

WERE THE FATES UNKIND.

A SKETCH,

THANKSGIVING Morning. The diffused light of another day, breaking over the eastern hills, has already chased the deeper shades of darkness far away. But the cool breath of night still lingers in the air.

Throughout the night the Frost Fairies have been at work transforming the naked fields and woods; and now revealed in the morning light, they appear clothed in their royal robes of white. Nothing has escaped. Every blade of grass, in the meadows, brown and sere; every branch and twig upon the leaf-forsaken trees; the shrubbery and the fences by the wayside; and even the soiled and muddy earth of the highway, have each received a magical touch; while the evergreens and firs seem to have received an especially dainty one, as they stand in the soft morning light, a frosty filigree of white and green, which, swayed by the gentle breeze, shakes forth a fleecy shower of snow.

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Old Chanticleer is first awake, and soon has set the echoes of the morning a-flying. And why should he not? Did not last night his master take away his worst enemy,—that big, pompous, strutting turkey-gobbler, while he, himself, has escaped the chopping block and axe? Of course he has, and he has a right to crow. And so the clarion notes burst forth once more,—a merry, careless sound by a merry careless bird.

The noise awakens the Professor, who arises hastily to find that the sun is just rising bright and clear, and all the world awake and merry.

He recalls his promise to himself that he would go hunting today, and so he dresses accordingly and appears at breakfast a little later, a merry man in a careless mood.