

BROWN'S THANKSGIVING

It Made This Speculator Think Life Worth the Living, AND TO A GAY TYPEWRITER GIRL. It Brought Sweet Peace from Out Life's Dizzy Whirl.

GEORGE CALDWELL, of Gotham town the more benevolent was brought Thanksgiving From sleep awake, so nearly broke life worth living. Now this man Brown been through down by Wall street's dictations; To rise again seemed him then beyond all calculations. My race is run, I'm broken as was dressing; "I don't know things quite so blue nor creditors so pressing."

Israel Pratt, With his wife, John Henry Stiles, employed in good times, was Thanksgiving. Just across the grating table at the best-black, Billy Cable. At his right his new agent, was the new-boy, Tommy Quinn. Ne'er was dinner better cooked, never maiden sweeter.

THE DOLLARS FOUR. To send a check made out to you to pay the hundred, long since due. You kindly handed when I was broke. "Most sincerely, H. F. CHOKER."

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING. THE night before Thanksgiving the city was ablaze with lights. The first snow had fallen and the air felt seemed light-hearted. The massive mansions that surround Gramercy Park were brightly lit.

THE DINNER. I should tell you, answer I should: From the plains of Illinois, from the hills of Pennsylvania, from the valleys of Massachusetts, from New York and from New Jersey.

Next to him, content, sat Candy Maker. "Dear Boy—it gives me several kinds of joy."

Thanksgiving



Jack entered. "So you have been waiting your time next door, instead of waiting. No pleading on the part of Jack could induce the turbulent old man to tell where the Goldswaits had gone."

Jack turned on his heel and passed out of the house. He found it a harder struggle than he expected. His income fluctuated from next to nothing to nothing itself. He became first a wanderer among apartments, then among boarding houses, and at last an inhabitant of "furnished rooms," who ate at cheap restaurants—when he could eat at all.

THE SAT ON HIS BED AND THOUGHT. strong as ever. He longed to go to her, but the knowledge of his poverty and shabbiness kept him back. The windows of the great old dining-room were bright with light and their raised curtains gave him a clear view of the place where he and Dora had spent many happy Thanksgiving reunions together.

THE LITTLE BACK YARD. "One dollar to drive me up to Delmonico's," shouted the man. "But your driver?" asked Jack. "Drunk in a saloon," was the response.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE. Thanksgiving Treated Gastronomically and Socially. Thanksgiving Day, being from its very inception a feast day, says the New York Times, it behooves the house mother, as at no other time of the year, to stand as willing handmaid to good Mother Ceres, and see to it that on her own table the fitting oblation is set forth, while the torch of hospitality and good fellowship burns brightly over all around.

OUR STORY TELLER



WE had quarreled. I don't know what about; neither quite knew, I think. One of those unexplained quarrels when we thought mean things of each other without any cause, and then justified the other's condemnation by meaner actions. We were polite to stupidity, and our conversation was interlarded with the poorest satire, in which we excelled as displaying the sharpness of our wit and the indifference of our feelings.

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