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A STORY OF A WARD.

How the Passed One Thanksgiving in London. (Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.)



It HAD been but a few days in London and we were living at Mayfair. Our cousin, Artemus Ward, occupied apartments in Piccadilly, and though in the height of his success he was in low spirits, ill, and breaking down painfully fast.

And so it came about, I had ordered from the housekeeper of our lodgings an American dinner. I was not permitted to superintend the cooking personally, and, denied the mysteries of the spits and pans of an English kitchen, I trusted to the luck of my instructions and the comprehension of the cook and awaited developments.



At the appointed time Arty came, pale and anxious looking, and wearily threw himself on the sofa with the restless content of anticipation. It had occurred to me, as we were to make a day of it, to provide a little luncheon, and as I was passing a pastry shop sign, "Makers of tops and bottoms to her majesty the queen, her royal highness Princess of Wales," etc., I noticed on a card in the window, "Sandwiches made to order." Nice for a Yankee lunch, I thought, and so I ordered a "plate" sent to our apartments.

The sherry in London is good, but the sandwiches—paste cakes interlarded with a sticky jelly of a sick-sweetish oriental flavor. I had thought sandwiches, ham or otherwise, were the same everywhere. So much for my beginning in London. With a look "more of sorrow than anger," as he politely nibbled sideways at the "sandwich," Arty remarked, "It's nasty, you know," yet he solaced himself with the sherry, and we talked of our home beyond the great sea.

I was so happy by the surprise I had prepared for him that I rested content until dinner was announced. When we were seated at the table Arty, as the privileged guest, lifted the American flag, a treasure I always carried with me in foreign lands, and with which I had draped the table, and with a wish of good will for our dear ones on the "other side," we began the feast. At first all went promisingly. The soup was passable, the fish, a sole I think, was served with shrimp sauce; the potatoes, cauliflower and boiled onions were good. Then appeared the mysterious covered dish, at which Arty glanced askance.

"Hold on a moment, Harriet," he said, "it's beans—this is solemn and to be drunk stand—hereby I toast our 'American Republic, long may she wave!' As a response to the toast, with a flourish I removed the cover of the aforesaid dish and—what? pork and beans! Yes, but the pork was floating round and round in the dish, compact in about a quart of hot grease as a few lonely beans manfully struggled to hide under it! Forlorn hopes of my anticipations melted down in fact. I did not look at Arty. It was a serious moment, words were inadequate, and as silence prevailed poor Arty hugged the decanter which stood beside his plate. Yet I did not utterly despair.

I noticed the gleam of a gold piece as he put his hand in the organ grinder's hat. Alas! It was our farewell Thanksgiving! Our beloved cousin, the genial, kind hearted "Arty," died a few months after ward.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS. She Passes Much of Her Time in the City of New York.



NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The widow of the late Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the short lived Confederate States, is the mistress of a beautiful plantation home, Beauvoir, in Mississippi. She spends most of her time of late years in this city at the New York hotel, where I am for a few hours the guest of a dear old friend.



Mrs. Davis has been so much occupied with her book and other literary and business pursuits during the time she has made her home in the New York hotel that she is not so accessible to her friends as Miss Winnie, who frequently represents her mother in society and at the numerous social functions which are given "in honor of Mrs. Jefferson Davis."

SEASONABLE PARAGRAPHS.

As a people we are not given to somber thoughts. We don't live to mourn. I fear we do not know, as yet, what it is to repent. As time rolls on it is more and more noticeable that we are really a nation of jokers, of funmakers, of wits, humorists, of revellers, and dancers and amusement seekers. We do not wish to weep, we love to laugh. We permit no skeletons to be hung up in our banquet halls. We have no national fast days.

The whirling of time brings around its own revenges, and the period of Thanksgiving is not an exception. Up to that day the turkey struts and gobbles, but on our more festive days the turkey is cooked, up the gobble. We will perhaps make amends ere long by imprinting his counter feet presentment upon our national coin, for if the Thanksgiving turkey is not the national bird, we must fall back upon the eagle which, as he appears upon some of our baser pieces, looks more like a goose than the bird of freedom.

No wonder that a people who held it a sin to eat goose and who had no turkey to eat until after Columbus discovered America, and who had mince and pumpkin pies at Yorkshire and plum pudding, produced, in course of time, that poet apostrophe of agnosticism, Charles Algernon Swinburne, whose frozen Thanksgiving verse falls like a beautiful but piercing icicle on our hearts.

But then those same early English were the ancestors and forbears of the New England fathers, and the New England poets, as well as of Swinburne. E. V.

Dread. She is painting, she is painting. And her friends grow pale and thin. For fear she'll find them Hollyhocks, Or mullein stalks, Or jabberwocks. On painted plaques When Christmas time comes in. —Buffalo Enquirer.

A Bear Story from Massachusetts. Lyman Gallup, of Clarksburg, sixteen years old, went to Stamford pond last week with a party of companions for a few days' camping. He was not long in getting all the water out of camp life, and the boys had to get to the party and started for home. Stamford pond is a very wild region, far from the nearest settlement, and one of the party more familiar with the wilds than young Gallup accompanied him through the forest to a point from which, it was thought, he would have no difficulty in finding his way home. Shortly after separating Gallup lost his way and wandered for a long distance through the mountain solitude, so deep it seemed as if it might never before have been visited by man.

He had with him a shotgun, also a basket, in which he had carried provisions to camp. As he hurried on through the unbroken forest, filled with alarm lest night should overtake him before he should find his way to the settlement, his attention was attracted by a black, shaggy animal, closely resembling a Newfoundland pup. He knew at once that it was a cub, and, leveling his gun, he brought him down. The cub was placed in the basket and the homeward tramp was resumed, young Gallup rejoicing over the proud trophy he was bringing from the woods.

Suddenly there was a great commotion in his rear. The thrashing of brush and snapping of twigs convinced him that the mother bear was on his track. The situation was decidedly uncomfortable. Gallup broke into a run, and tore down the mountain at a prize winning pace but the bear was in the rear, drew nearer. The boy soon came to the conclusion that the weight of the cub was too much of a handicap in this race, and the game was thrown into the bushes. Very soon after the commotion ceased, the old bear stopping as soon as she reached her cub.—North Adams Transcript.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS. She Passes Much of Her Time in the City of New York.

That observation pronounces the mother and daughter equally charming in their different ways, the older woman possessing in the mellowed beauty of mature life the same fascination of expression and manners which makes Miss Winnie so wondrously popular. Mrs. Davis has grown stout. Miss Winnie is still slender. There is a suppressed murmur of admiration—suppressed by respect, sympathy and good breeding—whenever they enter any of the parlors or public rooms. Both are always dressed in the best taste, so quiet and subdued as to be only observable by not attracting any particular attention.

The quality of the literary pursuits which occupy the attention of Mrs. Davis and keep her in the seclusion of her rooms while her lovely daughter represents her in society may be gathered not only from her own "Life" of her distinguished husband, but from such articles as one which lately appeared in a leading New York daily in the column headed "The World of Books." Over the signature V. Jefferson Davis was printed a two column review of that wonderfully entertaining and instructive book, "At Susa." The article would have done credit to the pen of an old, trained reviewer of books. The discriminating critic, the lover of archeological research, the habits of thought of the woman of letters, of clear judgment and fine taste are displayed in every line.

Mrs. Davis would make a capital book reviewer for a Sunday newspaper if she had nothing more compensating to absorb her time and powers.

The four sons of Mrs. Davis—Samuel, Jefferson, William and Joseph—have all passed into the silent land. Her two daughters are Margaret (Mrs. Hayes), of Memphis and Colorado Springs, and Varina, shortened to Winnie, once called "The Daughter of the Confederacy" by the enthusiastic southerners who are the admirers of her lamented father and cherishers of his memory and of their "lost cause."

But there is a little Jefferson Davis, or rather Jefferson Hayes Davis, the son of Mrs. Hayes, a lovely, bright and "good little boy," whose name has been changed by special act of the legislature of Louisiana from Jefferson Addison Hayes to Jefferson Hayes Davis. It is needless to say what a worshiped little boy this is by his grandmother.

THEY WON'T LECTURE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—One of the best known lecture managers has just returned from one of the frequent visits to Europe which he makes for the purpose of securing prominent people to lecture in this country. His stories of some of his experiences are amusing, for, holding his business in high esteem as he does, it seems to him entirely in accordance with the nature of things that anybody, no matter how exalted his station, should consider his proposals favorably at least.

He has some warrant for thinking so, for a dozen years ago he came near capturing Gladstone. The Grand Old Man, however, finally wrote that his re-election, and consequent re-entry into public life precluded the possibility of accepting the manager's "dazzling proposition."

"Why don't you hire a king or a prince of the royal blood?" I asked him, and he answered in all seriousness: "I did try to get Prince George of Greece," he said. "I got a chance to talk to him one day, and I gave him my circular and told him what a tremendous lot of money he could make if he would come back here and lecture, but he wouldn't do it. He listened well enough, and I think he would have liked to do it, but he didn't seem to think it would be dignified. That's the trouble with kings and emperors and such. They seem to think it would lower their dignity to exhibit themselves for money. Why, I never even got a chance to ask the Prince of Wales."

"It's just the same way," he continued, "with a lot of people that I'd be glad to pay almost any money for. I couldn't even get Bismarck or Lord Tennyson, though I did get Sir Edwin Arnold, who is as exalted a man as Tennyson in my estimation. I'd like to get Labouchere, but he has money enough and too much to do."

"One prince of royal blood I expect to have next year," he said. "That is Prince Kraptokine. I was to have had him this year, but he has put off coming. He will be a great card, but I don't know of any other royal people that I am likely to get." And the manager sighed. D. A. C.



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