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WILL PRACTICE in the different Courts of

"I declar' for't," sighed Aunt Harri

et-sinking wearily into the splintbottomed rocking chair, setting her felt slippered feet upon the stove-hearth, and clasping her hands in front of her knees-"I declar' for't, if I don't think Thanksgivin' day a matter of cookin' and eatin' is the most foolish of all our New England notions. Every year since I can remember the programm has been the same. The whole month of November spent in preparm' for this 'grand gastronomical exhibition,' as Parson l'end'iton used to call it. I have never in my life been away from this house on a Thanksgivin' day; and ev'ry year we've been overrun with comp'ny. Father wouldn't think 'twas Thanksgivin', I s'pose, if the house wasn't full. For my part, I should like a change; either to go som'ers Thanks-

at home by myself." "Oh, Harr'et, I wouldn't talk so, remonstrated grandmother, who was taking off her false front and putting on her white muslin nightcap. "You know the work of preparin' for dear ones is pleasant work. Our social family gatherin's make us all better and happier. Your father would feel dreadfully cut up to hear you run on in this complainin' way about makin' Thanks givin'. Of course you are tired tonight, but don't think about that; count over your marcies, and think how much you have to be thankful for."

"Hum," went on the wearied spinster in her peculiar nasal tone, "I could make thanksgivin' in my heart so that it would sing for joy without makin' such an ado about my stomach."

Reaching down and opening the oven door, a suggestive and delicious odor, as of baking fowls and browning pastry, burst forth, filling the roomy kitchen. She peeped inside the oven for a momement, turned around one of the pans, using a corner of her long, straight, blue print apron for a holder, and then, were to grace to morrow's dinner s

"I have spent three weeks in house cleaning, only to get everything in apple pie order just in time to be turned topsy turvy. Every room is full tonight, and I must stretch my tired frame on a lounge. It never makes bottom of the empty hamper. any difference where Harriet sleeps: she can be tucked anywhere. Last where I can get a lunch for the children, last it was the mince and pumpkin pies. car just then. To-night it will be 11 before these national stuffing day, and for my own the brook there." part shan't want a mouthful of the nice tood that the pantry shelves are groanleisure along with it."

The bedroom door just behind the speaker was unlatched, and John and his wife, who had late in the evening town, so as to be at home to breaktast Thanksgiving morning, and who had every word of this tirade.

"We'll have them all next year if we get the house fixed over," whispered Jane under the blue and white coverlid and John nodded assent, whispering in his turn :

"It's hard on Harriet, to be sure." The project was broached next day, was agreed to by all hands, and throughout the year it was talked of as a settled thing that their next Thanksgiving

reunion should be held at John's "Father and mother are to com over on Monday," said John's wife, as the testival season drew near, "and on Wednesday, when the preparations are nearly or quite complete, we will send the team for Harriet."

"I'll not make that amount of trou ble for anybody," replied the maiden sister, who was, in fact, the mainstay at the homestead. "If I conclude to join in your dinner, I will, on Thursday mornin' walk over through the woods in time to ge to meetin' with you."

Grandpa Buxton's farm consisted of a long strip lying between two rivers, with a wooded hill about midway of its length. Grandpa lived in an old farm house in the eastern meadow, and John had fitted up an elegant new residence on the bank of the west river. So the old couple were not to leave the appestral acres, although it was four miles from one house to the other, givin' fixins. "I'll see," she said as said the plump and rosy mamma

miles by the foot and bridle path across of cake, "if I can't have just as thank- programme. But Aunt Harriet, in-

and grandma started with old Dobbin and the chaise to jog around the moun. it just as well." tain road to John's, And on that same Monday morning in the far west way to the lonely log abin on the full. forest prairie.

givin' day, and be waited on, or stay ful homestead where mamma lived when her supper. she was a little girl? and where the

not cross, or sour, or out of patience, won't tell no tales. I'm as ashamed as can you manage here?" replied Harries, although they were dreadfully tired, a whirped dog, and teel as cheap as opening the door of one of the spick and and oh, so hungry ! for the sizable lunch | dirt every time I think what day it is, basket, well filled when they started and how we've been prospered in every from home, had quite given out, and the way through the year, and yet here I reinforcements bought in haste at way. be, no comp'ny in the house and none and don't hurry up until I call you in side restaurants not very filling.

"Only fifty miles from grandpa's now," and the plump little woman marshaled her brood about her as they made the last change of cars. "Only two hours of precious time." But slasfor human calculations, there was a connection to be made at an out-of-the way junction on the line. The eastern train was late. Trains are always late 'These trains are mail trains, they must meet and our train must wait."

"Twill make a pretty late supper time," said Charlie. "I should think it was supper time

now," cried Mary, poking around in the "I suppose there is some place near by

night I was up till 11 o'clock to get said the pleasant mamma to affable Conthe pound cake baked. Night before ductor Carroll, who came through the "I'm sorry to tell you, madam, that

chicken pies are browned fit to be seen, the restaurant has been discontinued. and flat midnight before I can get to and the hotel burned down a week ago bed. I am tired and sick of the great or so. You can see the ruins just over A glauce at the ashes and embers of

what was once a hotel was not very ing under. I would far rather have satisfying to five hungry juveniles, and a bowl or samp and milk, and a day of mamma, for the first time since she bade her husband good by, without a cloud on her brow said :

"We will play we have got to grandpa's and see how nearly our real getting driven in from the west part of the there will be like our play. I will begin now, 'What would I like for supper, Sister Harriet? Oh, a cup of tea for been put into Harriet's room, heard me, and plenty of milk and bread for the children.' 'Wall, I declare' for't Sister Susan, I guess these children won't eat bread and milk at grandpa's Thanksgivin', after travelin' three mortal days and nights."

And the plump little mamma changed her voice in the last clause in a droll, nasal imitation of her sister, which made the children laugh.

"What would you like, my dears?" "I can smell all sorts of goodies," get them all dressed before Sunday. said Mary, sniffing until ber little pert pumpkin pie, if it's agreeable."

"Mince pie," said quiet Jane

"Pudding, cake, cookies, apples, nuts pop-corn-balls, roast beef, roast pork, spare ribs, quail, ham, ducks; most anything you have in the house," cried Charlie, uproariously, while they all laughed, and little Hat shouted "Goo, goo," and made her little fat hands fly in a patty cake, baker's man,

The three or four passengers in the far end of the car looked up from their books and papers and smiled at the merry little group.

to the dog and cat. She had loaded the hired man off home to his father's with a big basket packed full of Thanks-

ful a heart as if the house was full of stead of asking them what they would On the sunny, smoky Monday morn- goodies. I mean to try it for once, and like, seized upon the idea of mills, and ing preceding Thanksgiving, grandpa eat puddin' and milk, as I have often exclaimed : wished I could, and see if I don't enjoy

meal of the kind that southern people a pretty, plump little woman, with call hominy and New England folks her husband and five children started call samp, and putting on the big dinin an ox-cart to go the fifteen or twenty ner pot, proceeded to make a pudding. miles to the nearest railway station It required a good deal of stirring and while the father retraced his wearisome and swelled until the kettle was nearly at grandpa's.

" I declar for't," said she to the cat. It was a rather dowdy and an old- " I don't know what possessed me to as the clock struck II, " its a good anfashioned company, as might have been make such a lot of puddin'. But if I petite and a thankful heart that make expected, so far as clothes were concern. dou't want it all myself, the hogs will; a Thanksgivin' supper after all." ed, but attractive in their rosy, healthy, 'twon't be wasted"-and, fetching a buoyant good nature. They were all bowl of milk from the panty she sat but after all, I'm glad we're going to as happy as happy could be-from 12 down in the split-bottom rocking chair, have the turkey, goose, ducks and year old Johnny to baby Hat-for set her felt slippered feet on the forewere they not journeying to the wonder- piece of the stove and proceeded to eat

" I declar for't," said she to the dog, scenes of all mama's stories, which who lay on the rug at her feet, " I feel were better than any fairy stories, or exectly as if sumbudy was dead, or as On, on they whirled, and it was on airth alone to keep tavern. I Wednesday atternoon; yet these child- should like a little bite of sunthin' to crowded, Harriet, you can make up a ren, who had never in their lives been top off with, but I wouldn't own it to bid ou the floor for the boys." five miles from their own clearing, were anybudy that could talk; but you and no Thanksgivin' smell about the group a loving good-night, she hurried house, and, worst of all, father'n mother down stairs, and quickly donned walksent off out from under their own ruff. ing shoes, shawl and hood, slipped out Harr'et, your're a sour selfish old maid, the back door, locked it securely after 'nd I'm ashamed on ye. Take the her, put the key under the door sill, Bible and see if you can't find sunthin' and started across lots for John's.

to get yer into a better state o' mind." room" after the family Bible, and be- continued, " it I had, the folks would shutting in the culinary wonders which the night before Thanksgiving, there hold! it was gone. "They've taken it all be at home, where they'd orter be, with 'em to John's and, all the Thanks and I shouldn't have ter givin' along with it." She took a look off after 'em. I don't sees I've made at the made up bed, with its pieced-up quilt, and said again, " It seems as if everybudy was dead," and went out and shut the door behind her.

"What if somebudy should come?" she soliloquized next, taking up the cat, but there won't. There ain't pobody to come, only what's invited to John's excepting Sister Susan, poor, dear, precious child, away off there in the wilds she'll never come home again, I presume ;" and Harr'et laid ber hards on ner knees and thought of the day Susan was born, and of the day she was married, and cried a little, and then drop ped off into a nap, from which she was aroused by a subdued bustle near the

Getting up and lifting a corner of the curtain she peeped out, and saw, by the light of the tull moon, a wagon driving out of the yard, a trunk-or basket-a tallish boy, a shortish girl, two more cried in good earnest. And, what was a children coming up the walk, and a plump, shortish little woman, with a baby in her arms, just stepping upon the doorstone.

"Susan," gasped Harriet, quickly unbuttoning and opening the door, and catching the surprised, rosy little woman in her arms. They both cried a little, but Harriet meanwhile put Susan them at breakfast, and everything went on into the splint-bottomed chair, took off her bonnet, and smoothed her hair. Then she wiped her eyes, asked after the absent husband, kissed the children, took off their things, making a mental calculation of how she should

" I knew I should find you up," said nose grew red, "and I should like Susan, looking around the familiar kitchen. " I remember how the bak-"Chicken for me," put in Johnny, ing used to drag the night before," and Co., Mo., yesterday, Dec. 10. The rest she gave a little suiff. Smelling noth- idence of Byrd Ryle was torn to pieces, ing suggestive of fancy cookery, she every member of the family being most said she believed she had managed to or less injured and Mr. Ryle fatally. take a cold in some way. At this the The house of Jos Patrick was blown children, each in turn, miffed and look down, and Mrs. Weight, a visitor, so ed curiously at each other.

"We won' let anyone know that The dwelling of Noah Burkhead was you have come until morning," said torn to pieces, and Mrs. Burkbead was Harriet, in her decided way, " and then we will have a general surprise at breaktast."

"They are all well-father and mother? asked Susan, anxiously,

" Never better! Now, what you have for supper ?" That was just Meanwhile Aunt Harriet, in the great | what had been said in their play, in the old ark of a farm-house by herself, talked car, and the children pricked up

" Oh, a cup of tes for me, and plonty

Aunt Harriet's Samp Pudding. around the point of the hill, and two she put in the last mines pie and loaf ing on her part of the play according to

" Yes, yes, milk for the children to be sure; of course it will be the very So she sifted a great quantity of corn best thing for them after the journey. You used to be fond of samp, Susan, " I should think so, and I have

never seen any since I went away." The children looked disappo but they enjoyed their supper, and where six of them were to take the cars skimming and kept her pretty busy for thought and said they had never tasted tor the east to spend Thanksgiving, two or three hours. The meal swelled anything so delicious as the first meal

"You see," said Aunt Harriet, se she was preceding them up to bed just

" Yes," agreed Johnnie, " that's so : chicken fixin's to-morrow."

" Beginning with stewed chicken and pumpkin pie for breakfast." said Mary.

" You see I have told them all about it," said Susan apologetically, as she any stories printed in books or papers." if everybudy was dead, and I was left carried the baby up the stairs she had last come down as a bride, " If you're

"There are two beds in this room; span front chambers.

" Oh, certainly," "Then go to bed and go to sleep, likely to come, and nothin' cooked up, the merning;" and bidding the little

" It's lucky I baven't been baking So she strode into her " mother's for a fortnight," she said, and then she

Jane was taking her last chicken pie out of the oven, and the clock was striking 12 as Harriet stalked into the

John heard her voice and got out of bed and came out in his night-gown to hear the good news, for Susan was the

youngest sister and the pet, " I'll go over and bring them all over here to breakfast." said John. eagerly. " It don't seem as it I could wait until morning."

"I will tell you what shall be done," said John's wife, "We won't say a word about it, but will carry our fixings all over home. Do you suppose 1'm going to have that dear child and them come half across the continent to Thanksgiving at Grandpa's, only to be sent away from the old homestead to one of the neighbors? By no means," Then, indeed, Harriet broke down and

wonderful thing for her to do, she put her arms around her sister-in-law's neck stiff kissed her beartily. Thanksgiving morning opened bright and fair. When Aunt Harriet in a prett flowered wrapper, looked in to awake travelers she found them up and dressed. Grandpa and grandma, John and his wife and all the rest were waiting to rec just as it was set down in the " play."

this morning," said Mary; "I guesa w did have colds last night." But all kept their own counsel, and the plump little mother has not yet ceased wondering how it happened that Harr'et should have been making that immensi samp pudding on Thanksgiving eve.

"There are Thanksgiving smells enoug

A very severe wind storm passel over the town of Renick, Randolph seriously hurt that she died last night. seriously wounded. Several other houses were considerably injured, and ences, grain, stock and trees de-

In the General Assembly of Virgin on the 10th inst., three additional State officers were elected, vis ? Corbin M. Reynolds, treasurer; R. F. Walker,