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NO. 6.

THANKSGIVING.

The golden grain is garnered—
Our store-houses overflow—
O'er prairie broad and city mart
The winds of fortune blow.
No losses from distemper—
No rust the wheat to blight—
Thanksgiving to the Father
Who has blessed us day and night.
No pestilence is near us—
No sound of war is heard—
Peace tinkles in the shepherd's bell,
And rustling lies the sword.
The brooks rush on right merrily—
The song-birds seem to say,
"Praise God for every blessing sent
On this Thanksgiving Day!"
Friends who have long been parted,
The dear old homestead seek,
To chat of pleasures that are past,
And of the future speak.
All home once more, with hearts aglow
They gather round the board,
And cry in concert, fervently,
"Thanksgiving to the Lord!"
All selfishness is put to flight—
The wretched poor may feast
On dainties that they seldom touch
For this one day at least.
And 'e'en the felon in his cell
May taste of dainty fare—
Oh, God is gracious! Shout His praise
Thanksgiving everywhere!
—Francis S. Smith.

A THANKSGIVING BURGLAR

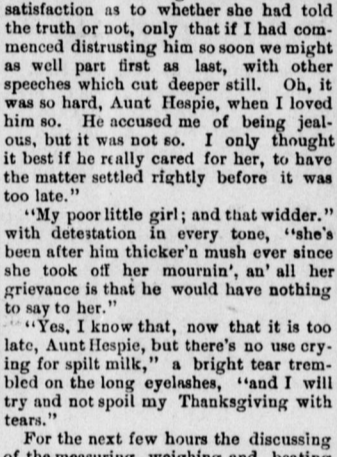
"One o' butter, two o' sugar, three o' flour 'n' four eggs," soliloquized Aunt Hespie Barber, as she measured out the ingredients for the children's favorite cup cake. "Seems like that rule is like a verse of poetry, it runs off so glib; but, my! it ain't nothin' to the way the cakes go off after the children gets a bit of them. Let's see, now, how many tinsful did I bake last Christmas? Six, as I'm a livin' woman, an' afore night their faces was all puckered down with, 'Oh, Aunt Hespie, ain't there no more patties?' as doleful as if they hadn't had one apiece. It does beat all how much children can hold, an' not hev an explosion. Now, I sot out to have enough this year, but I d'no's I hev. One good thing, that rule's sure—true blue, like indigo caliker, an' not light's a feather one time an' flat's a pancake another, like some rules."
"Rules is like folks sometimes, an' not to be trusted; they're all nice an' pinicky onet or twit, an' next time ye see 'em they're way off the handle, an' you've got to get acquainted with 'em' all over again. That Widow Jenkins, now, she's that sort—well, Marion; here you are at last, an' right glad I am to see you, too."



DUSTED AND ARRANGED EVERYTHING.

"I expected you would be, Aunt Hespie, and I should have been here earlier, but company came last night and I could not get away."
A bright-faced girl had entered and was taking off her wrappings as if perfectly at home in the farm-house, and perfectly sure of her welcome. She was of middle height and a graceful build. Her face was a very pleasing one, though just where the charm was one could scarcely determine, whether in the bright, expressive eyes, the warm, sympathetic smile, or the winning expression, but at all events it was there, if somewhat beyond analysis, and Marion Anstie was a charming girl, with the faculty of attaching warm friendship to herself from young and old.
"Uncle Jerry's folks came and stopped over on their way to Watertown to spend Thanksgiving with Eli," she explained. "They wanted me to go too, but I knew you needed me, and I can go there another time."
"Land sakes, child, you needn't a stayed for that." Aunt Hespie turned quickly around from her baking. "I could a found some one else to help me through."
"But some one else wouldn't have been me, would it, auntie?" The girl came and laid her bright head on the elder woman's shoulder. "And then, too, Thanksgiving isn't quite the same to me anywhere else but here."
"No, Marion, nobody can fill your place," the bony old hand, withered and worn in service for others, smoothed the satiny black hair caressingly. "If you was really my own darter, I couldn't set more store by you."
A crimson flush overspread the soft brunette cheek.
"You haven't heard anything from Jack, have you, Marion?"
"No, auntie, not a word," she

sighed. "Just a year ago to-day, and it seems like ten."
"What was it, child, that set him off so?" asked Mrs. Barber gently. "I've always wanted to know, but I thought when you wanted me to hear it you'd tell me."
"Why, Aunt Hespie, didn't you know?" The girl raised her head with a look of astonishment. "I supposed of course that he had told you the whole foolish story, or I should have spoken of it long ago."
"Not a word, dearie. He only came in one day, his face all white and set, to tell me that he was going, and that all women were flirts and deceivers. I thought for awhile that you had mistimed him, but I've put two and two together since and changed my mind."
"Why, you know, auntie, I was intimate with Dolly Jenkins about that time—"
"There, I knowed that tormented widder had something or other to do with it," interrupted Mrs. Barber energetically.
"And she kept telling me of the attentions which Jack was paying her on the sly, and intimating more than she really said, until at last I taxed Jack with it, and—you know how quick Jack is, auntie?"
"Yes, ready to go off the handle at a minute's warnin' an' then too proud to own that he's in the wrong."
"And he wouldn't give me a word of satisfaction as to whether she had told the truth or not, only that if I had commenced distrusting him so soon we might as well part first as last, with other speeches which cut deeper still. Oh, it was so hard, Aunt Hespie, when I loved him so. He accused me of being jealous, but it was not so. I only thought it best if he really cared for her, to have the matter settled rightly before it was too late."
"My poor little girl; and that widder," with detestation in every tone, "she's been after him thicker 'n' mush ever since she took off her mournin', an' all her grievance is that he would have nothing to say to her."
"Yes, I know that, now that it is too late, Aunt Hespie, but there's no use crying for spilt milk," a bright tear trembled on the long eyelashes, "and I will try and not spoil my Thanksgiving with tears."
For the next few hours the discussing of the measuring, weighing and beating predominated in the large kitchen and spicy odors filled each nook and cranny, penetrating to the dining-room, and even to the parlor beyond.
"Seems sorter useless to make pumpkin pies when Jack ain't here to eat 'em," remarked Aunt Hespie disconsolately, "pears like there never was a boy loved pumpkin pies like he does."
"Perhaps that young minister who is visiting Horace will eat Jack's share," suggested Marion. "Ministers usually have a pretty fair appetite for good things, I've noticed."
"I s'pose now Horace will be anxious to show off his relations in pretty good style to his college friend," rejoined Aunt Hespie, reflectively. "When he told me he was coming, he said, laughing like: 'I've been bragging on your cooking, auntie, and I want to show Sammy Holland what a real Thanksgiving in the country is like.'"
At length the cooking was all done, the big turkey dressed and ready for stuffing, and the rows and rows of pies and rich, plummy cakes, the pan of doughnuts and the heaping platter of cup cakes and another of jam tarts suggested a large gathering on the morrow.
In Jack's room alone, no preparation was to be made, for Aunt Hespie would use the room for no one but its owner; but Marion went in there with a lonely feeling in her heart, the song dying upon her lips as she did so.
She lingered about the little dressing table, absently pushing in the pins which spelled "Jack" upon his pincushion, and thinking of him with such longing that Jack could not have remained angry with her could he have seen her hungry eyes.



"PERHAPS HE'S ARMED."

A moment later and Marion was making her company bow to the young clergyman as she carried his overcoat and hat into the hallway, she gave the children permission to go into the chambers.
"And please don't be rude or noisy," she said, warningly, "for Aunt Hespie has a headache this morning."
"We won't. We'll be still as mice," said one of the flock, confidently—as if it were a possible state of things at a family merry-making.
The young minister was just explaining the difference between a spiritual and a merely intellectual belief in Scripture, when a frightened trio of children came scrambling down the stairs.
"Oh, Aunt Hespie, there's a burglar in Jack's room; there is, and he's asleep on the bed."
"A burglar. Oh, my sus! Then I wasn't a dreaming after all."
Mrs. Barber was setting the table, and she fairly turned pale with nervous excitement.
"Don't get frightened, auntie, I'll go up and rout them out. Give me the poker," and Horace started up the stairs hurriedly, with his formidable weapon.
"And I, too." Uncle Drake, a jolly old fellow of immense avoirdupois, caught up the tongs. "I'll pinch him while Horace belabors him."
It is needless to say they were followed by an excited retinue of spectators, at a safe distance, however, for there was no telling what the presumably savage intruder might do when alarmed.
"Perhaps he's armed," suggested the young minister, nervously. He had provided himself with an umbrella, as he brought up the rear.
The burglar must have been in a sound slumber not to have heard the confusion of whispering voices at the door, but there was no sound within the chamber until Horace opened the door and peered cautiously in, the poker in hand in defensive readiness.
"Jack Barber, you villain, if you haven't been up to your old tricks of climbing in the window." Horace's voice came floating down the stairway in a peal of surprised laughter.
"Jack! My Jack! Well I never," cried Aunt Hespie, pushing her way through the crowd and rushing up the stairs.
Marion, at the first sound of Jack's name, had divined in a moment just what had occurred, that Jack had come on the early morning train, and not wishing to arouse the family, had crept up to his room window in the moonlight, and as she had so obligingly left it open, had found no trouble in getting in quietly, and trembling and blushing, she retreated to the kitchen to think it over, and compose herself for the meeting with him.
They had parted in anger, and she scarcely knew how to receive him now. Last night in her loneliness and grief she would have rushed into his arms and have shown all her delight and desire to undo the past; this morning she was more self-reliant, and she wisely resolved that a little of the concession at



"COME BACK TO ME!"

Suddenly a thought came to her—she would prepare Jack's room, too, as if he were coming with the rest, and with nimble fingers she dusted and arranged everything in the best possible order, pinning a spray of dried ferns and sumac upon the window curtains that the closeness might be dispelled by the clear, keen air of a perfect November day. The window opened out upon the broad verandah, and Jack had often climbed its supports and gone to his room and to bed without awakening the family, when at home.
She would have been his wife now,

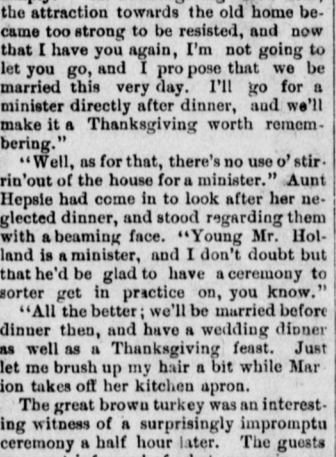
had he not gone off in such hasty, unreasonable anger, and she sank on her knees by the bedside when all was done.
"Oh, Jack, come back. Come back to me," her heart cried out, and if spirit voices can become audible to each other, Jack's spirit must have heard the earnest appeal wherever he was.
The house began to fill with a merry crowd of relatives at an early hour on the morrow, for a Thanksgiving dinner at Aunt Hespie's was a treat to young and old. Mrs. Barber herself looked careworn and old.
"I guess I was too tired to sleep well last night," she said, as she basted the turkey, "for I kept turnin' an' twistin' all night long, an' I dreamed o' burglars 'n' Injuns, an' along toward mornin' I declare if I didn't imagine some one sneakin' around the house. I was too tired to get up an' see, an' I dropped off to sleep again, an' must have been a dream with the rest on't, for there's nothing missing, an' the silver spoons sot right on the dining room table."
"If anyone had come in for plunder they would have looked for silver first of all, so you must have been dreaming, auntie," replied Marion, smiling. "But what shall we do with the children until dinner's ready?"
"Send them upstairs to play," said Aunt Hespie. "Here comes your Cousin Horace and his friend, and a proper, fine young man he looks, too."



"PERHAPS HE'S ARMED."

least must come from Jack, since he had left her so cavalierly and so unkindly without just cause.
She was standing there still, balancing the fork with which she had just turned the turkey, idly in her hand, when an arm stole round her waist and Jack's voice, very humble and loving, whispered in her ear: "Will my Marion forgive and forget?"
All her pride vanished at once under the spell of the dear, familiar voice, and turning, she shed happy tears of rejoicing on her lover's shoulder.
"And why haven't you written to me, Jack?" she asked reproachfully, after a few moments of happy converse.
"I did, Marion. I wrote you a long letter asking your forgiveness for the miserable part I had taken in that wretched quarrel, but I never received a word in reply, and of course I supposed you were angry and unforgiving towards me."
"How could I answer it dear Jack, when I never received it; no, not one line from you in all this weary year."
"If I could only have known that I determined that you or no one else should know where I was, or anything about me."
"You foolish, hot-tempered Jack," said Marion, softly, "but how did you chance to come home, dear?"
"I could not keep away," said Jack simply. "As Thanksgiving drew near, the attraction towards the old home became too strong to be resisted, and now that I have you again, I'm not going to let you go, and I propose that we be married this very day. I'll go for a minister directly after dinner, and we'll make it a Thanksgiving worth remembering."
"Well, as for that, there's no use o' stirrin' out of the house for a minister." Aunt Hespie had come in to look after her neglected dinner, and stood regarding them with a beaming face. "Young Mr. Holland is a minister, and I don't doubt but that he'd be glad to have a ceremony to sorter get in practice on, you know."
"All the better; we'll be married before dinner then, and have a wedding dinner as well as a Thanksgiving feast. Just let me brush up my hair a bit while Marion takes off her kitchen apron."
The great brown turkey was an interesting witness of a surprisingly impromptu ceremony a half hour later. The guests were not informed of what was going on until they were all gathered around the table in their several places. Aunt Hespie, at the head in her best cap, and Jack and Marion at her right, Mr. Holland coming next. He officiated in a particularly happy manner for a comparative amateur, and never had a jollier Thanksgiving dinner been served in the old farmhouse than upon this occasion, made memorable by the presence of a burglar in the house, and the subsequent ringing of wedding bells.—Ladies' World.

Two Interesting Thanksgivings of a Man's Life.
1. Age twenty—Watching the hair coming out on his upper lip.
2. Age forty—Watching the hair coming out on the top of his head.—Judge.



"PERHAPS HE'S ARMED."

A Prussian engineer, it is said, has devised a new plan for building a subaqueous foundation, which, if it prove effective, will greatly simplify and cheapen one of the most troublesome and expensive engineering operations. His plan is to drive powdered cement by means of a powerful air blast into the mud, or sand at the bottom of the water. The cement immediately sets under the action of the water, and the bottom is converted into a solid stone.

The French Are Thrifty.

A chiffonier who carries on his curious occupation in the Montparnasse quarter yesterday found among a heap of refuse a small packet containing bonds payable to bearer to the amount of \$2000. Nothing was on the packet to indicate the owner, but the chiffonier is apparently a man of the strictest integrity, and he formulated inquiries in the quarter until he discovered the owner. The bonds belonged to a man of the name of Dory, an employe of the Louvre. This is but an instance of the wealth of France at the present time. Nearly every French man or woman has his or her actions or shares. Thrift is imbued in almost every living soul in Paris, and save, save, save is the universal cry. Decimal parts of actions can be purchased in all under-takings, from Government stock downward, even at a price as low as \$1. Hence an inducement is held out to the working and poorer classes to save by the accumulation of small sums. The principle is an excellent one, no doubt, but it has its drawbacks in the creating of a mean and narrow-minded community. There is nothing open or generous about the Frenchman of the present day. He is always thinking how he can economize his souse and "do" his neighbor in the process. Even the washerwomen of Paris are afflicted with the craze, and she who has amassed the greatest amount in petits actions, at they are termed, is counted the best among her fellows. Truly, these French are a marvelous people.—Chicago Herald.

Our Oldest Occupied Dwelling.

Kilian Van Rensselaer's house in Rensselaer County, opposite Albany, N. Y., is said to be the oldest inhabited dwelling house in the United States. It is of brick and has a gambrel roof. Two porches, out of which the early Van Rensselaers shot at Indians, pierce the front walls, and a little plate in the rear, set up by the Albany Commemorative Society, shows the edifice to have been erected in 1642.
Solomon was a great jurist, but he didn't believe in splitting hairs.—Epoch.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

China is to have a silk-mill.
Iron is to be made at Chattanooga by an electrical process.
M. Glammarian, the French astronomer, declares that the climate of Europe is growing colder.
Recent researches show that persons having a tendency to gout improve more rapidly by abstaining from fruit.
The largest steam hammer in the world is in this country. Its weight is 125 tons, and is used in forging armor plates for our new navy.
Besides the large planets which revolve about the sun, over 250 others have been discovered and catalogued, and science is daily adding to this list.
The idea of establishing an observatory on Mount Blanc, Switzerland, has been abandoned. The ice was tunneled 100 feet without reaching the rock.
A Parisian electrician has succeeded in forcing violets by the aid of his battery, and recently sent a bunch of these fledglings only four hours old to the Empress Eugenie.
Peter Johnson, of Dassel, Minn., thinks he has discovered the long lost art of tempering copper. He and Nile Nelson, a machinist, want to organize a company to build a factory in Minneapolis. The new process will make copper as hard as steel.
It is customary now to mount electric light projectors on rails running athwartship, usually over the bridge or forward end of the poop. The rails are sunk so as to bring them flush with the deck. When not in use the projectors are run in board and protected better from the weather.
As instances of longevity in birds while in a state of captivity, Nature reports the death of a European crane which had lived nearly forty-three years in the London Zoological Gardens. This is exceeded, however, by the case of a black parrot which died in 1884, after having lived fifty-four years in the Regent's Park.
The monthly bulletin of food and drug inspection of the Massachusetts State Board of Health shows that milk is now alarmingly poor in that State, being fifty-three per cent. below the standard. In 167 out of 268 cases milk dealers were found to have adulterated the product. This state of affairs will undoubtedly increase the infant mortality largely.
It is claimed the steamer Majestic is the most economical coal burner of any of the Atlantic "high fliers." She burns 220 tons of coal a day, shows 19,500 horse power, and makes an average of over twenty knots, or twenty-three miles, per hour throughout the Atlantic passage. There are only two other ships that have reached this speed, namely, the duplicate ship the Teutonic and City of Paris. But there are a few other vessels that come near this speed.
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Humor of the Day.

The family tree cannot be depended on for board.—Indianapolis Journal.
"Has he no aim in life?" "Oh, yes; but he's never had a shot at it."—Puck.
Dentists are not all farmers, but they live off the achers just the same.—Pittsburg Dispatch.
Hope builds a nest in man's heart where disappointment hatches its brood.—Texas Siftings.
It has been discovered that music comes out of a barrel organ in staves.—Washington Star.
Although a girl likes to own a man's love, she never likes to own her own.—New York Herald.
It is said the Czar never shaves, but most people know he has had many a close shave.—Pittsburg Post.
When they say the bride's costume was a dream do they mean to imply that it was an illusion?—Boston Gazette.
"How's business?" asked one pick-pocket of another. "I manage to keep my hand in," was the reply.—Epoch.
Some duties are best performed by deputy. When a man is bearing stocks, he doesn't like to carry them himself.—Puck.
Woman uses powder as a defence against Time; but the old fellow isn't scared away by that kind of ammunition.—Puck.
Queer things happen sometimes. At Ohio man recently opened a jewelry store and got six years for doing so.—Jewelers Weekly.
"Gunpowder blue" is a new color. The girl who meets her match dressed in that will be sure to go off.—New Orleans Picayune.
Character is like the grand old cathedral bell. Reputation is the brass tinnitulum of the loud mouthed auctioneer.—Dallas News.
Pudley—"By Jove! What a tall fellow Jones is." Dudley—"Don't see it, old man. He's always short when I meet him."—Boston Bulletin.
The barber man that shaved my beard in looks seemed 'n' a drowsy; yet must he be a wondrous man to work two chins at once?—Mercury.
Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan. It is probable that the madder it gets the redder it becomes.—New Orleans Picayune.
Brine—"Have you read Smartellick's new novel?" Jones—"No; what's it about?" Brine—"Well, it's about 475 pages long, as far as I can judge."—Chicago News.
Bilson says the difference between himself and his wife is only a difference of terms. She calls herself strong-minded and he calls her headstrong.—Detroit Free Press.
Ethel—"Are you making a collection of souvenir spoons?" Jack—"Well, er, no, not exactly. But I have the photographs of all my old sweethearts."—Housekeeper's Weekly.
"I cannot imagine why you should discourage him. He seems to be a young man of steady habits." "Yes, that is so, mamma dear. And bachelorhood is one of them, I think."
Jones—"There's something strange, even suspicious, I should say, about those two women." Brown—"How's that?" Jones—"Why, each paid her own fare."—American Grocer.
It is proposed in all seriousness to preserve the dead by nickel plating. Should this custom prevail the most plebeian of posterity will be able to point with pride to their polished ancestors.—Mercury.
"Visitor (in Jones's room at 11 P. M.)—"That young lady in the house across the way sings like a bird." Jones (unkindly)—"Well, not altogether. You see, a bird stops singing at night."—Detroit Free Press.
Jelby—"My dear, when I am dead and gone, I do hope you will wrap your self in crepes and other black things to show your grief." Mrs. Jelby—"That's just like you, forever dominating in all things, even as to my attire after you have ceased to trouble me."—Detroit Free Press.
The following incident occurred in a Medford school: A class in grammar was reciting, and one of the younger boys was asked to compare "sick." He began, thoughtfully, "Sick," paused while his brain struggled with the problem, then finished, triumphantly, "Sick, worse, dead."—Banner.

BEOTIME.

'Tis bedtime; say your hymn, and bid
"Good night,"
"God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones
all,"
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eye-lids
fall,
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, although you are so tall!
What will you give me, Sleepy One, and
call
My wages, if I settle you all right?
I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand,
Her rosy palms were joined in truthful
bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and
warm.
She nestled to me, and, by Love's com-
mand,
Paid me my precious wages—"Baby's kiss!"
—Lord Rosslyn.

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Jelby—"My dear, when I am dead and gone, I do hope you will wrap your self in crepes and other black things to show your grief." Mrs. Jelby—"That's just like you, forever dominating in all things, even as to my attire after you have ceased to trouble me."—Detroit Free Press.
The following incident occurred in a Medford school: A class in grammar was reciting, and one of the younger boys was asked to compare "sick." He began, thoughtfully, "Sick," paused while his brain struggled with the problem, then finished, triumphantly, "Sick, worse, dead."—Banner.