

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.



IN PURITAN New England a year had passed away. Since first beside the Plymouth coast the Plymouth Mayflower lay.

When Bradford, the good governor, sent fowling forth to snare

The turkey and the wild fowl, to increase the scanty fare."

"Our husbandry hath prospered, there is corn enough for food, Though the pease be parched in blossom, and the grain indifferent good."

"Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by whom we all are fed, Who granted us our daily prayer: 'Give us our daily bread!' By us and by our children let this day be kept for aye, In memory of His bounty, as the land's Thanksgiving day."

Each brought his share of Indian meal the pious feast to make, With the fat deer from the forest and the wild-fowl from the brake. And chanted hymn and prayer were raised—though eyes with tears were dim—"The Lord He hath remembered us, let us remember Him!"

Then Bradford stood up at their head and lifted up his voice: "The corn is gathered from the field, I call you to rejoice; Thank God for all His mercies, from the greatest to the least: Together have we fasted, friends, together let us feast."

"The Lord who led forth Israel was with us in the waste; Sometime in light, sometime in cloud, before us He hath paced; Now give Him thanks, and pray to Him who holds us in His hand To prosper us and make of this a strong and mighty land!"

From Plymouth to the Golden Gate, to-day their children tread, The mercies of that bounteous Hand upon the land are shed; The "locks are on a thousand hills," the prairie wave with grain, The cities spring like mushrooms now where once was desert plain.

Hear high the bard with plaintive cheer and gather to the feast, And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased. Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps were led, And thanks unto the harvest's Lord who sends our "daily bread."

—Alice Williams Brotherton, in Home Queen.

AUNT SARAH'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

AUNT SARAH! Aunt Sarah! do come quick, the mince pies are burning!"

And a small head with two tight flaxen braids was thrust hastily out of the kitchen window and as precipitately withdrawn.

Aunt Sarah, who was evidently lost in deep thought, gave such a sudden start that the great yellow pumpkin she was lovingly caressing fell from her arm.

"Well, I do declare!" she exclaimed reproachfully, do she hastened to recover her treasure and turn her steps towards the farm house. "If things haven't come to a pretty pass, Sarah Jane Smithers, you a woman of 60, and standing out here dreaming like some young girl, and leaving your mince pies to the mercy of a child. But I guess I ought to be excused this once, things have come so terrible sudden like. This time yesterday I was living my old humdrum life, and not thinking about making a Thanksgiving dinner. I always said I'd have a big one when I got the mortgage paid and not before. But I haven't seen one of my own flesh and blood for 29 years. And to think that Cousin Jim is coming and bringing his wife and children."

By this time she had reached the kitchen; and breathlessly depositing her burden upon the spotless table she proceeded to open the oven door, whence issued a savory odor.

"Just one minute more, Susie Belle, and these mince pies would have been burnt to a crisp."

"Yes'm," replied Susie Belle, respectfully, and with a shade of awe in her tone. "That was the reason why I called you. I thought you had forgotten."

It was such an uncommon event for thorough-going Aunt Sarah to forget anything that the rather timid child felt some hesitancy in alluding to so flagrant a breach of the good woman's

strong point. Aunt Sarah colored slightly, but made no reply.

"Now, child, you fall to work on this pumpkin while I dress the turkey. I want to get everything pretty well done up to-morrow so there won't be much on hand when Jim's folks get here."

Aunt Sarah was the last surviving member of a large and prosperous family. She lived alone with the exception of an orphan child of 12 years. As one by one those whom she loved, and for whom she had cheerfully sacrificed her life, passed away, and she had no animate object upon which to lavish her affection, she turned it all to the old house where her family had lived for two generations. Cousin Jim had spent many years in Missouri, and his wife and children she had never seen.

The one great shadow that darkened Aunt Sarah's life was a mortgage for \$1,000 upon the place, the time for the payment of which was rapidly approaching. Her usually cheerful disposition was so clouded by this trial that for several years she had not been able to find heart for the celebration of any festivities. However, since "Jim's folks," those that really cared for her and were her own, were coming, she must make suitable preparations for their entertainment.

So the morning before Thanksgiving



"DO COME QUICK, THE MINCE PIES ARE BURNING."

found her up by four o'clock, and bustling about with a brighter face and a brighter step than she had known in years. All day she mixed and stirred and baked and tasted, regardless of the lowering clouds and steady rain without. By three o'clock in the afternoon the last pie, steaming hot, was placed beside many others in neat rows on the pantry shelves, the enormous turkey, brown and crisp, lay in regal state beside a spiced ham. Cakes, snowy loaves of home made bread, jars of preserved fruits, jellies and marmalades and pats of golden butter were arranged in tempting array. Aunt Sarah gave a sigh of satisfaction as she surveyed the goodly store.

"Here, Susie Belle," she said, filling the child's hands with some of the choicest cookies. "Take these and eat them. We've got enough for to-morrow. Let me see, Jim has five children. Well, I want those little ones to have a real, old-fashioned dinner for once in their lives. I don't believe they ever had one out there in Missouri. Dear me! how it does rain!" she ejaculated: "But I'm not a mite afraid of its keeping Jim's folks at home. Once Jim sets his head to do a thing, he always would have his way or die."

And she settled back in her armchair by the cozy sitting-room fire "to rest a bit" after her hard day's work.

Just as she was dreaming of a Thanksgiving long ago when she and Jim and her brothers and sisters popped corn and roasted apples before the great open fire, a loud knock caused her to jump to her feet in alarm.

"Who on earth can be coming on such an evening?" she muttered drowsily, as she groped her way through the hall to the door.

"Why, Mr. Stanton! what has brought you up here in such a rain as this!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Come right in."

The casier of the Newton bank glanced down at his dripping mackintosh and muddy boots, then at the immaculate oilcloth on the hall floor.

"No, thank you, Miss Sarah," he answered. "I am in a great hurry. Haven't you heard the news? The dam at Watertown has broken; nearly all the place is submerged, especially the poorest quarters near the factories. The people are flocking to Newton in droves. Every hotel, private home and public building is full and yet more are coming. It is pitiable to see them drenched and shivering after walking four miles in this dreadful rain. Many of them have had nothing to eat since early morning. We are trying to find shelter for them in the nearest farm houses, and thought, as you haven't

much family and considerable room, you might accommodate a good number."

Aunt Sarah's eyes grew round and her jaw dropped in dismay. At any other time she would have made the poor wanderers welcome enough. But now—and, in imagination, she beheld the groaning pantry shelves, the shining floors and the beds with their fresh lavender-scented sheets.

"Mr. Stanton," she began, faintly, "I never hated so much to refuse anything in all my life. It doesn't hardly look Christian, and under ordinary circumstances I wouldn't think of refusing; but my cousin, that I haven't seen for years, is coming to-morrow. His children never had a real good Thanksgiving, and I can't think of having everything torn up before they get here. I am sorry."

Mr. Stanton was disappointed, yet he went away glad that such an unexpected pleasure was coming into Aunt Sarah's life. He quite understood her feelings, though when he thought of the miserable unsheltered creatures in the town, he wished it might have been otherwise.

Aunt Sarah turned from the door with a heavy heart. The brightness and warmth of the sitting-room smote her with a deep sense of guilt. She tried to put the matter from her mind; but every time she looked into the glowing

chests, drawers and wardrobes, utterly regardless of her usually orderly habits. By ten o'clock that night, 20 men, women and children had been warmed, bountifully fed and comfortably bedded.

Aunt Sarah felt a strange lightness of heart as she and Susie Belle sought a hard bed in the attic. True, she was at first unmindful of His command; but had she not made generous atonement? Even the garments of her beloved dead, which she had aired and treasured year after year, were put into use that night. A dry sob arose in her throat as she thought of "Jim's folks. "Never mind," she said to herself. "Perhaps they will stay over Sunday, and I can cook them another Thanksgiving dinner."

Morning dawned clear. Aunt Sarah and her willing little helper were up betimes preparing breakfast for their numerous visitors, and a right comfortable one it was. Many of the wayfarers set out early to return to the doleful town or to seek friends or relatives in the country. Others lingered as though they were too weary and frightened from that terrible day's experience to think of aught else. Most of them were of the poorer class. One among them, however, was a man of kind and gentle manners, who somehow won Aunt Sarah's confidence at once. He did not ask many questions; but before she realized what she was doing, she had told him of the expected guests, the disappointment and even the mortgage.

A little later Aunt Sarah was hovering about her relatives, explaining and apologizing with tears in her eyes. "Wasn't it grand of her to do that?" said Jim's wife, who proved to be a plump, kind little woman. "Don't you mind a bit, dear Aunt Sarah. Of course we'll stay over Sunday, and I will help you cook to-morrow; and Saturday we'll have a big dinner. I am not at all afraid of starving in the meantime."

Although the dinner was two days late, never was a more tempting one placed upon a board nor ever did happier people gather around it. Just as Cousin Jim had finished asking a blessing, his eldest son returned from the village, where he had gone upon an errand.

"Here is a letter for you, Cousin Sarah," he said, handing her a large envelope.

"A letter?" she echoed. "Who can be writing to me?"

She broke the seal and a crisp bank-note fell upon her plate.

She read aloud: "Dear Madam: 'I beg that you will pardon the liberty I take in sending this amount. I shall never miss it, as I am a wealthy man and have no family. One who knows how to make much good use of a home should certainly not lose it. Yours truly, 'ROBERT UPTON.'"

"Oh, I don't deserve it! I don't deserve to be paid in this way!" and Aunt Sarah buried her face in her apron.—Eleanor Norton Parker, in N. Y. Independent.

VERIFIED.



"Oh, we find you glad Thanksgiving. When we've passed by your soup, That's hard upon the table Is worth two out in the coop." —N. Y. World.

A Welcome Day.

The setting aside of a day of national thanksgiving is one of the finest customs that could grace the record of a prosperous nation, and no time in the year offers more grateful opportunity for living out the spirit of the day to its most practical extent. All expect a good dinner on Thanksgiving. They don't always get it, to be sure; but the day has so long been associated with the thoughts of an exceptionally good meal that the very name of Thanksgiving day almost smells like turkey and cranberry sauce. Detroit Free Press.

Each to the Market.

"Wasn't it lovely in the Jones' to ask us to eat Thanksgiving dinner with them?"

"I don't know; they waited so late. I think they expected us to ask them."—Chicago Daily News.

Vicious Cross-Examination.

"Does your wife cross-examine you when you stay out late at night?"

"Worse than that. She encourages the children to ask questions in her presence."—Syracuse Herald.

Spreads Itself.

Thanksgiving day makes even the dining-table "turn over a new leaf" and spread itself.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

INHERITED A STONE.

A Son's Legacy from His Father Was a Missile Hurled in Childhood Anger.

William C. Bahrman, chief personage of this story, was a very rich man at the time of his death about a year ago, near the village of Bayside, in Long Island. He had four sons, three of whom were given large fortunes by their father's will. The fourth child he left only the stone thrown in his boyhood.

Mr. Bahrman was a man who believed in economy, for all his riches. Since the year 1828 the little general store, feed emporium and the grist mill beside it have flourished. They were left Mr. Bahrman by his father, himself a rich man. The son took up the thread of business life where his father left it and continued famously. He loaned money to the farmers and took mortgages on their farms. In those days farming on Long Island was a paying enterprise. The railroads had not then put western commodities into competition with those of the east, to the detriment of the latter.

Rich men went there to make their summer homes, and they are there today. Mr. Bahrman never became ambitious away from home. He worked—may, he slaved—at his business morning and night, and brought up his sons to do likewise. One of these, however, rebelled against the vigorous regime of life set by the father. There was a bitter quarrel between Mr. Bahrman and his son one day. In the heat of it the young man so far forgot himself as to pick up a big rock and heave it at the old gentleman's head. Then he went away.

The man of gray hairs said nothing. He simply picked up the rock he had skillfully dodged, tied it in a handanna handkerchief and tucked it in his safe among the bonds, deeds, railroad stock and mortgages. Once in awhile he would take it out and examine it, saying to himself: "I shall leave my three sons \$100,000 each. This son shall get what he intended for me — this chunk of granite." He kept his word.

In all the years that followed the father never forgot or forgave. The stone stayed with his riches and on his death was sent back to the son who had threatened him with it, the other children receiving about \$100,000 each. Nearly that amount was found in the old man's safe in ready cash. The remainder of the fortune was in lands, taken on foreclosed mortgages; railroad stocks bought at hundreds and now worth thousands; city and country real estate, two lots and granaries, bank stock and electric trolley shares—all of it was given to the three sons.

For a time the sons were apparently happy. They built beautiful summer homes near their poor old native dwelling and spent their winters gayly in New York. But remorse was gnawing at their hearts. They were not happy. Blood is thicker than water and the stone which the old man treasured in his just and righteous rage was nothing to them.

They sent for the erring brother. He did not come. Finally they went to him, finding him in poverty, but defiant and self-reliant still. He had served a very hard penance for the one rash deed of his life and the brothers realized it.

They offered to divide equally with him—to make him a colegate with themselves. Lawyers were brought into the matter and quietly, without any blowing of trumpets, the three hearted, manly fellows opened their purses and put their flesh and blood on his feet for life.

So the old man's vengeance came to an ineffective ending.—Chicago Chronicle.

She Was Posted on Logs.

A young married woman, whose home is in that vague region known as uptown, startled some of her relatives greatly the other day by a quite unexpected humorous onslaught. She is an impetuous young woman and she was just ready to go out, downtown, presumably, when she suddenly turned back and rushed into the family sitting-room. Several members of the family were there and she exclaimed:

"Did you hear about those New York fakers?"

"What about them?" cried somebody.

"Why, they're just earning loads of money selling clogs made from the log of the Olympia! He, hu, hu!" And she rushed from the house to catch the car.

All the listeners laughed save one. "I don't see," said this exception, "how they could spare it."

"Spare what?" queried one of the laughers.

"That log."

"Do you know what a log is?"

The exception smiled in a superior manner. Hadn't she just been up the lakes? "Why, it's one of those timbers," she said, "that they hang over the side of the boat to keep other boats from bumping into it." This time the laughers roared.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Changed Her Color.

Mr. Popsnapper—Why, I thought that Miss Popsnapper was a blond?

Mrs. Popsnapper—She was, but she turned.—Harper's Bazar.