

The college faculty were moved to

interest themselves in the question by

the fact that the uncertainty regarding

the date caused considerable disorder

among their pupils. Boys from differ-

ent states celebrated on different days,

many of them returning home to cat

state of affairs could only be put a

stop to, said the grave Harvard dons,

by the formal establishment of a uni-

form date for the feast. The last Thursday of the eleventh month suited

ernors of New England, proclamations

were issued making that day the regu-

In the south Thanksgiving, as an

annual festival, remained practically

unknown until, in 1855, the curious

Virginian controversy on the subject

was precipitated. This controversy,

which is not generally known, deserves

a brief notice. The governor of Vir-

ginia at the time was one Johns, a pa-

triotic and broad-minded gentleman,

who had always entertained a rever-

ence for the Puritan anniversary

which was by no means common below

Mason and Dixon's line. Gov. Johns,

in a letter to the state legislature, ur-

THE PRESENT.

gently recommended the recognition of

Thanksgiving in Virginia, and offered,

in case his recommendation proved

satisfactory, to at once issue a proc-

But the legislature of Washington's

state did not look upon the New Eng-

land holiday with favor. Gov. Johns

was advised not to make the Thanks-

giving proclamation; and, as he did

not do so, the matter was allowed tem-

porarily to drop. But public interest

had been awakened, and before long

a flerce debate was raging in Virginia

between the opponents and supporters

of the proposed southern Thanksgiv-

Johns' successor-took the metaphori-

cal bull by the horns, and issued a

proclamation setting apart a day for

the feast. His action caused much

angry criticism, and several southern-

ern newspapers declared that Thanks-

giving was simply "a relic of Puritan-

ic bigotry." In spite of this, the in-

novation was warmly welcomed. The

hospitable southerners greated glad'y

another holiday, and the northern feast

soon ranked among them as second in

importance only to the "glorious

Fourth" itself. In 1858—the year after

Wise's proclamation-no less than

eight governors of southern states pro-

claimed Thanksgiving in their sec-

tions. The war, however, coming

shortly afterward, practically extin-

guished the popularity of the holiday

But it has become a loved institu-

tion in the middle, western and north-

western states. Extled Americans,

too, cling to its celebration, and every

November sees Thanksgiving dinners

in London, Parls, Berlin, Rome-or

wherever some of the scattered chil-

dren of Uncle Sam may chance to so-

journ. Indeed, Mr. William Astor

Chanler, the well-known explorer, tells

of a Thanksgiving dinner which he en-

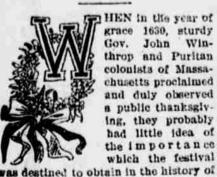
joyed in the very heart of darkest Af-

in Dixie.

At last, in 1857, Gov. Wise-

lar Thanksgiving.

FIRST THANKSGIVING.



colonists of Massachusetts proclaimed and duly observed a public thanksgiving, they probably had little idea of the importance which the festival was destined to obtain in the history of America. The first Thanksgiving differed very

materially from its successors in that it was proclaimed as a fast and not as a feast. Supplies had run short, the ships expected from England were delayed, and extinction threatened the governor and company of Massachusetts bay in New England." Winthrop and his council decided to hold a day of prayer and abstinence, "so that ye Lorde be propitiated and looke upon his servants with favor, in that they have humbled themselves before Him." Accordingly a crier was sent about the primitive settlement of Charlestown, and the colonists were each and all invited to take part in the fast. Their sacrifice met with speedy reward.

Scarcely had the noon hour of the alloted day arrived when the long hoped-for ship made its welcome appearance in Massachusetts bay, the cargo was landed, and the fast was succeeded by a banquet of a sort which ust have seemed sumptuous indeed to the exiles so recently plunged in hunger and hardship. On the threshold of dreaded winter Winthrop and his followers found what had been a prospect of fear and peril changed into one of happiness and hope. Such was America's first Thanksgiving, as celebrated 260 years ago. Thereafter each succeeding November was marked in the annals of the colony by a similar festival of gratitude.

But Thanksgiving in the early days of our history was not confined to the New England pioneers alone. Just afteen years after Winthrop's proclamation i. e., in 1645, Gov. Kieft of the Dutch colony, then known as Nieuw Amsterdam, but now as New York, ordered the observance of a day of rejoleing and thanks, "for the rest and peace which God had been pleased to bestow upon his servants." Thus we see that the feast of Thanksgiving is not as generally supposed, a peculiarly Puritan institution, but is equally derived from the stalwart burghers of Manhattan island.

The next notable Thanksgiving day in history fell in 1758. On that date the British and colonial army, numbering 89,000 men, and commanded by Gen. Forbes, attacked and captured from the French, after a flerce struggle, Fort Duquesne, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela riv-The name of the place was changed to Fort Pitt, and was the nucleus of the city of Pittsburg. Thus in a special sense the history of the



But meanwhile, in New England, what had been begun as an occasional day of plous rejoicing had assumed the proportions of a fixed national holiday. In Massachusetts and New Hampahire it was especially popular. There was at first great latitude in regard to the day selected for the feast. Governors proclaimed the chosen date arbitrarily, and no effort was made to keep the anniversary of Winthrop's proc'amation. Sometimes Thanksgiving occurred th July, sometimes in midwinter. At length, through the efforts of the presdent and professors of Harvard college, it was practically fixed upon the

year on December 25, and the combinatton of evacuation day and that festival were long jointly honored in New York.

The Thankegiving day of 1816 is memorable as the occasion upon which an American theater was first illuminated with gas. This event happened in Philadelphia. The experiment was a complete success, and the manager of the affair was Dr. Kugler. During the war, of the battles and skirmishes fought on Thanksgiving, the most notable was that of Lookout mountain (1863).

A few odd and distinctive methods of celebrating the great holiday still survive in different parts of the United States, although the tendency is toward a uniform manner of rejoicing. In sections of Connecticut, for exama month before the day Connecticut scratched and bleeding, and my feet place of security all the barrels, old At last, jammed in between two bushup in smoke.

HE WOULDN'T OBLIGE.

"Say, Joe," said the western sheriff, addressing a gray-haired, cadaverouslooking individual who sat beside him in front of the county jail one day, 'blamed shame the way my prisoners wuz treated last Thanksgivin', wuzn't the Thanksgiving meal under their it '

"It sartinly wuz, Tom," was the reown rooftrees. This very undesirable ply. "They didn't git a bite of turkey. if I remember."

"Not a durned bite, Joe," continued the sheriff in tones of disgust, "an' I the collegers, and influence being brought to bear upon the colonial govthe hoss thieves in the face fur weeks arterward!"

"D'ye think the county'll throw 'em down agin this y'ar?"

"Yes, I reckon so. Ever since my deputy sold the turkeys I bought fur the prisoners an' skipped with the cash the turkey deal has bin declar'd off. Say, Joe, old friend, I'm a-feelin' I've gotter do sunthin' fur the fellers this Thanksgivin'."

"Scenas 'though it's yer duty to, Tom -seems so, an' if I kin help ye any jist call on me."

"Wall, Joe!" continued the sheriff, "that's durned good o' ye to say that, an' it shows ye've got my interests at heart. Now, I've bin thinkin' that while we couldn't go down in our pockets an' buy 'em turkeys, we could git up a lectle entertainment fur 'em on that day and sorter cheer 'em up. What d'ye think o' it?"

'A durned good scheme, Tom, an' jest count on me to help ye in any way! But what sort o' an entertainment ar' ye thinkin' of?"

"Oh, thar's only one sort of show they'd wake up long nuff to look an' that's a hangin', of course."

"A hangin', eh?" queried the old man as a puzzled look came over his you?" face. "But yed hev to hang one o' them an' wouldn't that sort o' make the others feel gloomy?"

"No, I wouldn't hang one o' the prisoners. Thar's three or four gotter hang bimeby, but not until arter Thanksgivin', an' I couldn't hang 'em 'till that time comes. No, Joe, ole friend, that's whar' ye come in, ye know. That will be yer part o' the show, an' I'm A-tellin' ye it'll be appreclated all over town, too."

"D-do ye mean fur me to h-ang?" gasped the other.

"Why, in course. Yer an ole galoot, Joe, a-sufferin' all the time with rheumatism an' five or six other things, an' besides ye haven't a relative on airth to keer fur ye."

"Yer a fool, Tom Smith!" shouted the old man as he leaped from his chair and looked daggers at the other. "I may be old an' all that, but I hain't a-lendin' my neck to please nobody! Wall, I reckon not, with whisky never so cheap, too!" and old Joe slipped away in high dudgeon.

"Wall, shoot me for a coyote if I'd believed it o' him!" growled the sheriff, as he looked after the man in great astonishment. "Jest last week the ole critter was wishin' he could do sunthin' fur his feiler-men, an' now he backs out when I've given him a splen-



'D-DO YE MEAN FUR ME TO HANG?" GASPED THE OTHER. did chance! An' me the champion hanger o' the state, too! Wall, wall,

Oh, we find on glad Thanksgiving, When we've passed beyond the soup, That a bird upon the table Is worth two out in the coop.

The Old Darky. He always prays Thanksgiving eve Will be both dark and murky, For then he'll have no cause to grieve He couldn't get no turkey,

MY POOR WIFE.

CHAPTER V.

I tried to follow at the same speed, but, after going a few yards, had to from Droomleague tonight-it's too ceme to an ignominious halt, clinging bad!" wildly to a clump of gorse. My hat went rolling steadily down to the ple, the "Thanksgiving barrel burn- shore, several hundred feet below, ing" is a time-honored institution. For whilst my face and hands were boys diligently collect and store in a constantly slipping from under me. or new, which they can find. All bar-rels are regarded as the property of review my position. My sprightly whomsoever can carry them away. On guide had reached the sheep track, Thanksgiving night the barrels are then, after looking hastily round for piled in a huge heap and ignited. Boys me. I saw her suddenly epring up the and girls then dance around the bon- side of a block of granite, as bald as fire until the very last barrel has gone the palm of my hand, and disappear seawards over the summit. "By Jove!" I exclaimed in utter

astonishment. "Why, she's an antelope, a mountain cat, the old witch's granddaughter! I wish I had never come across either of them! I suppose I must get down somehow!"

Half kneeling, half sitting, I descended slowly, swinging myself from bush to bush, heedless of the stinging blows from furze and thistle, keeping my clumsy beels well off the treacherous soil, when suddenly, almost half-way down, from under a bed of bracken that covered her to the chin, wus aeshually ashamed to look even Helen's face looked up at me full of eager, contrite concern, her strange dark eyes sweeping my disfigured, perspiring face with a look that thrilled me almost uncannily.

"I am so sorry," she panted; "oh, so sorry! I quite forgot you were a stranger and unaccustomed to the cliffs; they are dreadfully slippery this weather. I have to go after the sheep for Mike every day now-he can't hold on a bit, though he was born on the mountain. Ah, how you have hurt yourself, to be sure! Those dreadful furze bushes! Put your hand on my shoulder, I will guide you down the rest: we have only the ferns to work through now to the path. Here's your hat; it's not spoiled a bit-I picked it up on the beach before the water had time to reach it."

"It was after my hat you were scaling that cliff?"

"Yes, I had no time to go around by the path; the tide is on the turn and would have taken it off to America in two minutes more."

"You're not going away now, are you?" I asked cagerly, lifting my hand from her slender shoulder. "You'll see me beyond the first point, won't

"Yes, yes-for sure, yes," she answered quickly; "I will go with you to the Goat's Back, if you like-ay, and beyond it. Oh, Mr. Dennys, what n rude, wild, ill-mannered girl you must think me to fly off and leave you like that after you being so kind to come that long way-from London itselfjust to tell granny about poor Uncle Brian! Will you forgive me, please?" I pressed the childish hand, saying milingly

"Yes, yes, I forgive you, Miss lelen."

"And you will let me wipe the blood from your poor face, won't you?" she pleaded, dipping a large cool leaf into little crystal pool under a rockhandkerchief this child of nature had none, I suspected-and passing it over my hot and blood-stained face,

After this we marched on side by

side and became fast friends. Long before we reached the ruined cabin, I knew the whole story of her lonely, neglected life. I knew that she had been born on the mountain-had lived there all the eighteen years of her uneventful life, never once having visited the post-town of Droomlague; that she had no father or mother, brothers nor sisters, but lived all alone with her grandmother and two servants, Mike Doolan and his wife Biddy; and finally, though the poor child made no complaint of her natural guardian or indeed seemed aware there was cause for any, yet I clearly saw that she was shamefully neglected by her, and no more concern paid to her bodily or her mental well-being than if she had been a goat browsing on the mountain-side, instead of a dead daughter's only child.

After belping for a couple of hours every morning in the dairy and farmyard, she told me she was free to do what she pleased, wander whither she would the whole day long, make what chance acquaintance she liked, come in at any hour of the evening unquestioned, unrestrained-indeed, she had often spent the whole night lying on the cliff, when she found her ill-ventilated attle too hot and close to sleep in, and no one had been any the wiser; and even if they were, she argued-in answer to my discenting look-Biddy wouldn't mind, and granny wouldn't care-not she! And, besides, what barm was it? Sure nothing in the world made her feel so good and happy as lying there all alone in the great stiliness, waiting for the first streak of dawn to wake up the sleeping sea, watching the white-winged sea-birds sailing in and out among the great dark rocks!

"And now I must be going, Mr. Dennys," she said, when a cluster of thatched roofs lying close to the shore came within view," for there's Ballykillagan before you. How quickly we have walked, to be sure! I never I turned indismanch on

thank you again and again for coming. I'm afraid you won't get the train

> "Tonight?" I repeated dreamily. "I-1 am not going away tonight. I think I am going to stay in this neighborhood for a few days more."

"Yes? Why, what would keep you here?"

"I don't know. What am I saying? Fishing-no, no, I mean sketching! You must know, Miss Helen, I'm a bit of an artist-a very little bit indeed, and from what I've seen of the coast

"Oh, yes," she interrupted eagerly, "you're right! It's quite a familiar ground for marine artists. Two or three of them come every summer and put up at Murphy's farm at Ballykillagan, and you'll find it quite clean and comfortable. And fancy, Mr. Dennys, last year one of them put me in a picture just as I sat on a rock forninet him; only he painted my feet tation a look of relief crossed her bare, my skirt red and my face quitequite pretty."

"You'll let me try my hand if I bring my easel this way tomorrow?" I asked quickly; to which she gave a pleased assent and promised to show me all the picturesque points within a radius of nine miles.

CHAPTER VI.

I stayed on in Donegal, and during fourteen golden days caricatured the "royal walls of the Atlantic," while Helen sat at my feet and did the honors of her native soil, her brown hands busy all the time mending old Daddy Griffin's tattered fish nets, bleaching for miles along the parched turf that covered the brow of the cliff.

"Well, yes, it is a bit of a job, sir," she admitted deprecatingly; "but, sure, if I did not do it for him, who would? His sons are away at sea, and Milly, his wife-she was my nurse when I was a baby-has gone to see her daughter at Droomleague; and he's so old and blind-the creature! Who wouldn't give bim a hand?"

She netted busily, while I daubed lazily and amu -d myself drawing out this impulsive child of nature, to whom all the artificial beauties and wonders of the great world beyond that lonely wall of rock were as unknown as to an inhabitant of the Caribbean islands in the last century. The pastime began to grow

me; I felt a daily increasing interest

in watching her dark face glowing and brightening, her strange eyes sparkling, distending with wonder, horror or delight in obedience to my sybaritie fancy. Then, becoming more interested in my companion, I telegraphed up to town for specimens of magical modern art, then for books. pictures, photographs, hot-house flowers, bon-bons, all of which she believed I daily uncarthed from my inexhaustible portmanteau at Murphy's farm. I stayed on, heedless of aught beyond the fact that I was clearly giving pleasure-to a savage, interesting waif, who seemed not to be worth any one's while to look after, much less amuse, and at the same time improving my own despairing condition, for the air of Donegal was certainly healing my wounded heart. Day after day the haunting image of my fair false love became fainter and less painful to my sight. I was gleefully looking forward to the time when I could cast her from me altogether and return free and whole in heart to the ancestral acres, when one morning a letter from a friend at Colworth, which commented casually on the "apparently successful innings Lord Sandmouth's son was making with the beiress," awoke my slumbering love and jealousy to life again.

Helen at once noticed my woe-becone appearance, and, accepting pitifully, my explanation of a "beastly headache," begged me to lay aside my work and lie down quietly in the shade. I complied; but, soon tiring of inaction, began to read first to myself and then aloud a rhymetic tale of love, despair, and death told by a master-hand. The sea-stained nets soon dropped from Helen's fingers. the color dyed her clear cheek, her eyes filled, then drooped, and I had the selfish satisfaction of reducing her to the same dismal, unhappy state as myself.

Neither of us rallied again; and, when we parted that night, I stood on the hill carelessly watching her retreating figure, and saw her doga painfully sensitive little terrier; the only living thing she loved-apperently begging to be told the cause of her unusual preoccupation, crouching, wriggling at her feet, jumping up against her, challenging her attention by every art of dos, but in valu-She walked along with downcast head, her arms drooping by her sides. I

was moving after her unconsciously, to say, to do, for the life of me I did not know what. Perhaps to tell her net to mourn over imaginary woes, but to keep her real sighs or real sorrow, for the pain perhaps of love betrayed - wantonly betrayed - like mine, when a yellow hand clutched my shoulder, and a coarse voice exclaimed breathlessly-

"Stop, ye thief o' the wurrld-stop What are ye after-eb?"

a long blue cloak, and a limp white

cap framing an ugly face. "What dy'e mean? What business is it of yours?" I asked, shaking off her hand.

"What business? Ye may well ask, yo dirty spalpeen," she retorted bitterly. "No, no; I tell ye, I won't get out o' yer way-ye'll have to knock me down first. I'm only an ould woman, and ye'll do it easy enough; but even then I'll hang onto ye, an' dig me nails into ye, until ye tell me what ye've said to that motherless little crayther that hasn't sowl in the wide wurrld to care whether she-"

"Oh!" I interrupted quickly, all the anger leaving my face and voice. understand. You are old Molly Griffin come home at last,"

"Ay, ay, an' it's about time I did come home, I'm thinkin'. Ochone. ochone; but isn't this a oruel wurrid entirely! Oh, aren't ye ashamed of yerself, you that calls yerself a gentleman belikes, to-to play scoundrel like that? Wouldn't her very innocence, her foloreness spake to yer black sowl and bld yer go yer way an' laive such as her in peace?"

"Molly, Molly," I said gently, for I felt a certain respect and liking for this uncouth old dame, the only friend and protector poor Helen seemed to have, "don't let your tongue run so fast, if you please. Allow me a word in self-defense."

Then I explained the cause of the girl's depressed appearance that particular evening. After a little hesiface, and I saw she believed me.

"Well, well, I beg your pardon, that's all I can say. I oughtn't to have been so hasty maybe. But I've had bitter cause, heaven knows, to suspect the likes o' you. Not, sir, that I've heerd anythin' but good of you, so far. How you've come all the way from London to tell the auld wan' bout poor Master Brian, an' give up his letters—the heavens be his bed this night. But-but," she went on anxiously, after a slight passes, what I want to know is, yer kind work done, what on earth keeps yo leiterin' on here at the very back o' Godspeed?"

"I am doing no harm," I muttered

doggodly. "An' I say ye are. No harm to yerself, an' manin' none mayhap, ather. ways; but harm all the same to her. She was happy, contented, at laist, poor child, in her lonesome, quiet ways, scampering about wid her dos. swimmin' and splashin' about in the say, until you came with yer soft voice, yer white hands, an' yer handsome fact, givin' her what no wan ever give her before, flowers, an' books, sweetles, an' purty gimeracks; an' sweeter still, kind words an' smitin' looks, what her poor little heart'il miss 'an hunger for sore when ye've gone yer ways an' forgotten her vary name. But ye mane no harm of coorse, of coorse-ah, get away ye, man alive; yer all the same the

self, self!" "You're mistaken, you're mistaken indeed, old woman," I broke in earaestly; "she's a child, a mere child, I know her better than you. She'il forget me before I will ber, you'll see,"

wurrld over, rich or poor, high or

low-every mother's son of ye-self,

"You know her better than me, who nursed her from the cradle an' her mother before her," retorted Molly contemptuously-"you! An' I tell ye to yer face, it's you that are mistaken, not me. I see a change in her the last month, a great change; I seen it at the first moment I looked at her tast Tuesday, an' I've watched her close ever since."

"Well, what have you found out?" (To be Continued.)

JUBAL A. EARLY'S JULEP. Temperance Commentary by Vauce of North Carolina.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago. as all old and middle-aged persons will remember, the religious temperance women of the north organized a movement against the saloons, which assumed large proportions and took the form of a veritable crusade. It invaded almost every city and large town. bands of enthusiastic women going from saloon to saloon praying and singing in every place where they could secure permission. While the crusade of the "praying sisters" was at Ita height that stanch old rebel, Jubai A. Early, visited Richmond, Va., for the first time since the close of the civil war. "In the hotel," said he to the writer, "I met my old friend, Governor Vance of North Carolina, since United States senator. Although I was not the governor of South Carolina, Vance suggested that it had been a long time -Afteen years in our case-between drinks, and we went in quest of a julep. 'General,' said he, after remarking that Virginia was the place for juleps, 'have you read how the women of the north are trying to destroy the liquor traffic by praying in the suloons?' I told him that I had, when he asked: 'Do you believe it's true? 1 have an idea that it's only a joke of the yankee newspapera.' I told him that it was true, that a friend of mine had witnessed the rather unique proceeding in Columbus, O. Where do they of me I can't understand. ... day pro-'Now look here, East

man I was a press school scholar, in the bible the any one ever poor devil in rightly belong



destrict is connected with the cele-

lest Thursday in November

An extensive and highly interesting volume might be compiled on the subject of Thanksgivings and the events which have signalized them. For instance, on Thanksgiving day, 1783, the British army evacuated New York, while Washington and Clinton marched into the city at the head of the continental army and took formal possession in the name of the young repub-Festivities and a grand display fireworks closed that memorable day. Thereartrice had follon that

BY J. P. SMITH.