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THE AMERICAN

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Professional Cards section header.

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JOHN PRINTING neatly done, and with dispatch, at the Office of the AMERICAN

POETRY.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Valleys lay in sunny vapor, And a radiance mild was shed From each tree that like a taper At a feast stood. Then we said, "Your feast, too, shall soon be spread, Of good Thanksgiving turkey."

And already still November Drapes her snowy table here, Fetch a log, then, crack the ember: Full your hearth with odd-time cheer: Heaven be thanked for one more year, And our Thanksgiving turkey!

WELCOME, brothers—all our party Gathered in the homestead old: Shake the snow off, and with hearty Hand shakes drive away the cold, Else your plate you'll hardly hold Of good Thanksgiving turkey.

And the merry feast is freighted With meanings true and deep, Those who love and those we've hated, All to-day, the fife will keep, Hand shakes drive away the cold, Else your plate you'll hardly hold Of good Thanksgiving turkey.

Now many hearts must mingle Now with mournful memories: In the feast wine shall mingle, "Innocent hearts, perhaps, from eyes That look beyond the board where lies Our plain Thanksgiving turkey."

Some around us drawing nearer These faint yearning sighs of air— Friends' names whom earth holds none dear! No—'tis they are not there: Have they then, forgot to share Our good Thanksgiving turkey?

Some have gone away and tarried Some have turned to fess; we carried Some into the pine-needle grove: They'll come no more so joyous-brave To take Thanksgiving turkey.

Nay, rejoice not. Let our laughter Leap like fire-light up again: Soon we touch the wide hereafter, Some with the happy, some with pain: Shall we meet once more—and when?— To eat Thanksgiving turkey?

And though not, 'twere still ungrateful Mid such warm companionship To forecast the future, fateful, Finding there no balanced good: 'Tis but a type of finer food, This plain Thanksgiving turkey!

MISCELLANEOUS.

MATCH-MAKING.

"I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived!" And she meant it, or what answers the same purpose she thought she meant it. After all, how few of us ever really know what we do mean?

"I engaged myself once when a girl and the simpleton thought he owned me. I soon took that conceit out of him, and sent him about his business."

"My husband is not a tyrant, Miss Kent."

"I am glad you are satisfied," Miss Kent was the laconic answer.

"What are you going to do when you are old?" persisted the mistress of the establishment.

"But you can't work forever," "Can't say that I want to."

"Now Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man—"

"I don't want any man. I tell you Mrs. Carlisle, I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, if he was as rich as Croesus, and would die if I didn't have him."

A Editor in Heaven.

Just as if editors were not in the habit of going to Heaven...

Once upon a time, after the demise of a member of the "corps editorial," he presented himself at the gates of the Holy City, and requested admission.

Miss Kent—"Oh, I'm not particular."

Miss Kent—"I don't think I care for a translation to-night."

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Washington's Tomb.

Mount Vernon never looked so attractive as now, and thither go each day from 300 to 400 pilgrims.

Every lady almost wears over her water-proof at least ten feet of gold cable chain. I counted seventy quite near me.

Since last May they have cut from the bed on which he died four sets of dimity hangings, and this, notwithstanding there are watchmen in every direction.

The room in which Washington died is not yet fitted up with handsome belongings, but I understand that the State of New York will take it in hand.

Upstairs is the room which Mrs. Washington moved to after the death of her husband, selecting it because from the window she could see the tomb.

Curiosities of a Massachusetts Census.

The census of Massachusetts for 1875 shows that in that State, as well as in New York, there is a tendency of the population towards large cities.

Forty Years Between Drinks.

The Orator and the Writer.

Mr. Sumner once delivered a speech at the Cooper Institute which the audience had in their hands.

Nothing is harder to convey in description, or in the very words, than eloquence, which is the name for the deepest charm of speech.

Jefferson said that he listened enchanted to Patrick Henry, but he could not remember what he said.

Habits of Herons.

An interesting article on the habits of the herons of South America, by W. H. Hudson, appears in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London.

A wonderful case of protective mimicry in the case of the variegated heron is narrated by Mr. Hudson.

An Admirable Hotel Clerk.—In no city in the United States is the travel-stained, weary traveller taken as good care of as he is in a San Antonio hotel.

Railroad Accident.—A disastrous accident occurred a few days ago, on the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad.

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Continuation of the editorial text from the previous page.