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live frugally. In fact, for two weeks we lived upon oatmeal and molasses, and to-

ward the last there was no molasses, and

Thanksgiving coming over the hills.

Every night when I got out at Manhattan

avenue my three little girls were standing

at the foot of the stairway waiting for

me, I could see them from the top of

the stairs, all in a row, their little cloaks flapping in the chill November wind,

their lips blue and teeth rattling like

to think of it, even after the lapse of

three years. Well, it's all over now, I

the way the little tots jumped around to

keep warm. As soon as they saw the

train swing around the turn they ranged

themselves in a row and looked upward

so wistfully, oh, so wistfully, to see their

papa. For you must know that although not one word of our desperate situation

their keen intuitions had told them some-

work. How eagerly they looked in my

a run to tell her mother the good news!

tales of what a wonderful big turkey we

would have on Thanksgiving. A gob-

coat at my side. I hope I shall be for-

Of course I cheered them with fairy

There was something humorous, too,

Wait a minute. It makes me feel faint

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27, 1889.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

One Square, one Inch, one insertion 1 00 Half Column, one year 50 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Marriages and death notices gratts. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quasterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work-cash on delivery.

THANKSGIVING.

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that For the labor well done, and the barns that

For the sun and the dew and the sweet honeycomb For the rose and the song and the harvest

brought hom Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in For the cunning and strength of the work-

ingman's hand, For the good that our artists and poets have taught,

For the friendship that hope and affection have brought-

Thanksgiving! thanksgiving! For the homes that with purest affection are

For the season of plenty and well-deserved

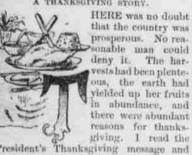
For our country extending from sea unto

The land that is known as the "Land of the don't know why it affects me so strongly.

Thanksgiving! thanksgiving! Harper's Weekly.

HOW WE GOT OUR TURKEY

A THANKSGIVING STORY.



Thanksgiving message and agreed with it heartily, as far as others were concerned; but somenow I couldn't see how it applied to me. Perhaps you will say I was selfish, and I am willing to confess I am. The fact is that when the cake is going around I want to get a piece. If I don't get it I feel disappointed. While I am glad in the abstract that others come in for share of the cake, in the concrete I an mad becauses it passes me.
But, perhaps, after all, I am too sweep-

ing in my conclusions. I don't know but that there is one person in the world who is capable of self-sacrifice of a high order, and that is my wife Nellie. Bless her little heart, I am almost willing to overlook all the weakness of humanity for her sake. Why, I've known her to go without bread and butter when she was faint with hunger so that the children could have an extra slice. That was three years ago at Thanksgiving The memory of her courage and self denial makes my eyes wet.

You see, Nellie was always practical and unselfish, while I was impracticable and poetic. Why, if I had her executive ability I'd have been a millionaire by this time, a cool millionaire, with a yacht and a country house on the Hudson. But she was handicapped by her sex and the children and couldn't exer- of the blackest sort. I knew there cise her natural gifts.

time I ever witnessed. We had just ar- departed from the truth to see those litrived in the city from Shandaken, N. Y., it faces light up with anticipation, to in the Catakills. I was a farmer's boy see the cheeks flush and the white teeth and Nellie was a farmer's daughter. He- bare themselves as though cutting the fore we were married a famous singer tender meat from a turkey leg. apent the summer in our village. One | But the hardest sight for me to bear night at a strawberry festival he heard was the look Nellie gave me. Just one me sing, and was kind enough to say quick glance into my face and she knew that I had an excellent tenor voice, and all the sorrowful tale. It was not necwith proper culture I could command a essary to tell her how I had tramped the good salary as a choir singer in New York. streets of the big city all day, how faint Of course such encouragement fired me I had become from hunger; how I was with hope. The farm became distaste- raging at heart like a caged lion; how in ful to me, and I determined to cultivate my awful rage I cursed the rich and my voice instead of cultivating corn,



the house, and with the help of a few my little store, which had so far escaped lessons the famous singer gave me and the pawn-shop and hunted up a metre what I could learn from hints in the after which I copied, for of course I knew opening pages of the choir books, I made nothing about metre or poetical feet. life a burden for the rest of the family with my do, re, meing every evening. I the clothing of her babies and the team made fair progress, too, under the cir-fell thick and fast upon the garments. cumstances and Nellie fell in love with I couldn't stand it so I jumped up and me on account of my voice. I remember distinctly that her favorite was a little selection from one of Mendelssohn's When I came back, thank Heaven, they songs without words set to the following

Still, still with thee when purple morning When the bird waketh and the shadows

light nes the sweet consciousness, I am with

Well, we were married, and for a time my music was given up. But the life of a farmer fretted me, and I took up my music again, and after two years' hard work at it we moved to the city. I thought in my ignorance of metropolitan life that I should have no difficulty in procuring a situation, but I soon found true. The turkey don't gobble at night. ficient in style. My voice, while strong know. Besides, how many persons will the city's no place fur a farmer!"

and resonant, had not been properly know that he doesn't gobble at night! Under the cheerful influence of Then, too, there was no vacan- Not one in a hundred. cies. Even if I had been competent

tion. Sefore I had been in the city for try a few lines more."

the biggest turkey he could find. Then a setting something for the tramp's Thanka-Shandaken again. on the mantel. The fire burded low, three big mince pies, a package of candy meantine the little money I had and Nellie put a shawl over her should- for the children, a bunch of crisp celery.

hated humanity. Not for myself, but for the hungry babies and their mother.

Never a word of complaint from Nellic. Only encouragement and hope.

Then came the oatmeal alone. For the molasses was all gone. I don't eat atment now. The taste of it is insufferable to me. My palate rises in rebellion against it. I have heard of the man who ate thirty quail in thirty days. I wonder whether he ever tried catment for thirty

wasn't one chance in a thousand that we

On the morning before Thanksgiving I was fairly crazy with grief and anticipa-Nellie and I had a consultation the night before, and she suggested that I should write a piece of poetry about the Thanksgiving turkey.

The idea pleased me. It was a relief certainly from the brooding over the We had an old-fashioned melodeon in morrow. I got a book of poems from

Meanwhile Nellie sat there mending I the clothing of her babies and the tears went out into the street to walk off the effect those childish voices had upon me. were asleep, folded in each others arms. Then I got to work on my poem. took me one hour and a half to write the first verse. I became discouraged before I had written two lines and would have Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-'Now, what's the use, Nell; just listen

to this stuff," said I, reading the stanza! The turkey roosteth high to-night— He's hid in the hemical tree; In fancy I see his plumage bright, But he gobbles not for me

"Why, I think it's real nice. I didn't know you could write so well as that. It's splendid; write another stanza. "But don't you see, Nell, that it isn't

out my mistake. In the first place I "Oh, well, that don't make any differyer boots them kids is goin to hav their found that I was incompetent. I was decree. The peets always have license, you turkey! B'gosh! I allers did say that

"I'm afraid it's no good and that it

saved and brought with me melted away ers, for the room was growing cold. But and other things appropriate to Thanks- THANKSGIVING IN THE OLD HOME greeted her with a smile. "You are like snow on the roof of a barn. My time the chill air did not affect me. I was giving Day. was mainly taken up in running around giving birth to a poem. The second to the musical agencies looking for a stanza came easier. What bothered me station he pressed a \$5 bill into my hand, most was the rhyme. I think, to the despite my protests, with the remark: singing at a mission on Avenue A, where best of my recollection, that the second I earned \$2, and for three weeks that was instalment consumed a half hour of inall I carned. We lived in East New tense thought. I was better satisfied York and my car fare over to the city than with the first stanza, because I knew Ye've got to pay me every cent back!" it was truer. Here it is, just as I read it and back every day cost me sixteen to Nellie! You will readily see that we had to

His comb is as red as ruddy wine, His breast is a shining sheen: But his carcass is safe from me and mine— We can't pick his wishbone clean. The muse was rather skittish at the third stanza. I coaxed her with a pipe of tobacco, the fumes of which made Nellie cough, and I persuaded her to go to bed. The clock struck 11. The wind rattled the window frame and I began to think that poets earned their money. I I almost fell asleep over this stanza. While laboriously constructing it there came a picture to me of the old farm house in the Catskills, the table groaning with its weight of good things. It oc-curred to me just here that I was doing the grouning now. When finished, after many interlineations and corrections, it read as follows:

There was a time long, long ago, When deprived of his feathery vest. I seized his leg in my strong right hand, And dissected his meaty breast.

By this time I had got into the spirit my undertaking. The lines ran off had been breathed in their hearing, yet the end of my pen as smoothly as water thing was wrong, and they knew as well dent smile I finished the last verse. as their mother that I was looking for

The next morning I had to fill up the hole in a ten-cent piece with soap and ashes in order to deceive the toll-taker at I wish every man and woman who alleged poem, trying to perfect it. When the foot of the elevated station At last I managed to pluck up glorious sight what an infantile oler of tremendous size, who had strutted in.

when alive like a prince in the story books. Then followed a description of received and was told that my poem carry the turkey, but she couldn't, it would be read, and if it possessed suffi- was too heavy. But each one had to the cranberry sauce and the huge wedges of mince pic. All this took place while cient merit it would be printed. 'Twas carry a bundle. And so, like a conquer I was carrying two of the children in my arms and the other was hanging on to my going to do in the meantime for the marched around to the house. given for these lies. For they were lies turkey

It hurt my pride to do it, but the faces a few salt drops ran down my cheeks. of the children rose before me, and I As for Sam Jones, I think he would have

buttoned my coat close to my chin. It word: was a starlit night. The great towers some gigantic temple. The river rushed and swirled below, and reflected in silver gleams the light from the electric lamps I could see the little waves capped with foam. It was a fascinating sight, and I felt strangely drawn toward the river. For a time I forgot the bables and Nellie Behind me was the great, roaring city, with its thousands of men and women struggling for existence. had been trampled under foot in the crush. Why should I return and renew the battle? As I brooded over the river, chilled to the marrow by the searching I must go on, however, and tell my story. The month preceding Thanks-giving Day of 1885, was the gloomiest stances that an angel of light would have its shadowy, gleaming rifts, its miniature malestroms seemed to my excited fancy to say: "Here's rest for you. We'll bear you away to dreamland, where hunger and pain and sorrow are drowned in the nepenthe of eternal rest."

In this state of partial unconsciousness I began to climb up the railing to reach the roadway below, when a policeman touched me on the shoulder and told me to "move on." I did move on, but in a dazed, uncertain way, until I reached the Brooklyn cutrance. Here the crowd from the cars was pouring out in the street like a torrent, and in the crush I was hustled about and at last stumbled into the arms of a stout man muffled in an old army overcoat. He held me away from him by my arms. Then he shook

me and said: "What's the matter with you, Tom? Ye nin't drunk, be ye?"

There was something familiar in the voice, and looking up I saw the homely face of Sam Jones, of Shandaken, before Then came another shake, and this time I came to myself again.

"By George, Sam, I'm glad to see I stammered.

"Well, let's go an' get somethin' to warm you up. You're near froze, man." Thawed and melted by a steaming cup of coffee, I told Sam all the sorrowful How the children would be waiting at the station for me expecting the turkey I had foolishly promised them and my inability to procure it. I was inter-



rupted at intervals by exclamations from

Under the cheerful influence of Sam's growled. "I won it at a mille,"

sympathy I soon regained my lost cour-He insisted that we should go to there were fifty applicants for every post- won't go with the editor. Anyhow, I'll the nearest grocery, where he picked out the biggest turkey he could find. Then three big mince pies, a package of candy giving

Now, you take it, old man. I got good prices fur my truck this season Sides that I am only lending it to ye.



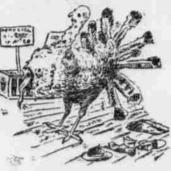
With a parting hand shake he disappeared. As the train rattled along over the shining rails I could see the lights of runs off a duck's back. With a confi- the big bridge fading away behind me. The river rushed below just as it had done one brief hour before, but its turbid

face each evening, so that if there was a sahes in order to deceive the toll-taker at ray of hope in it the eldest could start on the elevated railroad station. All the reads this story could have seen the face way down town I read and reread the of those three children as they stood at I arrived in New York I hesitated before arms were filled with bundles, and when the big newspaper offices, afraid to go those three pairs of eyes gazed upon the courage enough to go up stairs, where, went up! And how they danced with contrary to my expectations, I was kindly glee! The cidest insisted that she could encouraging, to be sure, but what was I ing army returning with the spoils, we

And Nellie! Well, bless me, if she The day was spent in the usual way, didn't sit right down on a chair and cry running around looking for a job and like a baby. I can't remember distinctly, didn't sit right down on a chair and cry finding none. I managed, however, to because, you see, it's three years ago now, by earrying some coal. but I have an indistinct recollection that would almost have committed murder felt fully repaid for his kindness if h could have heard Buelah say her little With a heavy heart I started to walk prayer that night. That simple petition over the bridge just after sunset. The is carven so distinctly on the walls of my wind blew cold from the northeast, and I memory that I can repeat it word for

"Dod bless T'an'sgivin', en papa, en loomed up above me like entrances to mamma, en Sam Jones. Dood night!





The Turk and Tommy.

The Boy's Opinion.

Oh, Valentine Day is well enough,
And Fourth of July is jolly,
And Christmas time is beautiful,
With its gifts and its wreaths of holly.

New Year's calling is rather nice, And Hallowe'en sports are fund And Hallowe'en sports are funny, And a May-Day party isn't bad, When the weather is warm and sunny,

Oh, all of them are well enough; But the day that is best worth living, s when we all go to grandmamma's,
To a splendid, big Thanksgiving!

—Emma C. Dowd

The Little Fiend.

"You must feel some satisfaction in eating the turkey that chased you around the yard a week ago," said the minister. He was a very saucy bird when alive,

"Yes," replied little Johnnie, "and ma said when you got through there would be nothing left but the cranberry

Thanksgiving Revery.

I never had a sweet gazelle
To glad me with its soft, black eye,
But I would love it passing well
Baked in a rich and crusty pie.
If I could have a bird to love And nestle sweetly in my breast, All other nestling birds above,
The turkey, stuffed would be that bird.

- Ottawa Free Trader.

Hardly a Bargain.

+What a kind, thoughtful hubby you are," said the young wife, throwing her "Well, I'll be blessed! You kin bet arms around his neck when he brought home a turkey, "and what a dear little bird it is. "I should say it was dear," he

"What kind of bread do you like best," asked a kind-hearted old lady, who was

"The bread of idleness, mum."

Like the patient moss to the rifted hill,

The wee brown house is clinging. A last year's nest that is lone a nd still, Though it erst was filled with singing. Then fleet were the children's pattering feet, And their trilling childish laughter, And merry voices, were sweet, oh! sweet,

Ringing from floor to rafter From the nest's safe shelter flying, Went forth in sheen of the morning sun, Their fluttering pinions trying, But oft as the reaping time is o'er,

And the hoar frost crisps the stubble, They haste to the little home once more From the great world's toll and trouble. And the mother herself is at the pane,

With a hand the dim eye shading, And the flush of girlhood tints again The cheek that is thin and fading. For her boys and girls are coming home, The mother's kiss their guerdon, As they came ere yet they had learned to

Or bowed to the task and burden. Over the door's worn sill they troop, The skies of youth above them

The blessing of God on the happy group, Who have mother left to love them, they well may smile in face of care, To whom such grace is given; A mother's faith, and a mother's prayer,

Holding them close to heaven. For her, as she clasps her bearded son, With a heart that's brimming over, She's tenderly blending two in one, Her boy, and her boyish lover.

And half of her soul is reft away-So twine the dead and the living-In the little home wherein to-day, Her children keep Thanksgiving.

There are tiny hands that pull her gown, And small heads bright and golden; The childish laugh and the childish frows, And the dimpled fingers folden. That bring again to the mother breast The spell of the sunny weather, When she hushed her brood in the crowded

And all were glad together. A truce to the jarring notes of life, The cries of pain and passion, Over this full in the eager strife, Love hovers, Eden fashion. In the wee brown house were lessons taught Of strong and sturdy living,

And ever where honest hands have wrought God hears the true Thanksgiving. -Margaret E. Sangster, TESSIE'S THANKSGIVING.

Her breakfast 'scoldly furnished forth" stand a while longer.

But beauty, becomingly dressed, has from the dinner of the evening before, was ready and waiting, save for the cup youth and health and the serene conciousness of a few minutes to spare.

"The cold wave has come, mamma the buttons and braid on my coat?"

"No, daughter, I'm sorry, but the silk ers by the Western floods." gave out and I couldn't get it done. You must bring me a spool this evening, and he is. this morning you will have to wear my

Six dollars a week and Shetland seal were clearly incongruous. If Mr. Draper saw er wearing it the conclusions he might draw might result in the loss of her situation, but it would not do to tell the mother "Poor mamma, she hates my being a shop girl badly enough now, and I can't risk pneumonia either," Tessie thought, as she put on the coat, which fitted beautifully, to her mother's great satisfaction. It, like many other luxuries was an article of better days. They had not always been poor, and when her father died, he fancied that he left his wife and daughter far above the reach of want. But most of their funds, which he had invested with the view to save them trouble, were in the Peronzine Railroad, which for two years past had paid no dividends. The pretty little house in which they lived was their own, but their income was too small to support them in idleness, and Tessie was glad to secure a situation in Draper's through the influence of an old friend of her father's. Her mother had protested feebly and then yielded to the girl's sturdy common sense still it was a sore point with her that her pretty daughter must work for her daily

and to morrow is Thanksgiving, so we shall have time to get my jacket done bewhich kept the roses glowing in her heard him. cheeks in spite of her confinement in the

The timekeeper at the side door feel for her purse.

five minutes early, Miss Wilbur," he said, graciously.

passed into the controom, which was filling fast, and put her small lunch | the week's salary. Not a large amount, in her compariment, took off her hat it is true, but it represented a hard week's and then he itated, under a running work, and it was much to her. "We fire of "What a lovely coat, Miss Wil

"Is that plush?" "No, indeed, sealskin; my, nin't we

Tessie's tones trembled slightly as she fore she reached the step. tried to answer quietly.

"It's borrowed plumage"—but she did not finish the sentence "Don't leave it down here," whis-

pered a kind-hearted girl. "It won't be safe, and you couldn't make a fuss if you lost it." She hesitated no longer, but taking the coat and her courage into her hand, went

over to the suit department, to the head of which she owed her situation. "Well, Miss Tessie," he said, as he looked up from his desk. "Good morning. What can I do for you to-

"A great favor, please; will you keep this wrap for me? It was papa's last present to mamma, and she made me wear it because mine is being altered and wasn't quite done. I don't like to leave

it in the common cloak room. "Certainly, certainly. Is that all? and he hung the coat in his private vardrobe. "Remember me to Wilbur," and with a light heart Tessie went to her post at the ribbon

counter. It was a busy day in spite of the lowering skies. Everybody seemed to be buy-ing new ribbons for Thanksgiving, and Tessie matched shades and rolled and unrolled ball after ball trying as much as in her lay to be all things to all women in

order to earn her salary.

She was glad when pleasant little Miss
Baker, of the mail order, came to her with a long memorandum to fill, and chatted brightly over the task, promising had seen sparkling on the habefore she was through to bring her a polite friend of the street car. lot of samples of reduced black dress goods for her mother.

Then came her lunch hour, and on her eashier's desk. Thursday was pay day, and being Thanksgiving, the day before was substituted. As she approached the desk she was struck by the expressions of face in those who were leaving-some angry, some dejected, some scowling, others almost in tears-and she was not allogether surprised when the amount was handed

to her sixty cents short. "All right," said the cashier, frowning, in answer to her look of inquiry. "All salaries reduced ten per cent. from mantel struck one | the drapers down. Sign, please. Nextsharply and then | And she was preshed away by those press went off in an ing behind. The silver made her purse augry whirr, as sarcastically full, she thought, bitterly, though it under- and it was fuller yet, when, later in the stood fully that day, she placed the sample from Miss Draper & Co. allowed Baker in the same receptacle for safe

no loitering on the part of their employes. "Ten When at last the long day was ended, minutes late, five cents | the ribbons replaced in their boxes, and fine" it ticked, noisily, she stood on the street corner, waiting a fine diamond very cheaply, very cheaply over and over again. for her car with the rich sealskin coat Tessie opened her sleepy almost covering her neat black dress, and eyes and having, as she a pretty black hat crowning her golden used to say, "no five tresses, she felt herself a fraud, and the centses to lose," sprang fat purse in her hand was but of a piece out of bed and began with the rest of her toute ensemble. dressing hurriedly in the dim light. Her Indeed, there was nothing about her to said hair—Draper's young ladies were models suggest the working girl; she looked hour after dinner—was one I played, in the matter of hair dressing-had been much more like a rich young woman becarefully arranged the night before and done up in a kerchief to keep it smooth. Walk, and a few flakes of snow were fall—it was before I got the start I have Now, there were only a few crimps to undo, | ing, which made the ride imperative for a few hairpins to put in place, and her the sealskin. Tessie promised herself old Simpkin's barn. Simpkins was

charms to melt the heart of man, and a of tea which was quickly made, and she distinguished looking gentleman, young ate with the appetite resulting from enough to be impressed by such charms, gallantly offered her his seat. She sank into it with graceful thanks, and having "Tessie," called her mother from up- paid her fare, slipped her purse in the stairs, "what is the weather this morn- fur coat pocket. People began to get She looked out of the window out, and presently she was able to make for the first time and drew herself to- room for the polite gentleman who had gether with a little shiver. The world vacated his scat in her favor. Having was gray and cold; a light snow lay on done so, she looked straight out of the the roof and pavements and the leaden, window, as a well-bred girl should do. sky gave promise of more ere many hours. Two gentlemen on the other side of her, men of substance, evidently, were talk dear," she answered cheerfully. "Are ing. A sentence caught her interest: "I see Draper has sent \$10,000 to the suffer-

"Yes; what a public-spirited man Tessie's heart burned with an insane desire to supplement the statement with Tessie made a face to herself, quietly. that of the reduction of his employes'



**We gave that money, not he," she "Never mind, mamma, I shall be as thought. I heard it said once that the how Jerry's face would change when he warm as a toast," Tessic said, resolutely salary list is over \$21,000 a week. At opened that bundle. hiding her reluctance to wear the coat, that rate it wouldn't take long, at ten

per cent, to make the ten thousand!"

It was too late to stop the car, and, ick at heart, she went home. There had been fifty cents in the purse besides

work, and it was much to her, must have a chicken instead of a turkey for Thanksgiving," she thought, "The worst of it is it will worry mamma so," Mrs. Wilbur was watching for her at the window, and opened the door almost be-



"How cold it is ! Come in and get dinner and then we'll bundle up and go marketing for to-morrow. Why, what is the matter, child?"

Tessie told her story of the lost purse. "Maybe you dropped it. You know the conductor, don't you?" suggested her mother. We will go to the car stables in the morning. Why, what is this?" and Mrs. Wilbur, who was searching the pocket of the sealskin coat nervously, held up a gorgeous diamond ring, which Tessie recognized as the one which she had seen sparkling on the hand of her

"There was a little slit in the lining of the pocket, and it had slipped down, explained her mother. . . but, how did it way back to the counter a visit to the get there? I never had such a ring, and nobody else has worn the coat.

He picked my pocket!" gasped Tessie, and the ring caught in the slit and slipped off; and he seemed so nice and gentlemanly: I'll never trust appearances

"He? Who?" asked Mrs. Wilbur in bewilderment, Tessie explained. "Yes, that must have been the way of it. Well, well, take it to Mr. Coldspring and ask him what to do about. He knew your father, and will be ready

to help us for his sake." "A very fine diamond," said the jeweler, when the plan was put into execution. "Worth at least \$500. Of course, you can advertise it, but I don't think I would. The thief is caught in his own trap, and won't be likely to claim the ring, since to do so would be to court arrest as a pickpocket. I think you may rest content with having bought

And so the matter rested.

His Turkey. The best practical joke I ever knewyears ago, when I lived at Hampstead. now-and a lot of us was just finishing golden tresses shone in all their glory, a meyer to wear it again, as she boarded the richest and stinglest man in town, mass of soft coils and fluffy curls. Thanksgiving, we got talking about him,

> screw, but I bet he'll have the decency to give us all Thanksgiving turkeys.' We laughed at that, and told Jerry he might take it out in betting, for though Simpkins had given us a long job, he wasn't in the least bound to consider us

and Jerry Bowles said: "He's an old

permanent workmen. But Jerry was obstinate and greedy, and he talked and blustered till we were tired of the whole subject, and I made up my mind that he deserved a lesson. I didn't say anything at the time, but that night I gave a hint to Tom Knowles, a erony of mine, and he quite agreed with

We laid all our plans, and the evening before Thanksgiving Knowles came to my house, bringing a pair of large yel-low turkey legs. I had arranged a nob-by bundle of sticks and shavings, and we tied the legs firmly to one end of it; then the whole was wrapped in stout brown paper, with those tell-tale feet sticking out, and any one would have declared the bundle contained a big turkey.

My wife wanted me to go to the market for some purchases which had not been delivered, and about which she was getting anxious, so that gave me a good excuse for driving down town. I harnessed Kit into the light wagon, put the mock-turkey under the seat, and Tom and I started in high glee.

When we reached Jerry's house, he was standing in the door, and we drove on to do our errands. By the time the market-man had packed apples, oranges, a big squash and a turkey into the wagon half an hour had passed, and we thought it safe to venture on our joking way. So we drave to the corner next Jerry's house, and Tom, after pulling his hat down and his coat collar up to disguise himself, went to deliver the turkey. When he came back, he was overcome

with laughter at remembering how pleased Jerry had seemed, he hadn't recognized Tom at all, but just took the turkey, as Tom said, and ran in to tell

I don't believe I have laughed so much since I was a child as I did in thinking

I dropped Tom at his house, went home, and earried my parcels into the So absorbed was she in her indignant kitchen. Then, when I had unharnessed, for church. Aren't you glad I'm going reverie that she faited to notice when her to have a holiday!" She trotted off handsome neighbor got out, and the con- friend. Tom had made a mistake. He briskly for the morning's run downtown. ductor called her street twice before she had given Jerry the real turkey, and I had brought the dummy home. It served Instinctively, as she reached the side- me right, I suppose, but those turkey walk, she put her hand in her pocket to legs did not make a very good dinner.-Youth's Companions