

# Thanksgiving



Along about Thanksgiving time, when all the leaves are down, and all the hills are turnin' brown, there's somethin' in the air that seems to stir your blood a bit. That makes you glad you're in the world and that you're part of it. The song the wind goes singin' in the evergreen's sublime; there's a glimmer in a man along about Thanksgiving time.

There's somethin' wonderful about the ice so thin and white. Across the narrow little rut that dried up in the night; it's criss-crossed in a hundred ways with streaks and veins and lines. And sparkles out like diamonds when the sun spunks up and shines. And when you break it with your heel you couldn't hardly tell its rattle from the jingle of a little silver bell.

Along about Thanksgiving time it seems somehow, as though the sky was nearer to us than it was a while ago; And when it's clear how clear it is—the crisp, fresh air, I mean—you'd almost think it blew through sleeves somewhere to make it clean. Oh, when it's whiskin' strong and free, it's nothin' but a crime To not get out and stir, along about Thanksgiving time.

It's almost like a miracle to see the first snow fly. To watch the million little chunks come dartin' from the sky. To hear them bounce against the panes, to watch the wild things, tamed, Go tumblin' down to melt as though they kind of felt ashamed. And when darkness comes and lets the wind go murmuring, It's like the sweet old lullabies our mothers used to sing.

Along about Thanksgiving time there's somethin' in the air That seems to make you brist and strong, that kind of crisp you hair. You feel all ready for the storms you know you'll have to meet. You're not afraid of anything that's walkin' round on feet. And lookin' at it any way, the old earth's quite sublime. Although it's bare and brown along about Thanksgiving time. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## EDIE'S MISSION.

"Susie, to-morrow's Thanksgiving." Lower over her sewing drooped the golden head, and a tear trembled on her eyelash as she answered: "Yes, darling."

"Aren't we going to have Thanksgiving?" continued the child. "A little bit of a Thanksgiving, Susie? How mean Uncle Ralph is to let you work so when—"

"Hush, Edie! you must not talk thus. Uncle Ralph is very kind in letting us have this cottage rent free, otherwise my needle would not support us."

But little Edie could not help thinking of the great grim house upon the hill, and the great grim man who utterly ignored his poor relation. She thought so long and so intently about it that at last a daring resolution entered her curly head.

"I'll go and see him and tell him all about it, so I will! I'm not afraid of him if he is big and grim and cross."

And without pausing to consider the doubtful undertaking, away she went in the direction of the stately mansion dark and gloomy which was the home of the misanthropic uncle, who from being one of the pleasantest of young fellows, in bygone days, had changed thus sadly.

But as she neared him she perceived that his face was very sad and weary looking. Some look upon his face made her think of her dead mother, and almost before she knew it, she had flung both her chubby arms about his neck and kissed his cheek.

"Edie, little Edie!" he cried; "is it little Edie, a child again, and come back to me?"

"Yes," said the child, clinging about his neck; "I was mamma's little Edie, and I will be yours if you will let me."

Then he comprehended. It was not his own little sister, but it was her child; it was her gentle, loving spirit speaking to him through her. And his hard heart became tender, and he folded the child to his breast and bowed his head upon the soft, fair curls and wept.

"I'm sure I don't know," smiled Susie. "Uncle Ralph is no doubt beginning to appreciate you, Karl."

"But he was that cross this morning, he resembled an icicle more than anything else. There must be some mistake."

"No," said Susie, gravely; "it is a very kind invitation, and you must accept it."

"Oh, certainly; but how very surprising. What will mother say? Our paths divide here, Susie, so, for the present I will say good-night."

His mother surprised! If she was, she betrayed it only by a sudden paleness, then a slight color, and placing her bowed head in her hands she sobbed softly.

"By forgiving my former cruelty and loving me a little, and wearing the pretty things your maid has selected. It will please me to have you wear them."

And when Susie entered the parlor in her lovely trailing blue satin, Edie sprang from her uncle's arms with a little cry of rapture.

"Oh! how beautiful you are, Susie!" The sound of carriage wheels here diverted her attention. "It is Karl!" she cried, running to the window.

Yes, it was Karl, and the surprise he felt upon meeting his betrothed, robed like a princess, in her uncle's parlor, increased when he presented his pale, lovely mother to his employer.

"My mother, Mr. Morley," he began, then paused, for a glance at his employer's white, agitated face; and his mother's downcast and softly-flushed, told him they had met before.

"Nellie! Nellie Clyde!" "Yes," she answered, softly. "Nellie Clyde Schilling, a widow, old and poor, to whom you sent an invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner."

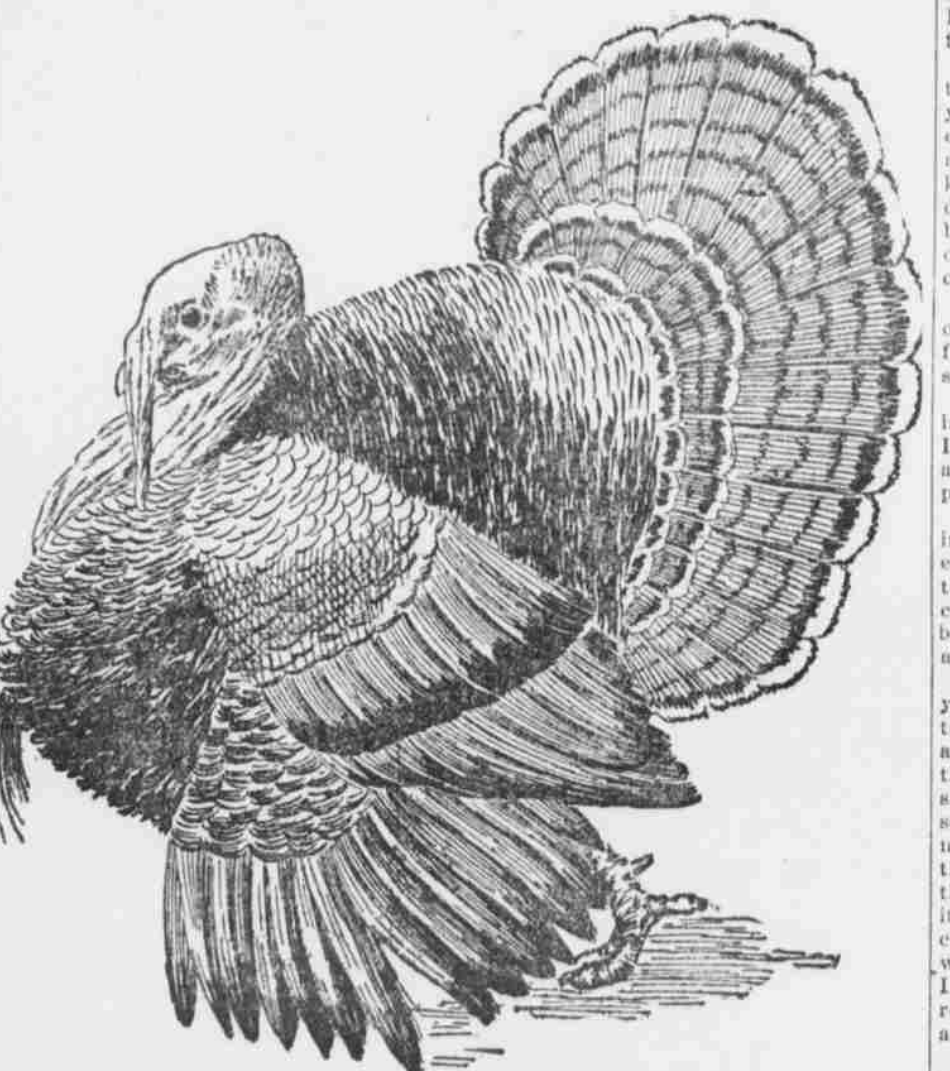
"Nellie!" he repeated, eagerly, "you would not have come to meet me in my solitude and loneliness, unless—the past was to be forgotten! Shall it not be as it was, twenty years ago?"

"I—I did not suppose you would feel thus, at this late day," she said, in confusion. "I only thought we might be friends once more."

"And so we will," he cried, "the very best friends the world has ever known. Oh, what a Thanksgiving you brought me, little Edie!"—The Heartstone.

**The Thanksgiving Day Spirit.**  
Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. And that applies to the Thanks-

## A HANDFUL OF TURKEY THOUGHTS.



The gobbler grows rotund, And so we shout "Hoorsay!" And hurt our hat On high the air, And sing, by sudden rapture stunned: "Ain't, a well a day!" While thus we flip, Flap o'er the sand And gaily skip Joy's saraband. We watch him spread his tail As on he proudly struts, And see him puff and And crisp and stuffed With bread and sage and nuts, Till we would on the fork impale His choicest juicy cuts— While Fancy's breeze Fills us a-sigh With arpeggios Of golden pie, Oh, bird of rare renown

That makes the eagle look To all intents Like seven cents, You're greater when the cook, Who knows just how to do you brown, And knows it like a book, Makes you in gleam A roasted piece— A symphony Of bliss supreme! Fall soon o'er you, blithe fowl, The knife and fork will clash; And first we'll hold You hot, then cold, And later in that bash Which whisks the whiskers off the scow! Of sorrow like a flash; While hand in hand In fairy-land We sigh and swoon In fairy-land Beneath the moon. —R. K. Munkittrick, in Sunday Magazine.

Susie, hastening homeward, beheld a pair of superb horses and an elegant carriage at their humble door, and Edie, with bright, eager face, came bounding to meet her.

"Oh, Susie! I've been to see Uncle Ralph, and oh! he loves me, he does truly, and you, too, and—"

"The address of that pretty demoiselle that I followed home from the museum, by her orders! Why, there is something in this! Why, if she wants the address of a lady who is known to Monsieur Dornton, does she not ask him, instead of setting me to follow her like a policeman? I shall have that to find out!"

"Babette, I want you," Mrs. Perkins called from the door that shut off the servants' quarters.

Something in the voice, some subtle touch of sympathy, struck Babette's quick ear. She turned so abruptly that Mrs. Perkins had not time to conceal the black bordered letter she held in her hand.

giving dinner as well as to any other feast. No costly or skillfully prepared viands can make up for the lack of that genial affection and sympathy which we all understand through sympathy, but which is so difficult to describe.

While you cannot extemporize this sentiment, you can avoid doing the things that prevent it from having free play. There is a season for everything; and the season for those truthful remarks or justifiable actions that might provoke resentment and ill feeling is not on such a day as Thanksgiving. It is remarkable how much the coldness, indifference or failure to enter into the spirit of an occasion may do to spoil its whole atmosphere and to make the feast a dismal failure.

Whatever else you are on such big festivals at home, do not be a "kill joy," or even your desire to lead others to adopt courses that you regard as best for them, make you indifferent or unsympathetic to the mood of the hour. There are many occasions and Thanksgiving day is one of them, when our highest duty is not to impose our consciences upon other people, but to contribute to the common stock of happiness and sympathy.—The Watchman.

**Somewhat of a Dampener.**  
Mrs. Jimpson—Just see what mother has sent us—a lovely big turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner! It came by express this morning.

Jimpson (joyfully)—Bless her heart! That's just like her!



### The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

## CHAPTER IX.

For some reason Pauline Malling was in a very irritable state of mind. Perhaps she was regretting the moment's impulse that had prompted her to accept a nameless young painter, Babette, too, seemingly had a weight on her mind. She crept about her work, laying out Miss Malling's elegant evening toilet with a subdued air very different from her usual noiseless activity.

Babette was doing her best to get through her duties, when, as ill luck would have it, memory for a moment asserted itself and brought before her a picture of a pretty black-eyed urchin tossing from side to side in his small cot and crying out her name unceasingly as he refused the cooling drink offered by a hand he did not love.

Miss Malling raised her eyes from their contemplation of the carpet and looked in dignified surprise at the young Frenchwoman. Noting for the first time the signs of tears on her face, Miss Malling felt angry.

"What in heaven's name is the matter with you, Babette? Pray don't let me have any weeping and wailing. If there is one thing that exasperates me more than another, it is a crying woman."

"Pardon, mademoiselle; the grief overcame me in spite of myself. I did not intend to speak, but, as you have noticed my sorrow, I will make bold to tell you that I have a little stepbrother, the only being in the world who is related to me, and I have here a letter telling me he is very ill, and that he asks for me night and day—night and day!"

The poor girl's voice broke for a moment; but she rallied and went on: "If mademoiselle could spare me for just enough time to get to Boulogne and back to see the poor little fellow?"

"And what am I to do in the meantime?" Pauline asked idly. "Of course you can go if you like; but you need not come back. I am surprised you should ask me such an insane thing, when you know the house will be full of people the day after to-morrow. I could not possibly do without you. Pray do not say another word about it, and please leave off crying."

Babette moved away to the far end of the room, wiped her eyes, and stood for an instant quite still, repressing the sobs that shook her frame.

"If my little Pierre dies without seeing me I will never forgive you—never! I will watch for a chance of doing you a great harm; and it will come if I am patient," the girl thought.

After dressing Miss Malling and making the dressing room tidy, Babette passed through the picture gallery on her way to Mrs. Perkins' sanctum for her usual cup of tea. Thinking everybody must be downstairs, she stopped at Jack's easel and looked at Pauline's picture.

"So you think the world is made for your pleasure? You are too high a lady to trouble yourself with your servants' affairs; but perhaps they will trouble themselves with yours, madame! I have seen you flinch and shiver up strangely sometimes. People don't shiver up for nothing, unless they have a fear of something; and if they have a secret fear, there must be something bad to cause it. If my little darling dies without the comfort of kissing his Babette once, it will be your fault; and all my life long I will watch, watch, watch, to try to repay your cruelty to me and him!"

Jack, who had stopped until the last moment finishing his rather difficult letter to Ethel in his own room, was struck by the intense hatred in the woman's face as he opened the door, wondered for the moment what could have caused it, wished the next that he could call it up at will and use her as a model for a fiend, and the next moment forgot all about it.

Babette had her quiet cup of tea with Mrs. Perkins, and, with a plentiful shedding of tears, wrote to the woman who had charge of little Pierre, to say that she could not come to her darling just now.

blow to him when he found himself robbed of everything by his brother's injustice. What did he do? Where did he go?

"I don't know. He is as proud as any of the family, and, when his brother told him never to come near the place again, he put on his hat without one word, and walked away with his head as high as if he were the heir of thousands. We've never seen a sight of him since that day, and it's my belief we never shall."

Babette believed she had found the keynote to Pauline's secret trouble. That there was secret trouble she never doubted for an instant. She had observed her mistress too closely to be misled on that point; she knew that nothing but some mighty fear could cause those sudden starts, followed by periods of anxious, heavy-browed thought, to which she was subject. And, when Babette went upstairs, she reasoned the matter out.

"I have heard that she never knew she was her uncle's heiress until after her father's death. What is more likely than that she should have married out there in Italy—married some poor idiot who was caught by her pretty face? And then, when my lady suddenly finds that she is a rich woman, she is tired of this poor fool, and runs away and enjoys her life by herself. I believe I have found the dark spot in my fine lady's life! If this is as I think, I can take from her her beloved father, and her riches at one blow. How glorious that would be!"

Her face glowed with savage satisfaction at the bare thought of so complete a revenge. She left her seat by the bay window of Pauline's dressing room, and paced up and down, her excitement being too great for her to remain still. The dusky gloom deepened until the room was all in shadow, and presently a household maid came in and lighted the candles in the large silver branches on the toilet table.

As the door closed behind the maid Babette resumed her promenade, and came to a sudden stop as her eyes rested on the key left in the lock of a small bronze box. This box contained Miss Malling's private keys! She looked up very little; but what she did look up she was rather particular about, and her keys were invariably kept in this Indian box, the key of which she carried about with her.

As Babette stood looking with a dull, fascinated gaze at the key, she heard the rustle of silken skirts in the gallery outside. With a swoop like a hawk's, so swift and noiseless was it, she plucked the little key from the lock and slipped it into the pocket of her dainty frilled apron. The next instant Miss Malling turned the handle of the door and saw Babette rearranging the lace draperies round the looking-glass. She crossed the room and went straight to the table, glanced quickly at the box, and then turned to Babette.

"Have you seen the key of this box?" "Not to-day, mademoiselle."

"Provoking!" She took it up in her hands and shook it. Yes, the keys are inside. Babette, I wish you not to leave these rooms to-night until I come up to bed. I have dropped the key somewhere. I don't suppose it will be found until we have daylight to help us—it is so small. Have your supper sent up to you here."

"Very good, mademoiselle."

Babette stood with her hands held tightly over her heart, listening to the rustle of the silken skirts along the gallery and down the stairs. Then her expression changed from strained attention to vivid triumph. She threw her clasped hands high over her head. She looked both doors, closed one window to prevent the blinds from fluttering, and then unlocked the small bronze box. She laughed as she picked out a key from the bunch and tried to unlock Pauline's large desk.

"At last!" she whispered, as the lock of the desk flew back.

**Just Resentment.**  
"You say your board began to grow when you were 10," remarked the visitor at the dime museum. "May I ask how long it has taken you to bring it to its present magnificent proportions?"

"Sir," said the Bearded Lady, justly incensed, "you are the first man that has ever dared to ask my age!"—Chicago Tribune.

**Chance for Him.**  
"Ah!" sighed the fair maid. "I know what it is to have loved and lost."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the surprised youth, who had hopes that her father would give him a job as son-in-law some day.

"Yes," explained the fair one, "Poor, dear Fido passed in his checks this morning."

**Saying and Thinking.**  
"Why is it," asked the young widow, "that you old bachelors say such hard things? Married men never talk that way?"

"That's easily explained," replied the o. b. "A bachelor is in a position to say what a married man is only permitted to think."

**Feminine Wax.**  
Mrs. Homer—Our new neighbor is an awfully forward woman.

Homer—In what way?  
Mrs. Homer—Why, when I called on her this afternoon she proceeded to tell me all about the trouble she has with servants before I had a chance to tell her mine.

**Artful Dodger.**  
He—Then I may hope?  
She—Well, you may ask papa.

He—Impossible.  
She—Why do you say that?  
He—Because I haven't been able to get sight of him since I loaned him \$10 before Christmas.

**His Idea of It.**  
The Minister—Young man, you should be making preparations for eternity.

Young Man—I am, sir. The girl I am engaged to is taking lessons at a cooking school.

The red snow, which is found in the Alps and in some parts of the Rocky Mountains, owes its hue to a microscopic plant of a bright red color.