BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE

STORY OF CAPTAIN THANKFUL

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.

"WHEW-EW-EW!" blew the wind, and the snowflakes whirled in a mad dance.

"Oh, dear," Betty sobbed, "do you think we are lost, Bobbie?"

"I can't quite tell where we are," Bobbie quavered. "We must have missed the road, Bettykins, for we are certainly on the beach. I can hear the waves."

"Oh, oh! If we don't hurry we won't be in time for our dinner," Betty sobbed, "our Thanksgiving dinner at grandmother's."

Bob put his arm about his little sister. "Never mind, Bettykins," he comforted, "you stand right here, and I'll see if I can't find a path."

So he waded through the deep snow and poor little Betty stood all alone, and the wind whistled, and the waves roared, and at last she screamed, "Oh, Bobbie, Bobbie, where are you? I'm afraid."

And then a great figure loomed through the snow and a deep voice said: "Well, well; if here isn't a little lost girl. Now, I'm thankful that I came this way." And before she knew what had happened, Betty was picked up and two kind blue eyes were brooding over her and that was her introduction to Captain Thankful.

"And now we'll look for Bobbie," said the Captain, when Betty had told him how they had started from home early that morning, and with the little girl in his arms he bent his strong body against the wind. And presently they found Bobbie, caught knee-deep in a drift.

"Well, well," said the Captain, as he pulled him out. "I am thankful you were caught in that drift, for if you had walked many steps farther you would have gone into the water."

"But we're lost," wailed Bobbie.

"No, you're not," laughed the Captain, "you're found. And now you are going right home with me and get warmed up."

"But we can't," Betty said. "We are to eat Thanksgiving dinner at my grandmother's."

"Not today," said the Captain. "There's a big storm on, little folks, and I'm going to keep you safe until it's over."

"But grandmother will be frightened," the children said.

"I'll telephone to the postoffice," the Captain promised. "and they'll let her know."

"Oh, dear," Betty sighed, "and we were going to have such a lovely Thanksgiving, and all the relations were going to be there."

"Well, now, you jes' be thankful that you're alive, baby," said the Captain, "and that you two ain't like the babes in the wood, lost out there on the beach without any birds to cover you up."

But in spite of the cheery words, Betty and Bobbie looked very forlorn, as the Captain made his way through the deep snow with Bob trudging along in his big footsteps.

"Anyhow," the Captain went on, "anyhow, I'm going to introduce you to my guests, and see if you don't like 'em almost as well as your relations."

Betty took her woebegone face out of his shoulder and looked up at him. "Oh, are they children?" she asked, brightening.

"You wait and see," he told her. "They are all going to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us, and they are all very thankful."

He laughed and went on. "You see, I always feel as if Thanksgiving is my special day. I was named Thankful after my great-great-greatgrandfather, who ate his first Thanksgiving dinner with the Pilgrim fathers. And I've got to live up to the name."

"Well, I don't see much to be thankful for," Bobbie said gloomily, "on a day like this."

"Well, now," the Captain chuckled, "I like it. I like the snow and the blow, and the sound of the waves. It's the song of the sea."

Betty shivered. "It makes me afraid."

"You won't be afraid when you get to my little house," the Captain told her. "It's so snug, and the dinner is cooking this very minute."

"Oh—oooh, I believe I can smell it," And Betty sniffed. "Can't you, Bobbie?"

"I'm not sure." Bobbie's tone was doubtful. "Are you going to have turkey, Captain?"

"I'm going to have 'some things—oh, well, you must wait," roared the Captain, gleefully. "You're going to eat such a dinner!"

In their interest in the mysteries of the coming banquet the children forgot the cold, forgot their disappointment, and peered through the falling flakes for the first sight at the little house.

At last Bobbie cried, "Is that it?" and pointed to a dim outline.

"It looks like a boat," said Betty.

"It was a boat," the Captain told her, 'once upon a time, and when I left the sea I made it over into a house."

He tapped twice at the door, and from within a queer, crackley voice chanted:

Come in, come in,
And tell where's you've been.

"That's Polly," laughed the Captain; and before Betty could ask, "Who's Polly?" the door opened, and there was a little, bent, old lady, with a round, rosy, smiling face, and on her shoulder was a green and yellow parrot who yelled joyfully, "Come in, come in."

"I've brought you some more guests, mother," said the Captain, to the round, rosy lady. "They were lost in the snow."

And Betty and Bobbie stared for a moment at the quaint room, and then Betty burst out, "Oh, it's fairyland, and you are the fairy godmother."

"No," smiled the rosy lady, "the Captain is the fairy godmother. He waves his wand and everybody is happy."

"It's perfectly lovely," said Betty, breathlessly, as she gazed at the great fireplace, where a turkey was roasting on a spit, with its richness dripping into a pan beneath, and the stuffing was fairly bursting through the brown skin. And in front of the fire, watching the turkey with hungry interest, was a great white cat and two kittens and a little rough brown dog. And over the mantel, on a wide shelf, a solemn little owl blinked and winked and a lame gull preened its feathers happily.

"They are all my guests," said the Captain, "except the little rough dog, who has lived here always. And after a while I'll tell you how they came to me."

"But first," said the rosy lady, "we must have dinner. And Betty shall help me set the table, and Bobbie shall watch the turkey, and the Captain will roast the oysters. Now fly around, everybody!"

And with that the rosy lady began handing dishes to Betty and telling her where to put them, and Bobbie turned the spit, and the Captain set the oysters over the coals, and when they were done he opened them and dropped them into little hot blue bowls, and the white cat licked her chops, and the kittens licked theirs, and the little rough dog sniffed longingly, and the owl blinked and the lame gull peered down with bright eyes, and Polly pranced all over the room in her excitement.

And when the table was set for four the rosy lady said: "Now put a plate on one side of the hearth for the pussies and on the other side for the little rough dog, and a cup in the middle for Polly, and two little saucers on the mantel shelf for the owl and the lame gull."

"What shall I put in them?" asked Betty, who had never seen such housekeeping.

"Oh, the pussies and the little dog will have turkey, and Polly will have bread and coffee and a banana for desert, and there's fish for the gull and raw meat for the owl. And now, Captain, if your oysters are ready, the turkey is done."

And when they had eaten their oysters the rosy lady placed the big brown turkey in front of the captain, and the pussy cats and the little rough dog and Bobby and Betty watched breathlessly while the captain cut off lovely slices of breast and drumsticks and crisp, crackly wings and ladled out the gravy and stuffing and mounds of mashed potatoes and ruby-red quantities of cranberry jelly.

And over the mantel the lame gull pounced on her bits of raw fish and the owl blinked at her raw meat, which she would eat later when no one was looking, and Polly peeled her banana luxuriously, and the white cat and the kittens ate until they were as round as pincushions, and the little rough dog was so full that he carried his last bone under the sofa and tried to bury it.

"And now tell us all about it," said Betty, when they had finished their mince pie, and the pets had curled themselves up to sleep, all except the owl, who winked and blinked on the mantel shelf.

The captain laughed. "Well, he said, "every year I try to make somebody thankful, and for a long time I tried inviting people here, but I found that everybody seemed to have a family who wanted them on Thanksgiving, and mother and I had to eat alone, so I decided that if there weren't any humans to help that there were surely some of the little things of the woods and hearth who needed shelter for the Winter, and so I started out to find them. And the first day, as I walked through the village street, I saw Polly in a dirty cage in a store window, and her feathers were all ruffled up and she looked sick and tired, and I went right in and bought her and brought her home to be a companion for my little rough dog."

"And that was the first guest," said Betty.

"Yes," said the captain, "and the second one came to us on the night of the first snow. I heard something beating against my window and I opened it, and there was a gull half dead on the sill. It had hurt itself against the lighthouse. So I took it in and that was my second guest."

"And the third one," he went on, "wasn't one, but three, for I found the pussy and her kittens in a deserted barn, and she was so thin and hungry-looking that I adopted the whole family."

"And the owl?" Bobby questioned.

"Mother found the owl," and the captain smiled at the rosy lady, "half dead on the beach. The wind had blown him from shelter."

"And we were the last guests," said Betty joyfully. "Oh, I'm so glad you found us, captain."

And she said it again, when the storm had cleared and she and Bobbie had said goodby to the rosy lady and the lame gull and prancing Polly and the three pussy cats and the blinking owl and the little rough dog, and had been carried home by the captain.

"I'm thankful that you found us," she said, as she put her little red mittened hand on his arm and looked up at him earnestly. "I feel like a part of a fairy story."

"So do I," said Bobbie.

"Well, I'm thankful you're thankful," said Captain Thankful, smiling, "and the way to show it is to come again."

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Bobbie turned the spit, and the Captain put the oysters over the coals.

STORY OF A NOVEL POSTMAN

OH, mother! What do you suppose Ellen found in the turkey? You never could guess. It's a letter—yes, a real letter, just stuffed inside—see!" and Beth held before her mother's wondering eyes a soiled and crumpled envelope which seemed to contain a letter.

Beth had been in the kitchen all the morning watching the various operations for the Thanksgiving dinner which was "to come off" the next day, when all the "sisters, cousins and aunts" of the family were to assemble, as was their custom each year. When Ellen put her hand into the turkey to arrange him for stuffing, great was her astonishment at finding a piece of paper. Drawing it quickly out, she called, "Beth, Beth, see here! See what I've found in the turkey! I declare if he isn't a new kind of postman, for sure as you're born this is a letter, come from somewhere in the turkey. My! who ever heard of such a thing?"

Beth, standing with eyes and mouth wide open, finally said, "Why, Ellen, do you believe it is a letter?"

"Why, of course it is! Don't you see it's in a envelope and all sealed and everything?"

"Yes, but it hasn't any stamp and how could a turkey bring it—how did it get in him?"

"Oh, laughed Ellen, "that's the question! You'd better take it right up to your mother and get her to read it to you, and perhaps it will tell."

So Beth, all excitement, rushed upstairs and into her mother's room, shouting as we have read.

Her mother took the letter from her. "Where did you get this, Beth—what do you mean by finding it in the turkey?"

"Why, Ellen found it in the turkey when she was fixing him, and I don't see how it got there."

Mrs. Page turned the envelope and slowly read, "To the lady who buys this turkey," written with a pencil and in rather crooked letters on the outside. Then, opening the envelope, she found, surely enough, a letter within, also written in pencil, in rather uncertain letters, some large, some quite small, some on the line, others above or below, but all hearing sufficient relation to one another for her finally to decipher the following:

Mad River Village, N. H.,
November 20, 1907.

dere lady I doo want a dol for Christmas orful and mother says that Santo Claws is so busy in the city that she guesses he forgits the country and for me to rite to the city lady who buys our turkey and ask her if she will pleas to ask Sante Claws if he could send a dol way up here in the country to me. I will hang my stockin in the chimly and he cannot mistake the house becaus it is the only house that is black in the hole place. I have prayed to him lots of times to give me a dol, but I gues he does not mind prayers much from a little girl so far away, so will you pleas to ask him for me and oblige

LUCY TILLAGE.

P. S.—I hope the turkey will be good to eat, he is our very best one and I was sorry to have him killed, but I never had a dol.

L. T.

Beth listened, very much interested, while her mother read this remarkable letter. At its conclusion she dropped upon a chair in deep thought, while in her imagination she saw a small black house, surrounded by turkeys running wildly about, while a little girl tried to catch the largest.

"Mother," she said at length, "only think of a girl who never had a doll, and I have so many I don't know what to do with them all. Shall you ask Santa Claus to send her one?"

"Well," said Mrs. Page, "do you think we better ask Santa Claus to send her one, or send her one ourselves? You might send her one for a Christmas present."

At once Beth became fired with the desire to rush to a store, purchase a doll and send it off.

"No, not so fast," said Mrs. Page. "I think we had better wait till father comes home and find out if he knows of a town in New Hampshire of this name and if he thinks there may really be a little girl there who has such an odd name. I shouldn't be surprised if he could find out all about her."

When Mr. Page finally came home, he read the letter and heard about finding it in the turkey, and then talked it over with his wife and Beth, and it was decided that he should write to the postmaster in Mad River Village asking him if he knew of any family in the place of the name of Tillage, and if he did, whether they were a poor family, and how many children they had, and anything else he might know of them. The letter was written and that very evening posted by Beth herself.

Then came a long time of waiting for Beth. At first she thought one day would be enough for the letter to find its way to Mad River Village, but upon a solemn consultation with the cousins and aunts who came to the Thanksgiving party, it was decided that three days at least ought to be allowed for a letter to reach a place they none of them had ever heard of, and perhaps there was not such a village anywhere after all, but Beth had made up her mind that there was somewhere, and so each morning found her watching for the postman, and each night she went to bed disappointed, saying: "Oh! I hope there is a truly Mad Village."

But one day Beth was rewarded by receiving from the postman a yellow envelope with "Mad River Village" printed in large clear letters "right sids of the stamp." She ran as fast as she could with it to her father, who was never given so short a time before to open a letter and adjust his glasses, but then a letter had never before been received under such circumstances. It proved to be from the postmaster at Mad River Village, and ran as follows:

Mad River Village, N. H.,
December 2, 1907.

Mr. Page, of Boston—I rec. your letter a Day or two since and hasten to ans. it right away, as you wish, by this morning's mail, which I must put up pretty soon so this letter must be short. Yes, sir; I do know a family in this town by the name of Tillage, and they're a good respectable family, too. They live a mile or two out of the village on a farm his father left him and I guess they have pretty hard times making both ends meet—there ain't much sale up here for farm things, you know, and it costs a heap to send them to Boston, but they do say of late he's raised lots of chickens and turkeys to send to Boston for Thanksgiving. Last year he and his wife started in on taking Summer boarders and I guess they done first-rate. They are young folks, got three children, a little girl, a small boy and a baby, and I guess they'll do as well as anyone can on that farm, it's a likely place, but his father ain't been dead long and George didn't have no show while the old man was alive. He buys his flour and groceries of me and I call him an honest fellow and I guess you'd like to board with them if you want to try them next Summer. I don't think of anything more to say, so will close.

Yours respectfully,

JOSIAH SAFFORD.

P. S.—His name and address are George Tillage, Intervale Farm, Mad River Village, N. H.

This was a highly satisfactory letter, especially to Beth, who had shouted gleefully, "I told you so."

Mr. Page turned smilingly to his wife. "Well, my dear, he said, "this does not sound so much like a fairy tale after all, and I really think you and Beth must play Santa Claus and send Lucy a doll."

They began preparations the very next morning to secure the doll and her "fit out," as Beth called it. First, Beth's dolls were looked at to see if one of them would do to take a trip into the country, but though there were quite a number of them, none seemed to just suit their ideas of what Lucy's doll should be, so a visit was paid to the store, where they finally decided upon one with blue eyes and short golden hair—real hair that curled bewitchingly—and then fitted it out with a hat and cloak, shoes, stockings and ever so many other things that a truly beautiful doll should have.

Beth herself composed the letter which accompanied the doll and the other things that went into the Christmas box with it.

Boston, December 20, 1907

Dear Lucy Tillage:

The turkey brought the letter safely to us and we wanted to be Santa Claus ourselves and to send the doll and the other things for a Christmas present to you and your brother and the baby.

We wish you all a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BETH PAGE.

This she neatly folded, put in an envelope and addressed to Miss Lucy Tillage, Mad River Village, and placed it on top, where it might be seen the moment the box was opened.

And thus it happened that little Lucy Tillage, who had never known the joy of owning a doll, five days later joyfully celebrated Thanksgiving and Christmas on the same day.

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New Story of Abraham Lincoln

Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson in Women's World.

SEVERAL months before President Lincoln issued the great Proclamation of Emancipation which gave freedom to the whole race of negro slaves in America my friend Senator Henderson, of Missouri, came to the White House one day and found Mr. Lincoln in a mood of deepest depression. Finally the great President said to his caller and friend that the most constant and acute pressure was being brought upon him by the leaders of the radical element of his party to free the slaves.

"Sumner and Stevens and Wilson simply haunt me," declared Mr. Lincoln, "with their importunties for a proclamation of emancipation. Wherever I go and whatever way I turn they are on my trail. And still, in my heart, I have the deep conviction that the hour has not yet come."

Just as he said this he walked to the window looking out upon Pennsylvania avenue and stood there in silence, his tall figure silhouetted against the light of the window pane, every line of it and of his gracious face expressive of unutterable sadness. Suddenly his lips began to twitch into a smile and his somber eyes lighted with a twinkle of something like mirth.

"The only schooling I ever had, Henderson," he remarked, "was in a log schoolhouse when reading books and grammars were unknown. All our reading was done from the Scriptures and we stood up in a long line and read in turn from the Bible. Our lesson one day was the story of the faithful Israelites who were thrown into the fiery furnace and delivered by the hand of the Lord without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It fell to one little fellow to read the verse in which occurred for the first time in the chapter the names of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Little Bud stumbled on Shadrach, floundered on Meshach and went all to pieces on Abed-ne-go. Instantly the hand of the master dealt him a cuff on the side of the head and left him wailing and blubbering as the next boy in line took up the reading. But before the girl at the end of the line had done reading he had subsided into sniffles and finally became quiet. His blunder and disgrace were forgotten by the others of the class until his turn was approaching to read again. Then, like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky he set up a wail which even alarmed the master, who with rather unusual gentleness inquired:

"What's the matter now?"

"Pointing with a shaking finger at the verse which a few moments later would fall to him to read Bud managed to quiver out the answer:

"'Look there, marster—there comes them same damn three fellers again.'"

Then his whole face lighted up with such a smile as only Lincoln could give, and he beckoned Senator Henderson to his side, silently pointing his long, bony finger to three men who were at that moment crossing Pennsylvania avenue toward the door of the White House. They were Sumner, Wilson and Thaddeus Stevens.

The Flat-Dweller's Thanksgiving.

Mina Irving in Lippencott's.

I'm thankful for the sturdy health
That gives me appetite
To view my piece of pumpkin pie
With unconcealed delight;
I'm thankful that my little flat
Is cozy, trim, and neat,
And thankful that the janitor
Has let us have some heat.

I'm thankful that the man has moved
Who lived across the hall—
He used to play the violin
From dawn till eventall,
And often half the weary night,
Till sleep my pillow fled,
And I was wild to rise and break
That fiddle on his head.

I'm thankful that my relatives
All live in Iowa,
New Mexico or Idaho,
Too far away to come and stay;
I'm thankful that the rent is paid,
Election day is past,
And that my heavy overcoat
This season yet will last.

I'm thankful that we haven't got
To seek apartments new,
Because the city wants to put
Another tunnel through,
And thankful when financial skies
Are lowering gray and murky,
The recent panic left me cash
Enough to buy a turkey.

The Story of a Strange Fellow Passenger

BY DAVID KER.

PART II.

"IF any of you have ever been in Toledo, gentlemen, you will no doubt remember that the city is built on the slope of the hill, upon the crest of which stands the Inquisition building itself; and it was in the midst of the open space in front of it that the stakes had been planted to which I and my four fellow-victims—a Moor, aFrenchman, and two Portuguese Jews—were chained amid the yells of the crowd that had gathered to enjoy the sight o. our death.

"The mob might well be furious, for they had just got word that the French had occupied Madrid, and were advancing by forced marches upon Toledo itself. But those who brought the news had seen no French on the highroad, and to the north of the city lay a pretty strong body of Spanish troops; so the Toledans felt fairly safe for the time being.

"The sun was just rising and lighting up the ancient city, and all was bright and beautiful, and joyous around us as we were dragged forth to die. The signal was given and all the fires were kindled at once.

"I can say, honestly, gentlemen, without meaning any boast, that I did not feel the least touch of fear as the flames blazed up around me. My only thought was what a splendid chance I had to test my new invention, and to see if it had really made me fire-proof or not. Perhaps I may have been a little light-headed, as men usually are after several days in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

"As before, my chief sensation when the fire began to grow fierce was one of bitter cold, due, no doubt, to some peculiar effect of the preparation when in contact with fire, though it must be remembered that, in the Arctic regions, extreme cold has just the same effect as the application of red-hot iron. But my eyes—which, of course, I had not been able to render proof like the rest of my body—smarted so from the heat and smoke that I was forced to shut them tight; and even then they suffered so much that, as you see, they are still a little weak.

"All at once there came a great crash as the burning wood piled around me, fell down, and I felt (for I still had my eyes shut) the breeze blowing freely upon me once more.

"Then the mob sent up a terrific yell:

"'See! see! He will not burn! The sorcerer will not burn! Cut him down! Tear him in pieces!'

"But suddenly the furious shouts ended in a shrill cry of dismay, and then began such a bustle and tumult that I opened my eyes again to see what was the matter. The fresh morning breeze had swept aside the smoke, and I could see plainly, along the crest of a rocky ridge away to the northeast, a long line of blue French uniforms, topped with a hedge of glittering bayonets!

"Then my head grew dizzy and there was a dull roaring in my ears, and everything seemed to swim before me, and I sank fainting to the earth.

"When I came to myself again, I was lying in the midst of a ring of French soldiers, who were looking at me in a puzzled kind of way, and whispering to each other. In truth, they might well be amazed, for, so far as I know, I am the only man who has ever come alive out of the fires of the Inquisition.

"But, before that day was over, I had been enabled to repay my persecutors in a way of which they little dreamed.

"You will find it stated in some histories of that invasion, that, when the French entered Toledo they found the Inquisition building apparently deserted, but that a man showed them a secret passage leading to the underground vaults, where they found the Grand Inquisitior and all his assistants, and put them all to death on the spot. It is true, for I was that man!"

So ended the professor's story.

It was some time after dark when we got to the half-way station of Bologoe, where the down-train and the up-train were then wont to cross one another; and here we all took advantage of the half-hour halt to get out and have some supper.

My companions left their belongings scattered broadcast about the seats, laughing at my cautionary reminder of the notice that we had seen posted up at every station on our way, to beware of having our things stolen while we were away from the train; and, as it happened, we did not get back till just as our train was on the point of going off again.

"Hello! where is our friend the professor?" called out one of the two young subalterns, as we steamed out of the station.

"And where on earth is my gold snuff-box, which was worth about 50 roubles?" roared the big merchant, searching frantically about the seats.

"And where is my dressing-case, which cost me more than twice as much?" shouted another young officer, excitedly.

"And where is my purse, which I left in the pocket of my overcoat?" cried the fourth man.

In fact every one seemed to have lost something except myself, who had nothing to lose; and the general excitement was at its height when, all at once, the connecting slide-door opened quietly (for our train, like most Russian expresses, was built in the American fashion, with all the carriages communicating), and in the midst of us stood a tall, black whiskered, keen-eyed man, with a somewhat military bearing.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said politely; "I am an agent of the Moscow police, and——"

"If so," I broke in, "you have come very opportunely, for all these gentlemen have just been robbed."

And then, as briefly and clearly as I could, I told the whole story, to which the police agent listened with a knowing nod or two, and a very significant smile.

"Just as I thought," said he, shrugging his shoulders; "it's the very man we want—and that cough that you speak of must have been assumed to hide the curious catch in his breath, which is one of the marks by which he may be identified. Well, I am sorry to have missed him, for now that he has slipped through our fingers like this we may not catch him again for months and months, if we ever do at all."

"Why, who is he?" asked both the young officers at once.

"I have heard," went on the Moscow man, without seeming to notice the question, "that it is a favorite trick of his to take up every one's attention with some cock-and-bull story or other, so as to give himself a chance of snatching some plunder on the sly; but he must be a daring fellow to go and do it here, where he might be found out and arrested at any moment. However, he seems to have been tolerably successful, all the same."

"But, who on earth is he, then?" cried all the four victims in chorus.

"Who is he?" echoed the police officer; haven't you guessed it yet? Why, he is the St. Petersburg jewel robber, Peter Voroff himself!"

The mystery of the "fireproof hand" was never cleared up, but it may very possibly have been a false one, an article very much in use with gentlemen of Mr. Voroff's profession.

(The End.)

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"See! See! he will not burn!"

Beth, Beth!-- See what I've found in the turkey!

Usual Result.

Chicago News.

"If I ever marry," said the bachelor, "I'll rule the roost or know why."

"Oh," replied the married man, "you'll know why, all right."