THE RED CLOUD CHIEF, FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 1895.



It was very provoking that seamstresses and such people would get married. like the rest of the world." Mrs. Greenough said, half in fun and half in earnest. Her fall sewing was just coming on. and here was Lizzie Brown, who had suited her so nicely, going off to be married; and she had no resource but to advertise for another, and take whomsoever she could get. No less than ten women had been there that day, and not one would answer.

There comes Number Elever; you will see," she cried, as the bell rang.

Kitty Greenough

looked on with interest. Indeed, it was her gowns, rather than her mother's, that were most pressing. She was just sixteen, and since last winter she had shot up suddenly, as girls at that age so often do, and outgrown most of her clothes.

Mrs. Greenough was right-it was another seamstress; and Bridget showed in a plain, sad-looking woman, of about forty, with an air of intense respectability. Mrs. Greenough explained what she wanted done, and the woman said quietly that she was accustomed to such work-would Mrs. Greenough be so kind as to look at some recommendations? Whereupon she handed out several lany-like notes, whose writers indorsed the bearer, Mrs. Margaret Graham, as faithful and capable, used to trimmings of all sorts, and opick to catch an idea.

"Very well, indeed!" Mrs. Greenough said, as she finished reading them. "I ask nothing better. Can you be ready to come at once?"

THEN AND NOW "Please give me your address, Mrs. Graham, for I may want you again." "Seventeen Hudson street, ma'am; up two flights of stairs, and if I'm not there, Tom always is."

"There, didn't I tell you?" Kitty cried, exultingly, after the woman had "Didn't I tell you that he was gone. sick? You see, now, Tom's always there."

"Yes, but Tom may not be her husband, and I don't think he is. He is much more likely to be her child." "Mrs. Greenough, I'm astonished at you. You say that to be contradictious. Now, it is not nice to be contradictious;

besides, she wouldn't look so quiet and sad if Tom were only her boy.' But weeks passed on, and nothing more was heard of Mrs. Graham, until at last, Thanksgiving day was near at Kitty was to have a new dress, hand. and Mrs. Greenough, who had under-

And then Kitty told all the sad, ten-

and when she heard me scream, and came to me, she pulled me from under der little story, and got to crying over the kettle, and saved the upper half of 't herself, and made her mother cry, too me all right."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Kitty cried, with the quick tears rushing to her eyes. "It set forth with Luke, in the coupe, which must have almost killed your mother." "Yes that is what makes her so still dainties-a turkey, a mince ple, and a

and sober. She never laughs, but she variety of good things. There were never frets, either; and oh, how good she is to me!" Kitty glanced around the room which

seemed to her so bare It was spotless-

In a few minutes, arrayed in her new ride.

"How will I get down stairs?" Ton asked.

was solved.

Luke took her up as if she were baby and marched down stairs with her, while she heard Kitty say-but i all seemed to her like a dream, and Kitty's voice like a voice in a dream:

"I'm sorry there's nothing pretty to see at this time of the year. It was so lovely out-doors six weeks ago."

Through Beach street they went, and then through Boylston, and the common was beside them, with its tree boughs traced against the November sky, and the sun shone on Frog Pond and the dome of the state house glittered goldenly, and there were merry people walking about everywhere, with their Thanksgiving faces on; and at last Tom breathed a long, deep breath which was almost a sob, and cried: "Did you think there was nothing

pretty to see today-this day? Why didn't know there was such a world!" The clocks had struck twelve when they left Hudson street; the bells were ringing for one when they entered it

again. Kitty ran lightly up stairs, followed by Luke, with Tom in his arms.

Kitty threw open the door, and there was a table spread with as good a Thanksgiving dinner as the heart could desire, with Tom's chair drawn up beside it. Luke let his light burden down Kitty waited to hear neither thanks nor exclamations, She' saw Tom's brown eyes as they rested on the table, and that was enough. She bent for one moment over the bright face - the cheeks which the out-door air had painted red as the rose that had just opened in honor of the day-and left on the young, sweet, wistful lips a kiss,

leaving Tom and Tom's mother to their Thanksgiving.

and then went silently down the stairs,

Thanksgiving.

That fields have yielded ample store Of fruit and wheat and corn,

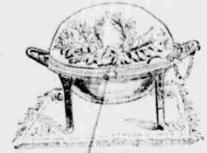


stitute for Christmas some travelers called Thanksgiving in far-back times, when the Pilgrim and their children set apart just one day out of the whole year upon which they might

conscientiously eat, drink and be merry. Our years are starred with many holidays in the present age, but as a nation we honor and celebrate most unanimously the day of thanksgiving and praise, which of late years has been appointed by the president as a general feast-day, to be held simultaneously in all the states. Formerly, each governor decided on a day for his state. without regard for the selection of other states.

There are families who still, in remembrance of their Puritan ancestors. serve dishes that might be called historical, and to still farther recall our country's past, they serve the dinner on that one day when the sun is high in the heavens, instead of walting, as usual, until long after the daylight is zone.

The prominent and inevitable dish hat no housekeeper omits from her



SOUP-TUREEN.

menu on Thatksgiving day is roast turkey. One need hardly give directions for its cooking, for everybody knows how if is done. It was America which gave the dish to England originally, but England has taught us some very nice days of cooking the "noble bird." From that country we have received the idea of using forcement to give flavoring to the stuffing; also of garnishing the dish with forcemeat balls in sofficient numbers to allow of one being served with every plateful of turkey. These balls, which are nearly akin to sausages, are cooked on the pan with the turkey. They are made of two parts of raw lean beef, one part of pork or yeal and one part of the fat of salt pork, and bound by mixing with one-for th their bulk of bread crumbs, choppel fine and molded into balls. As the cocking progresses, the fat tried out from the pork is used to baste the turkey/ Here let it be said that frequent basing is one of the vital points of success in roasting.

another traditional dainty dedicated ful of New England rum burned to give to the day is chicken pie. Like every other good thing, it differs in kind,

When Mrs. Greenough had paid ber, was left, you see, in a room by myself, walk a step since she was six years THE BILL OF FARE. In cooking. Bake very slowly for an while mother was busy somewhere else. old " hour and three-quarters; then put a funnel in one of the openings of the

crust and pour in the liquor obtained HE American sub-

by boiling the giblets and bones. Even when the dinner is introduced by raw oysters, according to modern modes, in deferring to old customs they should appear during the feast as a hot dish. Rigid revivilists insist on their Fathers being served in the shell; or as a neater way of presenting them, stewed or steamed in butter for a few moments after being opened. Sometimes this is done with great success upon a chafingdish at the table. The oysters, which conscientiously eat. should be large, are laid in the bolling butter, covered and left for five minutes or until the edges curl. The light is then extinguished, a glass of wine, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, pepper and salt and a spoonful of horse-radish added and well stirred in, and then the oysters can be laid upon half slices

> of buttered toast and served. Cranberry sauce is an inevitable accompaniment of an orthodox Thanksgiving dinner. Every cook says she can make it, but I find few who do not spoil it. To succeed, first wash the berries, then put them on the fire with only a half cupful of water to two cupfuls of berries; let them cook slowly, crushing the berries with a wooden spoon after they grow tender. When they are done, put in sugar until they are pleasantly sweet. As soon as the sugar melts thoroughly, take them from the fire, as cooking with the sugar in

them makes the berry-skins tough. Mince, pumpkin and apple pies all belong especially to Thanksgiving dinner, and there are persons who do not think the day righteously spent unless the memory of their ancestors is perpetuated by finishing the dinner with the old-fashioned bread-cake, or "rising-cake," as some call it. "Barmcake" is a still older name for the old colony delicacy. In the White House, Mrs. Madison always offered the cake to her guests on Thanksgiving. Her recipe was 100 years old even then. Probably it was the evolution of the precious seed-cake of the early settlers. In those days the sugar was rare and precious, and the raisins worth their weight in gold.

As handed down to the present generation, the rule for raised cake orders that a gill of yeast be stirred into three gills of milk. Into this is slowly mixed ten ounces of butter creamed with one pound of sugar, a pound and a half of flour and four eggs. The correct method, I believe, is to work half of these ingredients into the milk and yeast and leave the mixture to rise all night. In the morning, if the dough is properly lightened, work in the remainder, beating the batter very thoroughly. One cupful of seeded raisins and half a cupful of currants are then well floured and stirred in. For flavoring, our foremothers used such spices as their slender resources allowed. Some of their younger and more flippant housekeep-, ers, it is to be feared, if records are to be trusted added a small wine-glass-

given, probably, to Mrs. Graham by some of her lady customers. Within easy reach was a little stand, on which stood a rose bush in a pot, and a basket full of bright colored worsteds, while a book or two lay beside them.

"And you never go out?" cried Kitty, forgetting her errand in her sympathyforgetting, too, that Luke and his impatient horse were waiting below.

ly clean, and Tom's chair was soft and

comfortable-as, indeed, a chair ought

to be which must be sat in from morn-

ing till night. Opposite to it were a

few pictures on the wall-engravings

taken from books and magazines, and

"Not lately. Mother used to take me down into the street sometimes but I've

and a neat hat. "I have come to take you to ride, said Kitty, as she bounded into the room where Tom sat, and affectionately kissed the crippled girl.

before she was through.

habiliments, Tom was ready for the

Early on Thanksgiving Day, Kitty

also contained a huge basket filled with

also a new dress, a comfortable jacket

Luke was called in, and that mystery

Tomorrow, if you wish, madame, was the answer, and then Mrs. Graham went away.

Kitty Greenough was an impulsive, imaginative girl; no subject was too dall or too unpromising for her fancy to touch it. She made a story for herself about every new person who came in her way. After Number Eleven had gone down the stairs, Kitty laughed.

"Isn't she a sobersides, mamma? I don't believe there'll be any frisk in my dresses at all if she trims them."

There'll be frisk enough in them if you wear them," her mother answered, smilling at the bright, saucy, winsome face of her one tall daughter.

Kitty was ready to turn the conversation.

"What do you think she is, memmawife or widow?" And then answering her own question: "I think she's married, and her husband's sick, and she has to take care of him. That solemn, still way she has comes of much staying in a sick room. She's in the habit of keeping quiet, don't you see? 1 wish she were a little prettler; I think he would get well quicker."

"There'd be no plain, quiet people in your world if you made one." her wother said, smiling; "but you'd make



"THERE COMES NUMBER ELEVEN. a mistake to leave them out. You would get tired even of the sun if it shone all the time."

The next day the new seamstress came, and a thoroughly good one she proved; "better even than Lizzie," Mrs. Greenough said, and this was high praise. She sewed steadily, and never opened her lips except to ask some questions about her work. Even Kitty, who used to boast that she could make a damb man talk, had not audacity enough to intrude on the reserve ia which Mrs. Graham intrenched herself.

"He's worse, this morning," whispered sancy Kitty to her mother; "and she can do nothing but think about him and mind her gathers."

But, by the same token, "he" must have been worse every day, for during Graham never spoke of anything beyond her work.



"I AM TOM."

taken to finish it, found that she had not time.

'Oh, let me go for Mrs. Graham, mamma!" cried Kitty, "Latke can drive me down to Hudson street, and then I shall see Tom."

Mrs. Greenough laughed and conented. In a few minutes Luke had brought to the door theone-horse coupe, which had been the last year's Christmas gift of Papa Greenough to his wife. and in which Miss Kitty was always glad to make an excuse for going out. Arrived at 17 Hudson street, she

tripped up two flights of stairs, and tapped on a door, on which was a printed card with the name of Mrs. Graham.

A voice, with a wonderful quality of musical sweetness in it, answered:

"Please to come in; I cannot open the door."

If that were "he," he had a very singular voice for a man.

"I guess mamma was right after all." thought willful Kitty. "It's rather curious how often mamma is right, when come to think of it."

She opened the door, and saw, not Mrs. Graham's husband, nor yet her son, but a girl, whose face looked as if she might be about Kitty's own age, whose shoulders and waist told the same story; but whose lower limbs seemed curiously misshapen and shrunken-no larger, in fact, than those of a mere child. The face was a pretty, winning face, not at all sad. Short, thick brown hair curled around it, and old you are? I'm sixteen, myself." big, brown eyes, full of good humor, met Kitty's curious glance.

"I am Tom," the same musical voice -which made Kitty think of a bird's warble-said, in a tone of explanation. 'I can't get up to open the door because, don't you see, I can't walk."

"And why-what-Tom-"

Kitty struggled desperately with the question she had begun to ask, and Tom kindly helped her out.

"Why am I Tom, do you mean, when it's a boy's name, or why can't I walk? poor girl who must sit prisoner there at last. I'm Tom because my father called me forever, and yet who kept this bright Thomasina, after his mother, and we cheerfulness all the time. can't afford such long names in this house and I can't walk because I pulled cried Kitty, bursting into her mother's the two weeks she sewed there, Mrs. a kettle of bolling water over on my- room like a fresh wind, "and Tom has her little silver thimble, and in the self when I was six years old, and the taught it to me; and he isn't he at all-

grown too heavy for her now, and she can't. But I'm not very dull, even when she's gone. You wouldn't guess how many things I see from my window; and then 1 make worsted mats and tidies, and mother sells them; and then I sing."

Kitty stepped to the window to see what range of vision it offered, and her eye fell on Luke. She recalled her business.

"I came to see if I could get your mother to sew two or three days for me this week."

Tom was alert and business-like at once.

"Let me see," she said: "to-day is Tuesday," and she drew toward her a little book, and looked it over. "Tomorrow is engaged, but you could have Thursday, Friday and Saturday, if you want so much. Please write your name against them."

Kitty pulled off her pretty gray glove and wrote her name and address with the little toy pencil at the end of her chatelaine; and then she turned to go, but it was Tom's turn to question.

which seemed so like the clear carol of



LUKE TOOK HER UP.

a bird, "would you mind telling me how "And so am I sixteen." said Kitty.

"And you have a father and mother both, haven't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Kitty.

"Oh, I've only a mother, but she is good as two. Must you go now? And I wonder if I shall ever see you again?"

"Yes, you will see me again," answered Kitty, cheerily, and then, moved and stood patiently by the over, waiting by a sudden impulse of her kind, frank young heart, she bent over and touched | the turkey. her lips to the bright bonny face of the

"Oh, mamma, I've had a lesson." only wonder is that I'm alive at all. I she's a girl, just my age, and she ana'i | maring-thread.

SOME NEW RESPLENDENT STARS. That nights of restful blessedness

Have followed each new mora: That flowers have blossomed by the paths

That thread our working days, That love has filled us with delight. We offer heartfelt praise.

What shall we say of sorron's hours, Of hunger and denial. Of tears, and loneliness, and loss, Of long and bitter trial" Oh, in the darkness have not we Seen new, resplendent stars? Have we not learned some song of faith

Within our prison bars? Not only for the Earth's rich gifts,

Strewn thick along our way. Her looks of constant loveliness We thank our God to-day: But for the spirit's subtle growth, The higher, better part, The treasures gathered in the soul-The harvest of the heart.

-Mary F. Butts

Basting the Turkey.

Polly loved to watch Bridget while she cooked the Thanksgiving dinner. The kitchen was full of sweet scents, ginger and nutmeg and cinnamon, and the smell of the big turkey in the oven -ah!

Bridget mixed and tasted, and stirred and tasted again. "Let me help. Bridget," said little

Polly. "Wait a minute, darlint," said busy

Bridget, "and you shall baste the turkey.

Now you little folks who have helped mamma cook know that the way to baste a turkey is to take a long spoon and pour the juice over the sides and breast. But Polly did not know this. She trotted up-stairs and down again, for Bridget to show her how to baste

"Now, then, I'm ready," said Bridget,

"Now, then," said Polly, holding up her hands to show that she was ready, too.

On the finger of one hand she wore other she held a needle with a long

fach housewife has her own way of making it, and the result is not the same in every case, unfortunately for the partakers. To make a satisfactory old-fashioned pie, take a pair of tender chickens of the current year. Upon less festive days, more ancient fowls may be used, but tradition demands the best for this occasion. Cut the chickens up into convenient pleces. Then cut all the lean meat from two pounds of | it a resemblance to the brandy so freely breast of yeal. Boil the bones of tha yeal with the neck and gizzard of the chickens in three pints of water; the water should be cold when the scraps are put in, then left on the back of the Our songs are sweetest for the songs stove to simmer slowly until reduced to one-half its quantity. The yeal, cut up into small bits, is laid upon the bottom of a deep baking dish; the pieces of chicken, after being skimmed, are laid ever the yeal. Broken-up forcement balls and extremely thin slices of salt bork are put over the top. One cupful of soup stock, or cold water if there is to stock, is poured in. Put a strip of thinly-rolled pastry all around the edge of the dish, sticking it on with cold water and turning the upper edge over he rim. Cover the whole pie with hick, rich ple-crust, cutting out small liamonds or circles near the middle, to allow the escape of the gas generated



used in the cookery of the mothercountry.

The Heritage of Thanksgiving.

they lifted.

Our praises higher for their praises given:

And though the firelight show their vacant places,

Heart cleaves to heart, in bonds of song unriven.

So at the feasts when some will miss our faces,

Our notes from far-off days will meet their own;

The past and the present in one chorus blending

To swell Thanksgiving hymns around the Throne!

-George T. Packard.



