

GIVE THANKS.

Give thanks for sun
And dew and rain;
For flower and fruit
And garnered grain;

For lowly herb
For queenly rose,
For falling leaf
And drifting snows.

For answered prayers,
For hopes fulfilled;
Heart-conflates;
And passions stilled;

For friends and kindred,
Home and health;
Our country's pride,
And skill and wealth.

But last and best,
From all and dale,
From ice-bound lake,
To orange vale,

Ere our triumph
Song shall cease,
Thank God—thank God
For blessed peace!

—[Claudia Tharin.

TURNING THE TABLES.

A THANKSGIVING SURPRISE.

"Another blue Thanksgiving coming on," Frank Russell said aloud. "A man is half a man living in this way. Life is a big humbug. So far as I can make out, it consists chiefly of penances for ignorant mistakes."

He was rummaging for a pair of whole stockings while he uttered his grim philosophy and was provoked not to find any, small blame to him. Trifles try men's souls.

"Something will have to be done," he thought as he bent a vain to do duty for a collar-button. "All my clothes have struck for repairs. It destroys a man's self-respect to go around dressed in this make-shift fashion."

He was trying to whistle off his dreariness when Mrs. Kitchell rapped at the door. He had occupied her rooms six months.

"Slept sound as a mole on the new spring mattress," Frank volunteered, turning from the dressing-case as she came in. "I expect to stay all day in bed pretty soon."

"Rheumatism?" "Well, no; I've Miss McFlinsey's complaint—nothing to wear."

"Fact. Haven't a dud that is in order?" "I might take a stitch or sew on a button," said Mrs. Kitchell doubtfully.

"Thanks. But there are scores of buttons and any number of stitches needed. Don't you know of some woman who would make a business of putting my clothes in order, one who was reliable, and would come here and do it?"

"There are menders who make a business of it, if we could find them," said Mrs. Kitchell.

"Why not advertise?" "We might try."

He sat down to his desk and wrote: WANTED—A nice mender to put gentleman's wardrobe in order. Call at No. 436—street.

"How is this?" he asked, reading. "It sounds well."

"All right. I'll drop into the office of the Bluester and have it inserted at once."

On the evening of the next day Frank came home, went straight to his room and lighted the gas. It was the duldest of November evenings and the glow seemed cheery. There had been some sort of change in the atmosphere of the place since morning. Wasn't there a faint odor of violets in the air? He thought suddenly of his ad. Had Mrs. Kitchell engaged a woman? Did menders as a rule leave a trail of delicate perfume behind them?

He proceeded to investigate. First he opened a clothes press. His dressing-gown confronted him with a knowing look. He examined and found it had undergone thorough repair. He enveloped himself in its crimson and old gold gorgeness with sigh of satisfaction. He opened his fine linen drawer. Frayed buttonholes, necks and wristbands had been looked after and buttons summoned back to duty. The hopeless looking collection in the stocking drawer had been begun upon. There was the needle and mending yarn, showing that "there was more to follow" of the work so well begun.

"It is a fine thing to have a woman around, providing you don't," a hero Frank broke off abruptly and sat thinking some painful, uneasy thoughts.

Mrs. Kitchell rapped and came in at his bidding, beaming at him across the rejuvenated dressing-gown.

"She's been here, I see," Frank said, "and she's proved a jewel so far."

"She's a real lady. I picked her out of a dozen who came. You wouldn't give some of them house room. I know she was sure not to poke around in things."

"Your choice does you credit, Mrs. Kitchell. She's made a good beginning. Take this," handing her a bank note, "to make yourself good and pay her for her work."

"I'm very glad you are satisfied," said Mrs. Kitchell, cheerfully, as she glanced at the denomination of the note. She had often said that there was nothing "skimpin'" about Mr. Russell.

Mrs. Kitchell was a non-committal woman. Frank wanted to ask after the looks of the mender, but forbore. "Some one who has seen better days likely," he thought.

He fell into another reverie before the open fire after Mrs. Kitchell had left him. A curious sense of companionship was invading him not unpleasantly. His portrait hung above the mantel-piece. Its eyes seemed to meet their duplicates knowingly, as if their owner could take unfold if he so desired. Eyes they were with a sort of steady insistence and a gleam of mischief beneath their unguarded expression. Things had gone wrong with their owner, awfully wrong, he told himself. He was in no doubt as to where the blame should be credited. He had been an unmitigated idiot, as he was apt to remind himself.

As he raised his arm that faintest odor of violet or something else seemed to creep out of his dressing gown. He next saw a long, brown, bushy hair trailing over the skirt of it. He tried to brush it into the fire. It clung to his fingers, but finally disengaged itself of its own will and gyrated up the chimney. He began to wonder if this mender was nice looking. He had thought of her vaguely as homely and clever with her needle, but somehow bushy hair and the odor of violets seemed to demand some other kind of character.

He came back to the next night feeling he had a new interest in life. Against the faint odor of violets came to his nostrils as he opened the door. The fire was struggling into a bright glow in the grate.

Frank lighted the gas and looked around. Was she lurking in some corner? No, she had folded up her work and "silently stole away." Yet he seemed to be established on a friendly footing with her.

"The mender finished to-day and I've just paid her," Mrs. Kitchell told him the next morning. "Done so soon?" he said with a note of disappointment.

"She said she was pressed with other work outside the mending line. She was above it, I'm sure, yet she does it cheery like, as if she meant to make the best of it. A quiet young lady she is—one you couldn't ask questions."

Frank put on a pair of mended stockings the next morning. He found an obstruction in the toe of one, which proved to be a bit of paper with these words written upon it:

Slip on your stockings With a delicate quirk, If you would not injure This fine lattice work.

Evidently the mender had a vein of humor, which Mrs. Kitchell had overlooked. "A rhyme, too," he muttered. "What next, I wonder?"

In the pocket of a vest that had been newly bound and pressed he found another missive.

Gently linger when the button Lies between your thumb and finger, Be not hurried, Cross or hurried, Take your time to dress for dinner.

"By Jove!" he thought, "she's found out that I'm an impatient fellow, taught by her woman's wits and my surroundings, I suppose." He glanced uneasily at a blue polka dot necktie reposing in a corner, where he had flung it the morning before.

Somehow the rhymes jingled in his ears all the evening. He heard others in his sleep, which, as near as he could remember next morning had run something in this wise:

Prepare, prepare, for a glad Thanksgiving, For peace and joy and a brand new wedding, From which it may be inferred that Frank had been one of the contracting parties in a wedding in the past, if the dream rhymes were to be trusted. He closed his eyes and thought of the following headlines of a story stared at him:

A SINGULAR EPISODE. A MENDER OF STOCKINGS MENDS HER FORTUNES—THE NEAREST CROSS-ROAD TO A MAN'S GOOD GRACES.

Frank glanced over the story, then began at the beginning. He found it a vivid pen-and-ink picture of himself and his surroundings. There could be no mistake. The description of his rooms were minute, from the couchant lions on the andirons to the clock on the mantel-piece, with Boadicea driving in her chariot, one of the wheels of which was the dial plate. Even the pattern of the carpet and the inoffensive necktie he had maltreated were mentioned.

The hero of the story was named Oliver Langley. He was a peculiar character. His personal description tallied with Frank's exactly. The fine lights and shades of character, the things bad and good which he knew about himself, but supposed them unknown to any one else, were described on paper with a minuteness that was startling.

The hero of the story was a good-looking bachelor, who had been angling for and flattered by women until, as a natural consequence, he rated them as about the easiest procurable luxuries on the footstool, and made up his mind that marriage in his case would be rendered a failure by its cloying sweetness.

But something unexpected happened. A professional repairer of clothing came to his rooms during his absence to put his wardrobe in order. She was a young woman, with plain face, too thin by far for good looks, nose long and unclassical and pale, gray eyes. But her mouth, that was expressive and seemed made to invite the kisses out of which the upper part of her face was likely to cheat her.

Then her voice was full of sweet vibrations that he never noticed because her dresses were ill-fitting. She had no accomplishments, unless her genius for accompanying might be accounted one. She was delighted to get hold of garments suffering from the "stitch in time," and she was elected to put Oliver Langley's wardrobe in a high state of repair.

One day this fastidious gentleman, who would have turned up his nose at the Queen of Sheba, said his lady friends, came home unexpectedly in the middle of the afternoon to find the mender seated on a low stool with one of his stockings stretched over her hand, darning leisurely and smiling as she darned, as if pleasant thoughts kept her company.

He stood a few minutes unobserved by her, wondering how she could look so happy over such commonplace work for the smile lighted her face wonderfully. When she did look up she neither started nor blushed, but met his eyes with a level glance as if he were the most ordinary of men instead of an appalling heart-breaker. When she spoke her voice charmed him; he, the fastidious, grew interested in her, found she was alone in the world, liked her possibilities unfolded. Well-fitting garments defined her exquisite form. Her face seemed to undergo a transformation. She became a woman who, if not strictly beautiful, was striking and fascinating.

All would have been well had she been less demonstrative. Her first reserve wore off. She had no eyes nor ears for the admiration of others. She centered her whole life upon him. Being a gentleman he concealed his bored feelings from her, and her own affection might have blinded her permanently had she not overheard him express his dissatisfaction in confidence to a male friend. His words fairly paralyzed her for a moment.

"I am elated, disgusted with so much sweetness. I want a wife who will starve me into hot pursuit of her. Eloise is too devoted. She fairly stiles me."

That and more she heard made up her mind on the instant. She left the house secretly within an hour, and when he sought her he found instead a brief note quoting the words she had overheard while it tried to conceal the stinging wound to her pride.

The story ran that for a long time he could find no clue to her whereabouts. At length a "bright particular star" rose upon the literary world. He sought an introduction and found that the brilliant writer was his wife, who had fought her way to success against terrible odds. But she was cold and unapproachable and he sued for pardon only to be repulsed. She was left to her own devices and she was left to guess as in the case of the "Lady and the Tiger."

Frank was taken aback by the peculiar mingling of fact and fancy in the story. The writer had her finger upon a chapter of his life. Only one woman could have written it. He must find her, and that without delay. For two days she had

bailed him, now the tables would be turned. He went to the office of the paper and asked the real name and address of "Dolly Penwoman." The editor was sorry, but the lady's name and address were held in strict confidence.

"I have a particular reason for wishing to see her," said Frank impatiently. "Some other gentleman also asked her address for particular reasons," said the editor.

Finding he could get no satisfaction, Frank returned in the best of humor. Next he went to Mrs. Kitchell and got a full description of the mender. He was more excited than ever after that. He dashed off "Personal" and had it inserted in the paper. He scanned the file of every woman he met on the street and hung around the office of the paper in hopes to see her in or out.

The day before Thanksgiving he went up again to the sanctum of the editor, intending to coax, bribe or force him into telling the address of Dolly Penwoman. As he stood a moment in the lower office a lady walked out. He had a full view of her, himself in shadow. It was his wife, who had gone out of his life silently two years ago. She wore a long stylish street garment and walked past him without turning her head, her face flushed and smiling.

He tried to speak her name, but some unapproachable atmosphere surrounded her. But he kept her in sight after she had gained the street.

She rode uptown on a Broadway car, Frank standing on the driver's platform. She got out near Twenty-third street and stood at the counter, fingering a heap of carriages idly, while she ordered a basket of roses sent to No. 144—street.

As they turned to go their eyes met. Her glance swept him from head to foot, making him feel her scornful recognition of him keenly, although she passed him as a stranger and walked out.

He recalled as he walked along the street. Surely she was not utterly estranged. He hastened to overtake her, then fell back. He would wait till evening and call on No. 144—street.

He did so, but she was not to be found there. His inquiries elicited that the lady he sought for was Miss Middleton, who had ordered the flowers for a sick friend. "I am looking for Mrs. Russell," was on his tongue, but he checked himself. Was she likely to be carrying his name around? Miss Middleton's address? Yes, it was No. 20—street.

Not without misgivings he called at No. 20—street, and was shown into a reception room. Was he to be again baffled? Miss Middleton was in. He would not risk his own, so he sent her a fictitious name. If he could once see her alone and talk matters over, he thought.

The rustle of skirts sounded on the stairs. He turned from the window and took a step towards her as she entered. Her look of surprise died away, leaving her face pale as she saw who it was. But she met his eyes steadily, with no response to his appeal. They stood thus a full minute without speaking. Frank felt desperate.

"Louise," he burst out, "I was an egotistic idiot. You cannot despise me more than I despise myself."

Still she did not speak. He called at No. 20—street, and was shown into a reception room. Was he to be again baffled? Miss Middleton was in. He would not risk his own, so he sent her a fictitious name. If he could once see her alone and talk matters over, he thought.

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"FIVE GRAINS OF CORN."

A New England Thanksgiving Custom.

Anniversary customs have no real reason for being if they do not bring to mind some event of importance of interest in the history of the people. Gog and Magog, the fabulous giants who defended England against the Romans, still figure on the Lord Mayor's day in London; the Cherry Feast of barbarous times is still observed on the banks of the Suale in Germany; and when parties of women in Boston drink "Revolutionary Tea" together, they recall the summary protest of their ancestors against British tyranny.

A very pretty custom has to some extent grown up, which is well worthy to become universal. It recalls the sufferings and sacrifices of the Pilgrim Fathers, and associates itself with our most festive holiday. It is the custom of placing on the plate of each guest five grains of corn, at the beginning of the Thanksgiving dinner.

In the winter of 1623, when Bradford was governor, and the Pilgrims shared their crops in common, the people of Plymouth Colony were threatened with famine, and were reduced to such straits that for a time each person was allowed a cereal ration of five grains of corn a day.

Put to this test, the faith of the Forefathers in their great enterprise did not falter or fail. The elders counseled resignation, and no one of the leaders proposed an abandonment of their purpose or a return to England or other change to more promising shores. Every one in the colony was willing to undergo every possible privation for the sake of the principle which it represented.

In the prosperous years that followed, this event was recalled at the Thanksgiving festival by a provincial dish called succotash, which consisted of a palatable mixture of beans and corn. After the lapse of some two hundred years, Mrs. Hemans's "Hymn of the Pilgrim Fathers" began to be used at Thanksgiving festivals. The dish called succotash—a kind of apple pudding of colonial reputation—was similar to that for like historical reasons at the dessert.

Recently, the placing of five grains of corn on the Thanksgiving plate before the meal has been made to recall the hardships and heroism of the founders of New England and the American Commonwealth.

These things are all appropriate to Thanksgiving, the succotash, the pancake, the song, "The breaking waves dashed high," and the five grains of corn. The Hebrews built the great booths of the Feast of the Tabernacles for a thousand years.—[Youth's Companion.

During the Revolution Thanksgiving Day was held by most of the States every year, but after a general Thanksgiving for peace in 1784 five years elapsed until President Washington proclaimed a day of Thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution. At odd times during the following years general thanksgivings were ordered, but it was chiefly confined to the States of New England. The Episcopal Prayer-book of 1789 recommended a Thanksgiving Day, and the churches usually held such services about the 1st of November in States. The Governor of New York ordered the first Thanksgiving for the State in 1817, and in 1864 President Lincoln by proclamation appointed an annual Thanksgiving Day. The last Thursday in November is generally appointed, and for the President has made the proclamation, the Governors of the various States follow in his steps, and it has come to be one of the general holidays of the country.

In the New England States it is generally the day for family gatherings, Turkey and cranberries and pumpkin-pie are the viands always eaten by everybody, and foreigners are surprised at the widespread custom which is generally observed. Every one has something to be thankful for, and in all institutions and large cities turkeys are distributed, so that the celebration may be one grand hymn of Thanksgiving.

How to Choose a Turkey. Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal, says: "On Thanksgiving Day every American family makes an effort to dine on turkey. The turkey, being a gift for which all Americans should be thankful, seems especially appropriate as a Thanksgiving offering. If you are a town-dweller you must secure your bird from a poultryer; and let me whisper to you not to rely too implicitly on his judgment. Tastes differ, and upon this occasion you wish to suit your own. Some persons prefer a gobble to a hen-turkey, but I will advise you a hen. The meat is whiter, sweeter and more tender. The bill and toes should be soft, and the flesh have a bluish-white cast, twelve pounds being an exceedingly good weight. The fortunate country-dweller has his own turkeys, or should have at least, and can mould them at will. The feed can be so managed that the meat will be white, tender and of a delicate flavor, or the stover American family makes an effort to dine on turkey. 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