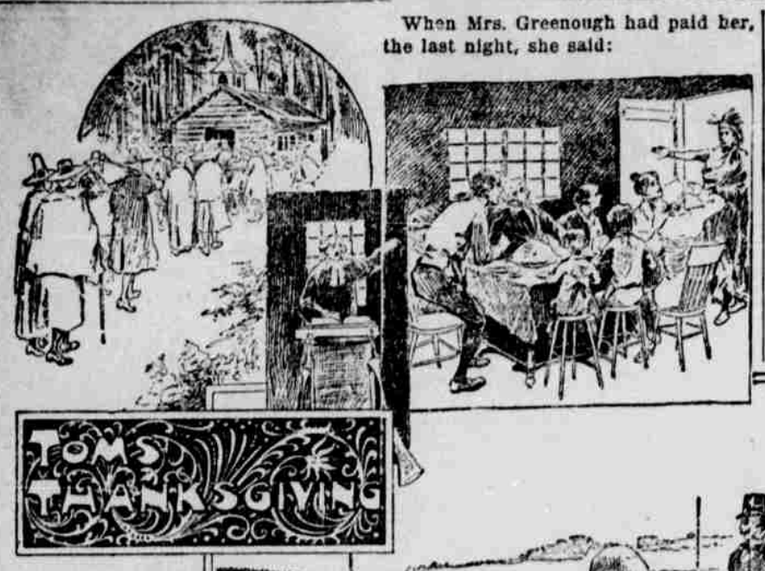
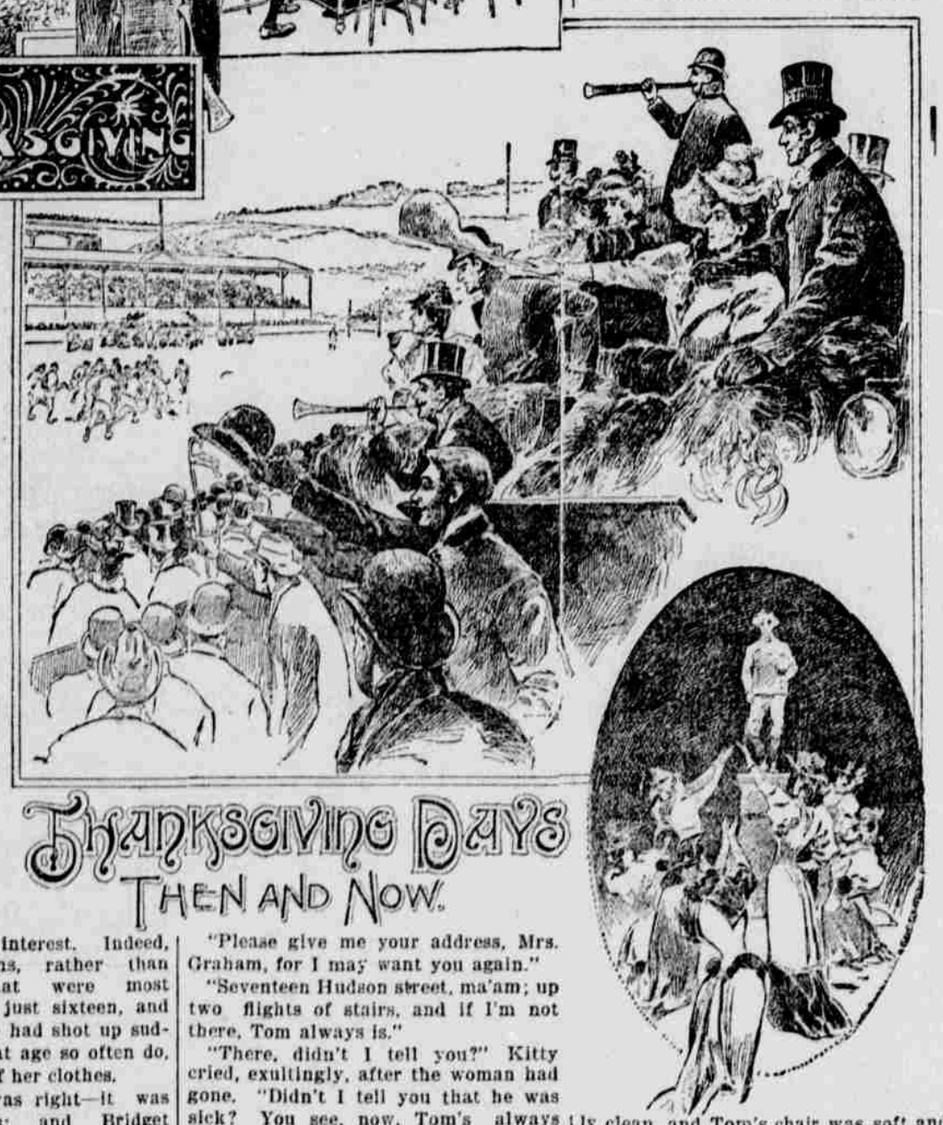




THANKSGIVING DAYS THEN AND NOW.

It was very provoking that seamstresses and such people would get married, like the rest of the world," Mrs. Greenough said, half in fun and half in earnest. Her fall sewing was just coming on, and here was Lizzie Brown, who had suited her so nicely, going off to be married; and she had no resource but to advertise for another, and take whomsoever she could get. No less than ten women had been there that day, and not one would answer.

"There comes Number Eleven; you will see," she cried, as the bell rang.

Kitty Greenough looked on with interest. Indeed, it was her gowns, rather than her mother's, that were most pressing. She was just sixteen, and since last winter she had shot up suddenly, as girls at that age so often do, and outgrown most of her clothes.

Mrs. Greenough was right—it was another seamstress; and Bridget showed in a plain, sad-looking woman, of about forty, with an air of intense respectability. Mrs. Greenough explained what she wanted done, and the woman said quietly that she was accustomed to such work—would Mrs. Greenough be so kind as to look at some recommendations? Whereupon she handed out several lady-like notes, whose writers indorsed the bearer, Mrs. Margaret Graham, as faithful and capable, used to trimmings of all sorts, and quick to catch an idea.

"Very well, indeed!" Mrs. Greenough said, as she finished reading them. "I ask nothing better. Can you be ready to come at once?"

"Tomorrow, if you wish, madame," was the answer, and then Mrs. Graham went away.

Kitty Greenough was an impulsive, imaginative girl; no subject was too dull or too unpromising for her fancy to touch it. She made a story for herself about every new person who came in her way. After Number Eleven had gone down the stairs, Kitty laughed.

"Isn't she a sobersides, mamma? I don't believe there'll be any frisk in my dresses at all if she trims them."

"There'll be frisk enough in them if you wear them," her mother answered, smiling at the bright, saucy, winsome face of her one tall daughter.

Kitty was ready to turn the conversation.

"What do you think she is, mamma—wife or widow?" And then answering her own question: "I think she's married, and her husband's sick, and she has to take care of him. That solemn, still way she has comes of much staying in a sick room. She's in the habit of keeping quiet, don't you see? I wish she were a little prettier; I think he would get well quicker."

"There'd be no plain, quiet people in your world if you made one," her mother said, smiling; "but you'd make

"THERE COMES NUMBER ELEVEN."

a mistake to leave them out. You would get tired even of the sun if it shone all the time."

The next day the new seamstress came, and a thoroughly good one she proved; "better even than Lizzie," Mrs. Greenough said, and this was high praise. She sewed steadily, and never opened her lips except to ask some questions about her work. Even Kitty, who used to boast that she could make a dumb man talk, had not audacity enough to intrude on the reserve in which Mrs. Graham intrenched herself.

"He's worse, this morning," whispered saucy Kitty to her mother; "and she can do nothing but think about him and mind her gathers."

But, by the same token, "he" must have been worse every day, for during the two weeks she sewed there, Mrs. Graham never spoke of anything beyond her work.

When Mrs. Greenough had paid her, the last night, she said:

"Please give me your address, Mrs. Graham, for I may want you again."

"Seventeen Hudson street, ma'am; up two flights of stairs, and if I'm not there, Tom always is."

"There, didn't I tell you?" Kitty cried, exultingly, after the woman had gone. "Didn't I tell you that he was sick? You see, now, Tom's always there."

"Yes, but Tom may not be her husband, and I don't think he is. He is much more likely to be her child."

"Mrs. Greenough, I'm astonished at you. You say that to be contradictious. Now, it is not nice to be contradictious; besides, she wouldn't look so quiet and sad if Tom were only her boy."

But weeks passed on, and nothing more was heard of Mrs. Graham, until, at last, Thanksgiving day was near at hand. Kitty was to have a new dress, and Mrs. Greenough, who had under-

"I AM TOM."

taken to finish it, found that she had not time.

"Oh, let me go for Mrs. Graham, mamma!" cried Kitty. "Luke can drive me down to Hudson street, and then I shall see Tom."

Mrs. Greenough laughed and consented. In a few minutes Luke had brought to the door the one-horse coupe, which had been the last year's Christmas gift of Papa Greenough to his wife, and in which Miss Kitty was always glad to make an excuse for going out.

Arrived at 17 Hudson street, she tripped up two flights of stairs, and tapped on a door, on which was a printed card with the name of Mrs. Graham.

A voice, with a wonderful quality of musical sweetness in it, answered:

"Please to come in; I cannot open the door."

If that were "he," he had a very singular voice for a man.

"I guess mamma was right after all," thought willful Kitty. "It's rather curious how often mamma is right, when I come to think of it."

She opened the door, and saw, not Mrs. Graham's husband, nor yet her son, but a girl, whose face looked as if she might be about Kitty's own age, whose shoulders and waist told the same story; but whose lower limbs seemed curiously misshapen and shrunken—no larger, in fact, than those of a mere child. The face was a pretty, winning face, not at all sad. Short, thick brown hair curled around it, and big, brown eyes, full of good humor, met Kitty's curious glance.

"I am Tom," the same musical voice—which made Kitty think of a bird's warble—said, in a tone of explanation. "I can't get up to open the door because, don't you see, I can't walk."

"And why—what—Tom—"

Kitty struggled desperately with the question she had begun to ask, and Tom kindly helped her out.

"Why am I Tom, do you mean, when it's a boy's name, or why can't I walk? I'm Tom because my father called me Thomasina, after his mother, and we can't afford such long names in this house and I can't walk because I pulled a kettle of boiling water over on myself when I was six years old, and the only wonder is that I'm alive at all. I was left, you see, in a room by myself, while mother was busy somewhere else, and when she heard me scream, and came to me, she pulled me from under the kettle, and saved the upper half of me all right."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Kitty cried, with the quick tears rushing to her eyes. "It must have almost killed your mother."

"Yes that is what makes her so still and sober. She never laughs, but she never frets, either; and oh, how good she is to me!"

Kitty glanced around the room which seemed to her so bare. It was spotlessly clean, and Tom's chair was soft and comfortable—as, indeed, a chair ought to be which must be sat in from morning till night. Opposite to it were a few pictures on the wall—engravings taken from books and magazines, and given, probably, to Mrs. Graham by some of her lady customers. Within easy reach was a little stand, on which stood a rose bush in a pot, and a basket full of bright colored worsteds, while a book or two lay beside them.

"And you never go out?" cried Kitty, forgetting her errand in her sympathy—forgetting, too, that Luke and his impatient horse were waiting below.

"Not lately. Mother used to take me down into the street sometimes but I've grown too heavy for her now, and she can't. But I'm not very dull, even when she's gone. You wouldn't guess how many things I see from my window; and then I make worsted mats and tidies, and mother sells them; and then I sing."

Kitty stepped to the window to see what range of vision it offered, and her eye fell on Luke. She recalled her business.

"I came to see if I could get your mother to sew two or three days for me this week."

Tom was alert and business-like at once.

"Let me see," she said; "to-day is Tuesday," and she drew toward her a little book, and looked it over. "Tomorrow is engaged, but you could have Thursday, Friday and Saturday, if you want so much. Please write your name against them."

Kitty pulled off her pretty gray glove and wrote her name and address with the little toy pencil at the end of her chatelaine; and then she turned to go, but it was Tom's turn to question.

"Please," said the sweet, fresh voice, which seemed so like the clear carol of

LUKE TOOK HER UP.

a bird, "would you mind telling me how old you are? I'm sixteen, myself."

"And so am I sixteen," said Kitty.

"And you have a father and mother both, haven't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Kitty.

"Oh, I've only a mother, but she is good as two. Must you go now? And I wonder if I shall ever see you again?"

"Yes, you will see me again," answered Kitty cheerily, and then, moved by a sudden impulse of her kind, frank young heart, she bent over and touched her lips to the bright bonny face of the poor girl who must sit prisoner there forever, and yet who kept this bright cheerfulness all the time.

"Oh, mamma, I've had a lesson," cried Kitty, bursting into her mother's room like a fresh wind, "and Tom has taught it to me; and he isn't he at all—she's a girl, just my age, and she can't walk a step since she was six years old."

And then Kitty told all the sad, tender little story, and got to crying over it herself, and made her mother cry, too before she was through.

Early on Thanksgiving Day, Kitty set forth with Luke, in the coupe, which also contained a huge basket filled with dainties—a turkey, a mince pie, and a variety of good things. There were also a new dress, a comfortable jacket and a neat hat.

"I have come to take you to ride," said Kitty, as she bounded into the room where Tom sat, and affectionately kissed the crippled girl.

In a few minutes, arrayed in her new habiliments, Tom was ready for the ride.

"How will I get down stairs?" Tom asked.

Luke was called in, and that mystery was solved.

Luke took her up as if she were a baby and marched down stairs with her, while she heard Kitty say—but it all seemed to her like a dream, and Kitty's voice like a voice in a dream:

"I'm sorry there's nothing pretty to see at this time of the year. It was so lovely out-doors six weeks ago."

Through Beach street they went, and then through Boylston, and the common was beside them, with its tree boughs traced against the November sky, and the sun shone on Frog Pond, and the dome of the state house glittered goldenly, and there were merry people walking about everywhere, with their Thanksgiving faces on; and at last Tom breathed a long, deep breath which was almost a sob, and cried:

"Did you think there was nothing pretty to see today—this day? Why, I didn't know there was such a world!"

The clocks had struck twelve when they left Hudson street; the bells were ringing for one when they entered it again.

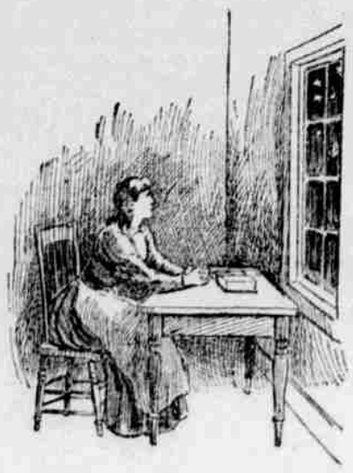
Kitty ran lightly up stairs, followed by Luke, with Tom in his arms.

Kitty threw open the door, and there was a table spread with as good a Thanksgiving dinner as the heart could desire, with Tom's chair drawn up beside it. Luke let his light burden down.

Kitty waited to hear neither thanks nor exclamations. She saw Tom's brown eyes as they rested on the table, and that was enough. She bent for one moment over the bright face — the cheeks which the out-door air had painted red as the rose that had just opened in honor of the day—and left on the young, sweet, wistful lips a kiss, and then went silently down the stairs, leaving Tom and Tom's mother to their Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving.

That fields have yielded ample store
Of fruit and wheat and corn,



SOME NEW RESPLENDENT STARS.

That nights of restful blessedness
Have followed each new morn;
That flowers have blossomed by the paths
That thread our working days,
That love has filled us with delight,
We offer heartfelt praise.

What shall we say of sorrow's hours,
Of hunger and denial,
Of tears, and loneliness, and loss,
Of long and bitter trial?
Oh, in the darkness have not we
Seen new, resplendent stars?
Have we not learned some song of faith
Within our prison bars?

Not only for the Earth's rich gifts,
Strewn thick along our way,
Her looks of constant loveliness,
We thank our God to-day:
But for the spirit's subtle growth,
The higher, better part,
The treasures gathered in the soul—
The harvest of the heart.

—Mary F. Butts

Basting the Turkey.

Polly loved to watch Bridget while she cooked the Thanksgiving dinner. The kitchen was full of sweet scents, ginger and nutmeg and cinnamon, and the smell of the big turkey in the oven—ah!

Bridget mixed and tasted, and stirred and tasted again.

"Let me help, Bridget," said little Polly.

"Wait a minute, darlint," said busy Bridget, "and you shall baste the turkey."

Now you little folks who have helped mamma cook know that the way to baste a turkey is to take a long spoon and pour the juice over the sides and breast. But Polly did not know this.

She trotted up-stairs and down again, and stood patiently by the oven waiting for Bridget to show her how to baste the turkey.

"Now, then, I'm ready," said Bridget, at last.

"Now, then," said Polly, holding up her hands to show that she was ready, too.

On the finger of one hand she wore her little silver thimble, and in the other she held a needle with a long basting-thread.

SITUATION IN TURKEY

SULTAN DETERMINED TO DO HIS DUTY.

Strenuous Measures Being Taken to Carry Out the Reforms Demanded—Reassuring Message from Russia's Ambassador—No Interference.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 21.—The attitude of the sultan has undergone a decided change since the other fleets began to join the British fleet in Salonica bay and there is no doubt that he has taken personal charge of the work of reform in Armenia. It is now hoped that there will be no further blood shed except in putting down the insurrections which have broken out against Turkish rule in different parts of Asia Minor. The sultan's evident desire to meet the views of the powers is thoroughly appreciated and has undoubtedly tided over a most difficult crisis in the East.

There is no longer any talk of an armed intervention of the powers in the Turkish empire and if any display of force is necessary upon the part of Europe, it will be in the direction of supporting the authority of the sultan as Great Britain, Russia and France are extremely desirous that order should be promptly restored throughout Asia Minor. As confirmatory of this, the following to the Armenian Catholico at Tiflis, Russian Transcaucasus from M. Neidoff, the Russian ambassador here, is made public: "The Armenians of Constantinople are now reassured. They are threatened with no danger. In the provinces, however, there are regrettable conflicts which in most cases were caused by the Armenians who were instigated by their revolutionary committees. The result is terrible revenge upon the part of the Turks in the shape of horrible massacres of Christians. The sultan has sanctioned the scheme for reforms submitted by by the great powers and the officials are now proceeding to carry it out. The leaders of the people should persuade the people to refrain from revolutionary attempts, to abandon the idle hope of foreign intervention to put a stop to all disturbances and to co-operate in the re-establishment of universal peace, in improving the situation and in the introduction of the new order of things."

The report circulated yesterday that the sultan had been poisoned is absolutely baseless.

A dispatch to the Daily News from Rome declares that Austria proposed that the combined fleets of Russia and Austria should force the Dardanelles and that the joint armies should occupy Constantinople if necessary. To the propositions Russia declined to agree.

FILIBUSTERS CAUGHT.

Five of a Party From New York Arrested on the Cuban Coast.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—A long dispatch from Havana, dated yesterday, states that Sunday a boat with five passengers and her crew arrived from Agueredos, six miles from Santiago de Cuba. They said they were Jamaica fishermen, but afterwards admitted that they were on their way to join the rebels and that they had thrown over their arms where they were discovered. The passengers were arrested. Their names are: Fernando Alvarez, who had a commission of general from Venezuela; Fernando Meldez Francisco Zaldivar, Manuel Harotzarena, Leonardo Venet, all well known members of the Cuban colony of New York, who left that city on the night of November 9 and boarded the steamer Horsa off Cape Barnegat.

The original party was regarded as of more than ordinary importance, as it was commanded by General Francisco Carillo, with Colonel Jose Aquirre second in command. The leaders had been in prison in Havana after the rebellion began, but had been set free at the request of the American consul at Havana, on the ground that they were American citizens. Carillo was first apprehended at Wilmington, Del., as one of the alleged filibusterers captured there, but was acquitted. With Aquirre he planned the Horsa expedition, and took command of it. After the party had sailed no secrecy was made of the personnel of the party. After landing part of the men the Horsa was chased by a Spanish warship, and sought shelter at Jamaica, where the British authorities siezed her.

THE MOTORMAN'S STORY

Blurred Glass and Conductor's Error Responsible For the Cleveland Mishap.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 21.—The most important witness examined today at the coroner's inquest on the Central viaduct accident was Augustus Rogers, the motorman of the car which plunged into the river, causing seventeen deaths. He testified that the conductor ran ahead when the car stopped at the safety switch and signalled "All right." The glass in the vestibule was blurred by rain, and he did not see that the bridge was open until his car was within thirty feet of the gates. He then turned off the current, set the brake and jumped. He saw no red light and believed that had there been one displayed he would have seen it. He admitted that he had been misled by the fact that the electric cut-off provided by the street railway company as a safeguard was out of order.

Two other witnesses examined today swore a red light was displayed over the gates when the car struck them.

THE OIL TRUST IN KANSAS.

The Standard Company Has Bought Up All the Sunflower State Wells.

NEODESHA, Kan., Nov. 21.—The fact is now made public that on the 1st day of November Guffey and Galey sold their entire interests in the Kansas oil fields to the Forrest Oil company of Pennsylvania, generally known as a part of the Standard Oil company. The purchase includes leases and oil wells in Chautauqua, Montgomery, Wilson, Neosho, Allen and Linn counties and all the appurtenances thereto.

REPUBLICANS CONFER

Many Prominent Leaders Meet in New York and Hold Quiet Talks.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Politicians from all parts of the country are registered at the Fifth Avenue hotel. Most of them claim that their visit has no political significance, and yet conferences between prominent leaders are frequent. Conspicuous in the lobby were ex-President Harrison, Senator Sherman of Ohio, Senator Burrows of Michigan, Congressman Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania, James S. Clarkson of Iowa, Congressman J. G. Cannon of Illinois, ex-Senator Warner Miller of New York, Joseph H. Manley of Maine, Charles W. Hackett of Utica, Senator-elect Hobart Krum of New York and ex-Mayor Oliver of Pittsburg.

Senator Burrows, when asked his opinion in regard to the Republican Presidential candidates, said: "The woods are full of able Republican candidates. I only wish it was so we could elect fifteen Presidents at once, in order to gratify the ambition of everyone. A four year's term will not permit everyone to serve as president."

The Senator, referring to the Democratic party, said he thought President Cleveland would be renominated.

"What about the recognition of the belligerents in Cuba? Will it be done by Congress?" was asked.

"It may be done, and if so it will give the struggling Cubans some advantage, but on the other hand it will make this government responsible to Spain for all damage done to Spanish commerce by vessels fitted out here. Resolutions of sympathy may be passed, but one thing I believe will be done, and that is a declaration by Congress upholding the Monroe doctrine. The Monroe doctrine has never been acted upon by Congress, but it is not too late."

Congressman Galusha A. Grow was decidedly in favor of recognizing the struggling Cubans as soon as possible. He said he would not be surprised to see a joint resolution passed soon after congress met, expressing sympathy for Cuba and asking that the patriots there be recognized as belligerents.

Ex-President Harrison received a number of callers. He will remain several days longer.

Senator Sherman said he was in the city on private business and would attend to politics when he returned to Washington.

THE STAY-AT-HOME VOTE.

Statistics of Interest Compiled by an Expert—A Precedent for Next Year.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The interpretation of election statistics has been developed into an interesting specialty by Frederick C. Waite, a statistician expert in the Department of Agriculture, who last night read to the National Statistical Association his fourth annual paper on the subject. He said: "Another tidal wave of disapproval has been recorded at the polls. Of the three great parties in the field two have received a very much smaller percentage of the total vote than in former years; while the third, the stay-at-home party, has made wonderful gains. For instance, in Pennsylvania the vote of the Democrats has fallen to 282,481 from 446,533 in 1888, that of the Republicans to 456,745 from 526,081 in 1888, while the vote of the stay-at-home party has increased to 610,000 from only 70,000 in 1888. In estimating the total vote—aliens, foreigners with first papers, criminals, paupers, etc., have been deducted from the male taxables, 21 years or over.

"In New York the stay-at-home vote has increased from 75,000 in 1888 to 185,000 in 1892, 425,000 in 1894, and 510,000 this year. Even in Kentucky it has increased from 55,000 in 1888 to 100,000 this year. In Massachusetts it has increased from 80,000 in 1888 to 100,000 in 1892 and 230,000 this year. In Ohio from 40,000 in 1888 to 115,000 in 1892 and to 180,000 this year. The increase in the stay-at-home vote has been scarcely less marked in other states.

"As the election is the keyboard by which the citizens of a continent express and record their wishes—their hopes and their discontents—we must not expect to be able to comprehend the intricacy of its workings, except as we analyze the returns in the light of a half century or so of election statistics. Turning to my statistical chart, 'Comparing the political complexion of American elections,' you see, that during the last twenty years, and also the twenty years ending with the breaking up of the Whig party, the Democrats carried every alternate presidential election, and yet were always defeated at the intervening presidential election. In other words, to the Democrats 1836 and 1876 brought victories at the polls; 1840 and 1880, defeats; 1844 and 1884, victories; 1848 and 1888, defeats; 1852 and 1892, victories. In explanation of these phenomena I may say the force which in presidential elections results in the defeat of the party in power at two:

"First—The dissatisfaction with the party in power among the members of the party out of power is so great that they feel it to be their sacred duty to 'turn the rascals out.' On the other hand, the adherents of the party in power are constantly being disappointed. They feel that they have not received anything like the care and recognition which was promised.

"Second—There is an inherent ebb and flow of enthusiasm among the adherents of a political party. Naturally the number of years from flood tide to flood tide of enthusiasm coincides with the periodicity of the cause which once in eight years falls in with it and carries it to the maximum height, namely, storm of indignation against the high handed partisan misrule of their opponents."

Athletics for Policemen.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—Chicago's policemen are to be trained athletes, and, if the plans of Dr. Joseph Hawley, medical director of the civil service commission, are successful, they will soon be able to compete physically with the trained "bobbies" of Scotland yard. Dr. Hawley has secured the consent of both Mayor Swift and Chief Badenoch of the police department to the introduction of a system of athletics and drills in the department extensive in its scope and calculated to make active, athletic, brawny men out of the officers.