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THANKSGIVING.

Upon the frozen, fruitless ground,
Above a treasure he had found,
A robin sang:
Such rapture swelled his tender throat
The dull air quivered with his note;
The silence rang
With melody so high and long
He seemed to be incarnate song;
He seemed to thirst—
So tame he was as I drew near—
That all the heavens and earth should hear
The grateful burst.
No alderman at turtle feast
Nor hungry man o'er smoking beast
Such bliss could know;
No parching traveler on the sand,
Discovering water near at hand,
More joy could show.
No juicy fruit nor dainties ripe
Had thus attuned his little pipe
To thank the Lord;
'Twas but a bunch of withered berries
Or unnutritious, starveling cherries
That spread his board!
That robin's rapturous merriment
Exposed man's selfish discontent
In its true feature;
That day a sermon rare and good
Was preached in aisle of somber wood
By feathered creature.
And often when I bow my head
In thankfulness for bounties spread
And look on high,
I walk once more as in my youth
And hear again in very truth
That robin's cry.

—Irving Browne.

THANKSGIVING.

LITTLE Kate Weaver walked wearily through the rich light of a November sunset with a basket of chestnuts on her arm. She had been gathering them, with the assistance of Dick Burns, the blacksmith's boy, for the morrow evening, for everything eatable or drinkable which was considered "good" would be pressed into service through the hours of the Thanksgiving now so near at hand.

Throughout the year the inhabitants of Rushton were, as a general thing, plain livers, but on Thanksgiving Days they stuffed themselves as they did their poultry. And so Kate Weaver hoped to sell her nuts.

At home—her home—there was to be no Thanksgiving Day kept. That is, regarding it as a feast. Kate had a vague hope that if the nuts sold well she would have a "cup of tea and some baker's gingernuts for supper." But, after all, almost every one had nuts already, so the sale was slow. A pint to a greedy child—three cents' worth an old woman, who lived by herself in almost as poor a little house as that Kate lived in—and here it was sunset, and not nuts enough to pay for the labor yet sold. It would have been better to have gone out sewing. Kate was worn and weary and always timid; she shrank from approaching the door of the "hotel"—dubbed thus by the landlord. It was "the tavern" elsewhere. But the remembrance of her sick sister's pinched, pale face arose before her. The tea and the baker's cake and the little bowl of arrowroot would do her so much good.

She put her face in at the open door and said timidly:
"Chestnuts, sir?"



"Nuts, eh?" he cried. "Well, I'm your man. How much are they, lass?"

Kate answered the price by the pint.
"Hang pints!" said the man. "I'll take the whole mess. Steer this way, my lass, and pitch your basket full overboard into this handkercher, and there's two dollars for you."

"They are not worth that much, sir," said Kate.
"Bother!" said the man. "Why, a marine wouldn't take change from a lass like you, Thanksgiving eve. Keep it, Lord love ye. Only I'd like a buss from them red lips into the bargain."

Kate retreated hastily. The man was plainly tipsy, and she was a little afraid. But she was thankful in spite of all. At her poor seamstress work she earned so little the money seemed a great deal. It

was a perfect Godsend to her. She hurried along the street to the grocer's and walked in as a new-made millionaire might.

"A quarter of green tea and a pound of sugar," she said with an air, wondering whether a pound of ham would be an extravagance. "And a paper of arrowroot if you please."

The grocer took the small order with a nod and answered: "In a minute," and Kate looked about her. The shop glistened with its Thanksgiving dressing up. The tea-caddies, with their gilt mandarines, the Chinese ladies, were splendid objects. The gas was turned on in every burner. Pyramids of apples, clusters of raisins and piles of almonds decked the window, and for the first time in a long while she was absolutely to have a share in the good things on exhibition.



She felt almost happy. Who knew but a "streak of luck" might come, and she should be rich some day.

The clerk was ready for her now. He put her tea in white paper, her sugar in brown and dabbed the paper of arrowroot on the counter with a "there you are."

"Anything more, miss?" he asked, and Kate, growing quite extravagant, said:
"Yes, a candle and two of these large apples."

Then she proffered her two dollar bill. The young fellow looked at it and whistled.

"This is your little game, eh?" he said. "Twon't do with us. If you warn't a gal, I'd call the police. Don't try it agin, I warn you?"

"Try what—what is it?" asked Kate, trembling.
"As if you didn't know it was counterfeit," cried the man. "Come, don't play innocent. There's the door. Why, a blind man couldn't be took in by that thing."

He tossed the bill, all crumpled up, toward her and took away her purchases. Kate understood what was the matter.

"I did not know it was bad. It was given to me in payment for some nuts," said Kate. "The man will change it, I am sure."

"You'd better try," said the clerk, sneeringly, and Kate ran out of the store and back to the tavern, but the man was gone. Only the landlord was there. He sympathized.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wish I'd had a look at it. Poor thing. It's too bad. He's a regular rascal, I've no doubt. You ought to be careful about bills. There's a lot of bad ones going."

And with this end to her day's work and evening's work, Kate crept back to her sick sister and the wretched meal of dry bread.

"Not even Thanksgiving could bring any good to her," she thought, and she could not sleep, but sat with her face pressed against the glass, thinking of the past and of the future. The last was dark, but she had been happy once—very happy. They had had a home and she had been its pet, its best beloved. She had worn pretty dresses, and had never known the want of any luxury. And then, too, in those bright days of her seventeenth year, she had had a lover. Still, through all her poverty she had kept his ring on her finger, and his memory at her heart. Poor Charlie Nichols! He was drowned at sea on that first voyage—for the ship was never heard of from the time it left the dock. He was dead, and so were all the rest—mother and father, and boy brother—only her sick sister and herself were left upon the earth.

The tears fell fast upon her clasped hands. "Thanksgiving! How could they give thanks?"

She was only twenty now, yet life was quite over. Nothing could ever come to her but woe. Even the humble feast she had hoped for so, little as it was, had been snatched from their lips. Oh, the cruel man! the cruel man! did he know how poor they were? And at last, ill with weeping, she crept into the wretched bed and slept.

And, perhaps because she was hungry, she dreamt all night of Thanksgiving

feasts and merry-making, and music and dancing, and smiling faces and love greetings.

And out of it she awoke to the consciousness of her misery.

"Thanksgiving Day. Oh, Carrie, what have we to be thankful for?" she asked.

But the sick girl answered, humbly: "A great deal, if we will only try to think so. God is good to us all. How many are worse off than we?"

Kate shook her head. She could not feel that this was so. And she heard the church bells ring, with thoughts she would not have put into words for the world—despairing, wretched, almost wicked thoughts. Why should God give all good to others and so much woe to them?

At the same hour a sailor tumbled out of his berth on board the steamship Rising Wave, and rolled into the Captain's presence as speedily as possible.

"I'd like to go ashore this morning, Cappen," he said.

"You were ashore," said the Captain, "yesterday."

"I know it," said the sailor, "But, ye see, I cheated a girl out of \$2, and I ain't easy in my mind. That is how 'twas, Cappen. I'd been drinking too much—"

"Leave you alone for that," said the Captain.

"That's the truth," said the sailor, "and I was in a tavern along with Sam and Bill, and two more mates, when in came a gal with nuts. I bought 'em, and by accident, Cappen, I gave her a bad bill. Where I board they gave it to me, and won't take it back. I found out arter I was aboard that I'd give it to the gal, and I can't sail leaving a thief's name ashore."

The Captain smiled and gave Tom leave to go.



And so it chanced that, as people were going home to dinner from church, and Kate was hiding her head beside the empty hearth, a knock came at the door, and opening it, she saw a sailor.

"You're the lass!" he cried. "Yes, your lass. I asked for ye at the tavern, and they sent me here. I didn't mean to cheat ye. I hope you and the other young women know that. Here's a good bill, and I'll burn the other to save mistakes, for there's gettin' it off on them that gave it."

Then he stared at the empty fire-place. "This ain't Thanksgiving fixin's," he said to himself. "I'm afraid they're in want."

And then his eye went roving around the room and lit upon a tiny daguerreotype upon a shelf.

"Is that one of you, miss?" he asked. "Yes, I see it is—and might I be bold enough to ask your name? 'Tain't impudence—I've a reason."

Kate gave her name.
"It's the same," said the man. "See here, miss, do you know Captain Nichols—Captain Charles Nichols—that went to sea before the last four years ago?"

Kate screamed and clasped her hands. "I see you do," he said, "and I've got news to tell him that'll make his heart glad. He's been searching for you for months. In every town we've been in, he's looked for you up and down, and high and low, and I've helped him, and only yesterday he says to me:



"Tom, it's no use. I'll never find her. She's dead or married—and lost to me forever."

"And the tears were in the Cappen's eyes when he said so. Don't keel over, miss. Have a drop out o' my flask. I say, young lady in the arm-chair, what shall I do with her?"

And Tom was in a dilemma, for Kate had fainted.

But it was joy and not grief that overcame her, for she knew that her Thanksgiving Day had dawned at last.

And before the actual day was over Kate was clasped in her lover's arms, and Carrie had felt a brother's kiss upon her lips, and not only had the greatest grief and trial of Kate's life happiness ended with her lover's return, but want and poverty were over for them forever.

And in the care and comfort of her sister's married home, roses returned to Carrie's cheeks, and two happier women are not to be found under the sun.

Suggestions for Thanksgiving Day.

Remember that as your thankfulness is largely measured by the quantities of Thanksgiving fare you consume, you should

Eat heartily of turkey
And much appetite evince
When you tackle chestnut stuffing
And the pie that's made of mince.

As all the houses of worship will be open upon this day of gratitude, it is well to note that

It isn't right to leave the
Gentle clergy in the lurch:
So have your wife and children
Represent you in the church.

And while they are there see to it that they show that you do not forget the poor. To accomplish this you must take care

That when they start for service
They are furnished well with tin
So that when the plate is passed them
They may drop a nickel in.

In the midst of your pleasures do not entirely forget business. Remember that this is the time of the year to buy your winter's coal, and

When you go about it, see
You surely lay enough in,
For if you don't you'll suffer like
The shivering ragamuffin.

And while your mind is on business bent, do not forget that Christmas comes around almost on the heels of Thanksgiving, and that, as the father of a family it behooveth you

To rake and scrape your dividends
And place them under lock,
So that you'll have the wherewithal
To fill the baby's sock.

In conclusion we have only to say that there can be no reason for doubt
That wise and reasonable men
Will find it safe to bet,
If they but follow out our hints,
That they'll be happy yet.

—New York Sun.

The Day After Thanksgiving.



Mrs. Gobbler—"These look like the remains of my old man."

How the Day Was Established.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, who was for many years editor of *Godey's Ladies' Book*, is credited with the establishment of the National Thanksgiving day. She began as far back as 1841, writing to the Governors of the States, urging them to issue Thanksgiving proclamations, until in 1859 the day was observed in all the States but two. President Lincoln issued the first National Thanksgiving proclamation after the fall of Vicksburg, the day set apart being August 6, 1863. Since that time the Presidents have appointed the last Thursday of November as the National Thanksgiving Day.

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."

Don't count your turkey before it is carved, for it may go back on you.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

The hay rack, the plow and the old fashioned cutter;
The lambs that were full of their frolic and glee;

The warm flowing milk and the good bread and butter;
And e'en the fat turkey that sat in the tree;

The young, tender turkey, the good, fat turkey,
The Thanksgiving turkey that sat in the tree.

That Thanksgiving turkey I hailed as a treasure,
For always in fall when returned from the school,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
All roasted and seasoned, of stuffing so full.

How gladly I saw it with eyes that were glowing!
How pleasant at home on the farm then to be!

To feast on the cock that in summer was crowing,
And e'en the fat turkey that sat in the tree;

The young, tender turkey, the good, fat turkey,
The Thanksgiving turkey that sat in the tree.

How sweet at the family board to receive it,
When words of good cheer and affection were said,
Not a feast with a monarch could tempt me to leave it,
The grandest that riches and fashion can spread.

And now, far removed from that loved habitation
A feeling of sadness arises in me,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the turkey that sat in the tree.

The young, tender turkey, the good, fat turkey,
The Thanksgiving turkey that sat in the tree.

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bill in payment for the apples; Miss Charity Chipman put her hand in her pocket to make change.

"Why, it's gone!" she ejaculated.

"What's gone?" said Mrs. Tillidrum.

"My pocketbook!" screamed Miss Charity. "And that ungrateful tramp had rewarded my kindness by robbing me! I might ha' known just how it would be!"

She went straight to the intelligence office. The girl whom she had described had been there, but was gone, leaving no address.

"It's like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay," said Miss Charity. And she left the description at the police station and went home in great disgust.



"My old red leather pocketbook, that was father's," said Miss Charity Chipman, with tears in her eyes, "and twenty-five dollars and sixty cents in it, in good hard money—it's enough to put one out of all conceit with human nature! And she with such an innocent little face, too, and eyes as blue as a baby's! Well, I never shall believe in what the physiognomists say again!"

It was Thanksgiving Eve, and Miss Charity Chipman was sitting dejectedly before the fire of blazing pine logs meditating upon her loss. Neither intelligence office nor police station had been able to render any account of the old red pocketbook and its contents.

"I declare," said Miss Charity, "it just spoils my Thanksgiving!"

When all of a sudden, there came a knock at the door and there, wrapped in a faded brown shawl, with her golden hair blown all about her face, stood the girl with the blue eyes who had ridden at Miss Charity's side during the frosty November sunrise.

"Bliss my soul!" cried Miss Charity, recoiling.

"Yes," said the girl, smiling, "it is I. And I've brought back your pocketbook. I found it lying on the curbstone opposite that house where you stopped with the bunch of flowers. I was returning from the intelligence office when I saw it lying among the dead leaves and I knew you must have dropped it when you jumped out. And I've been inquiring everywhere for you and have only just found you. Here's the pocketbook, and if you'll please count the money, I think you'll find it all right."

Mechanically Miss Charity Chipman numbered over the contents of the old receptacle. Not a copper cent was gone.

"Yes," said she, "it's all right. Stop a minute, child—where are you going?"

"Back to the city, ma'am," said the girl, wrapping the faded shawl closer around her, for the twilight blast was keen.

"Have you got a place?"

"Not yet, ma'am, but there's a cheap lodging house for working women, where I can get a very good bed and bowl of soup for fifteen cents, and"—

"You can't go there," said Miss Charity.

"Ma'am?" said the startled girl.

"Look here, child," said Miss Charity, "you're all alone in the world. So am I. Stay here with me. I'll give you good wages and a comfortable home. For there's something in your face that I like."

"Do you really mean it, ma'am?" said the girl, looking around in a fluttered manner at the bright fire and the cheerful rug carpet, with its stripes of red and blue, and the rows of glistening crockery on the shelf.

By way of answer Miss Charity drew her gently in, closed the door and kissed her cheek.

"Two lone women together," said she. "Surely we can manage to get along!"

And Miss Charity Chipman ate her Thanksgiving dinner on the morrow with the blue-eyed stranger sitting opposite—the blue-eyed stranger who lived with her and was a comfort to her until the day of her death!

And both of them kept Thanksgiving in their hearts!