

Thanksgiving at Home.

Oh! precious the memories which steal o'er the heart,
Like our hopes of sweet heaven they come;
But the richest remembrance the soul can revive
Is the thought of Thanksgiving at home.
No eyes into ours have more beautifully gazed,
Since we from the homestead did roam;
No smiles ever cheered, no tones are like those
Which blessed our Thanksgiving at home.
The feast was more luscious than any our lips
Since tasted; and love it did bloom;
Till we felt that the present can never compare
With the dear old Thanksgiving at home.
Such music as floated through parlor and hall,
Such scolding of every old tome—
Even life growth sweeter as we feed on them now,
Reviewing Thanksgiving at home.
Alas! then our hearts did back in the smiles
Of many who sleep in the tomb;
No more will re-echo their voices again,
In the earthly Thanksgiving at home.
There are "loves" which live longer than all human things;
These recall us, when thoughts they would roam,
So we'll gather them closely, till our children shall tell
Of a blessed Thanksgiving at home.

THE TURKEY'S STORY.

A TALE OF THANKSGIVING.

I claim no sort of distinction for having been born a good-looking turkey. One shouldn't be too proud of natural advantages. Candor, however, forces me to admit that I rather prided myself on my brown mottled breast and creamy wings, which made it an easy matter to single me out of a barnyard of fowls, ordinary in most respects.

I was brought out of my babyhood and early trials under the personal care of a very kind little boy, who used to stuff me, however, in a horrible manner with cornmeal dough until the water ran out of my eyes. His kindness in this respect was a great drawback to my happiness. If I could only have been let alone to wander around the farm and into the haymows and granaries at pleasure, I should have liked it better, but as I said before, I should hate to be ungrateful. I had a twin brother who was a good-natured fellow enough, but he was not handsome. As soon as we chipped our shells we were claimed by the farmer's two sons, who wrangled a good deal over what to call us. A young turkey, as you may know, isn't particularly lovely, and at that age I saw no reason to be vain or haughty with my brother, who afterward turned out badly.

"You may call yours Billy or Jack, if you like," said my little boy, sitting under a chestnut tree untying a lot of cotton twine to make a kite-tail. "As for me, Charley, I have already named my turkey Mustapha."

"Sounds like mustard," said Charley, throwing a chip slyly at one of my toes. "What does it mean? It's awful queer, ain't it?"

"Yes; but it's got some style to it. He don't look like a common turkey and he ought to have an uncommon name."

"Well, you've got it, I should say. I never heard of no Mustaphas in all my born life and you neither, I guess."

"You ain't read no tales of kings, I reckon," said my master, Freddy, turning very red in the face. "Mustapha has been the name of a lot of kings and princes in story books, don't you know—they stories Sallie Horton used to read to Kitty when she sprained her knee falling out of the cherry tree. Mustapha means a great lot of things. I don't know what all; ask Kitty. If I was you, Charley, I'd call mine Ali. He's another of the same kind of chaps. It's most as pretty as Mustapha, too."

"I'll see," said Charley, taking a better aim at me this time; "I'm going to have a christening soon as ever mine can stand a ducking in that old trough yonder."

This chance remark came near costing us our lives, as we were both held under water so long that our teeth rattled, or they would if we had had any. Mrs. Thompkins gave Charley and Fred a lot of cookies and baked apples for their picnic the following Saturday, without suspecting their dark and deadly designs, and so my brother and I were dragged to the old horse-trough—the fresh spring water was pumped in, and we were baptized and christened, respectively. "Ali Charles Thompkins and Mustapha Frederic Thompkins, E Squire," and "the Lord have mercy on your souls, Amen!" This was the winding up, and I suppose the prayer was heard immediately, as we both gave a gasp and came to with a shiver.

Ali's legs were a little wobbly and queer after this, and I think his christening went against him. Nothing unusual happened after this for a long

time. I shall never forget those long sunny days, when Ali and I prowled through our neighbor's wheat fields and picked up many stray bugs and caterpillars on the green hills and meadows around. I think we were favored in many ways, when it came to be known at the house that we were civilized turkeys, and had names like Christians, though I have doubted this since, having heard some of the goings-on of certain Mustaphas and Alis, who were not nice chaps to know. But the boys meant well. Sometimes I think Ali got his badness with his name. He was always scratching up garden seed and running the young chickens, and pecking at the ugly little goslings before they feathered out. Boys were always flinging rocks at Ali, and ones Mr. Bryan's hired man, Pete, shot an arrow into one of his wings, which he always dragged after that.

Mrs. Thompkins was a kind-hearted woman, and I felt very sad to see her moping around with an apron over her head, crying in the pan full of dough she mixed for us morning and night. Her husband was a stern, gruff man, who had no patience with anybody but Dan'l, who was a regular Satan, and his mule, Sligo, who kicked every hitching-post down on the place. Things were going wrong, even a scattered-brained turkey could see that, and we soon learned what it was all about. While quietly feeding in the yard during the milking and the doing up of chores, I gathered stray bits of talk which alarmed me dreadfully.

There was a heavy mortgage (whatever that was) and the talk of a foreclosure soon unless something was done. The crops were all bad, the hay had been spoiled by the rains, and Farmer Thompkins needed money badly.

"I don't see as I can help it, Mary," he said, putting up the bars after Sue and Bess, the cows. "I hate to part with Bess, she's a fine milker, but I've been offered a good price, and I am going to take a lot of chickens and turkeys to town for Thanksgiving. They're a nice gang, and ought to bring twenty or thirty dollars more."

Freddy sitting on the chopping blocks gave a little cry and ran to me instantly, tying a faded bit of red flannel around my neck. "Not my Mustapha, father—I couldn't eat him if I starved myself, let alone seeing other greedy things doing it."

"Well, you needn't see it, you know," said Farmer Thompkins, with a laugh. "You won't know nothing about it, I guess. He ain't no better than the other turkeys. As like as not he'd be knocked over for our own Thanksgiving dinner. If I'd let you boys alone I'd have a lot of played-out old turkeys on the place every year, eating their heads off, because you can't bear to see them killed. All bosh!"

Poor Freddy! I must say that I felt staggered myself, but he cried so loud that Charley came running, and he joined in, and Kitty came out in a fresh clean apron, and she began to cry, which took all the starch out of it.

"Well, boys," said Mrs. Thompkins in a troubled way, "this ends you having pet turkeys and chickens. I cannot stand such scenes every year. I sympathize with you, but your father is right; he is sadly vexed now, and you mustn't add to it. I am sorry for poor Ali and Mustapha, but it isn't as if they had souls, you see."

"Cruel woman! What should she know about turkeys' souls?" "Ali and Mustapha have got souls," said Charley, in a great rage. "We baptized them and christened them, and they ain't like no common turkeys I ever see."

Kitty felt our misfortune keenly, but she rather grieved the most for Bess, who was a kind and lovely creature and as soft as silk. Bess looked at Kitty with her mild eyes wondering, as Kitty leaned over the bars and sobbed as if her heart would break. "Oh, dear, what a hard old world this is! Darling Bess, I shan't ever go over to the daisy meadow after you any more."

Mrs. Thompkins wiped her eyes slyly and went into the milk-house, while that ugly Sligo carried on scandalously and laughed if ever a mule did in this world. He hated us all, I believe, and Dan'l put him up to it. I cannot dwell on the sorrowing scenes connected with the severing of those home ties, nor tell how Freddy swore he'd run away with a circus, nor how Charley in a fit of rage strangled poor Ali at early daybreak, while his father was putting Dolly and Sligo to the wagon.

We were all dreadfully hustled and crowded, and a horribly fat goose stood on my corns the whole way, and this with grief for Ali and the loss of Freddy, made me really hardened and careless. Even turkeys can feel after they have been christened.

We were all glad to get to the butcher's. I hoped it would be over

soon. Great red-faced cooks and lean old men came in and poked and squeezed us until there wasn't a sound spot left on our bodies. I think I actually grew thin in two hours. I couldn't eat nor drink. I was so homesick for the old barnyard and Freddy, and Bess, and Sue, and Kitty and the old trough, and all the rest—lost to me forever—I would have given worlds to have been strangled like Ali.

One by one the chickens and geese and turkeys went, and at last I wandered around alone. Everybody praised me and thought me a beauty, but nobody bought me.

"Why, Schneider," said one man to the huckster, "I wouldn't eat that turkey for a farm. He's got eyes like a human being. He's too knowing."

"I'd like to know what's the matter with that danged yellow turkey," said Schneider to his wife, at last. "I believe he's sick. If I didn't think so I'm blamed if I wouldn't have him for my own Thanksgiving dinner, for spite. He cost me an awful sight."

"You might get the hydrophobia," said Mrs. Schneider. "I don't want to eat him. I don't like yaller turkeys, nohow."

Finally a customer came in who wanted a live turkey—a young man who didn't know a good turkey from a bad one—and Schneider and I parted with no lasting regrets on either side, I fancy.

My customer's wife was a pretty little thing, who was playing at keeping house. She talked a good deal of nonsense to her husband, and some to me, and then coaxed me to eat, which I declined to do, knowing what would be the result. I tamely submitted to her caresses and leaned against her hand, and she gave a little scream of dismay.

"Way, Arthur, darling, this is a tame turkey; somebody's poor pet; see, he has a string on his neck. Why, dearie, I couldn't kill that turkey and eat him for anything in the world. I should choke."

"Nonsense, Dora," said my new master. "We can't throw away money like that. If anybody was so hard-hearted as to sell a pet turkey, I don't see why we shouldn't eat him, my precious."

"But I can't eat a pet turkey, dear; I'd rather not have a Thanksgiving dinner. It's too horrible. I had a pet turkey once."

Here the door-bell rang loudly, and a hale old gentleman blustered in, with a huge brown parcel in his arms. My new master's father-in-law, Mr. Hornbeck, who, by the way, held that mysterious mortgage on the Thompkins farm. He had brought a dressed turkey by way of a present, with the proposition that he should come and help eat it. Then Dora related Arthur's experience in buying live turkeys, and I was paraded before Papa Hornbeck.

"I declare," said he, reflectively, "that looks like a handsome turkey old man Thompkins had; a pet of his little boy, Freddy, who called him some outlandish thing. He's been stolen, probably."

The kind old man actually made inquiries the next day, and meeting Freddy first, his sympathies were enlisted, and I was sent home. Mr. Hornbeck, finding that matters were rapidly going to the bad on the Thompkins farm, reduced the interest on the mortgage, and from that time things took a turn for the better, and Mrs. Thompkins began to look more cheerful. I was very, very happy and glad to be at home again, though the fate of my comrades and my own hair-breadth escapes made me a changed turkey.

Kitty and Fred y pamper me a good deal, but life is a very uncertain thing—especially with turkeys about Thanksgiving times.

Treasure Found in a Bedstead.

Luck sometimes strikes in the right place, as the following shows: A young St. Louis housekeeper, who had read in a Paris letter that four-post bedsteads were again in fashion, started in search of one of them. She finally found what she desired in the house and under the person of a sick Hungarian, whose wife was painfully supporting him by sewing, and who valued it as a heirloom, but was willing to supply his necessities by selling it. The next day she took a dealer to fix the price, and, having been purchased for a liberal sum, it was sent to his shop to be fitted with new ropes. It was, in fact, a mahogany four-poster of admirable workmanship, and the dealer was examining the carvings with delight when he accidentally pressed upon a carved rose which yielded and disclosed a secret receptacle in which was tightly wedged a leather bag, containing Italian coins worth several thousand dollars. The money was promptly handed to the poor Hungarians, whose amazement was so great that in all probability they have not yet recovered from it.

Frog Stories.

The supposed reappearance from time to time of the sea serpent is not a more open subject for credulous admiration or scoffing ridicule, as the case may be, than are the innumerable stories of frogs or toads said to have been imprisoned for centuries, if not for unnumbered ages, in cavities in sandstone or in coal, or in the heart of a tree, and living through their long confinement seemingly in the enjoyment of excellent health. The credulous or incredulous respectively believe in or utterly reject all such stories. Among the latest of these remarkable accounts is one given in the *Times of India*, where we are told that a live frog was recently exhumed from among some Buddhist relics which had lain buried for seventeen hundred years near a place called Bassein.

Supposed cases of toads being found alive in the heart of living trees, or in sandstone, or coal, have been very numerous, and it is needless to point out that a frog only seventeen centuries old must feel that it is a mere raw youth in the presence of a toad which has watched the formation of the coal beds. Unfortunately it can rarely be possible to get scientific evidence of a case of this kind. There may be no question that a toad has been found in the center of a solid block of stone, but the stone was broken before it was found, and that there was no crevice leading to its position could only be proved by fitting the pieces carefully together again. This has generally become impossible before any scientific man hears of the case. In 1825 Dr. Buckland made a series of experiments to test the possibilities of toads surviving long periods of confinement without food or air. He made twelve cells in a large block of porous limestone and put a toad into each, covering the mouth of a cell with a plate of glass carefully cemented on. The block was then buried three feet deep in his garden. After more than a year it was dug out and examined, when most of the toads were found still alive. Some were emaciated, but in two of the cells the prisoners had actually grown heavier. In one of these the glass plate was found to be cracked, so that minute insects might have entered, but the other cell was quite sound, and yet the toad had gained a quarter of an ounce in weight.

To explain this Dr. Buckland is driven to the hypothesis that there must have been some flaw in the cement with which the glass was fastened. All the surviving toads were buried again, and before the end of the second year they were all dead. Twelve toads were also immured in much smaller cells in a block of hard sandstone, not pervious to air or water, and they all perished within one year. Dr. Buckland was evidently not quite satisfied with the result of these experiments, and indeed they prove a good deal in favor of the toad's powers, while they disprove nothing. They prove that a toad immured in a close cell, with no visible crevice for the admission of food, may not only survive for a year, but actually grow, while they do not prove that it may not do the same thing for a century under better conditions. For Dr. Buckland admits that he had caught the toads two months before he experimented with them, and that they were in a meager or unhealthy condition; and there is a point even more important which he does not touch on, namely, that they may not have been at that particular time disposed to torpor. There must be a very great difference between the state of an animal imprisoned against its will, and that of one prompted by its own instincts to seek retirement. A bear in a cage dying for want of food does not prove that bears never hibernate. And Dr. Buckland himself mentions casually that when he examined the toads, as he frequently did, during the second year, he found them always wide-awake with their eyes open. This alone seems to deprive his experiments of all the value as evidence of the kind required, for the very possibility of any animal surviving long without food depends upon its being in such a state of torpor that all vital functions are entirely or almost entirely suspended. In that state the need for food is reduced almost to zero, and considering a toad has been known to live an active life in captivity for forty years, and then did not wear out, but met a violent death, they must be made of good wearing material, and there may be no assignable limit to the time for which one, properly put to sleep and hermetically sealed, will "keep." I do not know how long frogs live.

The Mormon recruits that have arrived in New York from the Old World during the past year number more than 4,000.

How the Frost Works.

There is no greater engineer than the frost, even although its work is devoted to tearing down rather than to building up. Its traces are often seen in the houses of Northern climates in the bursting of jugs filled with water and of water pipes. To the farmer it is of inestimable value. In the fall he plows his farm and digs his garden, leaving the blocks of earth as coarse as possible, and trusts the work of pulverization to the frost. Its action is very simple. The rains of the autumn and the moisture from the early snows percolate through the earth in all directions, filling it as a sponge is filled with water. In this condition it is caught by the frost—which expands and contracts according to the degree of heat and cold—breaking and crumbling the grains of earth, until in the spring they are perfectly soft and mellow. At the same time the same agency is at work on the fence-posts and foundations of houses and barns that are above frost depth. Settling beneath these posts and foundations the earth is expanded at the sides and bottom until the posts and foundations are forced upward, partially out of the ground. It travels along the highway also, and in the spring, unless the road has been made with the greatest care, it is soft and springy beneath, while here and there the water comes bubbling up and the small stones are pushed aside to permit the escape of water and mud. But its work is far greater than even this. The rain falls on the rocks—which are more or less porous—and soaks into the surface to some degree. On breaking a great pressure is exerted, and they crumble, and a dust follows which is succeeded by vegetation, and soil is made. On the seashore and the mountain-side, also, large crevices are filled by the rains, and in the former case by the beating waves as well. In very cold weather these fill with ice, which expands, and year after year large masses of rocks are forced outward, until at last they break off and fall to the bottom of the precipice.—*Venator.*

Some Small Things.

The shortest verse in the Bible is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John.

The mule has the reputation of being the smallest and daintiest foot for its size of all hoofed animals.

Watches made as early as 1700 were so delicately constructed by hand and so small as to easily fit on the top of a lead pencil.

It is worthy of remark that a mosquito has concealed in its bill six complete surgical instruments, each so minute as to be indiscernible to the naked eye.

The sting of a honey-bee, when compared with the point of a fine needle under a powerful magnifying glass, is scarcely discernible. The point of the needle seemed to be about half an inch in breadth.

A very curious little toy is the microscope containing the Lord's Prayer. The whole prayer is on a piece of glass not larger than the head of a pin, yet it is magnified to such an extent that it can be read easily by looking through the microscope.

The smallest hogs in the world are quartered in the Zoological gardens in London. They came from Australia, and are known as the "pigmy hogs." They are well formed, are frisky, good-natured and make excellent pets. They are about the size of a wild hare.

An ingenious mechanic of Jamestown, N. Y., has constructed a perfect locomotive, said to be the smallest in the world. The engine is only eight and a half inches long, with a tender twelve inches long. The pumps throw a drop of water per stroke. As many as 585 screws were required to put the parts together. The engine itself weighs a pound and a half and the tender two pounds a half ounces. The mechanic was at work upon the locomotive at intervals for eight years.

Japanese Journalism.

The method in which Japanese newspapers are conducted is often amusingly naive. A recent issue of the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*—which, like all its native contemporaries, is printed, not in columns, but in squares—came out with one square blank, the empty space being covered with a number of straight lines. The editor apologizes for the extraordinary appearance of the paper, informing his readers that at the last moment he found that what he had written was all wrong, and had to be taken out. He had no time to fill up with anything else, and there was nothing to be done but to leave the space with nothing in it.—*New York Post.*

New Hampshire has sixty-five savings institutions, with \$36,181,186 deposits.

Blown Up On a Steamboat.

"Did you ever meet with an accident while traveling?" inquired the reporter, of a sober-looking individual, as they sat smoking on the upper deck of a Sound steamer.

"Well, I don't know whether it was an accident or not," he replied, "but I was once blown up on a steamboat."

"Ah!" ejaculated the scribe, as he whipped out his pencil and note-book; "tell us about it."

Lighting a fresh cigar, the serious chap began:

"It was in the summer of '74, and I had just completed a big contract up at Albany, and secured passage for myself and wife on one of the steamboats for New York. Being very tired, we went directly to our stateroom. Just as I began to doze, my better half exclaimed, 'John! where are the checks for our baggage?'"

"Don't know," I growled.

"But didn't you have the trunks sent aboard?"

"Guess not," says I.

"Well, you are a nice one, you are!" she shrieked. "Don't you know, you illustrious, half-laked idiot, that all my best clothes are in those trunks? Don't you know, you miserable villain, that every valuable I have in this world is in that baggage?"

"She kept up a running fire of abuse nearly all night long. I could hear her in my sleep, and when I told her, as soon as she became exhausted, that the baggage had been sent by rail, she started off again with the furore of a mad bull."

Here he stopped and re-lit his cigar. "You must have had a hard time of it," said his companion, "but how about the accident?"

"Why, I've just been telling you," he replied.

"Well, there's nothing brilliant in that."

"There isn't, eh? If you've never been blown up on a steamboat by a mad woman then you don't know anything about explosions—that's all."

He flung the stump of his cigar over the rail, and went below to seek the seclusion that the cabin grants.—*Drake's Magazine.*

"Esq."

An exchange has this to say about the title of esquire: The legislative prohibition by the United States of titles of nobility could not eradicate the trial of human nature which makes such titles, or any verbal badge of distinction, a dearly craved prize to the mass of people; and in our eagerness for these we have done more to abolish them than any laws, by making them ridiculous. A title given to everybody is a self-contradiction and absurdity, for it distinguishes no one and implies nothing; and in our democratic society no one is willing to give others the monopoly of such distinctions. In consequence several titles which were tolerably definite in meaning once have become tags that do not add a hair to the meaning of the name itself. Among these is "Esq." once a coveted badge of professional distinction and in early New England times confined rigidly to its narrow use—indeed, even "Mr." was only allowed to respectable housekeepers in good standing. Coming to us from feudal England, "Esq." marked members of the legal fraternity and kindred occupations. It was at length assumed by or conferred by courtesy upon prominent and wealthy citizens, and at last has come to mean only an adult citizen—the same as "Mr." or, in general, the same as the name would imply without addition. It is therefore utterly useless, a bore and an offense, for a meaningless title is an insult to any man. It should be disused altogether, and left to be marked "obsolete" in the dictionaries. Write "John Smith," or "Mr. John Smith," if you please, but let us have no more of "John Smith, Esq."

Fair Luna.

No one ever gets tired of the moon. Goddess that she is by dower of her eternal beauty, she is a true woman by her tact—knows the charm of being seldom seen, of coming by surprise and staying but a little while; never wears the same dress two nights running, nor all night the same way; commends herself to the matter-of-fact people by her usefulness, and makes her usefulness adored by poets, artists, and all lovers in all lands; lends herself to every symbolism and to every emblem; is Diana's bow and Venus's mirror, and Mary's throne; is a sickle, a scarf, an eyebrow, his face or her face, as looked at by her or by him; is the madman's hell, the poet's heaven, the baby's toy, the philosopher's study, and while her admirers follow her footsteps and hang on her lovely looks, she knows how to keep her woman's secret—her other side unguessed and unguessable.—*Wall Whitman.*