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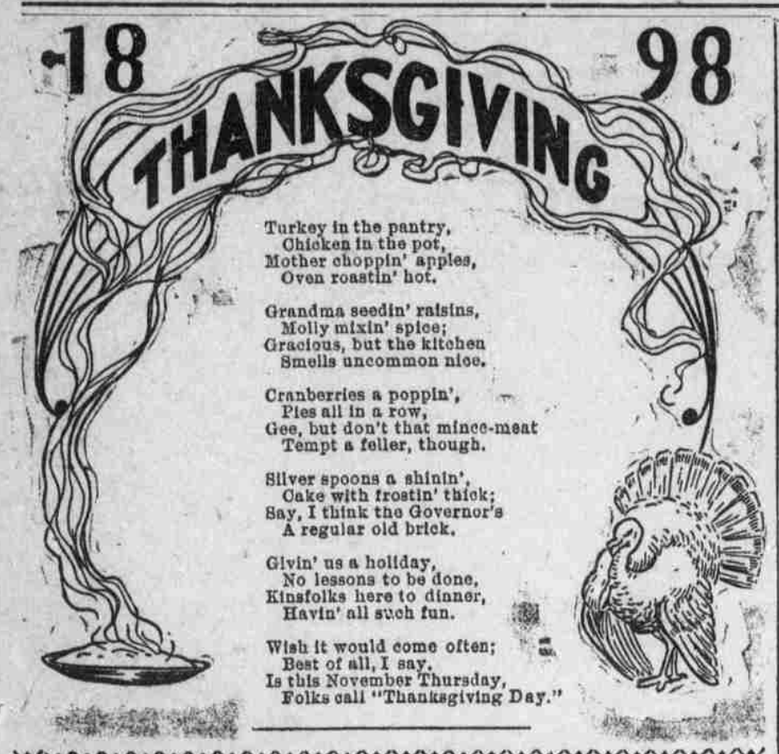

A HARD WON TURKEY.

How Ned Brought Home the Thanksgiving Turkey--It Was a Dreary Outlook, But a Boy's Pluck Triumphed.

By P. F. BLACK.

I'SE been looking, I have, so I ought to know," said Lucy, with a tearful face, "and there's only beans and pork an' a wee, wee piece of beef pop bought from the cowboys. There's no cranberries an' there's no turkey an' mam's not making no—no—p-pie."

"Mam's busy looking after pop, Loo," said Ned, in great worriment, "an' he's awful down with 'laria. I guess we'll have to do without pie this Thanksgiving."

"No pie! An' no turkey! We always have pie an' turkey on Thanksgiving, Ned, else it ain't no Thanksgiving. It can't be Thanksgiving."

"But ye ain't on the farm now, Loo," her big brother remonstrated, "we're in the Injun Territory."

"I don't care," cried Miss Loo. "Ain't there turkeys an' cranberries in the Injun Territory?"

"I guess there are, but I ain't sure about cranberries."

"Then, why don't you buy one?"

"Cause there's noboby 'round here for miles an' miles an' miles to buy from, and," he added dolefully to himself, "there's no money to buy one with."

"When I was a little wee girl," said Miss Loo, reproachfully, "I once caught a turkey all by myself, in the yard, I did."

She rose from the bank of the creek and walked slowly and tearfully back to the wagon. She was only eight years old, but she was already positive about the rights of little women, and one of these was unalterably the proper celebration of Thanksgiving.

Her brother, Ned, sat by the chilly waters and thought dismally. He was thinking and just old enough to realize plainly that things with his family had gone all wrong. He knew that times had been hard in Wyoming, where they had come from. He knew that his father had lost all his cattle and had had to leave the ranch. He knew they were traveling with their few household goods down to join his uncle in Texas—traveling in the slowest, most laborious but cheapest way,

NED FIRED ALMOST BLINDLY INTO THE FLOCK.

with his father's last wagon, and his father's last four horses.

Ned sat until the falling sun warned him it was time to fetch wood for the fire and help his mother make the poor meal they were getting accustomed to.

"Mother," he said, as they hung over the fire together, "to-morrow's Thanksgiving."

"A poor one for us, sonny," she answered. "No pie for little Loo to-morrow I'm afraid—poor child. But we'll soon be in Texas, Ned."

"Ain't there turkeys in the territory, mam? Wild ones, I mean?"

"So I am told; but gracious, you can't expect your father to get up sick as he is, and shoot turkeys."

"Couldn't I? I've shot pop's gun off twice. An' Loo wants turkey. She's tired of pork and flapjacks."

"Your father said, when we left home, you were never to leave the trail. You might get lost on these big prairies."

"He said 'unless necessary,' and when we entered the territory, the people told us we were quite safe. The Indians are all quiet on their reservations, and we've only seen two all the way through, so there's no danger off the trail."

"Get the coffee, Ned," said his mother, "and don't talk nonsense."

But Ned thought long over the fire

DIMLY THE BOY SAW SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED AND HEARD THE INDIAN SCREAM WITH PAIN.

that night and early next morning when his mother got up she found the camp fire ready lighted and a ragged piece of paper attached to the wheel of the wagon. She read it with difficulty.

"Ned has gone to catch a turkey for Loo. It's necessary."

Far off on the never-ending plain he rode on his fresh and willing horse, the gun resting, both barrels loaded, on the pommel before him. The chill of the morning air was speedily softened by the rays of a warm sun. The boy began to feel the real glory of the plains, as the wind swept past him, and the galloping hoofs of his horse made music in his ear. His cheeks flushed; his uncut hair floated behind him; his eyes shone, and he shouted with novel delight. But he saw no turkeys. If he had known more he would have got up at night and "potted" them from their roosts in the branches of the scanty trees—unsportsmanlike, but effective. Now they were far abroad feeding. Ned stopped shouting, but did not halt in his pursuit. At length his eager eyes noticed a flutter among a clump of tall dead sunflowers, and his Wyoming learning taught him that these birds were feeding on the fallen sunflower seeds. But he did not want prairie chicken; he wanted turkey. Once again he looked and there was a heavy flutter and movement among the tall sunflowers. They were turkeys—a big covey. Shaking with excitement the boy picketed his horse and crept on foot near the busy birds. He was afraid they would hear his heart thump and take fright, but still he got nearer and nearer, with his finger on the trigger. Then an old wise gobbler got alarmed when Ned was within thirty yards and the covey started, half running, half flying, in a great state of excitement. Ned fired almost blindly into the midst of them, both barrels. He saw something and ran to it. Turkey it was, a whopper, and something was hopping away among the sunflowers. Ned ran to that and killed it with a blow of his gun. Two! He sat down and laughed gleefully. Then he thoughtfully said:

"Now, if only one could have been a big mincepie, Loo would have been happy."

Speedily he fastened a bird on each side of his saddle and mounted to go home. But that was easier said than done. His father had been right when he had warned him how easy it is to get lost on the plain. After half an hour's riding, and recognizing none of of the ground he had galloped over in the morning, and after doubtfully studying where his shadow had been, and where it ought to be now, Ned, with a sinking heart, acknowledged he didn't know where he was.

At last he reached a higher bluff than any before, and from it he could see a succession of lower bluffs, and then again a high one behind. He sat on his horse for some time and then rode toward the other big bluff, and so high it was he could not see its summit even from the hollows, with the other bluffs between. He rode along, slowly now, for his horse was not so fresh, and was in one of the hollows, when suddenly far in front of him there came to his ears a strange sound—the long, ringing notes of a cavalry bugle. Ned stood in his stirrups to stare about, plunged all at once into a high state of excitement. But his horse; never had that patient and docile animal behaved in so extraordinary a way before. It pricked up its ears and threw its head back, and plunged. Again, across the plains, sounded the blood-burning bugle, and all at once over the further bluff, came running men and the sun shone on the weapons in their hands. The bugle sounded yet again, and one of the men waved a sword, and so clear was his voice when he spoke the words that Ned distinctly heard them:

"Commence firing!"

Then there was a noisy cracking of many carbines, and the men running forward, stopped every now and then to kneel and fire again. But Ned knew little more; it was all he could do to hold onto his horse, who, with one prolonged neigh, had taken the bit in his teeth, and was charging, apparently, with the most joyous feelings toward the enticing bugle. Up one bluff and into the hollow, and up another the unwilling boy was carried directly toward those dangerous puffs of white smoke, the turkeys flopping by his side, and at the top of the next bluff he nearly fell off his horse from sheer fright. Coming to meet him, helter skelter, save who save can, came a band of Indians in full retreat, with bullets popping around them right and left. They were as startled as was Ned. His white face doubtless led them to believe that a party of white men were cutting them off. Without a shot they turned and fled right and left; utterly scattered—save one, a huge man with a large war bonnet. He was apparently mad with rage and came swooping down on Ned. The instinct of self-preservation, rather than reason, made the lad raise his shot-gun to his shoulder and fire, although no bullet, but mere buckshot were in his cartridges. Dimly the boy saw something had happened and heard the Indian scream with pain, and again heard the commanding officer's voice hurriedly shout: "Cease firing."

His horse swept on, through the lines of amazed soldiers, and at last, with every manifestation of delight, ranged quietly up behind the men, by the side of the horses, left riderless in charge of a few soldiers, whose comrades had dismounted to fight on foot.

Ned rolled off his apparently insane horse, and sat, with dizzy head, seeing nothing clearly, until a tall man with a saber stood in front of him and looked sternly at the boy.

"Who on earth are you?" he said. "The idea of charging right into the teeth of our fire."

"Please, sir," said Ned, very much frightened at the look of the big saber. "I didn't mean to. Baldy ran away with me."

The officer broke into a smile, and lifted the boy to his feet, and sheathed his saber.

"It's lucky you were not killed," he said. "Tell me how it all came about. Do you know you knocked an Indian off his pony, that one of my men is bringing prisoner?"

"Oh! please, sir," cried Ned, turning white. "Is he killed? Oh! really I didn't mean to."

"The beggar's sound enough," said a bright young officer coming up. "He'll probably be blind though. He got that shot full in the face."

The two officers turned to Ned then and questioned him, and with boyish innocence he told them all—about their hardships, his father's sickness, his mother's weariness and worry, and little Loo's desire for a Thanksgiving turkey. As he concluded a smiling sergeant led up Ned's horse.

"Its our old Baldy, sir," he said. "We had him when the troop was in Wyoming and he was condemned and sold. He ran, of course, when he heard the bugle, and ranged alongside like the veteran he is."

The men crowded round the old troop horse with many jokes and caresses, but Ned looked at him in dismay.

"My turkeys!" he cried.

They were gone, thrown off in that wild charge, and Ned broke down and burst into tears, thinking of poor, disappointed Loo. But the captain sent two horsemen over the way the boy had come, and they brought them back safely. So that was all right and much more, for the younger officer, who was a doctor, had some quinine in his saddle bags, and showed Ned the way home in triumph, and there he doctored the boy's father and made him comfortable, so that they got home to Texas safely.

The dinner that night was very fashionable, if the time they ate it counts for anything, for it was 9 o'clock before the turkey was cooked.

"But," said Loo, cuddling gratefully against Ned, "it wouldn't, it couldn't have been Thanksgiving Day with only flapjacks. Could it, now?"

Poor Loo!

History of Thanksgiving.

The first observance of a day of Thanksgiving occurred in Leyden, Holland, October 3, 1575. In the United States the first New England Thanksgiving was celebrated in the summer of 1621. Colonial records tell of the appointments of thanksgiving days for various causes in the years 1633, 1634, 1637, 1638 and 1639. Massachusetts Bay was the first of the colonies to appoint an annual Thanksgiving by the proclamation of the English Governor. During the Revolution Thanksgiving Day was a national institution, being annually recommended by Congress; but after the general Thanksgiving for peace in 1784, there was no national appointment until 1789. The official recommendation of a day for the giving of thanks was mainly confined to New England until the year 1817, after which date it was regularly appointed by the Governor of New York. The first proclamation for an annual Thanksgiving to be observed throughout the United States was issued by President Lincoln in 1863. Since then a proclamation has been issued annually by the President, as well as by the Governors of the States and the Mayors of the principal cities, for its observance in all the States the last Thursday in November.

Horses Attired in Pajamas.

Salt hay growers, of Mannahawkin, N. J., are making the most of the present dry weather, and for the first time in two years are getting in an excellent crop of salt grass from the marhes that line both shores of Barnegat Bay. It is a curious sight to see the harvesting off this natural crop, which never requires planting or cultivation. The horses, as a rule will be covered all over in "pajamas" of jute bagging to keep off the flies and mosquitoes, and will often be tricked out with a big shoe, after the fashion of a snowshoe, to enable them to walk on the soft surface of the miry marshes.—Philadelphia Press.

Losses in Battle.

Mulhall says that in the ninety years ending with 1880 the losses in battle have been 4,417,000. During that time there have been several of the greatest wars of history, among them the French revolution, the Crimean War, the Civil War in America, the Franco-Prussian War and the Turko-Russian Wars.

Signs of the Times.

First Turkey—"Oh, cheer up, old man, you are superstitious."

Second Turkey—"No, I'm not superstitious, but when I pick up cranberries by the kitchen door three days in succession it makes me kinder melancholy."

A Great Dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

"We never had such a dinner as this."

"I don't believe we could eat any more if we had it."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Improvements in Heaven"—Heaven Has Improved in Numbers, Society and Knowledge—A Great Consolation to Good People.

TEXT: "And I saw a new heaven."—Rev. xxi., 1.

The sterotyped heaven does not make adequate impression upon us. We need the old story told in the new style in order to arouse our appreciation. I do not suppose that we are compelled to the old phraseology. King James's translators did not exhaust all the good and graphic words in the English dictionary. I suppose if we should take the idea of heaven, and translate it into modern phrase, we would find that its atmosphere is a combination of early June and of the Indian summer in October—a place combining the advantages of city and country, the streets standing for the one, and the twelve manner of fruits for the other; a place of musical entertainment—harpers, pipers, trumpeters, doxologies; a place of wonderful architecture—behold the temple! a place where there may be the higher forms of animal life—the beasts which were on earth beaten, lash-whipped, and galled and unblanketed, and worked to death, turned out among the white horses which the Book of Revelation describes as being in heaven; a place of stupendous literature—the books open; a place of aristocratic and democratic attractiveness—the kings standing for the one, all nations for the other; all botanical, pomological, ornithological, arborescent, worshipful beauty and grandeur.

But my idea now is to speak chiefly of the improved heaven. People sometimes talk of heaven as though it were an old city, finished centuries ago, when I have to tell you that no city on earth, during the last fifty years, has had such changes as heaven. It is not the same place as when Job, and David, and Paul wrote of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years it has been going through peaceful revolution, and year by year, and month by month, and hour by hour, and moment by moment, it is changing, and changing for something better. Away back there was only one residence in the universe—the residence of the Almighty. Heaven had not yet been started. Immensity was the park all around about this great residence; but God's sympathetic heart after a while overflowed in other creations, and there came, all through this vast country of immensity, inhabited villages, which grew and enlarged until they joined each other, and became one great central metropolis of the universe, streeted, gated, templed, watered, inhabited. One angel went forth with a reed, we are told, and he measured heaven on one side, and then he went forth and measured heaven on the other side; and then St. John tried to take the census of that city, and he became so bewildered that he gave it up.

That brings me to the first thought of my theme—that heaven is vastly improved in numbers. Noting little under this head about the multitude of adults who have gone into glory during the last hundred, or five hundred, or thousand years, I remember there are sixteen hundred millions of people in the world, and that the vast majority of people die in infancy. How many children must have gone into heaven during the last five hundred or thousand years. If New York should gather in one generation a million population, if London should gather in one generation four million population, what a vast increase! But what a mere nothing as compared with the five hundred million, the two thousand million, the "multitude that no man can number," that have gone into that city! Of course, all this takes for granted that every child that dies goes as straight into heaven as ever the light sped from a star; and that is one reason why heaven will always be fresh and beautiful—the great multitude of children in it. Put five hundred million children in a country, it will be a blessed and lively country.

But add to this, if you will, the great multitude of adults who have gone into glory, and how the census of heaven must run up! Many years ago a clergyman stood in a New England pulpit, and said that he believed that the vast majority of the race would finally be destroyed, and that not more than one person out of two thousand persons would be finally saved. There happened to be about two thousand people in the village where he preached. Next Sabbath two persons were heard discussing the subject, and wondering which one of the two thousand people in the village would finally reach heaven, and one thought it would be the minister, and the other thought it would be the old deacon. Now, I have not much admiration for a life-boat which will go out to a ship sinking with two thousand passengers, and get one off in safety, and let nineteen hundred and ninety-nine go to the bottom. Why, heaven must have been a village when Abel, the first soul from earth, entered it, as compared with the present population of that great city!

Again: I remark that heaven has vastly improved in knowledge. Give a man forty or fifty years to study one science, or all sciences, with all the advantages of laboratories and observatories and philosophic apparatus, he will be a marvel of information. Now, into what intelligence must heaven mount, angelhood and sainthood, not after studying for forty or fifty years, but for thousands of years—studying God and the soul and immortality and the universe! How the intelligence of that world must sweep on and on, with eyesight farther reaching than telescope, with power of calculation mightier than all human mathematics, with powers of analysis surpassing all chemical laboratory, with speed swifter than telegraphy! What must heaven learn, with all these advantages, in a month, in a year, in a century, in a millennium? The difference between the highest university on earth and the smallest class in a primary school cannot be a greater difference than heaven as it now is and heaven as it once was. Do you not suppose that when Doctor James Simpson went up from the hospitals of Edinburgh into heaven he knew more than ever the science of health; and that Joseph Henry, graduating from the Smithsonian Institution into heaven, awoke into higher realms of philosophy; and that Sir William Hamilton, lifted to loftier sphere, understood better the construction of the human intellect; and that John Milton took up higher poetry in the actual presence of things that on earth he had tried to describe? When the first saints entered heaven, they must have studied only the A B C of the full literature of wisdom with which they are now acquainted.

Again: heaven is vastly improved in its society. During your memory how many exquisite spirits have gone into it! If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious, blessed souls that you have known, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into glory. Now, do you not suppose they have enriched the society? Have they not improved heaven? You tell of what heaven did for them. Have they done nothing for heaven? Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of your acquaintanceship, and add to them all the gracious and beautiful souls that for five hundred or a thousand years have gone out of all the cities and all the villages, and all the countries of this earth into glory, and how the society of heaven must have been improved! Suppose Paul, the apostle, were introduced into our social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the apostles. Suppose Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the blessed and the gracious and the holy women of the past ages. Suppose that Robert M'Cheyne and John Summesfield should be added to your earthly circle; but heaven has gathered up all the faithful and earnest ministry of the past. There is not a town, or a city, or a village that has so improved in society in the last hundred years as heaven has improved.

Again: I remark that heaven has greatly improved in the good-cheer of announced victories. Where heaven rejoiced over one soul, it now rejoices over a hundred or a thousand. In the olden times, when the events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity, and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in heaven; but now, I suppose, all the great events of earth are reported in heaven. If there is any truth plainly taught in this Bible it is that heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day—at telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all these modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipresence—and we see only the secular relation; but spirits before the throne look out and see the vast and the eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution, do you not suppose there is arousing intelligence going up to the throne of God, and that the question is often asked before the throne, "What is the news from that world—that world that rebelled, but is coming back to its allegiance?" If ministering spirits, according to the Bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of heaven, when they come down to us to bless us, do they not take the news back? Do the ships of light that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor, laden with cargoes of blessing, go back unfreighted? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us, take up the tidings. Suppose you were in a far city, and had been there a good while, and you heard that some one had arrived from your native place, some one who had recently seen your family and friends—you would rush up to that man, and you would ask all about the old folks at home. And do you not suppose when your child went up to God, your glorified kindred in heaven gathered around and asked about you, to ascertain as to whether you were getting along well in the struggle of life; to find out whether you were in any especial peril, that with swift and mighty wing they might come down to intercept your perils? Oh, yes! Heaven is a greater place for news than it used to be—news sounded through the streets, news ringing from the towers, news heralded from the palace gate. Glad news! Victorious news!

Another reason why I speak in regard to the changes in heaven, and the new improvements in heaven, is because I think it will be a consolation to busy and enterprising good people. I see very well that you have not much taste for a heaven that was all done and finished centuries ago. After you have been active forty or fifty or sixty years it would be a shock to stop you suddenly and forever; but here is a progressive heaven, an ever-accumulative heaven, vast enterprise on foot there before the throne of God. Aggressive knowledge, aggressive goodness, aggressive power, aggressive grandeur. You will not have to come and sit down on the banks of the river of life in everlasting inoccupation. O busy men, I tell you of a heaven where there is something to do! That is the meaning of the passage, "They rest not day nor night," in the lazy sense of resting.

I do not think it was superstitious when, one Wednesday night, I stood by a deathbed within a few blocks of the church where I preached, and on the same street, and saw one of the aged Christians of the church going into glory. After I had prayed with her I said to her, "We have all loved you very much, and will always cherish your memory in the Christian church. You will see my son before I see him, and I wish you would give him our love." She said, "I will, I will;" and in twenty minutes she was in heaven—the last words she ever spoke. It was a swift message to the skies. If you had your choice between riding in a heavenly chariot and occupying the grandest palace in heaven, and sitting on the throne next highest to the throne of God, and not seeing your departed loved ones; and on the other hand, dwelling in the humblest place in heaven, without crown or throne, and without garland, and without sceptre, yet having your loved ones around you, you would choose the latter. I say these things because I want you to know it is a domestic heaven, and consequently it is all the time improving. Every one that goes up makes it a brighter place, and the attractions are increasing month by month and day by day; and heaven, so vastly more of a heaven, a thousand times more of a heaven, than it used to be, will be a better heaven yet. Oh, I say this to intensify your anticipation!

I enter heaven one day. It is almost empty. I enter the temples of worship, and there are no worshipers. I walk down the street, and there are no passengers. I go into the orchestra, and I find the instruments are suspended in the baronial halls of heaven, and the great organs of eternity, with multitudinous banks of keys, are closed. But I see a shining one at the gate, as though he were standing on guard, and I say, "Sentinel, what does this mean? I thought heaven was a populous city. Has there been some great plague sweeping off the population?" "Have you not heard the news?" says the sentinel. "There is a world burning, there is a great conflagration out yonder, and all heaven has gone out to look at the conflagration and take the victim out of the ruins. This is the day for which all other days are made. This is the Judgment! This morning all the chariots, and the cavalry, and the mounted infantry rumbled and galloped down the sky." After I had listened to the sentinel, I looked off over the battlements, and I saw that the fields of air were bright with a blazing world. I said, "Yes, yes, this must be the Judgment;" and while I stood there I heard the rumbling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs, and the roaring of many voices, and then I saw the coronets and plumes and banners, and I saw that all heaven was coming back again—coming to the wall, coming to the gate, and the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by a vast multitude caught up alive from the earth, and a vast multitude of the resurrected bodies of the Christian dead, leaving the cemeteries and the abbeys and the mausoleums and the graveyards of the earth empty. Procession moving in through the gates. And then I found out that what was fiery Judgment Day on earth was Jubilee in Heaven, and I cried, "Door-keepers of heaven, shut the gates! heaven has come in! Doorkeepers, the twelve gates, lest the sorrows of earth, like bandits, s day come up and try to plunde