



THANKSGIVING DAY. 1896.

THANKSGIVING SKETCH.

HERE was a sad heart in the low-storied, dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside under some tall elms.

Small as her house was, old Mrs. Robb found it too large for herself alone; she only needed the kitchen and a tiny bedroom that led out of it, and there still remained the best room and a bedroom, with the low garret overhead.

Anniversaries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes when they come they seem to be full of shadows, and the power of giving joy to others, that inalienable right which ought to lighten the saddest heart, the most indifferent sympathy, sometimes even this seems to be withdrawn.



THERE WAS A TALL MAN. It seemed to her as if in all the troubles that she had known and carried before this, there had always been some hope to hold, as if she had never looked poverty full in the face and seen its cold and pitiless look before.

Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town-farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting patiently to get her into his own hands.

as if her heart was going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking-chair and came and went in his old bonny way, bringing in his store of gifts and provisions. It was better than any dream. He laughed and talked and went out to send the man to bring a wagonful of wood from John Mander's.



and came in himself laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime. They must cook the steak for supper right away; they must find the package of tea among all the other bundles; they must get good fires started in both the bedrooms.

Why, Mother Robb didn't seem to be ready for company from out West! The great cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little, old woman limped after him, forgetting everything but hospitality.

Had he found plenty of hard times, but luck had come at last. He had struck luck, and this was the end of a great year.

"No, I couldn't seem to write letters; no use to complain of the worst, an' I wanted to tell you the best when I came," and he told it while she cooked the supper. "No, I wasn't goin' to write no foolish letters," John repeated.



"DON'T YOU CRY SO!" just as they used to when he was a homeless orphan boy, whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work.

"There's lots o' folks I love," she said once. "They'd be sorry I ain't got nobody to come an' no supper the night afore Thanksgiving. I'm dreadful glad they don't know."



Oh! Turkey with cranberry jelly! Oh! Doughnuts and pudding and pie! If there is ever a time when we want our turkey to be tender and juicy, it is for the Thanksgiving dinner.

The cooking is fully as important as the selection, and the preparation for it should be carefully attended to. A turkey is greatly improved by drawing the sinews from the legs.

Thanksgiving Day is a timely preparation for Christmas. A thankful heart makes one desire to share good gifts with a poorer neighbor, and so by the time Christmas Day appears the spirit of selfishness has been suppressed.

THE COCKSWAIN'S STORY.

You know that little fellow who stood on the barrell-deck. Precious his father was for him!

We was erists' just off Sandy Hook, a-shootin' at a mark. An' little Jack stood on the barrell-deck, an' then he said 'his father said, 'Stay right up there,' 'his father said, 'An' know the little kid would meet no harm, because he'd do exactly as he was bid.

When, just like that, a shell with ruse an' it come rollin' at 'em, an' men an' boys they slipped one side, just like as they were dead.

He give one hasty look aroun', his lip curled up in scorn. Then swung loose it down on the deck. An' true as you were born, he reached that markin' fize in both his little hands, he did.

The captain come, an' he was mad. How dared you disobey? 'Well, boys, 'the little chap spoke out, 'You see, I was just this way. You wasn't here but I knowed I was at you would 'n' did.

The captain, w'y, he just brole down, an' he fairly piped in a cry. An' he said 'yes, he was that chided. 'Was all he could say, 'That's w'y the men all stick to Jack. He reached that markin' fize in both his little hands, he did.

—Harris's Young People

The Great Hesper.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"And Jan Van Hoek?" "That's Israel," responded the Judge, indicating Van Hoek; "and darkness fell upon 'em," he added, explanatorily.

During a short space of his eventful career Brace had earned a precarious existence as a traveling preacher.

"Then you are Bernard Thorne," the baronet said to me, "and Lola is—"

"The Kid," said Brace; "her mother was a greaser—a Mexican," he explained to Miss Lascelles. The dinner had warmed his spirits and loosened his tongue, and he related the story of the finding of the diamond.

"One thing is obvious," said Sir Edmund cheerfully; "you won't want to leave me to-night."

"Neery one on us, sir, you bet!" replied the Judge, while Van Hoek and I expressed the same sentiments in other words.

"The next thing to consider is," he then said, "how can I be of service to you in this affair. To purchase your treasure is of course altogether out of the question. But I should like to buy a small—very, very small—share in it, paying down a certain sum for your present convenience, and taking it back when the diamond is ultimately disposed of, with a reasonable percentage upon the outlay. I make this suggestion as a matter of business, that you may feel yourselves free from any restraint in accepting my offer."

It took us but a few moments to agree to this proposal.

"In that case," he proceeded, "I should wish to have a voice in the management of this business, and the first suggestion I should make is, that the finest artist in work of this kind be engaged to cut the diamond under this roof, and that during the operation you should take up your residence here. This precaution is necessary for the safe keeping of the treasure, and for our own common security."

This arrangement was too obviously advantageous to us to require argument; we consulted together, and quickly agreed to accept the condition.

Sir Edmund read the agreement through again, and then said: "We must consult a lawyer with regard to a legal form of agreement. Here there is a kind of tontine arrangement by which one would receive an enormous advantage by the death of his partners. It is an uncomfortable clause, and I do not see the necessity for its existence, now that the circumstances which called for its being made are changed. A lawyer may provide for our security without exposing us to ugly possibilities. Your rooms are ready; Johnson will show you to them if you feel you would like to turn in."

The prospect of sleeping once more in a good bed brought us to our feet at once.

Miss Lascelles, undaunted by a first rebuff, had got Lola's hand in hers, and was talking in a low, endearing tone to her. The Kid snatched her hand away, started to her feet, and came to my side, seeing we were about to go.

In the morning her room was found empty, the bed untouched, the floor covered with shreds of the clothing Miss Lascelles had lain out for Lola's use, and which, undoubtedly, the little savage had torn up.

"Poor little Lola! She and I had always been the best of friends, except when a question of cooking or washing occurred to trouble us. She would yield to my persuasion when nothing else would bend her stubborn spirits. She feared my silent reproach more than the scathing sarcasm Van Hoek treated her with, or the heavy hand of her father. She respected no one but me, probably because I alone respected her feelings.

Had I foreseen that night the course she was about to take, I might, with a little patient persuasion, have brought her to reason. My spirit is weighed down with regret when I think how perhaps a dozen words from me at that time would have turned aside the fearful consequences of that act—an act so slight

yet followed by terror upon terror, by crime upon crime.

CHAPTER IV.

I must summarize as briefly as possible the events that took place the week following Lola's flight, not because I find them lacking in interest—for indeed those were the happiest days I had ever spent—but because the lengthy description would unduly retard the progress of the history I have set myself to narrate.

On the morning of the 15th, search was made for Lola. She was not in the house. A little after midday, one of the keepers, sent out to explore the Abbey woods and park, reported that he had seen the fugitive in the fir plantation, about half a mile from the Abbey. At sight of him she had "scuttled" away like a young d-r, but he, obedient to orders, had not pursued her.

In the afternoon we went in a break to Southampton, driving slowly through the woods, with the possibility of being seen by Lola, who would certainly then have followed us, but we saw nothing of her. At Southampton we bought decent clothes, and spent some time in the hair dresser's. I had my beard shaved off; and we returned to the Abbey, very much altered for the better in appearance.

Sir Edmund returned in the evening from London.

"Now, indeed, you look yourself—a gentleman," he said, shaking my hand cordially. He had made inquiries respecting a landlady, and learned that the most expert known to the trade was a man named Carvalho, then occupied at Madrid. With our sanction he wrote at once offering this man his own terms to come to the Abbey and cut the Great Hesper.

At night, the door by which Lola was supposed to have escaped from the Abbey was left open, and a night light was placed in her bedroom.

The next morning the dairymaid said that someone had been at her milk pails in the night; there was no other evidence of Lola having entered the house. After breakfast, I determined to go through the woods myself in search of her. Miss Lascelles wished to accompany me. I ought to have pointed out to her that her company lessened the chances of Lola suffering me to approach her, but I could not deprive myself the pleasure of having such a sweet companion. We saw Lola at the edge of a clearing on the hillside. She watched us as we drew near. I called to her, but she shook her head, and turning her back upon us, quickly disappeared among the pines. The forlorn condition of the girl; her gesture which seemed full of sadness; the tristness of the autumn woods, overcame Miss Lascelles; and as she walked silently beside me, with her head bent, I saw that she was crying. This episode made a deep impression upon me; yet while my heart ached with sympathy for the poor little savage wandering alone in those silent, still woods, an indescribable happiness stole over my senses. It was the awakening of love.

On the 19th we went again into the woods, Miss Lascelles and I, straying thither without purpose from the garden where we met. We came to a stream bridged by a single plank supported in the middle. There had been a hand-rail, but it had fallen away in decay. I gave her my hand, the fear of falling made her clasp my fingers tightly. She seemed to enjoy the little danger; it animated her face and eyes with the prettiest, most bewitching expression imaginable. Her hand seemed to communicate the quickened pulsation of her heart. But it was not fear—it was intoxication that agitated me; and when she put her foot in safety on the bank, and looked up into my face with bright laughter, I lost my head completely. I kept her hand in mine, and when she tried to withdraw it, I forced it to my lips and pressed a kiss upon it. The color left her cheek, and in a tone of reproach she exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Thorne!" and I was ashamed. We walked home and were very silent on the way. I sought Sir Edmund at once, and finding him alone, told him that I wished to make his daughter my wife. He was thunder-struck by this sudden and unexpected announcement.

"I love your daughter," I said, "and I cannot stay in this house keeping my passion a secret."

"Well," said he, with rather rueful pleasantry, "you have lost no time, Mr. Thorne, but it would have been a poor compliment to my daughter had you failed to perceive her charms."

"I should be dull indeed had she failed to impress me," I replied.

We talked for some time, and finally he said, with emotion: "I must give up my dear child, sooner or later. Her happiness is dearer to me than anything; and I can wish her no greater blessing than to find a good and worthy husband."

At that moment Edith opened the door, but seeing us, she stopped in the entrance.

"Come here, Edith," said Sir Edmund; and, taking her hand, he continued, "Mr. Thorne wishes you to be his wife: is that your wish also?"

She buried her burning face in her father's shoulder; she could neither say yes nor no.

"It is a question that should not be decided hastily," the baronet continued; "take time, my dear. Meanwhile, I see no reason for your leaving the house," he added, addressing me.

"Unless—" I faltered.

"Unless Edith wishes it," the baronet said, helping me out.

"True. Shall you feel more at ease, dear, if Mr. Thorne goes away—for

a certain time, say? Shall he go?"

Still, scowling her face, Edith shook her head and then I knew that I had won a treasure greater than the Hesper-diamond.

In the afternoon of the 24th Sir Edmund said: "I have been looking at your engagement, Bernard, from a practical point of view, and a fact occurs to me that, at such a time as this, would probably escape you. That agreement of yours must be altered. You will see that, for Edith's sake, what I call the tontine clause—a clause conferring upon the survivor a deceased partner's share in the Great Hesper—should be abrogated. It entails a risk which she must not be exposed to—you understand me?"

I understood what he said perfectly, and agreed with him that the clause must be altered.

"Consult with your partners," he said, "as to what change is advisable. I expect my lawyer here on the 21th, and he can draw up a legal agreement in accordance with our general wish."

I took the Judge into Van Hoek's room that night, and there told him of my engagement to Miss Lascelles. Van Hoek was visibly alarmed when he heard this; and when I went on to say that Sir Edmund wished the clause altered by his lawyer on the 21th, he said quickly, in a low voice:

"The crafty old fox! What does he mean by that?"

"His meaning is obvious enough," I replied; "if I marry Miss Lascelles, and die, she will be dispossessed of my share in the diamond. I can leave her only a legacy of debt."

"Yes, end that ain't all on it," said the Judge, dragging his wiry thin tuft through his hand and bending his brow. "That ain't all by a lump. We're playing with a marked card in the pack—a card as might tempt 'er one on us to foul play."

"What on earth do you mean? Speak plainly if you can," said Van Hoek, in angry impatience.

"Well, I mean this 'ere," answered the Judge, with slow impressiveness, "that if one of my partners wasn't a gentleman, and 't'other wasn't helpless blind, I'm durned if I'd go to bed without a six shooter under my pillow, and my finger on the trigger. I don't allude to one any more'n another, but we'll just take Israel's word for gospel, that every-one is a thief if you give him a chance of the lovin'; end, at that rate, I'm just as likely as not to murder my two partners, end get the whole of that diamond myself. Consequently, you will allow that the squire has a double reason for wantin' the agreement altered; for it ain't only the money he's got to secure on to his daughter, but her husband's life likewise. Time enough for the young lady to be a widdler in the natural order of things in gen'ral."

CHAPTER V.

When I met Sir Edmund in the morning, I told him that my partners had agreed with me to alter the clause in the agreement, though we had not yet decided in what manner.

"I am glad to hear it," he said; "anything will be better than that agreement as it stands."

Edith came down late to breakfast. She looked pale and said she had overslept herself.

"For the first time in your life, I begu," said Sir Edmund. "You did not fall asleep quite so readily as usual—hey?" he asked, smiling.

"I could not sleep," she answered, but so gravely that I saw it was not from the cause the baronet implied—the love that had kept me awake; and then she added, "I have been terribly frightened."

We looked at her in astonishment and anxiety.

"I will tell you all about it," she continued, because you may be able to explain what perplexes me, and that will be a great relief."

She paused, as if to collect her thoughts, and then said: [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Unworthy of a Firm Music.

Gounod was a good and devout Catholic, and adored religious music. During the rehearsal of his "Dramas Sacres," at the Vaudeville theater, the manager called on him one morning and asked permission to make a suggestion. "I think, mon cher maitre," he said, "that there is something wanting in your score. For example, do you not think that the Barabbas incident might be improved by a little more orchestral effect?" Gounod, without replying, hid his head in his hands, and after two or three minutes of meditation, suddenly exclaimed: "No, decidedly no; such a blackguard as that does not deserve more music."—Argonaut.

Head Outside the Stock Exchange. First City Man—Why, who owns the country? Second City Man—The people. "Who owns the people?" "The politicians." "Who owns the politicians?" "The Stock Exchange." "Who owns the Stock Exchange?" "The devil."

"Pon my honor, I think you are right! Ta-ta."—Peck's Sun.

Well-Planned.

Miss Capron—I'd like to have you do me up an empty five-pound box. Put this gentleman's card in it and send it to me to-night at 9 o'clock. I want to make Mr. Long jealous.—Truth.

The Fair Sex.

Little Dick—Why do they call women the fair sex? Some of 'em are awful homely.

Little Dot—I s'pose it's 'cause why they're honestier than men.