



When Mrs. Greenough had paid her, the last night she said:



It was very provoking that seamstresses and such people would get married like the rest of the world.



Thanksgiving Days Then and Now.

Kitty Greenough looked on with interest. Indeed, it was her gowns, rather than her mother's, that were most pleasing.

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

"Please give me your address, Mrs. Graham, for I may want you again."

"Mrs. Greenough, I'm astonished at you. You say that to be contradictory. Now, it is not nice to be contradictory."



"I AM TOM." taken to finish it, found that she had not time.

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

"There comes Number Eleven," a mistake to leave them out. You would get tired even of the sun if it shone all the time.

was left, you see, in a room by myself, while mother was busy somewhere else, and when she heard me scream, and came to me, she pulled me from under the kettle, and saved the upper half of me all right."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Kitty cried, with the quick tears rushing to her eyes. "It must have almost killed your mother."

"Yes that is what makes her so still and sober. She never laughs, but she 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-



ly clean, and Tom's chair was soft and comfortable—as, indeed, a chair ought to be which must be sat in from morning till night.

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

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

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

"LUKE TOOK HER UP." a bird, "would you mind telling me how old you are? I'm sixteen, myself."

walk a step since she was six years old."

And then Kitty told all the sad, tender little story, and got to crying over herself, and made her mother cry, too before she was through.

Early on Thanksgiving Day, Kitty set forth with Luke, in the coupe, which also contained a huge basket filled with dainties—a turkey, a mince pie, and a variety of good things.

"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.

In a few minutes, arrayed in her new habiliments, Tom was ready for the ride.

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

Luke was called in, and that mystery was solved.

Luke took her up as if she were a 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, I 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 her 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, and then went silently down the stairs, leaving Tom and Tom's mother to their Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving.

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



SOME NEW RESPLENDENT STAIRS.

That nights of restful blessedness Have followed each new morn; That flowers have blossomed by the paths

What shall we say of sorrow's hours, Of hunger and denial, Of tears, and loneliness, and loss, Of long and bitter trial?

Not only for the Earth's rich gifts, Strewn thick along our way, Her looks of constant loveliness,

Hasting the Turkey. Polly loved to watch Bridget while she cooked the Thanksgiving dinner.

"Wait a minute, darlint," said busy Bridget, "and you shall baste the turkey."

THE BILL OF FARE.



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.

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 waiting, as usual, until long after the daylight is gone.

The prominent and inevitable dish that no housekeeper omits from her

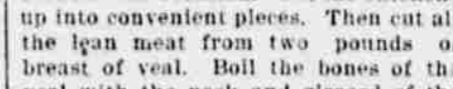


SOUP-TUREEN.

menu on Thanksgiving day is roast turkey. One need hardly give directions for its cooking, for everybody knows how it is done.

Another traditional dainty dedicated to the day is chicken pie. Like every other good thing, it differs in kind. Each housewife has her own way of making it, and the result is not the same in every case.

Butter-dish. it a resemblance to the brandy so freely used in the cookery of the mother country.



BUTTER-DISH.

The Heritage of Thanksgiving. Our songs are sweetest for the songs they lifted.

So at the feasts when some will miss our faces, Our notes from far-off days will meet their own;

—George T. Packard.

THE FATE OF THE GREEDY TURKEY.

