...e hay and the corn and the wheat
...that is reaped
...r labor well done and the barns
...that are heaped
...e sun and the dew and the sweet
...honey-comb
...r vine and the sheep and the harvest
...brought home—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

...e trade and the skill and the wealth
...in our land
...e quiver and strength in the work-
...ingman's hand
...e good that our artists and poets
...have taught
...e friendship that home and affection
...have brought—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

...e homes that with purest affection
...are blest
...e seasons of plenty and well-deserved
...rest
...r country, extending from sea to
...sea
...ad that is known as the "Land of
...the free"—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!
American Rural Home.

...E THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

...happened a long time ago. On...e great while some one of the oldest ...habitants, in exploring the chambers ...his memory, brings it from some ...dusty, covered with ...web, and gray with age, brushes ...up, and tries to restore its old-time ...liness to gratify the curiosity of an ...quenchable grandchild who wants "to ...a story." It happened away back ...the East.

The tall, dignified man with iron-...y hair and beard, with clothes of ...nconstitutable cut, and a general air ...culture and self-possession about ...m, who sat looking somewhat wearily ...of the car window was traveling ...an Eastern railway. He had been ...t West"—merely on a visit.

It was a raw, chilly day in Novem-...r, and the sky was overcast with ...ds. However much one may re-...e Emerson, Bunker Hill Monument, ...Charter Oak, the old mill at New-...t, and the memory of the Pilgrim ...thers, there is seldom anything at-...active in a New England landscape ...November, and it is no wonder the ...n himself often gets tired of look-...at it, puts a veil of clouds over his ...e, and hastens on to the golden ...st.

The elderly, dignified traveler soon ...ried of the bleak landscape flying ...t. He took a paper from his pock-...pened it, and began to read. ...ere was an article on the editorial ...e, written in the editor's oldest and ...st pessimistic vein, that attracted ...attention. The country—so the ...tor said—was going to the dogs. ...ple had been a failure. The national ...ness were at a low ebb. The state ...s misgoverned. It had been a year ...failure, and the editor could see no ...of hope ahead.

It was small satisfaction to the trav-...r to note that the paper was nearly ...ek old. If things were so desper-...as they appeared to be they surely ...ld not have improved much in one ...ek. He laid the paper on his knee, ...k from his pocket a memorandum-...k, wrote rapidly in it for some ...utes, pondering awhile, looked ...r what he had written, added a few ...rds, replaced the book in his rock-...and bowed his head in reverie.

"Travelin' fur, mister?"

The voice that disturbed him was ...of a lank individual on the seat ...t.

"I am on my way to the state capi-...," he replied courteously.

"On business, mebby?" hazarded the ...sitive man.

The elderly traveler did not reply. ...had lapsed into reverie again.

"Anything p'tickler on your mind?" ...Why, sir," and an amused smile lit ...for a moment the serious, preoccu-...d face of the gray-haired man, "I ...been wondering if there is really ...thing to be thankful for this ...r."

"Anything to be thankful for! Lord ...goodness, Ameri'an, ain't ye?"

"Yes."

"Is good health?"

"Fairly."

"Alive, anyhow, ain't ye?"

"Unquestionably. But look at this ...ce," and he handed him the paper ...had been reading.

"Ya-as," said the other, as he slowly ...k his eye down the column. "I saw ...is day fore yistedy. It don't amount ...nothin'."

"It is one of the ablest papers pub-...ed in the State."

"Yas."

"And it's published at the capital."

"That don't cut no figger. Its an ...ition sheet. Why, look h'yer ...Here in God, d'ye n't ye?"

"Yes," reverently replied the elder-...traveler.

"An' the promise that all things ...all work together fur good to his ...ndrear?"

"Yes."

"What might be yer name?"

"My name's Hendrickson."

"Why, you're——"

Crash!

Without a moment's warning the ...ma in rounding a curve had dashed ...to a "wild" freight-train coming from ...e opposite direction.

The visible effects of a railway dis-...ter were not disposed of as quickly ...es as now, but the accident had hap-...ed within a few miles of the cap-...l, and a relief train was quickly dis-...ch'd to the scene.

Tender hands cared for the wounded ...d dying, and the lifeless remains of ...those whose eyes had closed forever on ...is world were gathered up for trans-...ssion to friends.

Down at the bottom of a heap of ...roken timbers in the wrecked car at ...the foot of the embankment they found ...the elderly, gray-haired traveler, alive ...t insensible.

Later in the day he opened his eyes. ...He was in his own home in the capital ...city. A sweet-faced matron was bend-...ng over him.

"What is it dear? Where am I? What has happened?" he asked.

"Hush John," he answered. "You are among your own——"

"Ah! I remember," he broke in, feebly.

He closed his eyes. In a moment he opened them again.

"Rachel," he said, "will you please—look in the inside pocket of my coat and see if there is a little—pass book in it?"

She complied.

"Will you please—read to me the last—entry in it?"

Among the friends standing silently about the bed was one who seemed to sustain such a confidential relations to the disabled man. To him she handed the little book and he opened it and read aloud as follows:

"The tender mercies of God have failed not and we have not been consumed. The word of the Lord abideth forever. It speaks to us through his providence today, as it spoke to the inspired psalmist through lips divine. With unchangeable will the ruler of the universe works out his righteous purposes with us. He makes even the wrath of man to praise him. How much more, then, shall the tribute of praise from grateful hearts rise as incense to Him of whom it was said: 'O, give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever.'"

In compliance with the customs of our fathers we meet once each year to express our gratitude to the giver of all good and renew our covenant with him as a people. Now, therefore, I, John Hendrickson, Governor of this State, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the —th day of November, 18—, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, and recommend that, laying aside our secular occupations for the day, we repair to our accustomed places of worship and bow in grateful adoration before the most high, as becometh a people whose God is the Lord.

The silence that followed the reading of this was broken by the feeble voice of the maimed, disfigured, helpless man on the couch:

"I had intended to—write it over and—finish it a little—better, but perhaps it will—do as it is. Rachel, is anything the matter with—my right arm?"

"No, John."

"Then—raise me—up."

His purpose was divined. He was raised gently in bed, a pencil was placed between his fingers, the book laid on a pillow before him, and in a tremulous, cramped but legible hand he slowly wrote the signature,

"JOHN HENDRICKSON."

"Now—kiss me, Rachel."

They laid him down again. The pencil fell from his fingers, a faint, quivering sigh parted his lips, the light went out of his eyes, and, with his last earthly duty done, the soul of John Hendrickson, Governor, entered into life.

THE FIRST HE REMEMBERS.

Edward Everett Hale Describes an Early Thanksgiving.

The scene is Brattle Street Meeting House in Boston. The time is the middle of November—on Tuesday morning. A boy of —years old, who has the fortunate privilege of sitting on the cross-seat of the pew, is the person who describes, a far sixty years, what he remembers. The little boy, whose self and successor is now trying to reproduce him, could sleep if he chose, extended on the cross-seat, with his head in his mother's lap, while she listened to the minister. I will not say that on this particular day he or I had been asleep. What is important to the present business is that she whispers to him that he had better listen now, for the minister is going to read the proclamation. The boy stands up on his seat, and with that delight which even conservative childhood sees any custom dofed sees will rapture Mr. Palpey unfolding the large paper, a sort which might have been a large newspaper, and sees the sheet cover even the pulpit Bible.

Mr. Palpey is a young man of 30 or thereabout, who is afterward to be the distinguished Dr. Palpey, a leader of the anti-slavery opinion of Massachusetts. He read the Governor's proclamation with sense and feeling, so that even a child follows along, about the taking care of the poor, the happiness of home, but especially about the success of the fisheries. It is only in the latest times that any Massachusetts Governor is so disloyal to that ocean from whose breast she has drawn her life that he fails to mention the fisheries in his proclamation. But home, poor people, fisheries and all sink into their own insignificance when, with resonant voice, the minister ends with the grand words

"Given in the Council Chamber in Boston, in the year of our Lord ... and of the independence of the United States the fiftieth.

"LEVI LINCOLN, Governor."

This fine relationship between "Thanksgiving Day" and "Independence Day," of which the glories, ... months ago, are a certain hazy dream, is not lost upon the child. And then follow the words, most grand in all rituals

"By his excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council. EDWARD D. BANGS,

"Secretary.

"GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS."

That words so inspiring, pronounced with such a clarion voice, should be uttered in a church on Sunday—this was indeed something to fill high the cup of wild, intoxicating joy. That Edward D. Bangs, the secretary, should be setting himself, watching, as it were, his own petard, on the other side of the aisle, with his finger resting on his right ear in a peculiar manner such as was unknown to others—he, clad in a brown coat, with a velvet collar—that he should see and hear all this unmoved—this added to the grandeur and solemnity and high dignity of the whole.—Fashion.

AN FROG'S THANKSGIVING

I'm a frog with a shanty built over each eye
And a terrible pash when I get on a bump
There's very few reptiles that's quite half so spry
Or can come up along side o' me on the jump.

I'm a frog when the other birds take to the south
And wander away beneath balmier skies,
I belong to the bloated bullfrogious mug
With a pneumatic palate for croaking in flies.

I'm a frog in the fall and a frog when the frost
Spreads over the land, and the forests are gray
I'm a frog keepin' house at a very small cost
In a dog out I've built out o' cat tails and clay

I'm a frog with a green overcoat and a voice
That tickles the weeds when the winter's no more
The old folks are glad and children rejoice
At the first tap o' thunder. I bet not a mat

I'm a frog living down in the lush of the swale
You all know my voice when I'm loafing for game
They call me a cannibal. What a sad tale
Well, may be I am; I'm a frog just the same.

—Ben King.

The Thanksgiving Dinner.

Oyster Soup
Roast Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.
Baked Spare rib. Apple Sauce.
Chicken Pie.
Cucumber Pickles.
Grape Jelly. Sweet Potatoes.
Mashed Potatoes. Parsnips.
Turnips.
Slaw. Cranberry Pie.
Pumpkin Pie. Thanksgiving Pudding.
Fruit.
Tea. Coffee. Chocolate.

MENU NO. 2.

Roast Turkey. Cranberry Jelly.
Roast Beef. Currant Jelly.
or
Roast Pork. Baked Apples.
Chicken Salad.
Plum Jelly. Chow-chow.
Mashed Potatoes. Baked Squash.
Lima Beans. Stewed Tomatoes.
Celery.
Pumpkin Pie. Apple Pie.
Ice Cream.
Cake.
Tea. Coffee.
Hot or Cold Lemonade.

Heart to Heart.

A TURKEY cried, "Ah sweet my love,
Our souls shall mingle aven.
Not e'en the mighty powers above
Our fond young hearts can sever."
When cruel fate their lives did part—
The fact there's no regret is—
It was his giblets, not his heart,
Met hers—within the dressing.

—Ray Brown.

THE TURKEY.

A turkey that is hatched from an egg is of few days and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.

As for the hen turkey, her days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so she flourisheth. In the morning she is alive and clucketh; in the evening she is cast into the oven.

Even so is it with the gobbler. Today he plumeth himself; he strutteth abroad and draggeth his wing on the ground as if one should say "Aha!" To-morrow he falleth a prey to the carver; his flesh is parted asunder and his bones are distributed among the spoilers.

In his pride he eateth corn and waxeth fat, saying to himself, "All things are made for my enjoyment." When his fall cometh there is none who remembereth the day of his triumph, and all men mock him.

The hen turkey thinketh in secret she will raise a young brood, and layeth eggs; but when she is served upon a platter the eater lays to, and she passeth away.

The young turkeys, even the little ones, in the spring, hide themselves in the stubble and strive against the wind and the storm, for life is sweet to little turkeys.

But when they are become large and fat, and the voice of Thanksgiving is heard in the land, suddenly their clucking ceaseth and they become a part of the people.

KNICKERS AND NEW CORSET WAIST.

SLEEVES GET LARGER

YARDS AND YARDS OF MATERIAL USED.

Even in Simple Dresses the Sleeves Are as Assertive of Their Size as If They Were a Part of the Most Elaborate Gown.

Gotham Fashion Gossip.

New York correspondence:

GOWNS and jackets now display remarkably rich garniture and trimmings of the utmost elaboration are sold by the yard. Of these are the vandyke points of jet set with a narrow edge of sable. Trimming for the finish of bodices or the draping of skirts comes with great jewels of jet set two inches apart, from which hang in graduated curves strings of cut jet, the whole being set on a narrow band of fur. Point de Venise is shown in ribbon strips by the yard, the ribbon being set at intervals with a rosette of lace, from which hang mink tails. The lace itself is liberally spangled with jet and gold. Disks of point de Venise are a sparkle with jewels and attached to each other at intervals by ropes of ribbon. Mink heads are set close together on a foundation of jet, the whole being mounted on gray guipure. A fringe of otters' tails is set on a wide heading of guipure, along which at intervals otters' heads show, each surrounded with a little frill or rosette of the lace. All these trimmings come at high prices, but give unmistakable elegance to a gown.

Following the lead of these highly wrought trimmings, galloon and passementeries have deserted their more simple forms and are offered in an abundance of most showy sorts. Three inch bands of galloon are used to trim the fronts and bottom of jackets, and

MILITARY PRIMNESS.

when the garment is closed no less than a six-inch section of the garniture shows. This effect is made apparent in the initial sketch, though in this case the strips are a trifle wider. This cut of jacket is suitable for many materials, but is sketched in black melton and black galloon. It is fitted, but has a slashed basque laid in box pleats in back, and a slashed cape edged with galloon and ball fringe. It is one of several somewhat unusual jackets which are put forward to displace the golf cape, which just now is at the top notch of favor. It seems likely that some of them will succeed the unhandsome cape, too, before long, great as is its present vogue.

Though it seems almost impossible sleeves are growing larger, and they are not big from stiffening, but because of the yards and yards of material used in their construction and the disposal of the stuff. Stiff-as-a-board satin and brocade are much in demand, and such satin used for sleeves is gored and shaped so that lots of it can be gathered into the round of the armhole, while the entire width makes great folds further along the arm. Reception sleeves are puffs to the elbow, long gloves meeting them. For women with ugly arms, and few women have any other kind below the elbow, a detachable lower sleeve comes with these elbow puffs. This lower sleeve can be worn when gloves are omitted or are to be removed.

Even in those simple dresses whose nearest approach to elegance can be expressed by the word neat, the sleeves are as assertive in their size as if they were part of the most elaborate gown. In the costume of this second picture, whereof the material is old green woolen suiting, the puffs are very wide and made of square pieces of the goods. For the rest, the dress is simplicity itself, the wide gored skirt being trimmed only with braid, as shown. Above, the bodice is fitted, hooks in front and has a seamless bias back. Its turned down collar is plain, but the front and sleeve cuffs are garnished with braid in military style. The tailor dresses, too, do not escape the call for big sleeves, which are a distinctive feature of them, only second to the lap seams which are apparently a necessity. Tailor-made gowns of oyster-colored broadcloth are made with strap seams, outlined with piping of gray satin, but they don't look well. A tailor-made cloth gown with its

OF UNCOMMON BRAIDED STUFF.

seams piped is as badly cut as a sugared oyster would be.

When it comes to putting on braid the current fashions have great surprises, some of the braided cloths showing most elaborate patterns, employing yards upon yards of braid. Of such fabric is the dress presented in the next picture, in dark brown for both cloth and soutache. As is indicated, the skirt is entirely of this material, entirely plain and lined with heavy brown faille. Front and back of the bodice are brown mirror velvet, but the sides are of the braided stuff and the yoke and sleeves are garnished with light brown braid. The fancy pointed collar and the belt, which is ornamented with rosettes, are of plain cloth. Collars are planned to protect the throat now, and the fashionable woman of to-day has her throat shrouded close to her ears in all street rigs. Even inside of the high close collar of her fur she wears a scarf, with a great bow crushed close in front.

Skirts of brocade are made plain except for points of jetting set in fob fashion at the waist on either side of the front. These points extend to the knee and corresponding ones are set irregularly about the bottom of the skirt. In mirror or changeable materials the effect is very good, making gleams of light unexpectedly. Banding skirt seams with jet is a favored trick, only indulged in by very elegant dressers, and in many cases the bodice is brocaded with jet, as in the dress of picture number four. Here the material is dull black silk, and the dress is made up of a gored skirt with corselet belt attached and a pleated silk blouse with very deep yoke scalloped on the bottom. The yoke fastens in front and is embroidered with jet. The dress is alike back and front, standing collar

JETTED SEAMS AND JACKET.

and sleeves being embroidered to match the yoke, and the bodice hooking over fitted silk lining.

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WHAT "CHIC" IS.

The Meaning of the French Word Not to Be Found in the Dictionary.

Chic—"snack, style," is all my dictionary gives. It might be supplemented with smartness, flick, piquancy, savoir. For chic is the untranslatable word, and I'd like to see it would be difficult for the wittiest Frenchman to define it, even in French. Of all the likelier words I have given it is the last word and the cream. Of a dress, it is the highest praise, and it has to stand for its own explanation for him to understand who can.

All the same it is to be doubted if the word could be used with propriety of the greatest art in dress if such art is to be concealed to the crooks—chic being such an entirely manifest attribute, while, since clothing was first invented by Eve, the Greek has secured the likeliest in which the gods would appear to man. It has been said that every man's god is an enlarged self, but I doubt if it ever occurred even to the boldest writer to image to heaven as a concourse of smartly dressed angels or to the most arrant pagan to hope for any forgiveness for that in the eyes of his natural life he tied his bows like the gods.

There is a reserve even beyond chic—though in chic itself it is difficult to say how much the artist has held his hand and how much has been sacrificed. So far as chic, however, from being an attribute of the gods that it should, to be the best, partake even of the Mephistopheles, the streets and booths of Vanity Fair, indeed, being the likeliest place to find it. It is a ton of the exact weight of a feather, and oftener still lighter and as evanescent as a summer cloud. It is as difficult to attain as the Fata Morgana, and as readily when missed. In a day's march through London—and I always maintain an ugly woman is as well dressed as any—you will see perhaps one who has it, and you will wonder whether it is a fake or no. It may depend upon a ribbon, a flower, or a rosette. It sits in the tilt of a hat or the aigrette of a bonnet.—Westminster Budget.

Things Worth Knowing.

In Burmah it is rather a suspicious thing to give money for a charitable object. It is supposed that the donor has been very wicked and is desirous to make amends.

During the reign of Elizabeth men of fashion wore shoes three feet in length, the toes pointed, and fastened to the garter with golden chains to which little bells were attached.

What is said to be the oldest and largest chestnut tree in the world stands at the foot of Mount Etna. It is more that 211 feet in circumference, and is known to be at least 2,000 years old.

In China, it is said, all the land belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent; this is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to about $1.25 per head.

Florin is the name of a gold coin first struck in Florence, in the thirteenth century. It had on one side the head of John the Baptist and on the other a lily. Some derive the name from the city, others from the flower.

In the northern part of Peru in what is otherwise an arid desert, the celebrated "rain tree" grows. It has the extraordinary property of condensing what little moisture there is in the atmosphere so as to cause a continual mist to exude (seemingly) from its leaves, which, when examined with a strong glass, exhibit many of the qualities of the sponge.

The cloth of the old Egyptians was so good that, though it has been used for thousands of years as wrappings of the mummies, the Arabs of to-day can wear it. It is all of linen, the ancient Egyptians considering wool unclean.

The word Baal really means lord or master. As a deity Baal is represented with a handsome and powerful human face, surmounted by the horns, ears, and frontal tuft of the ox. Three stars are added, one between the horns and one on each side of the head.

In many countries the rainbow is spoken of as being a great bent pump, or siphon tube, drawing water from the earth by mechanical means. In parts of Russia it is known by a name which is equivalent to "the bent water pipe."

The Same as an Election.

Dropping in on some legal friends down town the other day I found them drawn up in a knot at a remote corner desk. I supposed it was over some difficult point of law, and as no one appeared to notice my entrance I modestly sat down near the door till they should be disengaged.

"That's only five," said one. "I got seven the first roll."

"But you haven't beat my frame of yesterday," said another.

"I'll do it or bust the machine," retorted the legal gentleman at the desk.

That seemed to be a funny case of law, I thought, and got up and came back to the trio of Blackstones. Then I saw it was one of the new puzzles—a bit of quicksilver on a slip of board like a diminutive ten-pin alley, with holes at the end in place of pins, the holes to be filled with the quicksilver.

The game was suddenly brought to a close by the last speaker smashing the toy into a coal scuttle. Then he looked very red as he saw me and said

"I've wasted $20 worth of time over that confounded thing and there she goes! It beats all, this fascination in an uncertainty—that's what sets people wild over the election."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.