

A THANKFUL THANKSGIVING

"DON'T feel as if I should enjoy this Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Joel Nisbett, looking down into the basket of glossy, red checked Spitzbergs as if it were a family vault and taking up an apple as if it had been a skull; "no, I don't."

"Then, Sarepta," observed her husband, who had just thrown a huge log on the open fire, "you don't disarrange to be thankful for? It's as harmless a turkey as ever flapped, and I don't know of a year when I've had nicer pumpkins on that ar' corn lot!"

"Tain't turkey or pumpkin pies or cranberry sass as makes Thanksgiving," sighed Mrs. Nisbett.

"What is it, then? Ef it's cold weather, I should ha' thought the last frost would ha' done the business for you pretty fairly. Them artemisins by the front door is scorched black, and the old maple is losin' its leaves as if they



"I AM GOING TO BE MARRIED."

was raiuin' down. Parson Jarvis is comin' all the way from Sloatesville to preach tomorrow, and the quire's larned a bran' new anthem just a-purpose, about bein' thankful for harvest and all that sort of thing. I'm sure I don't know what else you'd have."

Mrs. Nisbett only answered by a sigh.

"I wonder if 'tain't possible Stephe'll be home tonight," she said after a pause.

"He writ not. He thought he'd drop in arly tomorrow mornin' if he caught the train he expected. Only think, old woman; it's five years since Stephe was hum to Thanksgiving!"

Old Nisbett rubbed his horny hands, with a chuckle, adding:

"And I s'pose, if all accounts is true, he's gettin' to be a great man out in that western country. It was kind of a hard pull when he went off and left us, but maybe the boy was in the right."

"Yes," said Mrs. Nisbett dolorously, "but somehow I can't get reconciled to the idea of his marryin' a strange gal out there."

Joel scratched his head. This was a phase of the subject that he scarcely felt competent to discuss.

"Maybe you'll like her. Stephe says she's a nice gal."

"Stephe says! As if a man over head and ears in love wouldn't say anything."

"I wish he'd told us who she was."

Mrs. Nisbett groaned again. Joel went out to the woodpile, the everyday shrine whence he generally derived what little of philosophic inspiration he had.

"Mrs. Nisbett!"

It was a soft little voice, and the old lady's face relaxed instinctively as it sounded on her ears.

"Why, Lida Tremaine—'tain't you?"

"It is. I've done everything that Aunt Constance wanted, and now I've just run over to see if you don't need a bit of help."

She stood in the doorway, a fair little apparition, all flushed and rosy with the November wind, while her blue eyes sparkled as if they were twin sapphires hidden away under her long, dark lashes. She was neither blond nor brunette, but a fresh checked girl, with nut brown hair, skin like the leaf of a madonka rose, a straight, refined nose and lips as ripe as a red crabapple, though by no means so sour. Generally she had a demure sort of gravity lingering about her face, but when she did laugh a dimple came out upon her cheek and a row of pearly teeth glimmered instantaneously.

In one hand she carried a bunch of late autumn flowers.

"See!" she cried, holding them up. "I ransacked Aunt Constance's garden for these. I knew that big vase on the mantel needed something, and, with a branch or so of scarlet leaves, I'll have a royal bouquet to help you keep Thanksgiving."

Mrs. Nisbett took the fair oval face between her two hands and kissed the fresh little mouth.

"Set down, Lida," she said. "I wasn't a-calculatin' to have no sech fixin's up, but you've sech a way, child, I can't never say no to you."

"But you're going to keep Thanksgiving," cried Lida, throwing off her outer wrappings and dancing up to the looking glass like a little gale of wind, "because you invited Aunt Constance and me to dinner and because your son is coming home."

"Yes, child, yes," said Mrs. Nisbett, subsiding once more into the mournful key from which Lida's sudden appearance had momentarily aroused her. "Joel's got the turkey shut up in a coop, and the bakin' 's done, and I'm just a-fixin' them apples, and—"

"Oh, oh," cried Lida, who had flutered to the window, "what glorius red leaves speckled over with little drops of gold! May I make some wreaths for the wall? Oh, please say yes!"

Mrs. Nisbett said "yes"—it would have been hard work to say "no" to Lida—and the girl soon came in, her apron full of the sprigs of the old maple tree, whose shadowy boughs kept the window veiled with cool shadows through the glaring summer days and showered fading gold upon the dead grass when the autumn came.

Mrs. Nisbett looked with tenderness upon the graceful little figure seated on the hearth rug, when the shine of the high heaped logs lost itself in her bright hair and made sparkles in her eyes, as the wreaths and trails of autumn leaves grew rapidly beneath her deft fingers.

"Lida," she said softly, "Lida, my dear!" Lida looked up.

"I saw your Aunt Constance yesterday, but there's somethin' reserved about her, and I didn't like to ask about you—whether you had decided to go out as a governess or not; because, my dear, Joel and I were talkin' last night, and we both thought what a comfort it would be to have you here."

"To have me here?"

"We're old and we're alone, and somehow we've both took a fancy to you, my child. So when your Aunt Constance goes back to the city, if you choose to come here—"

Mrs. Nisbett paused abruptly and burst into tears.

"We had a little girl once, my dear, and if she'd lived she would ha' been nigh about your age."

Lida let the leaves drop down on the floor as she sprang up and threw both arms round the old woman's neck.

"Oh, Mrs. Nisbett," she whispered softly, "you are so very, very kind. Believe me, I appreciate it all, but—but I hardly know how to tell you."

Mrs. Nisbett listened intently. Lida smiled and cried a little and then whispered so low it was scarcely audible.

"I am going to be married."

"Married!" ejaculated Mrs. Nisbett, with all a woman's interest in this important piece of information. "And who to?"

"Your son lives in Iowa—in Parling-ton?"

"Yes."

"Well, did he ever mention the name of—"

Lida paused, her cheeks glowing roses. Old Nisbett had come in with an armful of wood, bringing a gale with him from the frosty outer world.

"I'll tell you by and by," whispered Lida as she went back to her work.

"Joel'll go out again arter awhile," thought Mrs. Nisbett, "and then I'll hear about Lida's beau."

But Joel sat down before the fire with a contented satisfaction which hooded ill for the gratification of his wife's curiosity, and finally accompanied Lida home, thus frustrating all his wife's designs and cutting off her chance of hearing Lida's story.

"Dear me!" thought she. "I don't believe the man was ever born who knew when he wasn't wanted! How lonesome it seems when Lida's gone! What does the girl want to get married for when I could ha' took such a sight o' comfort with her? Oh, dear, dear! It does seem as if the world was all askew!"

The next day, in spite of the weather prophet's prediction of snow, dawned clear and brilliant as the dying smile of Indian summer. By 11 o'clock Mrs. Nisbett was dressed in her best silk and cap, with the turkey browsing beautifully in the oven and the cranberry tarts doing credit to themselves as well as to their maker, the table set, the fire high heaped with crackling logs and the plates dressed with coronals of autumn leaves. Aunt Constance, a tall, prim maiden lady of uncertain age, stood before the bedroom looking glass arranging her coiffure. Lida, in a blue dress with a late autumn rose in her hair, was tripping lither and thither as light footed and helpful as half a dozen household fairies merged into one, while Mrs. Nisbett stood regarding her with a loving eye, murmuring to herself:

"Well, well, it seems like it was the Lord's will to deny us of just what we most want, but if I had a daughter I could wish she was like Lida."

As the old kitchen clock struck 1 Mrs. Nisbett, looking from the window, gave a little cry.

"There he comes—there comes Joel, and, as I live, there's the boy with him!"

Lida ran into the bedroom.

When she returned, Mrs. Nisbett was clasped in the arms of a tall, handsome man of four or five and twenty.

"Lida," said the proud matron, striving to disengage herself from the affectionate clasp, "this is my son Stephen, and—why, what's the matter?"

For Stephen had dropped her hands with an exclamation of surprise and amazement, and Lida stood there glowing crimson.

"Lida! Why, mother, this is a surprise indeed that you have prepared for me!"

"I prepared!" echoed the astonished old lady. "Well, that's a good un, when I'm ten times as much surprised as you be! Lida, what does this mean?"

"It means," said Lida, with a demure smile—she was beginning to recover her scattered self possession—"it means that this is the gentleman I am to be married to!"

"Stephen!" cried Mrs. Nisbett, "is Lida to be your wife?"

"She has given me her promise to that effect, at least," said Stephen,

looking proudly down upon his lovely little fiancée.

"Well, if it don't beat all how queer things do happen!" said Mrs. Nisbett, her face radiant. "And you've been livin' neighbor to me these six weeks and I never knowed it. Lida, why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I never dreamed that Stephen Rishington, my betrothed western lover, was anything to Mrs. Nisbett," said Lida, laughing.

"There 'tis, now!" ejaculated the farmer. "How was she to know that he was only my nephew, adopted when his parents died, twenty good years ago. We've always called him son, and he's always been a son to us. But Lida didn't know. Old woman, what do you say to Stephen's wife?"

Mrs. Nisbett clasped Lida to her heart.

"I do say," she ejaculated, "this is the thankfulest Thanksgiving I ever lived to see!"—New York Daily News.

RULES FOR THE FEAST.

A Thanksgiving Menu, With Suggestions About the Turkey.

- It is not only Thanksgiving dinner that Lady Bountiful is expected to provide for, says the Chicago Record, but she has the men of the family home for at least the day, and in many cases a household of company to look after. With all of this in view a few suggestions are offered for various goods and savories, both hot and cold, suitable to the season.
- Oysters on the Half Shell.
- Oxtail Soup.
- Salmon Cutlets, Capar Sauce.
- Curried Kidney or Escaloped Sweet-breads.
- Roast Turkey.
- Cranberry Sauce or Jelly.
- Mashed Potatoes.
- Stewed Celery with White Sauce.
- Spinach or Peas.
- Pumpkin and Mince Pies.
- Quaking Pudding with Soft Custard.
- Cheese Souffle.
- Fruit Nuts. Coffee.

For the piece de resistance it is well to go to market prepared to buy the best, which is always a young, medium sized hen turkey. Mind that your purchase is a thorough "black leg." If the legs incline to paleness, Father Time has been at work. The breast must be broad and fat, the skin very white and the neck short. If the legs are red and adorned with long spurs, these are sure signs of an old gobbler. Nothing will so improve a turkey and give it



PIECE DE RESISTANCE.

the desired holiday flavor as a stuffing of mushrooms, and, as these are raised in such quantities for the market nowadays, they are no longer an extravagance. The stuffing is made in this way: A pound of nice, tender ham cut in dice. When hot, add two pounds of mushrooms, a little grated nutmeg, white pepper to taste and a bay leaf (the ham supplies enough salt). Blend all together in the sauceron over a moderate fire until the ham is cooked; then put aside to cool. Stuff the crop out well, and if any remains put it in the body of the turkey; then sew both neatly.

A BARNYARD DRAMA.

The Victim's Dream of a Horrible Revenge.

Rooster—So you will steal my corn, will you? Oh, you needn't strut around here as though you were the only one in this menagerie.

Turkey—Oh, I don't know. You're not in it with me just now. I'm the most popular thing on the walk at present.

Rooster—Well, madam, stretch your rubber neck up over my head all you want today, but just you wait till tomorrow! When your skinny legs are being dragged to the execution block, I will look on at your gory expiration and from the bottom of my lungs will crow for victory!

Turkey (taking two struts coopward and landing in the center of the stage)—Aye, aye, sir! But listen. Death hath its rewards, and to sacrifice myself at the altar of revenge is more glorious than life. What if my beautiful wings shall switch the dust from out the cracks of the kitchen stove? Wait till my nude and helpless form lies stretched upon the platter of the feast! Then shall revenge come to me, for never yet was one of our tribe sacrificed at the altar of Thanksgiving that the merciless gourmands did not so o'erstuff themselves that nothing in all the world was worth the having for three days in advance.

Revenge! My friends, revenge indeed is sweet!—Detroit Free Press.

HE WON HIS BET.

Satisfactory Course Dinner Served Without Knives and Forks.

Several members of the Transportation club of this city were smoking and chatting over the after dinner coffee a few days ago when the conversation turned to the "horseless age." Trolley cars, automobiles and airships had their share of the talk, when one of the party, a young man well known in New York clubland, said, "I wonder if they will ever invent silverless dinners."

"Silverless dinners!" exclaimed the others.

"Yes; dinners at which one will not have to bother with knives, forks or spoons, where everything will be prepared in such fashion that one can simply take it in his fingers and still not require a pall of water alongside of him."

"I doubt it," said another. "In fact, I don't see how such a thing could very well be."

"Well," continued the man who made the proposition, "I am willing to wager the cost of a dinner that I can get up one which you will call excellent, and we won't have a piece of silver on the table."

The wager was at once taken, and the young man sought the chef. Next night the five men were again together, and each had brought a woman to pass judgment on the meal. It consisted of eight courses, and all those present voted it a perfect success. The menu was as follows:

Oysters on the half shell, to be eaten from the shell.

Consomme in cups.

Frogs' legs, with a sauce on the side.

Half of a baked squab, with the leg in paper cap.

Lamb chops, with the ends in paper cap.

Stuffed celery.

Ice cream sandwiches. Coffee.

—New York Times.

Improving the Eyes.

A singular story is told about the shape of the eyes of Mme. Jane Hadling, the French actress, which are very remarkable. They are of the clearest and purest brown, like that of mountain brooks or wave washed onyx, and veiled with a thick fringe of black and silky lashes. But this is not all. Her eyes are unusually and extraordinarily long, and this length is due to artificial means. It is a custom among the Turks to lengthen the eyes by cutting the corners. This is done very early, at the age of two or three years, the outer corners being deftly split with a lancet about the twelfth part of an inch.

While the wound is healing the lids are drawn outward every day, and when it is quite cured the eye is still submitted to the drawing process every day for a long time, with the result that it becomes long and narrow. The story about Mme. Hadling proceeds to declare that her father was in Turkey and saw the practice and determined to try it on his little girl, then about three years old. Whether the story is true or not, one thing is certain—the admirers of the actress declare she has the most beautiful eyes on the stage.

Says the Druggist is Passing.

John H. Lanning of Cincinnati rises to assert that the American physician is handling too much medicine on his own hook and not giving the druggist a chance. He says: "The drug trade is badly cut into. Ten years ago all prescriptions were handed by druggists exclusively, but now they don't stand half a chance. In former times no physician carried his own medicines, but at each place visited wrote a prescription. Nowadays he is equipped with a bag, in which in tablet form are all the combinations to combat disease.

"The big drughouses are responsible, together with the fact that nowadays nearly all medicines can be tabletized. The wholesale houses sell to the physician, who in addition to his services furnishes and charges for the medicine. Aside from occasional prescriptions about the only thing left for the druggist is the sale of proprietary articles, toilet sundries and the like."

The Rotation of Uranus.

Everybody who takes an interest in astronomy is aware that the two outermost planets of the solar system, Uranus and Neptune, are believed to rotate backward; that is, in a direction contrary to the rotation of all the other members of the system. But the evidence that they do thus rotate is indirect; such, for instance, as the fact that their satellites revolve backward in their orbits. Recently, however, Henri Deslandres of the Meudon observatory has applied a method of determining the direction of rotation by spectroscopic observation, which gives direct evidence that in the case of Uranus at least the rotation is really backward. The method is based on the inclination of the lines in the spectrum of a rotating body, and resembles that by which a few years ago Professor Keeler demonstrated the motions of Saturn's rings. It is to be applied next to Neptune.

The Science of Stoking.

According to Consul General Mason, at Berlin, the trailing clouds of black smoke from mill and factory that hang over so many American cities, darkening the atmosphere and befouling the buildings, could be eliminated if the scientific methods of constructing chimneys and stoking furnaces that prevail in Germany were adopted here. "It is not every strapping laborer who can shovel coal who is permitted to stoke a boiler furnace in Germany," says Mr. Mason. "The stoker in that country must learn the theory and practice of economical firing, whereby the coal is so distributed over the grate surface as to secure the most perfect combustion. The use of fuel briquettes for domestic purposes in Berlin also tends largely to the prevention of smoke."

TURKEY A LA PURITAINE.

A Novel Way of Preparing the Bird For His Doom.

Anent the subject of turkeys, one of the dealers in the great national feast bird asked a reporter, says the Florida Times-Union, if he knew how to prepare and cook a turkey properly. The scribe confessed ignorance.

"Get you a half pint of good old whiskey."

"What's that got to do with the preparation of a turkey?"

"Everything. Saturate enough corn in the whiskey to soak up all the spirits. Feed that to your gobbler. The old fellow will like it. First thing you know he feels his oats, or, more properly, his corn. He will spread his tail to the breeze, trail his wings on the ground and map off circles under the impression that he owns the earth and is the boss of everything on it. He will puff up his feathers, wrinkle his neck and look intensely serious, all the while splitting the atmosphere into small chunks. By and by the old boy gets to staggering, his gobbling is more frequent, but less coherent, he gives a lurch backward and another forward, jabs his bill in the ground, reels and falls.

"Now for the ax. His head is off; he is bled and hung up for twenty-four hours in a cool place. Make your stuffing to suit your own taste. Put him in the baking pan breast downward. Only idiots cook fowls breast up. You want all the succulent juices to run into the breast. A juicy breast is the perfection of cooking. He comes to the table smoking hot and breathing an aroma like zephyrs which have souged through gardens of roses and fields of ripe corn. Then lay to."

"Yes," commented the reporter, "but the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would be horror struck."

"Not at all. The bird has got to die, so let him die happy."

"How about the very good people?"

"Why, bless your soul, man, that way of cooking a turkey is an invention of the Puritans!"

SPOILED HIS DINNER.

An Unpleasant Thanksgiving Day For a Politician.

"Bluest Thanksgiving I ever spent?" mused the fine old gentleman who has an unconquerable antipathy to practical politics. "It stands out in my memory like an obelisk on a plain, and it was not so very long ago, either."

"I had been induced that fall to run for an important public office. It was done against my better judgment and under great pressure, but when a man enters such a fight he wants to win. I was in a close district and determined to put up the very best fight that the circumstances would permit. I advertised at once for an extra stenographer, and from the many who responded selected a beautiful, bright and dashing young woman who justified my immediate faith in her ability. She did all my private correspondence, knew as much about the inside of the campaign as I did, worked day and night with a willingness that was surprising, and even took from one of my shrewdest advisers the list of voters in the strongest section with which I had to contend, with full instructions as to how the most influential persons among them could be won to my cause. It was great work, and yet I fell several hundred short of the normal party vote.

"My successful opponent lived in a neighboring town and graciously invited me to be his guest on the following Thanksgiving. It would have looked surly to refuse, and I went. It was really an admirable social function, but the few hours I put in there were torture. The host met me with a hearty handclasp. Turning, he said, 'My wife,' Resplendent in satin and jewels, I saw my stenographer. 'Love and war,' she murmured. 'He thinks I was visiting my old home in New England.' I held my peace, but that fattened turkey tasted like cork."—Detroit Free Press.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

A Cotemporary Account of the Pioneer Feast in 1621.

The first Thanksgiving day was celebrated in the autumn of 1621.

An account of the pioneer of all these feasts has been presented in a letter by Edward Winslow written in the same year:

"You shall understand that in this little time that few of us have been here we have built seven dwelling houses and four for the use of the plantation and have made preparations for eleven others. We set the last spring some twenty acres of corn and sowed some six acres of barley and peas. Our corn did prove well. God be praised, and our barley indifferent good, but our peas not worth harvesting. Our harvest being got in, our governor sent four men out fowling, so that we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the whole company almost a week, at which time among other recreations we exercised our arms, many of the Indians arriving among us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted. And, although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty."

Thus Thanksgiving was born.

It continued to be celebrated, though not with any regularity, for about sixty years, after which it was annually ordered by the general court, not always in November, but generally after the harvests were gathered.

THANKSGIVING . . . POETRY

BACK to the home of childhood,
Though scattered far and wide,
Back to the dear old kitchen—
Yes, back to your mother's side.
Come, kiss her wrinkled forehead,
Her hair, as white as snow,
And sit down on her footstool,
As in the long ago.

While father bends above you
With the weight of years,
His trembling voice with gladness,
His dim eyes filled with tears.
To him the greatest pleasure
The year brings on its way
Is this: The glad homecoming
Upon Thanksgiving day.

Once more the rooms re-echo
From kitchen, stairs and hall,
The sound of old time voices
And merry dinner call.
While many sweet grandchildren,
With laughter light and gay,
Come pressing round the table
This glad Thanksgiving day.



THE GLAD HOME-COMING.

So come, ye sons and daughters,
From restless city strife;
Come ere you lose your relish
For the quiet joys of life;
Come back, ye roving children,
From prairies far and wide
And cluster round the hearthstone
Once more at eventide.

Take up your song of childhood
And sing it o'er again;
Forget that ye are matrons
Or business loving men,
And if your eyes grow misty
Rejoice that it is so;
A heart sincerely tender
Is the purest one to know.

Remember, with your loved ones
Life's lamp doth feebly burn;
Your parents may no longer
To greet a late return.
Forget them not, though patient;
Oh, come now while you may!
Praise God, rejoice together
On this Thanksgiving day.
—Good Housekeeping.

Soliloquy of a Turkey.

I know that Thanksgiving day's most here,
And it makes me long to fly,
For I've reached my prime, and it's mighty clear
That it's time for me to die.

I saw the head of the house come out,
And he smiled as he gazed at me,
And he cried aloud that there was no doubt
What a comfortable meal I'd be.

Oh, I've got to go! And it gives me a fit,
Though it isn't so much for my life
That I care about, but he can't carve a bit,
And I've got to be hacked by his wife.
—New York Herald.

Sad Time For Them.

Of what are the turkeys thinking
Out yonder in the yard,
With their red eyes sally blinking?
Do they think their fate is hard?
Are they on eye reflecting
And to hear their final call
Each moment now expecting?
No; turkeys don't think at all.

Thanksgiving Trust.
Lord, I give thanks!
Last year, thou knowest, my best ambitions failed;
My back with scourgings of defeat was failed;
My eyes felt off the sharp salt wash of tears;
No guardian blessed the tireless toil of years;
Fast in the snares my helpless feet were tied,
Yet in my woes thou didst with me abide.
Lord, I give thanks!
—Susie M. Best in Lippincott's.

His Preference.

"What portion of the fowl do you prefer?"
"Oh, anything but the Napoleon, sir!"
"What do you mean?" asked Carver, with a start.
"I mean I do not want the bony part."
—Detroit Free Press.

An Unknown Quantity.

She searched through the lexicon once and again,
And her face wore sad lines of misgiving.
"I was seeking," she said, with an accent of pain,
"The Spanish for our word 'Thanksgiving.'"
—Boston Journal.

Not In a Good Set.

"No," exclaimed the mother turkey,
"I would prefer my children not to associate with those incubator chicks."
"Because they are so heedless and don't know how to feather their own nests?" inquired the duck.
"No, it isn't that so much I have brooded over," replied the turkey, "but there's something so artificial about them."
However, when the incubator chicks heard this they thought of the funeral baked meats of Thanksgiving and remarked significantly, "Death levels all ranks."—New York Journal.