



Heartfelt thanksgiving!
Oh! let it rise
Like the mist of morn
Toward the azure skies;
Let the heart be glad
And the song be gay,
As we welcome the joys
Of Thanksgiving Day.

How sweet is home
With its altar fires!
The meeting of sons
With their happy smiles;
The fair young wives
And their little flocks,
In brand-new coats
And Sunday frocks.

We gather around
The old-time board,
The blessing is asked,
The tea is poured,
And the children laugh
In their merry way,
When the turkey comes in
On Thanksgiving Day.

But what's this gloom
To that which comes
With the smoking pudding
So full of plums?
And the rosy fruit
Without stint or lack,
And, last of all,
The nuts to crack?

What beautiful seasons
To him who roams,
Are these meetings rare
In the land of homes,
When the young and old,
The grave and gay,
Lift up their hearts
On Thanksgiving Day!

OUR THANKSGIVING
DINNER

BY L. M. B.



My chum, John Meredith, was going home. He was always sighing for his home, and at times this longing possessed him so completely that he seemed on the point of abandoning his prospects of becoming a rich man.

Meredith had been in ill health, but ten years' residence in the west had made a new man of him. Success at last had come our way, and he suddenly announced that he was going home for his Thanksgiving dinner. He was a quiet, queer fellow, any way you put it; lately, however, he had seemed wonderfully alert. The arrival of the weekly mail found him in a state of great expectation, and after he had read his letters he would sit quietly all evening looking very happy and smiling as he read them over again. He always was a non-committal chap, but this time there was no mistaking the signs, so I suspected his homesickness, and judged his case, as one is apt to do, by the light of my own. No wonder, poor fellow, that he wanted to wipe out the 1,500 miles which alone stood between him and that Thanksgiving turkey! For my own part, I can swear that no power as yet known to man could keep me back from Jim McKenzie's Thanksgiving dinner, for Mary was to be there—Mary whom all these years I had remembered and loved so well. I had never forgotten her beautiful deep, dark eyes, which seemed to search one's soul with that penetrating look one sees sometimes in a baby's eyes.

There was but little out here in the mountains to relieve the tedium of our long evenings, so Jim McKenzie's weekly visits were always heralded with joy. We made merry over his coming, and our carefully prepared dinner we regarded as a feast. We talked it over in the morning, and when evening came we began to plan for next week's coming. No wonder McKenzie was always welcome. His mind was stored with the thrilling adventures of early days in the mountains. We never tired of listening to the story of his own good luck; how, way down near the stream on the side of the mountain, his quick eye had detected the bits of shining gold; how, day by day and all alone, he followed up the little thread of gold until he had discovered the secret of the mountain's heart, the generous yield of ore which had made him the richest man in "Golden Point." With touching pathos he would tell us of the brave hearted men no less worthy than himself who had come out here to meet only bitter disappointment and blasted hopes. At rare intervals he would speak to us of his own early trials, of his dead wife, to whose loving care and gentle sympathy he confidently and proudly attributed his entire success and all that was good in him. Then, too, he always brought us news of his daughter Mary. At first her letters were only outpourings of her homesick, loving heart; she was born to live in the mountains, and declared she must have the freedom of the mountain bird. After a while her letters breathed a more contented spirit. In an incredibly short time the mountain bird had ceased to flutter against the bars of her cage. Her quick and responsive mind soon yielded to the guidance of those about her, and with the full force of an ar-

dent nature she pursued the work of her education.

Thus from week to week we listened with delight to the welcome budget Jim would bring. Sometimes Mary's letters were only of her life at school, her books, her new friends—and my heart would sink—for then she seemed so far, so very far away! Again, she would write of herself, of the love she bore her father and her home, with an occasional—a very occasional—message for Harry, at which, of course, my heart would beat with joy, and I would cough or light my pipe, do anything to hide the tell-tale light I knew was in my eyes. During the last year she had written most of her home-coming; and lately her letters had taken a tone of great seriousness, with many allusions to her "duty as a woman."

In her latest letter she begged that her father would take her more seriously; she "could not be a butterfly," and she spoke of "woman's sphere being broad and far-reaching." McKenzie only laughed and said, "Poor child! she is sighing for the mountain air." He wrote her of the beautiful filly he had trained and made ready for her use, and she would soon see for herself how very long and broad her woman's sphere could be.

At last a letter came telling that she was surely coming home, and telling how anxious she was to be with him on Thanksgiving Day. She complained ever so gently that she feared he had not taken her exactly as she wished—that she was no longer a child, and that her mind was quite occupied with the problem of "Woman's Mission." In fact, she had lately been made president of the Woman's Emancipation Circle, which organization had originated in her school with every promise of becoming a power for great good among women. "I subjoin," she added, "the principal maxims for which we pledge ourselves to labor without ceasing:

"We claim equal rights before the law."
"We ask equal pay for equal work."
"We ask that men cease to impose upon us by their empty flattery, and that we be recognized as reasonable human beings with eyes to see for ourselves; hands to work as we will."

This time even McKenzie could not fail to catch her meaning; he looked puzzled and troubled, and finally said: "In the morning she will be half way home and I shall go to meet her. I think," he added slowly, "I think Mary needs her father. Yes, I'm sure—dead sure—she needs her father."

Meanwhile I had registered a solemn vow that every claim and every assertion of this New Woman should be disproved and contradicted by Mary in her own sweet self. When I closed my eyes that night it was to dream of Thanksgiving Day and Mary and I really believe that in my sleep I heard the sweet sound of wedding bells.

For some time the next day McKenzie was shyly making his daughter's acquaintance. He could not for the life of him see the slightest trace of the dread phantom her last letter had created. He thanked God that she was womanly and gentle; that her heart was right, whatever error of fancy had gotten into her head.

"Why, dear Mary!" he answered her, "you don't want to work like a man. You can't do it. When I was your age I could handle a pick all day; I could do it now. A woman's work cannot be equal to man's; so it is hardly fair for her to ask equal pay—besides, it was to Adam the command was given to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

Poor Mary! She could not help being disconcerted. Her father's opinions, she knew, were always based on common sense. So it was some time before she spoke again; and then it was to ask why it was that women did not have equal rights with men before the law. He answered that women surely do have equal rights before the law. "You see, my dear, he went on, "their rights are really identical, their interests the same; and it is a man's first notion of duty to see that these rights are respected. I would like to see any person interfere with your rights or hear of any law that would be unjust to you. By George! I would soon show that your rights were my rights, and that the law exists solely for the benefit of mankind, which you

"AN OCCASIONAL LETTER FROM HARRY."
know, my dear, includes woman kind, even the 'New Woman,' too."
Poor Mary was confounded. After all, were men and women really equal before the law? If that were so, what became of the enormous injustices and savage abuses that women had silently and patiently borne all these years? It all seemed so confusing, so difficult, so very puzzling; she could not doubt that her father was right—he always was on practical questions. She looked out of the car window, and was silent. Her eyes were full of tears. It was hard to believe that the Woman's Emancipation Circle was, after all, to

have no existence in the world, and that all of her fine arguments, broad views on the woman subject were surely disappearing—melting away before her father's clear and convincing assertions.

She recognized at once that she had met defeat, and with all the bravery she could command, the conversation was turned to other things. In a short time they would be home and enjoy Thanksgiving day together.

Was it in truth necessary for me to see McKenzie at once about that broken fence, or was it only the crisp mountain air that tempted me from the house hours before I was expected to arrive at Jim McKenzie's? One thing was certain, I could not wait another moment, and in half an hour I was speeding along and nearing his place. As I rode up I saw her standing on the porch. She came quickly forward to meet me. I blushed like a schoolboy when I took her hand and looked into her eyes. Yes, there was still the deep, searching, truly baby look. I felt relieved at once and thought, "It won't be so very hard, after all; she could not look like that and be really a New Woman."

In a few moments I had forgotten about the broken fence, and we went together to see the beautiful brown filly. I suggested that there was time enough to try her before dinner, and Mary acquiesced at once. She had a fancy to saddle the horse herself. I never thought of interfering until she came to tighten the girth; then I simply said:

"You would better let me do that for you."

"Never mind," she answered; "why can't a woman use her hands and help herself?"

Of course I was disconcerted, and saw at once that I was treading on dangerous ground, but I only laughed and said:

"She can. She certainly has the right, but why not allow a fellow the privilege?"

Then, in a defiant tone, she replied:

"We don't want privileges or aid; we only want what is just."

"At your hands," I answered, "I don't ask for justice, at all; but I do yearn for privileges."

She tossed her head in reply, and stood ready to mount.

In a few moments we were off, scouring the country, riding up the mountains and walking our horses slowly down again. Near the base of the timber line Mary's horse suddenly shied, her saddle turned, but in her terror she called to me. In an instant I was by



"SHE CAME OUT TO MEET ME," her side and just saved her from falling to the ground. Of course I had to straighten the saddle; and I simply asserted:

"You see, I am stronger than you, and I yielded my right too easily. You will always let me saddle your horse in future!"

I suppose it was the shock that made her blush and look so baffled as she glanced at me, and I felt sure that I had scored a point. After this we rode quietly home. It was almost time for dinner, and McKenzie was waiting for us on the porch. We went together to look after the broken fence. When we returned to the house I found Mary in the parlor, struggling with a big log of wood that had rolled from its place, and I further noticed that her gown was in danger from the flames. So intent was she in her efforts to replace the burning log that she did not notice my approach. I stood there quietly, watching the smoking log on the rug, which momentarily I expected to see burst into flames.

She looked so pitiful and helpless that my heart softened entirely, and I was about to go to her, when she turned and saw me quietly looking on.

"Why don't you come?" she said. "Don't you see I can not budge this log?"

Surely this was my day for luck! I saw another chance and took it. "Step aside," I said; "let me take it up." With the aid of the tongs and a shovel I easily put the log back in place.

"You see, men are stronger than women," I said. "This time she would give me no answer, but in her eyes I read that I had scored my second point."

In a few moments dinner was ready, and a happier trio never sat down to a Thanksgiving feast. Mary had for the moment forgotten her misadventures, and a more charming hostess could not be imagined.

In the quietude of Mary's return McKenzie looked blissful and contented. I confess to having felt a little nervous. So far the day had gone well with me, but I wanted to score my third and last point. I anxiously awaited my opportunity, which presently came in the shape of the great American turkey. The turkey was brought in just as I was telling in a triumphant tone of Mary's proud refusal of my good offices

In adjusting her saddle, and how she did not hesitate to demand my obedience when she really needed my services. Jim ordered the turkey placed before Mary, and explained that her mother had always carved; no one knew so well as she how to select the choicest bits and give to each one just the dainty morsel most coveted, and now Mary must learn to do the same. She took the large knife in her hand and gazed at it, looking very dubious; then she stuck the fork well into the turkey's breast and made another attempt to use the knife.

She looked at her father a moment, but his attention was altogether bent upon selecting a choice bit of celery. Then she gave me a hurried, appealing glance; I moved my chair a little, but said nothing. At length she turned to me again and put her hand on my arm and gently said:

"I say, Harry, I believe men are stronger and bigger and braver than women. Won't you please carve this for me?"

My last point was scored, and can you wonder that I consider Thanksgiving the greatest day of the year, and the American turkey the greatest of birds? But here we call it the falcon—it sometimes catches mountain birds.



Pleasant games for Thanksgiving, in which both old and young people are interested, are played as follows:

Transpositions—Write a list of words for each person present by using only once the letters found in the names of certain flowers, states, authors, etc., or any words you may select. The letters of these words transposed give the word sought.

For instance, take Rhododendron. Using the letters we have the words odd, or, end, horn. From Bachelor's Button, chub, lose, tub, torn. Massachusetts gives seat, suit, smash; or hats, seat, moses. Newfoundland, weld, nun, do, fun. North Carolina, no, chair, la, torn.

From Constance Fenimore Woolson, we have Moore, stain, scawl, fence, noon. It is much easier to ascertain the word sought if designated as a flower, author, etc., but it sharpens one's wits wonderfully to find them without any clue.

In the list of ten or a dozen words, which is about all a person will care to have at once, it is nice to include his or her name.—Charbel.

Rhyming.—Arrange the company in a line or circle around the room. Let the first one announce a line of poetry. The second must follow with a line that rhymes with the first and agrees with it in meter or measure. The third must follow with another, and so on around. If there are many in the company the last word of the first line should be one that has plenty of rhyming words. If the company is small, more difficult rhymes may be selected. In a recent game the following was the result. The first one repeated a line from one of Bryant's poems, and the others followed as indicated:

1. "Heaped in the hollows of the grove."
2. Lie all the ashes from our stove.
3. We'll scatter them all round the grove.
4. And cover up the treasure-trove.
5. Then you and I together, love.
6. Will all around this country rove.

A good deal of amusement is afforded by the odd and incongruous lines that are sometimes given. The line must be supplied in a given time, say one minute, or a forfeit must be paid.—G. C. H.

The Messenger.—The party are seated in line, or round the side of the room, and some one previously appointed enters with the message, "My master sends me to you, madam," or, "sir," as the case may be, directed to any individual he may select at his option. "What for?" is the natural inquiry. "To do as I do," and with this the messenger commences to perform some antic which the lady or gentleman must imitate—say he wags his head side to side, or taps with one foot incessantly on the floor. The person whose duty it is to obey, commands his neighbor to the right or to the left to "Do as I do," also; and so on until the whole company is in motion, when the messenger leaves the room, re-entering it with fresh injunctions. While the messenger is in the room he must see his master's will obeyed, and no one must stop from the movement without suffering a forfeit. The messenger should be some one ingenious in making the antics ludicrous, and yet keep within moderate bounds, and the game will not fail to produce shouts of laughter.

Another game, of much the same character, is known by the title, "Thus says the Grand Seignior." The chief difference is that the first player is stationed in the center of the room and prefaces his movements, which the others must all follow, by the above words. If he varies his command by framing it, "So says the Grand Seignior," the party must remain still and decline to follow his example. Any one who moves when he begins with "So," or does not follow him when he commences with "Thus," has to pay a forfeit.

In North Dakota the killing of quail and English and Chinese pheasants is prohibited until 1896, and beaver and otter can no longer be trapped or killed until 1902.

THE TSAR OF RUSSIA.

NICHOLAS II. A FIRM AND RESOLUTE RULER.

Faces His Tremendous Responsibility, and Unlike His Father, Depends Upon His Own Judgment—A Very Just Sovereign.



IN Russia the impulse of a single will has tremendous weight in the scale of human destiny. The tsar is the richest, most autocratic and most powerful of sovereigns. There are four councils of administration—the Holy Synod, the Senate, the Council of the Empire, and the Committee of Ministers; but legislative, executive and judicial power is centered in the emperor. Other sovereigns may reign without governing their realms, but his will is law for church and state. The present emperor ascended the throne three years ago, when he was in his twenty-seventh year. He has married a German princess during the interval, been crowned at Moscow with all the solemnity of the ancient ceremonies, and has made a series of state visits to various capitals and courts. He has found a successor for Prince Lobanov in the person of Count Mouraviev, his father's confidential adviser at the court of Denmark, and he has welcomed with splendid statefulness at Peterhof and St. Petersburg the German emperor and the French president.



NICHOLAS II OF RUSSIA.

This is a brief record of his few years of power, but it hardly suffices to reveal what manner of man the emperor really is. Those who have met and talked with him describe him as a man of singular earnestness and seriousness. He speaks slowly and weighs his words. He has a thoughtful face and a reflective air, and has little of the impulsiveness of youth. When he desires to emphasize a point he draws near to the listener, and with strong gesture and deepening tones of voice reveals his own interest in what he is saying. He is a sovereign who is very much in earnest. Not only does he take a serious and almost solemn view of his vast responsibilities, but he is also a man of high courage and genuine force of character. He is less of a recluse than his father, Alexander III., who never was able to forget that his accession to the throne followed a dastardly Nihilist crime. He drives, rides and walks fearlessly about his summer palace, and seems to have no morbid dread of revolutionary plots. He listens gravely to what his ministers and advisers have to say, but he has a will of his own, and acts upon his judgment, not hastily, but firmly and resolutely. The tsar followed the recent custom of House of Romanoff, and married a princess from one of the minor continental courts. The empress is Alexandra Alix, a daughter of the late Grand Duke of Hesse, and a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She is amiable and accomplished, but lacks his mother's strength of character. Alexander III. was strongly influenced by his wife and her Danish relations. Nicholas II respects his grandparents, the King and Queen of Denmark, but he does not share the responsibilities of government with his own or with his wife's relations. He is a self-reliant, proud-spirited Romanoff who has inherited the aspirations of his ancestors and accepted the traditions of his race that a universal empire will ultimately be established, with St. Petersburg as the capital, and with Constantinople and Jerusalem as subject cities.

Reliable Weather Prophets.
Birds, including domestic poultry, have long been accepted in popular belief as reliable weather prophets. A German professor explains this seemingly mysterious gift on simple scientific lines. Birds, he says, are the most warm-blooded of all animals, and use up more air than other animals. Not only their lungs, but air-sacks in various parts of their bodies, are extended with air, wherefore a change in atmospheric pressure is soon felt by them.

A Humane Scheme.
It is a pretty well known fact that most of the deaths that occur on the field of battle result from bleeding to death before surgical aid arrives. The French government has under consideration a scheme for tattooing the soldiers of the French army with a certain mark over each artery, so that a wounded man would be able to staunch the flow of blood himself, and thus increase his chance of living.

GARRETS AND BOOKS.

Delights of Which the Modern Child Knows Nothing.

I do not believe that the modern child knows anything about an attic. The fine-steel attic is a respectable place, where boxes are solemnly piled and where moth camphor sheds its fragrance abroad, says a writer in Lippincott's. There are hardly any old books to be found, for most people send them to the Hebrew merchants on the side streets. Our attic was a long, low room, with mysterious dark corners, into whose depths we did not penetrate. There was an old hair trunk in one corner that held some of grandfather's muslin dresses. It was opened only on rare occasions and I was allowed but a glimpse of the faded beauty within. There was an old spinning wheel where spiders hung fantastic webs and there was a guitar with broken, moldered strings. But the corner where the books were piled was the spot I liked the best. An old-fashioned, tiny-paned window let an occasional sunbeam stray across the "Ladies' Repositories" and "Sants' Rest." There was a fine old elm tree that tapped against the window and sometimes a robin sent a thrill of song into the dusty corners. Just beneath the window seat I used to sit, a small crouched form, bending over a musty volume. But when I wished to read under the most blissful conditions I fortified myself with half a dozen russet apples, whose juice would have given flavor to a treatise on Hebrew grammar. Now, I never see a russet apple without seeing also the dim old attic and an utterly contented child, and I am sure the market women misunderstand my wistful glance, for they draw closer to their baskets and look at me in suspicious fashion. An apple, so some tell us, deprived us of our Eden; but apples were an important feature of my childish paradise. So let us leave them in Pomona's care and look at the intellectual part of the feast.

IN AN OLD CANE.

A Letter to the Earl of Essex from Charles I.

A dear friend of mine, now many years dead, an antiquary and a man of eminence in letters, was shown over the cathedral of Litchfield by the then dean, says a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine. As a souvenir of his visit he was presented by the dean with a curious and handsome cane which some years previously had been dug out in the course of some alterations. For years my friend used this, until the top came off and the revelation was made that the cane was hollow. Thrusting down a finger, the owner brought out a vellum missive. This proved to be a letter to the earl of Essex, signed by Charles I., asking him to bring over his army to the royal side and promising in recompense for so doing his own gratitude and the richest reward that monarch could bestow upon subject. After the death of my friend I was permitted to show the treasure, for such in fact it was, at the British museum. Alas for the hopes that had been formed! Mr. Warner brought me out a practical facsimile and told me that others were in existence. Copies had been made and several had been dispatched by different hands in the hope that one might reach the earl. The copy I held had obviously failed to reach, though the ingenious plan of concealment prevented its detection until the days of Queen Victoria.

LEADER OF BIBLE STUDY.

Rev. Dr. James M. Gray of Boston is one of the clear and logical interpreters of the Bible selected by Dwight L. Moody to aid in conducting the large classes that are being formed in Chicago for the study of the Bible. He has recently been supplying the pulpit of the Clarendon Street Baptist church, of Boston, which was made vacant by the death of Dr. A. J. Gordon. For sixteen years Dr. Gray was rector of the First Reformed Episcopal church of



DR. JAMES M. GRAY.

Boston, and left the pulpit only because he thought he could reach a larger audience as a Bible lecturer.

A Sufficient Notice.

Near Christina Lake, in Washington, a rough road leads from the main highway toward the lake, where there is a ferry operated by hand power. At the point of departure of this road the following sign, posted on a tree, informs passers of all they have to do to make the trip across the lake by this route: Wagon road to Christina if you want to go across hollow or yeall also a grocery store and hotel.

An Iowa husband and wife were admitted to an insane asylum at Mt. Pleasant at the same time. It was the first case of the kind in the history of the asylum.