

Song of the Thanksgiving Bird



Let poets sing the lark a-wing,
The thrush's silvery singing,
The mocking-bird to rapture stirred,
The robin's rhythmic wooing;
Ay! let them praise in lyric lays
The blue-jay pert and perky,
But O for me each time, perdie,
The plump Thanksgiving turkey!

Fair Madge may pet her parakeet
As wondrous wise and wary,
And Mistress Maud may loudly laud
Her cunning young canary;
Content am I as days slip by,
And skies above grow murky,
If it's my luck to hear—"cluck! cluck!"—
The plump Thanksgiving turkey.

Then let prevail the love of quail,
Ye skilled men of the cartridge,
Give meed profuse to grouse and goose,
To woodcock and to partridge!
Faith, naught I care how others fare,
If sour they look or smirky,
When hot for me is served, perdie,
The plump Thanksgiving turkey.
—Harry Delonza.

A THANKSGIVING SACRIFICE.

PLEASE God we shall all of us eat our Thanksgiving dinner at home this year.

The bleak November day might have been blue and glittering with the sunshine of an Italian morn, to judge by Captain Ross' face, as he hurried aft; and the two passengers who leaned over the rail of the Forest Queen, watching the foamy crests of the waves, looked after him.

"A good fellow that," said Mr. Aymes court. "Well, I, for one, shall be glad to hear the church bell in the old square steeples at home. And you, Mr. Dayrel?"

"Home!" repeated the gentleman addressed, a tall, dark, Spanish type of individuality. "It may sound odd, but now you mention it, I have no home!"

Mr. Aymes court looked quickly up at his gleaming eyes.

"But I suppose you had one once?"

"Homes are not immortal, any more than people!" answered Dayrel.

"Is his a riddle for me to guess?"

"No; it is hardly worth the trouble—unless you cared to listen to the eternal self-repeating story of human life."

"Human nature is the worthiest study to which I can aspire," Mr. Aymes court answered. "And if you deem me worthy of becoming your confidant—"

"Here it is, then," interrupted Dayrel almost impatiently. "I was betrothed to a girl as beautiful as an angel, and, as I believed, true. Well, I had occasion to take such a journey as this one has been. When I returned she was engaged to another man."

"And she married him. Why do you look surprised? The fickleness of woman is no such new development, I suppose? But then I belong to an unlucky family. The Dayrels seldom succeed in fortune, and they always die sudden and violent deaths."

"It is not possible that you are so superstitious as to—"

"Not superstitious, Mr. Aymes court. Call me a fatalist, if you will; I only report the unerring record of the past. Since the time I mention, I have been a sort of wanderer to and fro on the face of the earth. I hear other people talk of houses; to me it is the merest catchword."

"But—"

"Stop a minute," said Dayrel, lowering his voice, and laying his hand lightly on his companion's arm. "Do you see that young man by the cabin door? The tall, handsome man, who has a smile for everyone?"

"Yes."

"That is he—the man who married Mary Armitage."

"Does he know—?"

"That I am his defeated rival? No. He has talked to me of his wife at home—of the two little children counting the days till his return—of the bright heartstones where the Thanksgiving fires are all ablaze; and I have listened, and answered him 'Yes' and 'No' with the calm philosophy of a stoic. After all, there is a certain grim humor in the game called life."

Aymes court looked sadly into the stern face.

"And does all this please you?"

"Please me? Yes—about as much as it pleases the writhing hospital patient to feel the surgeon's knife. I could have murdered that man more than once and felt it no sin. You need not start; the Cain-like impulse has passed away. I am quite harmless now. Only you cannot expect a man to feel kindly toward him who has ruined his whole future."

And Dayrel turned away and resumed the slow, measured walk up and down the upper deck, which his casual meeting with Aymes court had interrupted.

And all this time the Forest Queen was plowing the yeasty tides nearer and more near home.

Captain Ross had calculated that the brisk little craft would ride into the rock-bound harbor of the Maine port to which they were consigned early on Thanksgiving morning.

"It'll be a close run," said he; "but somehow I don't like the idea of spending my Thanksgiving on ship-board. It isn't orthodox, as Deacon Posey would say." And the captain laughed.

And just at the gray break of dawn, when they could almost hear the church bells ring through the fog and darkness, there went a thrill and quiver through the Forest Queen from stem to stern—a sudden pulse, like the beating of a heart. Guy Dayrel started up in his berth and tapped at the board partition which separated his sleeping quarters from those of his nearest neighbor.

Thanksgiving, 1897.



"Aymes court!" he cried, "wake up! There is something wrong!"

Aymes court started from his dreams. "Wrong! What is it?"

"We have run aground somewhere, or struck a rock. Stop—don't ask any more questions. Keep your breath and strength; they will both be needed. Dress as quickly as you can."

When Aymes court came on deck, amid the darkness and chill and confusion, he could learn only one fact—that the ship had struck a rock, and was fast leaking away her life.

"But you needn't be so alarmed, ma'am," said the captain, to a pale young mother, who was kneeling on the floor of the deck, with her arms round both her children. "We can't be far off Wayne's Beach, and our sailors would know the way through these shoals if you were to blindfold 'em. We have two good life-boats. It's only leaving the Queen to go down by herself."

The captain rubbed his shaggy brows lightly across his eyes as he spoke, and then turned away to issue the necessary orders.

The ruddy shine of sunrise was slipping the waves with crests of carmine, when the first life-boat rode off, manned by true hands and fearless hearts.

"Make haste!" the captain called to the men who were preparing to launch the last. "She's filling fast."

"How long do you think she will last?" asked Guy Dayrel calmly.

"Half an hour perhaps—not longer."

The passengers crowded into the boat with the headlong haste of those who are fleeing from death, and she

was full, while two men yet stood on the deck of the fatal vessel—Captain Ross and George Vassar, the man whose bright eyes had stolen Mary Armitage away from her first lover.

An old sailor started up from his cot.

"Captain! Captain! this musn't be! Take this car! I'm not such a lubber as to save myself and see you perish!"

"Sit down, sir!" roared the captain.

"Do you suppose discipline isn't discipline now, just as much as ever it was? I am captain of this craft, and I mean to stand by her to the last. Only," turning to Mr. Vassar, as the discomfited old salt dropped down into his seat. "I'm sorry for you, sir! I have always expected some such end as this; but you—"

George Vassar had become deadly pale—he clasped his hand to his eyes.

"May God have mercy on Mary and the little ones," he uttered.

With a sudden movement, Guy Dayrel swung himself past Aymes court once more, on to the deck of the fast-sinking ship.

"Mr. Vassar," he said quietly, "take my place. You have a wife and children. I have no one to care whether I perish or not. Don't stop to thank me—go at once. And if your wife should ask you who it was that reeked so little of his life, tell her it was one Guy Dayrel!"

There was a crash and splintering of the timbers, as Dayrel almost pushed Vassar into the boat. The Forest Queen settled lower and lower, and went down in the very sight of the horror-stricken survivors.

George Vassar sat at his Thanksgiving board that afternoon, with red and white chrysanthemums decking the feast, and wreaths of autumn leaves rivaling the coral shine of the red embers on the hearth—sat with wife and little ones at his side, and warmth and brightness all around. Four or five miles below, washed ashore by the cruel rush of the waves, with his white face turned up toward the darkening autumn sky, and seaweed in his wet locks, lay the corpse of Guy Dayrel.

But perhaps there was no night ever to overshadow his Thanksgiving Day!

A Thanksgiving Dinner, Hard, Though Pleasantly Earned.

Day was certainly behind time. There we sat craning our necks to locate the glorious bird, but it was too dark to see them in the foliage of the magnolias. When the sky began to clear up we took standing positions, and made our necks ache by looking upward. I was the first to see the game, and this one was directly over my head; and it was only a few moments more when each, except the boy, was sighting along his gun barrel waiting for the word "Ready." All of us

THANKS GIVING



For what are we thankful? For this:
For the breath and the sunlight of life;
For the love of the child, and the kiss
On the lips of the mother and wife.

For roses entwining,
For birds and for bloom;
And hopes that are shifting
Like stars in the gloom.

For what are we thankful? For this:
The strength and the patience of toil;
For even the joys that we miss—
The hope of the seed in the soil.

For souls that are whiter
From day unto day;
And lives that are brighter
From going God's way.

For what are we thankful? For all
The sunshine—the shadow—the song;
The blossoms may wither and fall,
But the world moves in music along!

For simple, sweet living,
(It's Love that doth teach it.)
A heaven forgiving,
And faith that can reach it!
—F. L. Stanton.

FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Indian Chiefs Were Hospitably Entertained by Pilgrim Fathers.

The first Thanksgiving was appointed by Governor Bradford, at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1621, the year following the landing of the Pilgrims, in order that the Colonists in a more special way could rejoice together at having all things in good and plenty. writes Clifford Howard, in the Ladies' Home Journal. In preparation for the feast "gunners were sent into the woods for wild turkeys, which abounded there in great numbers; kitchens were made ready for preparing the feast—especially the large one in Dame Brewster's house, which was under the immediate direction and charge of Priscilla Molines, she who afterward became the wife of John Alden—while a messenger was dispatched to invite Mameosot, the chief of the friendly tribe, to attend the celebration.

"Early on the morning of the appointed Thursday—about the first of November—Massasoit and ninety of his warriors arrived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yells announced their readiness to enjoy the hospitality of their white brethren. The little settlement, which now consisted of seven dwellings and four public buildings, was soon astir with men, women and children, who gave the Indians a hearty welcome as they filed into the large square in front of the Governor's house. Soon the roll of a drum announced the hour of prayer, for no day was begun without this religious service. Then followed a holiday of feasting and recreation, which continued not only that day but during the two succeeding days. The usual routine of duties was suspended; the children romped about in merry play; the young men indulged in athletic sports and games in friendly rivalry with the Indians; the little American army of twenty men, under the leadership of Miles Standish, went through its drill and manual of arms, to the great delight and astonishment of the natives, while the women busied themselves in the careful preparation of the excellent meals, which were eaten in the open air."

The Pumpkin Pie.

Oh, on Thanksgiving Day, when from east and from west,
From north and from south come the pilgrim and guest.
When the gray-haired New Englander sees
'round his board
The old broken links of affection restored;
When the care-worn and smiling man seeks his mother once more;
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before—
What moistens the lips and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?
—Whittier.

A Thanksgiving Day.

Firm Padding as the English Make it.
For English plum pudding clean,
wash and dry one pound of currants;
stone one pound of raisins. Mix the
currants, raisins, one pound of suet,
chopped fine, three-quarters of a pound
of stale breadcrumbs, a quarter of
a pound of brown sugar, the grated rind
of one lemon, half a pound of minced,
candied orange-peel, a quarter of
a pound of flour, half of a grated nutmeg.
Beat five eggs; add to them half
a pint of orange juice, then pour over
the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly.
Pack into greased small
kettles or moulds. This will make
about six pounds. Bore for ten hours.
Serve with hard sauce.—Ladies' Home
Journal.



SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

In every mile of railway there are seven feet four inches not covered by the rails, the space left for expansion.

Gas is to be utilized in the burning of bricks in Attica, N. Y., where a gas well has been struck on ground near a brick kiln.

A copper pan, said to be the largest ever made from one piece of metal, has been turned out at Swansea, England. It is twelve feet four inches in diameter, three feet three inches deep, and weighs two tons.

Dr. Edwin Klebs, the well-known bacteriologist, formerly of the University of Zurich, but now of Chicago, has just returned from a visit to Europe, and is going to New Orleans to study the epidemic of yellow fever.

The Spring Garden institute of Philadelphia has just received a bequest of \$20,000 from the estate of the late Samuel Jeanes of Philadelphia. The money will be used to strengthen the mechanical and electrical departments of the school.

Investigations made by the scientists of the agricultural department show that the pith of the sunflower stem is the lightest substance known, with a specific gravity of 0.028, as compared with 0.09 older pith, which has heretofore been considered the lightest of all materials.

Sheep shearing by electricity is successfully carried on at Great Falls, Montana, one of the largest wool-shipping points in the northwest. The shears used are much like horse-clipping machines and power is transmitted to the shears from a nearby street railway power house.

The government of the Cape of Good Hope is now regretting the money spent in securing Koch to elaborate a protective serum for use against the rinderpest. The undertaking has ended in absolute failure, for the inoculation treatment has had no effect in preventing the cattle from dying of the disease.

The New York Journal of Hygiene says that many people eat altogether too much salt. The result is that the skin and kidneys are excessively taxed to get rid of the salt, and both are injured by it. Few people have healthy skins, and it is believed that many cases of derangement of the kidneys are due to the salt habit.

A substitute for coal is now being brought forward in the shape of masut, a by-product in the distillation of petroleum, which has for some time been extensively used in Russia and Italy for firing steam boilers, for marine, locomotive, and industrial purposes. A German inventor is also said to have recently succeeded in extracting masut from a cheap brown coal in connection with which a new industry has sprung up in Sazono.

Paper Bottles.

A German papermaker recently obtained letters patent on bottles made of paper, for use on board of ships particularly. It has been a cause of much damage to steamer lines that in bad weather a large number of bottles of wine and other liquors are broken in the storerooms in spite of every precaution. The new bottles are made of a composition which, with the solution in which they are made water-tight, is still the inventor's secret. After being impregnated with this fluid the paper bottles are slowly dried in gas stoves, and this process of drying must be watched carefully, for otherwise the bottles would remain porous and allow the fluids kept therein to leak out. These bottles can be handled roughly without the least apprehension; neither the pitching nor rolling of a great steamer during rough weather, nor the breaking down of a truck upon which they are loaded loosely would be apt to damage a single paper bottle.—Hartford Times.

Badly Played.

Mr. W. H. Preese, the well known electrician, tells an amusing story about the early days of the telephone. That the Queen might test the new invention, he put Osborne, Portsmouth and London in communication, and arranged that a band should play while her majesty was at the other end of the instrument.

The Queen was detained, says the Youth's Companion, and before she arrived the band had been sent away. But a happy thought struck Mr. Preese. Why not himself act as the band? He stepped to the instrument and hummed into it "God Save the Queen," and asked if her majesty recognized the tune.

"Yes," she said, "it was the national anthem, but very badly played."

Diplomacy.

Wiggles—Whose picture is it on the \$10 silver certificate? Garfield's, isn't it?

Wiggles—No, Hendricks'.

Wiggles—I'm pretty sure it's Garfield.

Wiggles—It's Hendricks, I tell you, and I've got a bill right here in my pocket that will prove it. Do you see that? (Shows bill.)

Wiggles—That settles it. I don't know how I came to be so sure that it was Garfield. (Fifteen minutes later.) By the way, old man, lend me \$10, will you?—Boston Courier.