

CAUSES FOR THANKFULNESS.

For all that God in mercy sends,
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk—
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty food—
For everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep that comes at night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee—
For everything give thanks!

—Ellen Isabella Tupper.

Miss Barbara's Lover.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

SHALL I?

There was wrath in Miss Barbara's tones and determination in her countenance.

"But, auntie—" "I shall!" I didn't make this garden for the benefit of the neighbors' hens, and I will kill one if I can. Just see that—and that!"

Her indignant finger indicated the tomatoes lying in red ruins at her feet, then the ragged corn that rose forlornly further on. The currant bushes were still stirring where the last marauder had scuttled through. Sylvia suddenly smiled.

"Auntie, it's a fowl theft," she said.

"It is—and, as I can't stop it by fair means, I'll try fowl," responded Miss Barbara, grimly, beginning with restrained vigor to gather up the pecked tomatoes and lay them on the grape trellis.

"Are you prepared to go to law, auntie?"

"I am prepared to do anything—on my side of the fence. Go in to your embroidery, Sylvia—you're of no use as a scarecrow."

She waved her trowel martially, and Sylvia fled in laughing haste. The silence that is vocal with birds and insects and rustling leaves settled over the garden, where Miss Barbara's energetic figure bade defiance to the thermometer. Charles Dudley Warner once spent a summer in a garden, and has remarked in consequence that he likes neighbors and likes chickens, but he does not think they ought to be united. Miss Barbara agreed with him warmly. She endured much before informing her genial, easy-going neighbor of the mischief his hens wrought daily in her garden. She had endured more since the complaint, if complaint it could be called, had proved a failure, and neither faith, hope nor charity remained to soothe her soul. Suddenly an inquiring "cluck" struck her ear with the effect of an electric battery. It came from the other side of the fence. A yellow feathered head protruded through the pickets, the round, unwinking eyes of a hen surveyed the premises, another serene "cluck" sounded, and the plump body followed the head. Miss Barbara cautiously arose, her expression full of martial fire.

Unconscious of impending evil the invaders wriggled their way through until a large and cheerful company had assembled. In pleasant expectancy they gathered around the laden tomato vines. Suddenly and with vengeful force a missile descended into their very midst. Squawking wildly, the startled hens gouted into the currant bushes, under the tomato plants, among the corn. A pause equal to a legislative deadlock followed. Then one hen after another cautiously emerged and presently gravitated toward the tomato vines. Again Miss Barbara seized on vengeance and the stove wood. Stick after stick of it flew, like a kind of hail, telling upon the tomatoes if not upon the hens. Miss Barbara was not unaware of the facts in the case, but felt that if she could not kill it, it was a relief to try. One audacious old hen in particular aroused this murderous feeling. Down the grape walk, over the beet bed, up to the door she chased that hen and shied her last stick after it as it flapped wildly around the corner. To her horror a sharp ejaculation in a man's voice cut the air. Her final effort had made an impression, but not upon the hen. She turned the corner hastily and beheld a stranger pressing both hands against his battered head as he looked savagely at her. Consternation, contrition, mortification, animated her countenance; self-mastery slowly calmed his.

"Did you hit one, auntie? I hope it's that old rooster!" sounded suddenly from the woodshed. The face of the stranger turned ghastly.

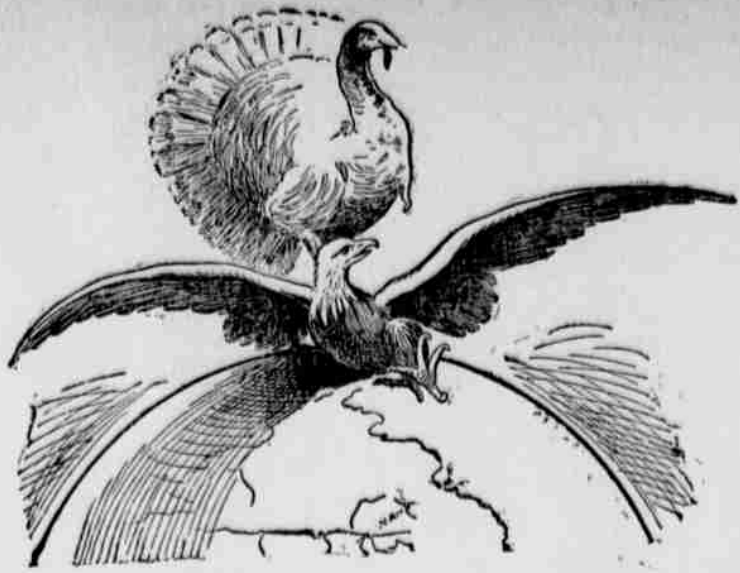
"I thought it was a man lived in the moon," he murmured. "What made you hurl it at me?"

Miss Barbara's face grew white. Was this an escaped lunatic? The man's fading eyes brightened as they fell upon Sylvia.

"The flowers of paradise," he whispered, and threw his arms out uncertainly. "No, it hurts too much to pick them," he muttered, and sank with a groan upon the steps.

Sylvia's wide, startled eyes met Barbara's. The latter laid her finger on her lips and motioned towards the next house. Within five minutes several neighbors had gathered around the prostrate man, who appeared unconscious unless touched, when he evinced a thorough knowledge of boxing. The doctor on his arrival listened to Miss Barbara's account of the

EVERY BIRD HAS HIS DAY.



accident with an inscrutable countenance. He was a calm, keen-eyed man, whose resolute orders soon cleared the house of superfluous attendants. His attentions were received with ingratitude by his patient until he held an odorous substance near the injured face and said gently:

"I want to help you—I am a doctor—it's all right." The dull eyes wavered an instant on his face.

"Is it? I thought it wasn't—I hope you know"—with this murmured response the refractory patient submitted to the touch of the skillful hands.

"History repeats itself, Fordham." The speaker, a serene-faced man of imposing presence, advanced leisurely into the private office of a well-known lawyer in Bombay.

"So I have heard," said the latter, glancing up with a smile of welcome. The visitor settled leisurely into a seat, where he received the beneficence of the punkah swung from the ceiling. Both men wore full suits of white linen, that, despite the unutterable heat, retained their fresh crispness.

"Marrying and giving in marriage—the world keeps on in the same old way," said Emmett, comfortably.

"This has been borne in upon me since the arrival of the American mail yesterday."

"You had news from your brother?"

"I believe so! I have just grown accustomed to the pleasing certainty that all the words in his letters will be spelled according to the dictionary; possibly you can comprehend the shock I experienced yesterday on reading in his own handwriting that he is engaged to be married."

"I congratulate you, Emmett, on the acquisition to your family—probably your example recommended this step to your youthful brother as eminently desirable. Let us see—he must be about twenty-five now?"

"Possibly—by the almanac, but to my recollection he is still a bidder for tips and spankings. The next mail will bring out her picture and his, and these, with the course of events, may compass my comprehension of his present legal age. I shall reply on your assistance, Fordham. The most charming girl in the world, you know."

"Of course"—an answering smile sparkled over Fordham's dark face.

"Knowing that you had honored the State of the wooden nutmeg by being born there," continued Emmett. "I thought it barely possible that you might know something of the family of this young lady, and I shall be glad of any information you may be able to impart, provided your fee is reasonable."

"I believe it is one of your maxims, my friend, that time equals money—it is a period of seventeen years, more or less, that you desire me to cover. I will undertake the case for 1000 rupees down."

"Done! You recollect that I always pay in brass. Well, the name of this young lady who will soon have the good fortune to become my relative is Nutting—Miss Sylvia Nutting—and she resides at present in the town of Brampton, county of Brown, State of Connecticut, U. S. A. Do any of these cognomens cause the chords of memory to vibrate in your patriotic breast?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, laying his pen carefully across his rack. "I had a college friend of the name of Nutting. He was two or three years older than I and married very young. As his house was in Brampton, this young lady is probably his daughter."

"I hope that will prove to be the case," said Emmett. He proceeded to impart the information given by his brother upon the subject, which proved beyond doubt the identity of the young lady's father with Fordham's college friend.

"You will appreciate the first meeting, Fordham," said Emmett, in conclusion; it was out of the ordinary line. Tom was deeply impressed—in fact, hard hit. About the middle of this summer he was wandering about the country on one of those solitary pedestrian tramps he pretends to enjoy, and happened to pass through this little town of Brampton. It was what they consider there a hot day. Tom had covered a stretch of ten miles or so, and, happening to behold a shiny tin cup on the hydrant in a yard he was passing, he suddenly felt consuming thirst. Without regard to nemus et tuum, he proceeded towards that hydrant, but he never reached it. It chanced to be one of those occasions when the innocent suffer for the guilty, and Tom received on his head a stick of stove wood, hurled by the aunt of his future fiancée at a sinful old hen that had strayed from its rightful premises. The blow nearly knocked the boy under. The aunt appeared

from the woodshed, Miss Sylvia came on the scene inquiring: 'Did you hit one, auntie? I hope it's that old rooster.' And then Tom saw fireworks and all the stars. He was half senseless—they thought he was a crazy man. Well, they called in a doctor, and he kept the boy a prisoner there for six weeks—he and Miss Sylvia, and the result, you see, is a sister-in-law."

"A charming result, I have no doubt," said Fordham. "It's a striking story."

They left the office together and entered the lawyer's gharry that stood waiting in the street. Tall and stately white buildings cast gloomy shadows along the wide thoroughfare, and in the arcades of their lower floors were heaped jewels, silverwork, wrought brass, silks and shawls. The squatting merchants guarded their treasures with sleepy-looking, keen eyes as they patiently waited for customers. Crowds of shoppers, idlers, coolies and water carriers filled the street, and the tropical sunlight brought out the glowing richness of brilliant-hued brocades and silken shawls, the dazzle of white garments, the satiny shine of bare bronze limbs and chests. Little public hackeries, or cabs, curtained with bright deep colors and drawn by brisk little bullocks, rolled constantly by. Hump-backed cows strolled placidly among the throngs, and a pet ram with gilded horns accompanied its Brahmin master. Presently the gharry turned into a narrow side street where luscious fruits were heaped up in rich-hued piles that fragrant the air with spice and perfume. Dusty roads appeared when the business portion of the city was left behind, and they rolled the palm-fringed roads of Malabar hill, the residence district of the wealthy foreigners. At the entrance to his bungalow Emmett alighted and Fordham rolled on toward his own home. It was not far, and he was soon enjoying the renovating effect of a bath. He replaced his white garments with a negligee of India silk and became accessible to his little daughter, a lovely child with pale little face like a flower. She had been motherless for a year. He took her on his knee and drew out the little story of her day; then he told her fairy tales—dainty fancies, exquisite jesting that older and less intimate listeners would have been amazed to hear from the keen-tongued lawyer. Then the little one's ayah came to carry her to bed.

Miss Barbara was walking slowly homeward through the dusk. Faded leaves dropped softly about her and the mellow air was smoky with bonfires. These Indian summer days heralded the approach of Thanksgiving, but the remembrance gave her no pleasure. For some reason—she attributed it to Sylvia's recent romance—her thoughts persistently reverted to a long-gone Thanksgiving Day that had begun for her with happiness and ended with sorrow. On that Thanksgiving had arisen the never-settled quarrel that had parted her and her young lover. He had gone immediately abroad and hastily married there. Not until then did Miss Barbara dismiss the man he had accounted his rival. Their world had held her blameworthy in the affair—perhaps she had held herself so. Certainly life had looked darker to her in those days than it looked now. She went slowly up the steps of her pleasant home. Far within a girlish voice sang happily and the rooms were cheery with mellow lamp-light that revealed Miss Barbara a fitting mistress for the lovely old house. Suddenly Sylvia's head gleamed in a distant doorway.

"There's a letter for you, auntie," she called softly; "such a queer looking thing—I laid it on the piano."

It was a foreign-looking letter, and bore traces of a long journey. Miss Barbara examined the postmarks curiously. When she carried the letter to her room a moment later her face looked pale. Behind her locked door the next moment she sat down to read it. With deliberate care she opened the envelope. It contained many thin sheets written over in a clear, manly hand. She sought methodically for the signature, and read the name that had once been dear to her. A strange, familiar look it wore. Much was written between the lines of the story he told briefly. He had left his native land hot with passion and the smart of their broke engagement. Shortly after his arrival in India a report of her marriage had reached him, and, not doubting the truth of it, he paid court to and hastily married the pretty but shallow daughter of an English Colonel stationed there. During the years that followed he had striven to bear the consequences of his own mistake, and he had borne them until the burden fell from his shoulders at a grave. He spoke of

his child in words that brought tears to the reader's eyes and then he turned passionately to the old days, and questioned her of the future.

The letter fell from her fingers. She felt as one must feel with the earth rocking under foot. Was the old love dead in her heart—dead like the mother of his child? She thought of that grave under the Indian palms, and a feeling rose slow and strong out of her heart. No—his part in her life had ended years before. She did not hold herself blameless, but she had suffered once; she had no wish to suffer again. She could not change the pleasant, settled boundaries of her life. Toward him and toward that little child of his her thoughts would ever go kindly—but his part in her life was over. She sent her answer before she slept; and life went on as if it had not paused. On the evening before Thanksgiving Sylvia went early to choir practice, and Miss Barbara sat down to read the city paper, which had just arrived. A glowing fire snapped in the grate, half a dozen carnations scented the air, and Ophelia, the cat, purred lazily at intervals. Outside a round full moon shone high in the sky, and the frosty ground sparkled in its radiance.

"Fire! fire! fire!" shouted a voice in the street. Miss Barbara rushed to the window; before she reached it the demonic shriek of the fire whistle, prolonged and awful, smote upon her ears. Then came the sound of running feet. Snatching up a shawl, she hastily locked the door and joined in a wild race toward the swelling murmurs that rose tumultuously in the air. She was soon in the midst of the excitement, but paused in the outskirts of the crowd. It was a barn that was burning, and it stood out against the smoke-blackened sky a glowing mass of triumphant fire. There was no longer hope of saving it, though the hose still played upon it. The rescued horses stamped and neighed, the firemen shouted hoarse orders, dogs barked and a baby cried. Suddenly there arose a cry: "Look out! Look out!"

One of the frightened animals had sprung loose and charged wildly forward. Miss Barbara felt herself snatched up and borne persistently through the shrieking crowd into a deserted street white with moonlight. Her rescuer made no motion to release her, and, startled and annoyed, she turned her gaze full upon him; the next instant her breath stopped, her face turned white. She was gazing into the face of the man she once loved—the man whose letter she had lately answered. A flock of girls ran laughing and calling into the street. "Let me go—there are people about—you must let me go," she whispered sharply. His arms dropped from her waist, but he walked close to her side. She moved away towards the further edge of the walk.

"Barbara—"

A loose board shot suddenly down under his feet—the other end went up, Miss Barbara went down. She tried to rise, but fell back helplessly. Fordham dropped on his knees beside her, speaking passionately.

"I am not hurt," she said, her lips white and set, "it is only my foot—I am afraid I must have a carriage."

Many weeks elapsed before Miss Barbara was able to walk again. During those weeks Fordham received her letter, which had been forwarded from Bombay. He had been too wise to await it there. Emmett had smiled genially as he changed the address upon that letter. He had always known that more of Fordham's heart lay in the crib of his child than in the grave of his wife, but had not before divined that his own communications concerning "United States bonds," as he would have phrased it, were responsible for his friend's sudden journey across the seas. Fordham laid the letter unopened in Miss Barbara's lap. He knew the answer it contained, but the writer had verbally admitted that with only one foot to go upon she found it impossible to escape from fate.

An All-Round Thanksgiving Dinner.

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' turkey?" Alkali Ike—"I set him outside to cool, an' th' cat et him."

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' cat?" Alkali Ike—"A cayote et him."

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' cayote?" Alkali Ike—"Th' greyhound et him."

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' greyhound?" Alkali Ike—"An Injun et him."

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' Injun?" Alkali Ike—"A grizzly et him."

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' grizzly?" Alkali Ike—"Out thar."

Bronco Pete—"Waal, we'll have ter eat th' grizzly, Ike; but I hate ter take th' leavin' uv a Thanksgiving turkey like that."—Harper's Bazar.

A November Mail.

The wild November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its folds aside,
Her face is full of pain.

But wait till wild November's gone,
When glad Thanksgiving's fare
Is eaten, with its pies and cakes,
That pain will be elsewhere.

Anticipation.

Baby Turkey—"Mamma, do we celebrate Thanksgiving?"
Mamma Turkey—"No, my dear; but if we're lucky we will celebrate the day after."—Judge.

STYLES IN DRESS.

SOME OF THE LATEST DECREES OF DAME FASHION.

Descriptions of a Home Gown of Figured Batiste and a Skirt in Golet Style—A Velvet Rage.

FIGURED batiste in ecru, lavender and green, made the pretty gown in the double-column illustration. This is a favorite mode for all styles of fabrics. The loose-fitting fronts and back in Watteau design are disposed over fitted linings that conform to the figure and gracefully display its lines



HOME GOWN OF FIGURED BATISTE.

and curves. The Byron collar neatly finishes the neck, the semi-girdle in pointed outline (which is inserted at the under-arm seams) confining the fullness at the waist line in front. The full-topped leg o' mutton sleeves are adjusted with a single seam and plainly completed with facings at the wrists. Gowns in this style are made from outing and French flannel, merino, cashmere, crepon, camel's hair and ladies' cloth, with collar and belt of velvet, silk or other contrasting materials. The girdle and fitted linings can be omitted if a loose adjustment is preferred.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this gown for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure is 5 yards; for a 36-inch size, 5½ yards; for a 40-inch size, 5¾ yards; for a 42-inch size, 5¾ yards.

A HANDSOME SKIRT.

Black satin made this handsome skirt in pronounced godet style, in the second large illustration. The widely gored front is smoothly fitted at the top and gradually distends to the lower edge. The side gores fit smoothly and fall below the hips in deep outstanding flutes, the three godets in back being arranged in small box plaits at the top. A pocket opening is finished in the seam at the left side of centre back, a straight belt

a lady having a 23-inch waist measure is 6 yards; for a 26-inch size, 6½ yards; for a 30-inch size, 6¾ yards.

VELVET ALL THE PAGE.

For dressy street wear, or the carriage, nothing is more in favor than velvet; it combines so richly with fur, and gives one a wonderfully cosy, comfortable look. The story books always describe their princesses as walking about in velvet gowns, wrapped in priceless furs. The idea must have caught the fashionable fancy, for all the feminine world, says the New York Press, has gone velvet-mad. There are velvet street frocks, velvet evening frocks, velvet coats, velvet boleros, velvet picture hats and fancy velvet muffs; anything in which velvet may be reason-



STYLISH COAT IN BLACK PATTERNED VELVET.

ably employed. And then velvet is one of the few things the mondaines know will not become common. At least the Lyons silk velvets they wear



HANDSOME SKIRT IN GODET STYLE.

completing the top of the skirt. A stiff interlining throughout is a matter of choice, a more distinguished air being imparted by at least a deep facing of some stiff fabric between the lining and material. The bottom is plainly completed. An elastic strap holds the godets in position at the back, a stay of tape or ribbon being tacked underneath all around. Crepon, Gros-de-Londres, plain and fancy silks, cote de Cheval, chevot, serge and other silk, wool or mixed fabrics will all develop stylishly by the mode.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this skirt for

will not, for they are far too costly for the ordinary purse. Not long ago every grand dame had in her wardrobe a richly embroidered velvet cloak; many of them have them still, and fortunately they are once more springing into favor. Jettied velvets are being sold by the yard, to be made into cloaks, but somehow they do not have the richness of the "old-timers," probably because many of the old ones were hand-work.

The British Empire in 1783 did not contain 50,000,000 inhabitants; now it has 350,000,000 and is still growing.