

**HARRY'S THANKS-GIVING FAIRY.**

How She Aided Him to Find the Pumpkin Which Had Been Lost.



LL unmindful of their destiny two little white flat seeds were dropped into a market basket, which was on the arm of an old man going to his home in a country town in New England.

When the old man, whose name was Uncle Joe Jenkins, put down his basket in the kitchen, his little granddaughter Susie began to take all the vegetables and parcels out of it, for she was a helpful, tidy little girl, and always willing to use her hands.

So Susie unpacked Uncle Joe's basket, and just as she was about to set the basket upon a shelf, her brother Harry came running into the kitchen, crying as the high his heart would break, because he had fallen down and hurt his hand. Susie kissed his little dirty hand and gave him the empty basket to play with, saying: "There, darling, don't cry any more. Take this basket and go out in the garden and play that you were Uncle Joe going to market. You can find lots of things to put in your basket in the garden."

So little Harry stopped crying and ran off with the basket. The very first thing he did was to tip it upside down and sit on it, for it was pretty heavy for such a little fellow—he was only four years old. While he sits on the basket, watching some little ants making their home in the ground, I must tell you what happened to those little seeds. When Harry turned over the basket, of course they fell out, and there on the ground they stayed, half hidden in the soil, a long, long time. The winds blew, the storms came, some days were cool and some were very warm. The sun did all it could to keep those little seeds warm; the rain did all it could to give them water, and the dear heavenly Father watched over all, and finally made them grow into two beautiful large vegetables.

What do you think they were? Their color was dark orange and their size was that of the largest watermelon you ever saw. They were so heavy that it would have taken a very



HARRY AND HIS BASKET.

strong man to lift them, and their shape was round. Now, can you guess what they were? If you cannot, I must go on with my story and tell you.

Little Harry did not know anything about the seeds, and he went on playing every day in the garden and in the house, and if he reads this story he will be much surprised to know that there was anything in the basket before he tipped it upside down.

One day he ran to his uncle Joe, who was working in the barn, and said: "Oh, Uncle Joe! do come and tell me what these two yellow things are that are out in our garden; they are the color of oranges, only no drefle big. Come, come quickly, Uncle Joe. I never saw such funny big things growing in our garden before."

So Uncle Joe left his work, and went with "the little boy" to see the wonders. When he looked at them he said: "Why, Harry, have you never seen anything like these before?"

"No, Uncle Joe; I'm sure I never did. What do you call them, and what are they good for?"

"Well," replied Uncle Joe, "they are called pumpkins, and when I was a little boy, we used to have whole fields full of them, and at Thanksgiving-time my mother (your grandmother; you remember her, don't you?) used to have a lot of them made into pies and tarts. Oh, my! Harry, it just makes my mouth water when I think about it."

"Well, Uncle Joe," said Harry, "why can't we have a Thanksgiving like the one you used to have? Won't these two pumpkins make lots of pies?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Joe, "indeed they will, and we will look up the old cook book and have a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving."

That very evening, after the tea things were all cleared away, Uncle Joe called Susie and Harry and good old Aunt Martha into the sitting room. Harry's father and mother were dead, and Susie and Harry were living with their uncle and aunt.

"Now, Martha," said Uncle Joe, "put away your knitting, for we want you to help us; these little ones have never seen a real, old-fashioned Thanksgiving, and I want to have a good time for them here while you and I are spared to help them enjoy it."

Aunt Martha looked up from her knitting with a bright smile and a happy look in her blue eyes, as she replied: "Yes, indeed, I will help you, for I was thinking to-day, Joe, of all the fun and frolic you and I used to

**A STUFFED KID'S NIGHTMARE.**



WILLIE'S DREAM AFTER THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

have at Thanksgiving time when we were little."

"Make out a list of names," said Uncle Joe, "of all your relations, and then send them notes of invitation to come and spend Thanksgiving Day with us; those who come from a great distance must stay over night, and they must all stay in the evening, so that we may have games, music and contra dances after our feasting." So the invitations were written and sent to all the relations, both old and young.

The next day Uncle Joe called Harry to go with him to bring in the two big pumpkins. But what a disappointment it was to find only one pumpkin in the field adjoining, in the barn and in the carriage house and cellar, but the lost pumpkin could not be found.

"Well, Harry," said Uncle Joe, "we must make the best of it. We can have plenty of squash, apple and mince pies, not omitting the Thanksgiving plum pudding."

Harry looked as though he wanted to cry, so his uncle took him by the hand, saying: "Let us take a look at the three big turkeys, and give them plenty of corn before they are killed for our dinner, poor things!"

So they went to the barnyard and fed all the turkeys and chickens, and then Harry went with his uncle to the village store to buy nuts, raisins, spices, lemons and many other good things for Aunt Martha.

That night, when Harry went to bed, he was very tired and his brain was full of thoughts about Thanksgiving, but especially about the lost pumpkin. Just before midnight he heard a little noise beside his bed, and a tiny voice said: "Little boy, little boy, we have your lost pumpkin. Do you want to know where it is?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Harry, sitting up in bed.

"Very well," said the charming little creature (she was a tiny fairy named Goldie-Good). "We fairies helped a good little girl named Cinderella to take your pumpkin into her house, and her fairy god-mother (our coach) has turned it into a beautiful coach for Cinderella to ride in to the ball. This is the first night of the ball, but, after to-morrow night, if you look carefully under the green pumpkin vine in your garden you will find your pumpkin there again all safe and sound. We did not mean to trouble you by taking your pumpkin; we only wanted to help poor little Cinderella, for you know what a hard life she has always had, but she will be happy at last, and aren't you glad that you have helped to make her happy by lending her your pumpkin?"

"Oh, yes, I am!" said Harry, "but

"No," said Harry; "do you?"

"Yes," said his uncle, "I believe it just as much as I believe any dreams that little boys have."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Harry. "Did I dream it?"

"Certainly; and I can tell you how you happened to have such a dream. Don't you remember that your Aunt Martha let you eat a little pumpkin tart that she had made for you, so that you might know just how the Thanksgiving pies were going to taste, and, as you were not in the habit of eating tarts or pies, it made you feel rather uneasy, and you slept in dreamland, instead of the quiet, peaceful land of nod. You see, Harry, the pumpkin was out there in the garden all the time, but you and I did not find it because it was so hidden by the large leaves."

Harry understood then that it was all a dream about the fairy and Cinderella, but he did feel rather disappointed to know that it was not true and real, for he had always wanted to see a fairy.

The next day the big pumpkin was brought into the house and was made into many little pies and tarts, which were enjoyed very much by all the uncles, aunts and cousins when they came to dinner. Every little cousin heard the story of Harry's dream, and Aunt Martha gave them all a tiny pumpkin pie to carry home, and the children called them "Cinderella pies."

"Oh, yes, I suppose you know all about it," replied Harry, "but I do hope she won't forget to send back my pumpkin when she is done with it," and then Harry lay down, put his hand under his cheek, and slept soundly until

morning.

He never knew before that Cinderella lived in America. I thought she was an English girl, and I did not know that we had princesses in this country.

"Didn't you?" said Goldie-Good. "Well, we do have princesses here nowadays, and this Cinderella is an American."

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**What a Church Mouse Did on One Thanksgiving Day**



HE Church Mouse was very much surprised one Thursday morning to hear the church bell ring, and to see the people come walking into church as though it was Sunday morning.

However, he had lived in the church so long that he had grown very wise; he made up his mind therefore to keep very quiet and find out if he could what it all meant.

He felt especially thankful to see the man who pumped the organ Sundays take his place, as this man always carried something to eat in his pocket.

The Mouse had often heard the man who pumped the organ called "Foolish," but, as he always left so many crumbs about, the Mouse was firmly of the opinion that the man was as wise as Solomon.

The Church Mouse had listened to so many sermons that he was well informed as to Solomon.

Every one looked very happy on this particular morning, as indeed they should have done, for, as the Mouse soon learned, it was Thanksgiving Day. Just before the sermon began, the Church Mouse, who was so thin and poor, he could run ever so fast without getting out of breath, heard the man who pumped the organ talking with the minister.

"Good morning, Noah," said the minister. "I see you have a new hymn book."

"Yes, sir," answered Noah, "of course I can pump any hymn in the book without the notes and always could, and so they never thought I

needed a book, I guess, until the boys thought of me and gave me this one; I'll pump the organ more confident like, now."

Then the Mouse knew why Noah was called "Foolish."

While the people were singing our grand old hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," the Church Mouse was eating his breakfast. Poor little Stuffy Mouse! He had found a bit of cookie a chubby baby dropped.

"Long may our land be bright," sang the people, and the hungry Church Mouse nibbled away. When the last verse was finished and the bit of cookie almost gone, the minister rose and said that he wished to make a few remarks before the contribution was taken.

When the talk was ended and the minister had urged the people to give of their abundance, or as the Lord had prospered them, that the hungry might be fed, the little Church Mouse, with his stomach full of cookie, made up his mind to use his influence; accordingly he moved over to the pew of the Stuffy Man and watched.

The ushers moved slowly up the aisles as the solemn music of the organ filled the church.

Down into his pocket went the hand of the Stuffy Man; he drew out a gold piece—it was money he had collected that very morning by grinding a poor man, and he wanted to look at it again to be sure it was safe. The Church Mouse moved a trifle nearer.

Down into his pocket again went the hand of the Stuffy Man, and this time a copper lay in his palm beside the shining coin.

Thought the mouse, "Gold is scarce in these days, and I know what it means to be cold and hungry," and he moved yet nearer.

At last the basket was passed to the Stuffy Man. He intended to put in the copper. The Church Mouse knew the time for action had come, and, at the risk of his own life, he sprang up the coat sleeve of the Stuffy Man so suddenly that down into the basket went the shining coin with the copper.

The Missionary Society gave a Thanksgiving supper in the church parlors that night, and the Church Mouse, who safely escaped from the Stuffy Man's coat sleeve, had all he could eat—for once.—Frances Margaret Fox.

Thanksgiving Danger-Signals.

Turkey "in hiding, to friend"—"Lie low, Friend Gobbler, lie low; there's blood in his eyes and he's got an axe!"

My special pet is the humming-bird, and I never weary of feeding and fussing with that lovely little creature. I tame them every year, and my interest in them never flags.

Last spring my wife and I were standing on the piazza and a pair of male ruby-throats—the first arrivals—came hovering around our heads, chasing each other in seeming play, and then lighting side by side on a star jessamine vine, within a foot or two of our faces, without the slightest fear of us, which meant, of course, that they knew their ground, and when I brought out the little bottle that they always feed from, one of them came directly to it as if he had fed on it all his life. Its delightful to be remembered by the tiny creatures in this way, and nearly every season I have proof of their memory. This season at least two or three of my old pets have visited me, and all seem to be as tame as on the previous year, but the early birds that are on the migratory move I cannot induce to stay. They never all go further north to set up housekeeping. I never expect to keep one for any length of time until the young birds appear in the early part of June.

During the month of June this year I had two or three quite tame, but one in particular never saw me anywhere around the place but he would come hovering around me, and I never failed to take his little bottle from my pocket and give him a sip or two. I have discovered that it is best to give them but little at a time, as they are apt to over-feed themselves. I often sit on the piazza to read my paper, and when I have a tame bird I hold the bottle—with the bow attachment—so that he can sit and help himself without interfering with my reading; and this summer, as I was reading, I heard my pet as I supposed, fly up and take his seat, and I paid no attention to him for some time. I then looked up to see what he was doing, and to my surprise and delight there sat an old full-plumaged male bird—a friend of the previous year. But he never repeated his visit.—Florida correspondence, Forest and Stream.

An Alliterative Adventure.

A litative may sometimes be carried to a ridiculous excess, and many people with a liking for the carious have written whole stories or poems each word of which began with the same letter. One of our friends sends in an amusing illustration of what can be done in the way of alliterative story-telling. Following is the story, which is called: "Sara Shuns School."

Sultry September seventh Sam started seeking school. Sun shone serenely; sky soft sapphire; stream sparkled. Sam strutted, sporting Sunday suit, shoes, stockings. Soon Sam saw swallow skimming swiftly skyward. Seemingly swallow said: "Silly Sam; stay, swim, Sam." Sam sighed sadly. School suggested slate, suns, study. Sam sauntered slowly, slower; stopped suddenly; soon scudded southward speedily, skimming school. Some saucy squirrels seeing Sam scolded: "So, so, Sam's surely skipped school! Sorry sight, sorry sight! Shame! Shame!" Startled, Sam stood still. Spying squirrels shouted, slung sticks savagely. Sportive squirrels, scared, scampered.

Smiling scornfully, Sam sought shining stream. Seeing several splendid swans swimming, Sam slyly stole soft, shady seat, staring seditiously. Sedate swans stemmed stream, awayed, stopped—surely superb! Suddenly Sam sneezed, spilling silence. "Shaw!" said Sam. Swans splashing, scattered spray, swam speedily. Secondly, Sam skipped stones, sang Sunday school songs softly; soon sat still, soliloquizing, safe, snug. Silence seemed sweet. Stream smiled, slipping,

Not long ago a Frenchman died, and a clause in his will set forth his desire to be conveyed to his last resting place in a motor-car arranged as a hearse. Near Marseilles there has just taken place a christening of a new order. The christening party consisted of nine persons and they were conveyed to church by a motor-brake. A French paper thinks it will be a source of satisfaction to the parents of the child (it was a boy) to say that he began very early to patronize the new locomotion.

**CHILDREN'S COLUMN.**

A Recipe for an Appetite.

My lad who sits at breakfast, With forehead in a frown, Because the chop is underdone, And the fritter overbrown.—

Just leave your dainty mining, And take, to mend your fare, A slice of golden sunshine And a cup of morning air.

And when you have ate and drunken If you want a little fun, Throw by your jacket of broadcloth And take an uphill run.

And what with one and the other, You will be so strong and gay, That work will be only a pleasure Through all the rest of the day.

And when it is time for supper Your bread and milk will be As sweet as a comb of honey. Will you try my recipe?

A Fight With Rats.

During a flood on the marshes near Sittingbourne, England, a man was overtaken by the rash of tidal waters, and for safety he sought refuge in a tree. He had not been long there before he was horrified to find a number of rats swimming toward him. The rats were ferocious and excited by being driven from their haunts, and they made for the tree with a view to seeking the same shelter which the man enjoyed.

Not caring to come to close quarters with the rats, the man took off one of his heavily nailed boots, and with it he prepared to give battle. As fast as the rats came to the tree they were beaten back into the water, and so the fight continued until the creatures were either killed outright or compelled to seek a resting place elsewhere.

The victor then put on his boot, and when the waters had subsided he dropped from his perch and made the best of his way home.

Taming Humming-Birds.

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And of course grandma said she didn't mind.

So the next day, when the ten little guests went away, after having the most charming time, they each took with them a kitten, in a box with slats fixed so that it could breathe. And, after they were all gone, Nan went down to the barn. When she came back, she looked very sober.

"I wouldn't have thought," she remarked, "that I could have felt so lonely without those ten kittens. I hope I'm not getting selfish."

And grandma smiled.

The next day grandma was upstairs when she heard Nan calling. And then, running up the stairs, accompanied by a chorus of meowing, she burst into the room, her cheeks very red and her eyes very bright, with ten boxes piled up in her arms.

"O grandma," she cried, "the party all came back, and brought their silvernears. They said their mamas said they were just as much obliged, but they had so many kittens now they do not really need any more; and say, O grandma, don't you think we can keep them now?"

And of course grandma, when she got through laughing, said "Yes."—Churchman.

Jacky's Punishments and Rewards.

As Jacky is not subjected to arbitrary penalties on the one hand, so he is not arbitrarily rewarded or promoted on the other. He is the architect of his own fortunes, and so long as good health stands by him he can be just what he makes himself. When he joins his ship he takes his record with him, and upon that, and with the benefit of every doubt resolved in his favor, he is assigned to one of the four conduct classes into which the whole crew is divided. If he enters a lower class, good conduct will promote him to a higher one; if he misbehaves he goes down. The captain is the judge. Every month the standing of the men in their classes is revised and published. The higher the class the greater the privileges. A first-class conduct man can draw a larger percentage of his pay and have more shore liberty than a member of any other class. "He shall be allowed," says the "Regulations," "every indulgence compatible with the demands of duty and with the exigencies of the service." But to gain this he must have the qualifications of "strict attention to duty, implicit and ready obedience, sobriety, alacrity, courageous conduct, neatness of person and of dress, quick and respectful demeanor and general usefulness."—New York Independent.

Novel Uses for Motor Cars.

Not long ago a Frenchman died, and a clause in his will set forth his desire to be conveyed to his last resting place in a motor-car arranged as a hearse. Near Marseilles there has just taken place a christening of a new order. The christening party consisted of nine persons and they were conveyed to church by a motor-brake. A French paper thinks it will be a source of satisfaction to the parents of the child (it was a boy) to say that he began very early to patronize the new locomotion.