

sight to you, Miss Margery, for naming them turkeys for me.

"The heft of the people in this section are interested in the war—leastways they pertend to be; and when I shewed 'em the names o' them turkeys on my order-book, there was e'en a'most a scrimmage to see who'd get his name down opposite the high-soundingest o' 'em. Dickson, the restaurant keeper, hez it printed on the posters he'll hang in the station on Thanksgiving Day: 'Mehemet Ali beheaded this morning. This great Turk to be raffled for at our free lunch.' And Miss Frothingham told me she was going to put her turkey's name into all her invitations. She shewed me one of the *menos* that that young lady who is stayin' there painted for her on white satin. She's printed Suleiman Pasha in what she calls Turkey red, with guns and moons and little cupidises, in turbans and baggy trousers all around the border. They do say Fred Frothingham's going to marry her. She's some sort of relation to his fust wife. I say, Miss Margery, it seems kinder curus to me there shud be so many generals in Turkey by the name of Pasha. The only way I kin account fur it is that it must have been the name of the last sultan. They say that the sultans have wives enough to fill a female seminary, and that the sultan's crack regiment is made of his own sons. I don't know how I should have managed about naming my turkeys if it hadn't a-been for the Pasha family. A whole brood of turkeys came off after you sent me that list of names, and I called 'em Constantinople Pasha, an' Bagdad Pasha, an' Boephorus Pasha, an' one o' 'em Jerky-nek-off Pasha; though my wife said that was kind of mixin' things, fur it seemed to her that Jerky-nek-off sounded more Rooshan than Turkey.

I did very well with the whole flock except in the Sultan, the very biggest and gamest feller of all. 'I weigh 28 pounds easy, an' tail-feathers enough to make half a dozen handsome fans. I prided myself on the Sultan, but I'm going to lose money on him. You see the ladies of the Methodist church at B'thesdy Springs hed come to the conclusion that the tabernacle, though it was a good enough place for the summer boarders to git religion in, was too windy and chilly a place to get up any sort of religious warmin' during the winter; an' they'd voted to have a fair about Thanksgiving time to raise money to build a chapel. Well, after they'd engaged the Sultan of me, an' advertised him in all the papers as one of the attractions, what'd they do but conclude they couldn't afford to take him unless I'd donate him. The idee! When I'd been fattening him up all summer expressly fur them, an' declined him to Miss Frothingham and Mr. Dickson, who'd either o' 'em have given a good price for him! And the most aggravating thing about it is that Elder Dusenbury has sold 'em his six-year-old lame gobbler; and that every one that tackles him will think it's the Sultan, and my turkeys will lose their reputation.

"I declare now, Miss Margery, the idee just strikes me that the Sultan is just the turkey for you. It would please me fust rate for you to have the best bird in my lot. You must wear out a sight of wings a-dusting, you're so neat; and the Sultan's are strong enough to last a year. I'll throw off a shillin', seeing it's you, and take half out in dicker. One thing I came round fur was to get all the sweet majorum you can spare. There's allus a call for it about this season."

Margery had stood, while the old man was talking, beneath the little porch, whose pillars had been lifted out of the ground by the strong old vines that twisted about them in such snakey contortions. An amused smile had flickered on her face as she listened. "But, Bina," she expostulated, "the Sultan is entirely too large for a Thanksgiving dinner for only poor little me."

"I didn't know but you might have company," suggested Bina. "The old people from the Town House haven't had a regular Thanksgiving dinner since the one you gave them."

"Mrs. Dusenbury told me," replied Margery,

"that whatever is left from the church festival is to be sent there, so that they are provided for this year. However, I will take the Sultan. You may shut him up in the dog-kennel. We haven't kept a dog since cousin Jack went away. And you may have my whole stock of sweet marjoram; for I shall not kill the Sultan this year, and perhaps I shall give him away." And Bina drove away with the sweet marjoram, leaving Margery peering admiringly into the Sultan's prison.

All this time Jack was coming nearer and nearer, to help her celebrate Thanksgiving; for Jack had his story too.

He had been unfortunate ever since his return to California. Everything had gone wrong. And he did not care, for wealth was nothing to him without Margery. He had come back that autumn years ago to claim her. As he stepped from the cars, the first person whom he met was the village doctor, who shook hands with him pleasantly and offered him a ride.

"What is the news, Doctor," was Jack's first question.

"Everything is about as usual," replied the physician. "Let me see. Fred Frothingham was a friend of yours. Was he not? He has come back from the war, wounded; but I guess we will pull him through. The sweet face of his little nurse would make any man well, I should think, even if he had not the luck to be engaged to her, which Fred has."

"What, Fred engaged?" asked Jack. "And to whom?"

"Why, to your Cousin Margery, to be sure. I thought you would know of it."

"Doctor, are you sure of this?" asked Jack, a little unsteadily.

"Of course, I am. Mrs. Frothingham told me; and I have even more positive proof, for I have just left the house, and Miss Margery was nursing the young man."

After that Jack staid in Baxter's only long enough to see, from the door of the little shop opposite, Margery taking leave of Mrs. Frothingham, at the head of the great flight of stone steps. Then he shut his sore heart up within an iron will, and went back to California.

The years that followed were a long and dreary desert in his life. Perhaps God permits us to live through such years of blackness and weariness to show us by contrast the exceeding preciousness of the joy he has in store for us. And so Jack lived on until the autumn of which we have been speaking. Then all his misfortune seemed to culminate. He could nowhere find employment and he was very poor. As a last resort, he accepted the position of bar-tender in a saloon. He was new to the business, and the proprietor proceeded to give him some instructions. The veteran in drinks first concocted a mint-julep, after some infallible recipe of his own.

"There," said he. "Try that young man, and own up that you never tasted anything like it in your life."

"I would rather you would taste and see if it is right, sir," replied Jack. A proposition readily complied with by the compounder of intoxicating beverages, and followed by a frightful scene of choking and expectation. "There is something wrong about the mint," he sputtered; and then, examining the pail of green sprays upon his counter, he exclaimed: "Blessed if that stupid market-woman hasn't left me sweet marjoram, instead of spearmint!"

The word sweet marjoram recalled to Jack the dear girl for whom it always seemed to him that the little plant must have been named. What would she have thought of his present occupation? And then and there he resigned his position as bar-tender, obtaining from his would-be employer the little bouquet of sweet marjoram and pressing it between the leaves of his neglected Bible. But now he had nothing to look for subsistence, and he strolled disconsolately towards the depot, wondering what would be the next scene in the strange drama. The train from the mountains was just in, and springing from it Jack was surprised to see his old friend, Fred Frothingham. The two young men greeted each other pleasantly. Fred said

that he had been spending the summer in California, and had invested in a fruit-farm, which he hoped to visit once in two years, and that he was now in search of some one to keep it for him.

"I am the very man you want," cried Jack, impulsively. And then, as a sudden thought struck him, he asked, "Shall you bring your wife with you, when you come, Fred?"

"My wife died five years ago," replied Fred, gravely.

Jack staggered as though he had been struck. "Margery dead!" he exclaimed.

"Margery!" reiterated the other in surprise. "My wife was Rose Bateman. I would not tell every one, Jack; but your Cousin Margery refused me, and after I met Rose I was not sorry for it."

And so it was settled that Jack should keep the fruit-farm for his friend. "There is a very pretty cottage on it," said Fred, "and with all those pears and grapes, you will soon be a rich man." He was surprised that Jack was not willing to enter upon his duties at once; but the young man insisted on purchasing a ticket to Baxter's with the advance money which Fred gave him.

And this was how it happened that there was a Thanksgiving dinner that year at Margery's, and that the Sultan left his prison in the kennel, and was decapitated on the same evening with his generals of the oft-repeated name of Pasha.

"Dear me!" said Margery, in dismay, as she dressed the turkey, "and to think that, among all my herbs, I haven't a sprig of sweet marjoram for the stuffing."

"But I have," replied Jack, as he brought forward his Bible, with the little sprays pressed between its leaves. The tears stood in Margery's eyes as he told their story; and I do not think one of the precious leaves would have been used in the Sultan's stuffing had she not thought that nothing was too good for her wedding dinner.

Fred Frothingham was at the wedding. "And now you can understand," said Jack to him, "why I was so anxious to come East. Even in a land flowing with milk and honey one may long for cold water, and all your orchard of pleasant fruits could not make me forget a little garden of herbs."

"And you wanted to transplant one of its flowers to the Pacific coast?" queried Fred.

"What flower?" asked Margery unconsciously.

A peal of laughter ran around the table, and Jack passed up his plate (for Margery had insisted on carving the Sultan herself) with the demure request: "My dear, if you please, I will take Sweet Marjoram."—*N. Y. Independent.*

PREPARATION OF EUCALYPTUS.

We have given before a number of preparations of the medicinal principles in the eucalyptus. As the material is so abundant in this State, its use must be an object of interest. The *Journal of Chemistry* translates from a French source the following formulae:

Tincture of Eucalyptus.—Take of dried leaves of eucalyptus (cut up) 1 part; alcohol, at 80°, 5 parts; allow to macerate for ten days, then filter.

Wine of Eucalyptus.—Take of dried leaves of eucalyptus, 30 parts; alcohol at 60°, 60 parts; good white wine, 1,000 parts; allow to macerate in the alcohol for 24 hours, then add the wine; after ten days, filter.

Hydro-Alcoholic Extract of Eucalyptus.—Take of dried eucalyptus leaves (cut up) 1,000 parts; water, 3,000 parts; distil to obtain the essential oil; make an aqueous extract of the material remaining in the apparatus, and to it add alcohol at 60°, 1,000 parts. Filter the alcoholic solution and evaporate it to the consistency of an extract; when nearly cold, mix the volatile oil thoroughly with it.

It would be satisfactory to add notes of the special uses of these preparations, but of this we have no information at present.