSE GIRLS LOVE ONE ANOTHER. Penelope Pert-What makes you think

he is in love with me? Constance Clover-He asks you to sing. A SAVAGE CUT.

Tufft Hunter (of London, England)

Is it-aw-twee that youh American Indians-aw-cawn't raise mustaches, dontcher know? Tony Adams (of Nebraska)-I don't

think they can. But what's the matter with some of the fine heads of hair they

TOO EARLY.

"Been fishing?" "Yes."

"Catch anything?"

"Yes."

"What?" "I don't know yet. I'll have to ask the doctor."

UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

husband's miniature painted and wears have you to say for yourselves?" it under her chin." kept him under her thumb."

ARTISTICALLY HANDLED.

"Did you hear about young D'Art, the china painter?" "No; what is it?" "He has been served like his own

china," "How is that?"

"His wife's father fired him." A "COUPE DOUBLE."

Maisie-Mrs. Homeleigh, have you got to me. I'm going to marry your mother. another face?

Mrs. Homeleigh-No, my dear. What makes you ask? Maisie-Well, I heard mother say you were two-faced; but I thought if you

one you do. IT HAD A PULL. Groaning Customer-I wish I was like

that razor Barber-Why sir?

Groaning Customer-I'm just going into politics.-[Chicago Record. FORCE OF HABIT.

"Will you give me this little hand?" he pleaded lovingly.
"Reginald, this hand is already

pledged," she replied. "I will redeem it," he answered absently, "if you will let me have the pawn ticket."

"I am very much disappointed in humor and snarled, showing their teeth Reginald," said Mr. Cumrox. and lashing their tales as meat was hand-"I suppose so," replied the fond ed to them. other. "That seems to be a daily story When the mother.

with you." "Maybe 'tis. But this came of taking him at his own word. When he got great cat sprang forward partly against home from school he said that he was a the trainer, knocking him backward and

A NEIGHBORLY TURN.

He (at the husking bee)-I haven't found a red ear yet. She-You make me blush up to my ears. Ain't they a little red?

A CARRLESS VOUTH.

"Cholly's in disgrace at the club again!" said Willie Wibbles, "Deah! Deah! You don't say so He's always in twouble, isn't he? was only lawst week that came out without his twousahs wolled

"Its worse this time." "How?"

"This mohning he forgot to bwush and comb his chwysanthemum."-[Washing-

THE LAST RESORT.

The Wife-Can you give me any The Husband-I haven't a cent. in the house! What are we going to

The Husband-I don't know. I'm afraid we shall have to fall back on your leg of mutton sleeves. - [New York furiously.

WELL NAMED.

"So," said Jaxon, "our Chicago friend Blower, has a new boy at his house?" "Yos, and he has named him Hamlet."

troit Free Press. JUST THE MAN HE WANTED.

A tall young fellow came bustling down the street. The red-nosed man stood directly in his path and began: "My friend, I'm a moulder by trade and I got sick last summer and I'm hungry and I want to get a few cents to get something to cat and a night's lodging.

I've got seven cents-' "Ah!" said the tall young fellow, grasping his outstretched hand and shaking it cordially, "you're just the man I want to see. Give me a nickel, will

And the red-nosed man was so surprised that he almost did it .- Buffalo Express.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Clergyman (to bride)-Do you promise to love, honor and obey? Terry Hote (to groom)-Hold, on there;

that hain't legal. Clergyman-What's the matter? Terry Hote-Wedon't want any subornation of perjury; just make that "love, honor-an'-an' have, her own way."-- Puck.

THE USE OF THE PRONOUN.

"I really believe that we are descended from the ape," said Doodey. times around his head and hung down "I believe you are, too, Doodey," said Cynious: and Doodey wasn't at all pleased."- [Harper's Bazar.

AMBIGUOUS.

Uncle (reprovingly)-Now, Charlie, what do you keep a horse for? Charlie Fastdrive-Well, Nunky, I presume I keep him to let him go .-

Godey's Magazine.

TWO DEFINITIONS. Bobby-Pop, what is reason? Fond Parent-Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what

Bobby-And what is instinct? Fond Parent-Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not .- [Brooklyn Life.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "do you know what the word 'foresight' means?"

"Yes'm." "Can you give me an illustration?"

"Yes'm." "You may do so."

"Last night my mamma told the doctor he might as well call around and see me Thanksgiving night."-[Washington

MERELY A REHEARSAL.

"You are charged with mutual assault," said the judge, "and from the appearance of your faces you seem to "I See Mrs. Skinflint has had her late have been wery much in earnest. What

"We were merely rehearsing for a "So? When he was alive she always foot ball match, your Honor," answered the two young men.

"Oh, if that is the case I will let you

go. Let them be discharged, Mr. Clerk." - New York Press.

DIFFERENT. He-I have your mother's consent, and She-It can never be, sir. I highly

respect you, and will be a sister to you, He-Hold on; you will be a daughter

SAVED FROM THE TIGER.

had another face you wouldn't wear the A Tealner Attacked While Feeding the Animals.

In one of the cages in the circus parade at Walton, Mich., were a lion and a tiger. The beasts, especially the tiger, were fine specimens of their kind. In the same cage was the trainer, sitting in apparent unconcern. After the performance was over in the afternoon, in advertising the concert, which immediately followed, it was announced that Professor Reed, the lion tamer, would at the close go into and the tiger in the morning and would feed them fresh meat from his own hands, to show the perfect subjection of the beasts. It was done as advertised. The bessts, however, were not in good

mouth and held it out for the tiger, the gcod boxer. So I put him to work in the ware rooms, an' I'm doggoned of he Quick as thought it made a second could drive a nail straight."—Washing—spring, this time not for beef but for human blood. It struck the trainer on the right arm and breast with one of its great claws, tearing through his clothing and flesh, inflicting seven deep gashes in the fleshy part of his arm. The other claw struck his hip, tearing off the clothing, while its terrible jaws closed over the trainer's arm just below the elbow. The man never moved a muscle nor for a moment took his eyes from those of the tiger, whose savage nature was beginning to assert itself; its tail lashed its great striped sides and its eyes flashed fire. The nerve of the trainer saved his life. He called to the attendants near, "Bring the scrapers," all the time keeping his eye fixed on that of the beast and talking in a low tone to it.

When the trainer, in carrying out his

programme, took a piece of meat in his

It seemed an age, but it was only a few seconds, before two attendents, half dead with fear, thrust the iron rods through the cage against the sides of the The beast, which the trainer, pinoned as he was, still had partly under control, loosened his hold and crouched The Wife - There isn't any food back in his cage, while the man backed slowly from the cage. As the door shut the tiger gave an angry growl, jumped forward, but the bars had closed. The lion showed great excitement and roared

The trainer's life was saved. A great sigh of relief went up from the excited crowd, women fainted and men struggled to get from the tent. The trainer was conducted to Dr. Morrow, who dressed his wounds. He was very weak and faint from pain and the terrible strain of the ordeal through which he had passed, but bore the operation without flinching. His arm was badly lacerated from the shoulder to the wrist. Three deep cuts were made by the tiger's claws in the fleshy part of the arm, and seven gashes,

A man with a thin coat and a very red nose loitered about on lower Main street last night and struck every passer-by for a few cents with which to get a night's his wounds were dressed he went to the

hotel .- New York Telegram.

"That's a queer name. Blower isn't at all literary or dramatic, is he?"
"No, but he's a pork-packer."—[De-