

### JOHN WHITE'S THANKSGIVING.

"Thanksgiving!—for what?"  
—and he muttered a curse—  
For the plainest of food  
and an empty purse;  
For a life of hard work  
and the shabbiest clothes!  
But it's idle to talk  
of a poor man's woes!  
Let the rich give thanks,  
It is they who can;  
There is nothing in life  
for a laboring man."  
So said John White  
to his good wife Jane,  
And o'er her face  
stole a look of pain.  
"Nothing, dear John!"  
and he thought again;  
When glanced more kindly  
down on Jane.  
"I was wrong," he said;  
"I'd forgotten you;  
And I've my health,  
and the baby, too."  
And the baby cried—  
'twas a bouncing boy—  
And o'er Jane's face  
came a look of joy;  
And she kissed her John  
as he went away;  
And he said to himself  
as he worked that day;  
"I was wrong—very wrong;  
I'll not grumble again,  
I should surely be thankful  
for baby and Jane."

### THE WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING.

READFUL indeed had been the accident. Thro' the carelessness of a switch-tender, a passenger-train had jumped the track and plunged over a high trestle-work. Twenty people were killed at once, and at least forty injured. Among the latter was James Saybrook. Some had bruises and broken bones; others were taken up insensible, and after lingering a few days, died without returning to consciousness—a merciful dispensation. The physicians pronounced Mr. Saybrook's spine so seriously injured that they could hold out but slight hope of his recovery.

He was a vigorous man of middle-age, with a loving wife and three children; full of plans for a career he meant to make noble and useful. His reputation was wide and lofty, his personal friends numerous and warm; he had a moderate fortune and a pleasant home. What more could life offer? Yet here he lay, the victim of a man's carelessness.

It seemed to his wife that, with him, all she cared for was fading away. Her children were about her, and she clung to her husband for help to bear the cares and burdens of living, till she had grown as a vine grows—weak of stem, unable to stand alone, prostrate if unaided. Now she was wrestling out with the strain of suspense and anxiety, trying to keep her face calm, and her hands steady; leaving the bedside only when flesh and spirit could bear the stress no longer, and to stay would have been dangerous to her husband, and agony unendurable to her.

So it went on, day after day. Sometimes he was better, or she thought so; oftener he was worse. The alternations of hope and fear tortured her, and, in watching the minute symptoms and trivial details, she lost all power to comprehend the case. She did not see that he gained nothing, that no day found him stronger, but that every week he lost something and suffered some new pain. But the end came, and to her came suddenly. She was called from her troubled sleep, to find him unconscious, to see him die, speechless and unrecognizing. As she buried her head in the pillow beside her dead, she longed to be dead, too. But the children called from without. Life challenged her, even in her despair. They must not enter, so she rose and went out to them. They were children—they could not even know what death was; and their questions, their want of grief, stung her to the quick. She was not generous or sympathetic enough to understand them, and for the first time she felt a fierce impatience of their presence, and sent them away to the nursery. Then she was quite alone and began to realize it.

Then the thought flashed across her that these women must dread the recurrence of Thanksgiving, just as she did. Why could she not ask them all to keep the day with her?

She fell asleep thinking the matter over, and awoke in the morning with a shamefaced sense of some light and interest creeping into her life, hitherto so sorely wretched. Then she remembered her dream—her husband's sad, grave face. Perhaps she had done wrong in mourning him so devotedly that even her children had been set aside from their place. Possibly it would please him better if she carried out her plan.

When the morning's duties were fulfilled she sat down again by the fire—not to dream now, but to plan for action. But whom should she invite? For she began to see that Mrs. Broome, who lived in the fourth story of a tenement house, and earned a precarious living, would hardly be a fit companion at dinner for Mrs. Graves, whose husband had left her a large fortune.

A text from the Bible flashed into her mind: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." With a thrill in her darkened soul, she recognized the Master's call. She was a sincere Christian, but her love and her great loss had come between her and her duty. The question as to her

them, and then comforted out of it into forgetfulness. But Harriet Saybrook did not forget; time could not comfort her. She felt, day by day, more deeply her loss; she fathomed its meaning; she knew it to be to be past repair—in the language of Scripture, she "refused to be comforted."

Her children were careless, happy, and in health—they had their school and comrades; but she had few friends in Salem where her husband had brought her a bride.

She was not a woman of broad nature, and yet she was intense. She had found all she wanted or needed in her husband's affection and society—even the children were secondary to him in her heart; and though she had acquaintances in her own social sphere, and dispensed charity as freely as her means would allow, there was no one now to whom she could open her heart, and thus find relief of "the grief that speaks."

A dreary Sunday in November had come to an end. The twilight shadows had fallen, and after going into the nursery to see the children safe in bed, she went down into the library, to spend a solitary evening. The rain beat fiercely against the windows, and, in its gusty pauses the surf sent its thundering echo on the wings of the wind, even through the heart of the town. She stood before the fire in her somber widow's weeds, gazing absently into the flickering flames. She was thinking about the proclamation for Thanksgiving Day, that had been read from the pulpit that morning. And a smile, sadder than tears, crossed her lips. "Thanksgiving!" she murmured, "I keep Thanksgiving!" She sank into a chair, and lost herself in a gloomy reverie. She thought of the many times she had kept that festival—kept it outwardly and in spirit for she was a good woman, and had meant to be a grateful one, till three months ago! She remembered her childhood. How long the years seemed then; how she looked forward to the gathering of aunts and uncles and cousins, in the old red farmhouse; and what wonderful viands grandmother always spread before them.

Then she was a girl, coming back from school, and her brother brought his classmate home with him—"to spend Thanksgiving." So she had met her husband. Her brother was dead long since; and now James. A low cry escaped her; the fire grew dull; and she went on with her review of the past. Then came her wedding day on Thanksgiving Day.

After that, were not all her Thanksgivings alike, full of cheer, gratitude, blessedness? And now—  
"I shall not try to keep Thanksgiving," she said drearily; and looking up, saw her husband sitting opposite her in his own chair, which she had never moved from its place by the hearth. Strangely enough, she felt neither surprise nor fear, nor did she remember her loss. It seemed so natural to see him there, that only a sweet sense of peace stole over her soul. He looked at her with tender gravity, and very clearly and slowly repeated a favorite quotation of his: "Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy." adding, "there are other widows besides you, Hattie."

"You don't know of my hev jest my trial," said Aunt Hannah Bromfield. "Tom Bromfield was fust mate to a whalin' ship when we were married. My sakes! how lively he was. He had money, too. We was real well off. 'Twas kinder harrowin' to hev him up an' off for a three years' voyage right away, and he didn't stay home for to show him when he come back fust for you never see a man so pleased. Well, them boys was company for me, you'd better believe. They was always a-talkin' about pa, an' where he went to, and what he did, and a-tellin' about whales and harpooners, and hed their little ships a-sailin' in the pools. It makes me laugh now to think of their tricks." And Aunt Hannah drew her red silk handkerchief across her eyes, not as if she were laughing.

"The fust I knowed, my boys were eighteen years old, and they hadn't seen their pa more'n six times; but he came back then, and there they was, as likely men as you'd see; and he had money in the bank, and he and John Stims they clubbed and built a whaler of their own, and Tom was cap'n and John fust mate, and nothin' would do but them boys must go along fust voyage. Well, it's thirty years ago. I'm past 68 now; but I don't like to talk 'n'ot. The upshot is, sea and waves roarin' day an' night, night an' day; winds a-blowin' and tempest howlin', and no more boys, nor husband, nor nothin', and here I be. I don't know so much as where their bones do lie, nor I haven't these thirty years."

There was a dead silence. Nobody felt like breaking it; but little Ray, who had listened, with her sweet blue eyes wide opened and her lips apart, put both her arms around Aunt Hannah's neck, and with a child's quick wisdom, gave her a reassuring kiss.

"That done me real good, dearie," she said. "I kep' a school for children twenty odd year. I do'n know but what I should ha' died but for them. Wasn't it work, now, I tell ye; but I hain't got nothin' to wait for now—only for the sea to give 'em up, and that's pretty fur ahead."

The others said nothing. Doubtless, they too had their sorrows, but they would sound tame after Aunt Hannah's recital. When dinner was over they gathered about the drawing-room fire, and tea was served. Soon afterward the carriage took them away in relays, and Harriet Saybrook sat down in the library and hid her face in her hands.

What had she to be thankful for? Living, affectionate children, a long sweet memory of love and care lavished on her of complete happiness, an ample provision left—not only for her needs, but her comforts. How terribly ungrateful, how unthinking, how sinful she had been. Only one cry could burst from her lips: "I do thank Thee! Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

And neither she nor her guests of that occasion ever forgot her first, but not her last, "Widow's Thanksgiving" day.

guests was settled, and, in the afternoon, she set out on her errand. She selected six poor widows, who would probably not have feasted, but fasted at their own homes. Mrs. Saybrook felt there was a weight off her mind, and felt also that she had been a happier and better woman for the last week. The children entered joyfully into the idea of a Thanksgiving so novel, and all the more that their mother told them with trembling lips: "Papa would like it."



THE DINNER PROVED A GREAT SUCCESS.

At last the festival day came. Mrs. Broome, in her new cap, and Mrs. Perkins, trying to look blandly indifferent, were the first to arrive. Then the carriage made a second trip, bringing lame Mrs. Hutchins, very meek in her alpaca gown; Mrs. Peck, proudly stepping along, and Aunt Hannah Bromfield, as "gentle" as she could make herself in a new muslin handkerchief, "Widder Johnson" lived round the corner, so came on foot, entering with a new car trumpet in her hand, her face radiant.

The dinner proved a great success. The "baby" of the house sat in his high chair by mamma; but the elder boy and girl waited on the guests, and enjoyed their office. "Them is sweet children of you'n, Mis' Saybrook," sighed Mrs. Broome. "My! if I'd had chick or child, 'twould have been such a blessing!"

"That's so!" chimed in Mrs. Perkins. "I had two on 'em, to be sure, when Perkins was took; but they wasn't no comfort to speak of for they went and had dipthery inside of six months, and one of 'em died right off, just as sudden. 'Tother held by quite a spell, but she was the miserablest you ever see. I couldn't feel to keep her here a mite longer, I wanted her to get rest and easement so."

Mrs. Saybrook's arm stole about little Willie and Mrs. Hutchins said very gently: "I expect folks each has their special troubles. I can't but remember't when Josiah died and left me nigh about helpless with hip trouble—and a young babe, too. It did seem as though nobody ever had, or could have, no affliction like mine; but some how I got along, and I found that there was others quite as bad off as I was, and the Lord helps the lame and the poor," and a smile and tear together set their bright seal to her confession of faith.

"Well!" said Mrs. Peck, with an audible snuff and a hard voice. "I didn't think I was the worst off that ever was when Peck died. He was a drinkin' man. I didn't know nothin' of it when we was married. He hed the tremens three times, and died on't; and I went out a-sewin', to keep body and soul together. I could have taken care of myself if my eyes hadn't ha' give out a spell ago."

Mrs. Saybrook regarded her with infinite pity.

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### A LADY TO BUILD IT.

Miss Parker Is the Designer of the Queen Isabella Pavilion.

The only woman architect practicing in Philadelphia has achieved the distinction of being selected as designer of the Queen Isabella pavilion in connection with the world's fair at Chicago. Miss Minerva Parker is the fortunate young artist. She is about 32 years of age, and was born in Chicago. She went to Philadelphia in 1876. She made a special study of industrial art modeling, and she has been in active practice two years.



MISS MINERVA PARKER.

The young specialist comes from good old New England stock. Her grandfather, Seth A. Doane, was a well-known ship designer and architect in Boston, and in 1834 he went west and purchased property on the shore of Lake Michigan where Chicago now stands. Her father was a lawyer, and was killed at the head of his regiment while fighting bravely in the civil war.

Miss Parker lives with her mother and brothers at Philadelphia, and although young in her profession she has attained considerable success. Home and domestic architecture is her specialty. The designs for Chicago which Miss Parker has been commissioned to draft are for an international club-house, with a congress hall, in connection with the proposed social headquarters for women in the fair grounds. Mrs. John A. Logan is one of the managers. It is to be called the Queen Isabella pavilion in honor of the consort of King Ferdinand of Spain. History states that this queen pawned her jewels to raise funds for Columbus' journey to discover America.

Miss Parker has only one lady rival in her profession, and she is Mrs. Louisa Bethune of Rochester, N. Y., who was highly commended for a set of school plans exhibited at the last Paris exposition.

### Bismarck's Drinking and Smoking.

"I am only allowed," says Prince Bismarck "to drink thrice a day—a quarter of an hour after each meal, and each time not more than a half a bottle of red, sparkling Moselle, of a very light and dry character. Burgundy and beer, both of which I am extremely fond of, are strictly forbidden to me; so are all the strong Rhinish and Spanish wines, and even alaret. For some years past I have been a total abstainer from all these generous liquors, much to the advantage of my health and my 'condition' in the sporting sense of the word. Formerly I used to weigh over seventeen stone. By observing this regimen I brought myself down to under fourteen, and without any loss of strength—indeed, with gain. My normal weight now is 135 pounds. I am weighed once every day, by my doctor's orders, and any excess of that figure I am at once set to work to get rid of by exercise and special regimen. I ride a good deal as well as walk. Cigar smoking I have given up altogether, of course under advice. It is debilitating and bad for the nerves. An inveterate smoker, such as I used to be, gets through 100,000 cigars in his life, if he reaches a fair average age. But he would live longer and feel better all the time if he did without them. Nowadays I am restricted to a long pipe, happily with a deep bowl, one after each meal, and I smoke nothing in it but Dutch Knatter tobacco, which is light, mild, and soothing. You will see presently; the pipe comes in with the pint of red Moselle. It will be a whole bottle to-day, and you must help me out with it. Water makes me fat, so I must not drink it. However, the present arrangements suit me very well."

### Menace of Unrestricted Immigration.

Meantime the tide shows no signs of ebbing. Though fluctuating at intervals, it steadily gathers volume with each successive decade. If it continues to rise, what must be the lot of the laboring classes, whose welfare is such an object of concern? Alas, for the mischief that has already been wrought! Dark enough at best appears the future of the American working-women, many of whom in large cities are already obliged to work for wages that barely suffice to keep body and soul together. We look upon slavery as a thing of the past, but does not unrestricted foreign immigration mean virtual slavery to thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen? As for the character and intelligence of this swarm of invaders, do they average higher than our own? It might perhaps be some compensation if we could think so. But just at present it is difficult to take a sanguine view. To be able to do so would be far from flattering to our self-esteem. The proportion of the undesirable element is too great. So large an infusion of contract and pauper labor is not likely to raise our standard of intelligence and morality.—The Arena.

### A Russian Medical Club.

In Tiflis, Russia, a club of 125 families just formed has hired a doctor, M. Organians, for \$600 per year, who agrees to visit the family regularly and give them advice as to how to keep healthy, and to tend them if sick; and, besides, to give the club occasional short lectures upon hygiene and physiology. Each family pays 50 cents per month for this service, and twenty-five poor families are admitted free. Similar arrangements have been made with the druggists.

### HIS FIRST THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Emory Storrs Believed a Young Man Should Spend It in Travel.

While Luther Lavin Mills was going through some old papers the other day he found a very interesting document from the pen of the lamented Emory A. Storrs, which is reproduced below. "I do not know exactly what called forth these utterances from Mr. Storrs," said Mr. Mills, "but I apprehend that they were in reply to some young man who wrote the brilliant lawyer for advice as to the best way of investing a sum of money which he had in his possession."

The manuscript is as follows:  
"There are several answers to your question:

"One boy takes his \$1,000, spends it either in foreign travel or in the cultivation and improvement of his mind and manners at home. At the age of 31, if he is consistent in this course, he has laid the foundation for a long career of usefulness and honor, and, whatever at his death his bank account may be, he has achieved something for the good of mankind for which the world will always gratefully remember him. The high spirit, the clear head, the sharp intellectual discrimination between right and wrong which travel, culture and education have given him is a capital as much better than bank stock as gold is better than brass. No reverses of fortune can take it from him. No financial panics can rob him of it. It is his and his children's forever.

"The other boy lays up his \$1,000; he doubles it, he triples it. What of it? What kind of a man is he at the age of thirty-one? The mere money-getter is the sorriest spectacle on God's green earth. Leisure is dreadful to him. He leaves nothing behind him but money, and that his children waste. The glory of this world is not in corner lots or bank stocks. No great man whom the world to-day reverences is remembered because he was rich. The saddest spectacle on this earth is that of a man dying on his pile of greenbacks, while his legatees are counting his coin even as the breath escapes from his body.

"But suppose that your saving boy loses his stock; suppose, as often happens, through no fault of his values are melted away. Where is he then? A bankrupt, hopelessly and irretrievably ruined.

"Which shall the rich man's daughter marry? I answer that the man of cultured mind and that broad and liberal spirit which travel and education give cares but little about. If the father desires to sell his daughter, that it is his business—and his daughter's. She may start by marrying the compound-interest chap in a palace, but statistics show that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred she will wind up in a hovel. This father of this daughter can take his choice.

"Finally, no men recognize the worth, value and splendor of strong native business genius half so much as educated men. Don't despise nor underrate it. It will always help you. It will never hurt you. Stocks and cash and corner lots are well, but they are not all that there is of this world, nor nearly all. Our great men have lived without them and died without them, but the world loves them still. Croesus was very rich, but the generations of 3,000 years have despised him. Socrates was wretchedly poor, but for 2,000 years the world has loved him. You buy and sell cattle and are at liberty to do so because of what he taught 2,000 years ago."—Chicago Evening News.

### Cars and Locomotives.

A gentleman of this city who has had occasion to investigate the matter states that freight cars never were so cheap as at present, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle. In lots of fifty or more, thirty-ton cars, strongly built and having all the improvements, can be had for \$450 each, and, he continued, "if you want them handsomely painted and varnished, with your name in gilt letters on each side, you can get them for \$500 each. In fact, freight cars are now so cheap that it does not repay to remodel old light-burden cars, and last year the Reading Railroad Company made a bonfire of fifty of its old pattern cars. Locomotives are also very cheap, a machine of the best kind, that during the war would have cost from \$25,000 to \$30,000, can now be built profitable for \$6,000 to \$7,000. When asked as to the cause of this cheapness of cars he said it was due partly to the low cost of material, but more largely to the introduction of labor-saving machinery. All the cars are built to gauge, and when a big order is received everything is gotten out by machinery, and about the only hand work required is the bolting of the different parts together.

### The Prisoner Seconded the Motion.

I heard a pretty good story about a certain ignorant Justice who does business up in Fulton County. This Justice was elected over an able but very unpopular lawyer, and his first case was that of a prisoner charged with violating the fishery law. The complaint and warrant were defective, and this the defendant's attorney took exceptions to in a masterly argument, winding up by moving the prisoner's discharge. "Is the motion seconded?" asked the Justice. "It is," replied the prisoner. "Gentlemen," continued the Judge, "it is regularly moved and seconded that the prisoner be discharged. All those in favor of the motion say 'aye.'" "Aye," came from the prisoner and his counsel. "Opposed, no." Silence followed and after a short pause the scales holder said: "The motion is carried and the prisoner is discharged," whereupon to the surprise and amusement of all, court was declared adjourned.—Amsterdam Democrat.

### Dangerous Freight.

A new ocean danger is pointed out by silk importers. It appears that dyed spongy silk, known technically in the trade as French silk, is under certain conditions exceeding prone to combustion, and is well known among the steamship companies as dangerous freight.

### BIG ENOUGH TO VOTE.

Something About Della Beck, the 16-Year-Old Girl Who Weighs 450 Pounds.

A veritable mountain of rollicking, rolling flesh is good-natured, pleasant-faced Della Beck, the largest girl in the world. Della is 16 years of age and she tips the beam at exactly 450 pounds. She is the daughter of respectable but poor parents; her father is a coal-miner in the Westmoreland regions, and her home is at Cokeville, that county, near the Indiana county line. Her parents are both of ordinary size and none of her brothers or sisters show signs of exceeding the average limits in points of physical development. At the age of 5 years one sister reached the weight of 145 pounds, but she died at that period.



The Times Delivered home and

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### Reward of Merit.

Great editor (new daily paper)—Have you finished that double-headed leader on our marvelous increase of circulation and our phenomenal success? Assistant—Yes, sir. Just got through. "Did you refer to the paper as the most wonderful journalistic triumph since the days of Franklin?" "Those were almost my very words." "Good! Quick as the edition is on the street I'll hustle around and see if I can borrow enough to pay your salary."—N. Y. Weekly.