

THE ADVERTISER.

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

The corn is in the barn, and the fruit is in the bin,
And the workers are away;
The world is cold without, but the fire is bright
Within,
For 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

The children's glowing cheeks are like apples
round and red,
In their eyes mirth has its way;
In vain the olden shake the wise reproving
head,
It is Thanksgiving Day.

The mother smiles with pride on the tall son
at her side,
Watching his babies at their play;
A daughter, lithe and fair, sings a good old meeting
air,
For 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Around the table spread with wondrous meats
and bread,
Long time the revelers stay;
The nuts and games come last, while the old
folks read the past,
For 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Now, in the Holy Book, they all together look,
And the grand sire kneels to pray;
Then most, when on the air fainters that trem-
bling Baver,
It is Thanksgiving Day.
—Mrs. M. F. Butler, in Chicago Advance.

THE DEACON'S TURKEY.

Deacon Turner had been a "professor" for upwards of thirty years, and his walk and conversation had corresponded with his profession; but the store he set by that turkey, some of the stricter sort shook their heads and said, was altogether greater than it was meet for one of his calling to set by any carnal creature.

But there was a great excuse for the worthy man; for it must have been a very spiritually-minded person whose mouth would not have watered at the sight of such a fowl as the deacon was fattening for the coming Thanksgiving.

That turkey, it is our candid belief, stood full four feet barefooted; at what figure he turned the scale is not set down in the records of corpulent statistics, and we prefer not to shock the reader's credulity by hazarding an opinion. Not old enough to be tough, but in the full perfection of completed adolescence, plump in contour without the grosser obesity of declining years, gifted with every gallinaceous grace, he was, indeed, a biped to be proud of.

Now, whilst juicy visions were flitting before the minds of expectant guests, and more than one mature maiden was longingly anticipating a tug at his wishbone, the deacon's turkey became a stumbling-block of temptation in the way of Sam Whipple and Dick Spangler—a pair of light-minded youths who could see a great deal of fun in a very poor joke.

"What capital sport it would be to steal that turkey on Thanksgiving eve," suggested Sam, with a wink at Dick.

"And get Tom Grill, the colored cook, to roast him, and then call in a lot of the boys, and have a glorious time," added the latter.

"Then, as we're both among the youngsters invited to the deacon's dinner, won't it be jolly to hear his lament on over the missing fowl?—they'll beat out of sight all the sighs ever heaved for the flesh-pots of Egypt," chuckled Sam.

"He! he! he!" giggled Dick.
"Haw! haw! haw!" guffawed Sam.
"Let's do it," said the one.
"Agreed!" returned the other.

After laying their heads together half-an-hour, a plan was matured, and the two separated in great glee.

The deacon's turkey roosted in the wood-house, which had a shutter opening on an adjacent alley, and fastened by a hook and staple inside. On a visit which Sam Whipple made to the premises on Wednesday afternoon, under pretext of borrowing the deacon's saw-buck, he managed slyly to undo the hook, thus leaving the way clear for the night's operations.

At a safe hour after dark the conspirators started on their errand, first casting lots to decide who should enter the wood-house and bring off the prize, and who should keep watch—the former task falling to Sam, and the latter to Dick.

"You stand here," said Sam, as they neared the mouth of the alley.
Dick took his station, and Sam, advancing stealthily, soon reached the shutter, which he had no difficulty in opening. Then climbing in, he was not long in finding the object of his search. "Put! put!" squawked the turkey, and flop, flop, went his wings, as Sam grasped his legs and pulled him down from his perch.

After a sharp scuffle, Sam was triumphant, and held his gobblers fast under one arm and securely gagged him with the other hand.

The noise of the struggle had aroused the deacon's dog, who growled and barked fiercely; but Sam kept quiet and soon all was still.

"Is that you, Dick?" he whispered, as he heard steps approaching softly outside.

"Yes," was the answer in the same tone.

"Here, take him," said Sam, passing out the turkey, which the other received.

Then climbing out himself, which took a little time, for he moved cautiously, he looked about for Dick, but neither he nor the turkey was in sight. He walked up and down the alley, but the search was in vain.

"Well, I call that a shabby trick!" muttered Sam, "a ter my taking all the risk, too. But may be he'll turn up all right in the morning. He had better, I tell him!"

So saying, Sam walked sulkily home. Next morning, bright and early, he started in search of Dick, whom he met

shortly apparently on a similar hunt for him.

"Where's that turkey?" was Sam's first question.
"Where is he, yourself?" retorted Dick.

"I handed him out to you," returned Sam.

"You didn't," replied the other.
"When the dog barked, I dodged round the corner. When I came back, I went up to the wood-house, and called you as loudly as I dared, but you had gone."

"That's too thin," sneered Sam.
"What do you mean?"

"That you've turned traitor, and made away with the turkey."

"That's a lie!"

For the space of three minutes there was a rapid and promiscuous motion of four fists, at the end of which time Sam hauled off with a blackened eye, and Dick with a bloody nose. Both seemed to have had enough for the present, and went their respective ways.

When, at the appointed hour, they severally entered the deacon's parlor—each fearing that if he stayed away he would be liable to suspicion—Sam had concealed his damaged optic with a pair of goggles, worn, he said, for sore eyes brought on by excessive study, and Dick accounted for his swollen nose on the ground of a violent entarrh.

The deacon, so far from appearing chopfallen, looked unusually cheerful, and when the guests walked in to dinner, what was Sam's and Dick's astonishment to see at the post of honor on the table the finest, fattest and biggest turkey that ever aroused mortal heart to thanksgiving.

"I tell you what, friends," said the deacon, when he had finished saying grace, "we have more to be thankful for than most of you are yet aware of. You don't know what a narrow escape we've had from losing the best part of our dinner. Last night I heard the dog bark, and going down the alley back of the wood-house, found the shutter open. Somebody inside whispered: 'Is that you, Dick?' 'Yes, I answered, for you know my name is Richard. 'Here, take him,' said the other, handing out the turkey, which I quietly took and bore away."

The mystery between Sam and Dick was thus cleared up, but happily not, as we have seen, till they had sufficiently punished one another. From a twinkle in the deacon's eye they more than half suspected that he knew all. At any rate, neither Sam nor Dick ever ventured again to visit Edith Turner, the deacon's pretty daughter, who, six months after, married another, and, let us hope, a better man.—New York Ledger.

The Mother's Leisure Hour.

Home has been called woman's kingdom and fitly so, because within its walls she who is wife, mother, daughter, or sister, holds the scepter. "The many make the household, but only one the home," says a poet, and in a sense his words are true, for in every home the house-mother is the one who gives the tone to the family. The family life seldom rises higher than the mother's ideal will let it rise. Whatever is her predominant aim, the ultimate desire of her heart is revealed in her sons and daughters. If she is selfish, frivolous and full of worldly ambition, her children are in a fair way to become the same. If she is cheery, earnest and consecrated in her purpose to live the best and highest life possible to a Christian woman, her children usually follow in her steps.

Few leisure hours are possessed by mothers with their little ones around them. The days are crowded with cares. The cooking, the sewing, the tying of strings and fastening of buttons, the training of children, the hearing of lessons, the many, many things which make very little show but consume a great deal of time, fill up a mother's day so that her resting spell seldom arrives till evening. Then, when the older boys and girls are busy with their maps and slates, when father is indulging himself with the paper or a favorite book, when the little ones have said their prayers and the baby has gone to sleep, the mother feels that she has earned the right to a little bit of recess. She is wise if she takes it. Far too often she seizes upon that hour, instead, to finish Susie's new frock, or patch Tommy's trousers; to put new wristbands on father's shirt or a patch on the old table cloth. She works on with nervous energy, when she ought to be reading an entertaining story, or listening to her daughter's music, or playing an air or two to herself. She reluctantly lays aside her basket and need when the clock strikes eleven, and drags herself wearily to bed. This is poor economy. We would persuade, if we could, all the mothers who read this paper to take the leisure hour or half-hour whenever they can, even though they let something else go. It will be better for the families and themselves in the coming days, when the children shall be grown up, and even more than at present their mother shall be their guide, companion and friend.—Christian at Work.

—The Emperor Alexander III. often declares: "I am quite ready to meet death when it comes." Ah, yes, Aleck; so are we all of us; fact is, old boy, we have to be; can't help ourse ves, you know; no postponement on account of the weather, and no allowance for difference in watches.—Burlington Hawkeye.

—A clairvoyant has been brought before a police court in New York, compelled to refund the money received from her credulous victims and put under bonds to withhold from further practice of her vagabond calling.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The estimated amount of money to be raised by the London School Board this year is about fourteen dollars for each child instructed.

—The Methodist Episcopal Church will establish a magnificent university in Chattanooga, provided that city will give the ground for the structure that is to be built.

—A rich Italian who lately died in France has bequeathed \$40,000 to Esleben, the birthplace of Luther, as a testimony of his personal veneration for the great reformer.

—The King of Sweden last spring ordered collections taken up in the fatherland to aid a feeble Swedish Lutheran church in Philadelphia in paying a debt of \$10,000. The result is the handsome little sum of \$1,500.

—The friends of the Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland, Cal., have raised \$10,000 of \$50,000 which are required to secure a conditional gift of \$50,000 more from Mr. Moses Hopkins to the institution.

—The London Truth says of the Rev. Ponto Sooter, the negro clergyman who has attracted some attention in England, that he preached "in well chosen language and with a purity of intonation that would shame many of our Oxford curates."

—Of two hundred and six ministers of the Northern Presbyterian Church who died last year, two were over ninety years old, nineteen were between eighty and ninety, thirty-five were between seventy and eighty, and one hundred and fifty were under seventy.

—In the current number of a monthly review a list is given of the productive property and income of the principal American colleges. Columbia College has the greatest resources; property valued at \$4,763,000, with an income of \$315,000. Harvard is second with productive assets of \$3,165,000, with an income of \$231,000. Johns Hopkins University has \$3,000,000 of property and an income of \$180,000. Yale has property to the amount of \$587,000, with an income of \$135,000. Most of these institutions have been liberally endowed, and a large amount of money has been given to institutions which are scarcely mentioned in the list of our principal educational establishments. One of the greatest of American colleges, an institution which possesses more claims to the title of university than any other American college, the University of Michigan, which instructs nearly 1,500 students for a merely nominal tuition, has received scarcely any aid from individual benefactions.

Sleeping on the Wall Side.

A physician was lately called to prescribe for a young lady who lives in one of the most charming villas in Leamstedville.

"Nothing the matter with her," she declared, "nothing but terrible headaches." Every morning she waked with a headache, and it lasted nearly half the day. It had been going on for months—ever since they moved into their new house. The old doctor tried all the old remedies and they all failed. Riding and archery were faithfully tested, study and practice were cheerfully given up. Nothing did any good. "Will you let me see your bedroom?" asked the doctor one day, and he was shown up into the prettiest little nest imaginable.

Nothing wrong about the ventilation. The windows were high and broad and left open every night, the patient said. The bed stood in one corner against the wall.

"How do you sleep?" says the doctor.

"On my right side at the back of the bed, with my face to the wall. Lou likes the front best."

"The deacons she does!" says the doctor. "So do I. Will you do me the favor to wheel the bed into the middle of the room and sleep so for a week? Then let me know about the headaches."

Doctors are so absurd! The middle of the room, indeed! And there were the windows on one side, and the two doors on the two other sides, and the mantel with its Macramé lambrequin on the fourth side. There was no place for the bed but just where it stood, in the corner.

"Never mind! Sacrifice your lambrequin," urged the doctor—"just for a week, you know."

The lambrequin was sacrificed, the bed moved where it had freer air on both sides, and the headaches disappeared.

It may be only an exceptionally delicate system that would be induced to actual headache by breathing all night the reflected air from a wall. Yet possibly some of the morning dullness we know of may be traceable to a like cause. At any rate, plenty of breathing space around a bed can only be an advantage to everybody.

In visiting three or four newly-built and beautiful houses recently, the lack of a good place for the bed was the most striking feature of the bedrooms. Some of these rooms were finished in shining mahogany, ebony, or walnut. Some were hung with rich modern tapestry. All were elegant and a few were airy. But in the most of the best of them, where was the bed to stand? A bay window, perhaps, would occupy the middle of one side, another window another, a door another, a mantel-piece another.—Christian Union.

—A horse which Dean Boomer, of London, Ont., had in his possession for forty-six years, and was really two years older than that, was shot on Wednesday to save it from starvation. It had become too weak to eat.

Youths' Department.

THE SCHOOL-BOYS' VISION.

There's the bell for "recess over," time for stupid books again.
But how can a fellow study with Thanksgiving on his brain?
When I read of Turks and Turkey, little heed to them I pay,
While my mind is full of visions of the near Thanksgiving Day.

I can only hear the "gobble" of a turkey, fat and nice,
Which, my grandpa writes, is waiting to be divided in a trice.
Just as soon as his and I and all the family are able
To be off and spend Thanksgiving round the dear old farm-house table.

That's a study, now, of Turkey that a fellow likes, I'm sure,
But not in geography, and that I can't endure.
It has a different flavor, somehow, on the dear old farm,
And "cranium n." then or "stuffing" never does our any harm.

Now there's a class in spelling: Bobby White has tripped on "skates,"
And that's something I don't do. I remember how my mates
And I went off together, with our skates upon our feet,
For a race across the mill-pond, and 'twas only I who beat.

Oh, Thanksgiving Day is jolly on the dear old farm, and so
It knocks study in the head for a week before
And I pity any fellow, be he black, or white, or brown,
Whose grandpa and grandma are not living—out of town.

Well, I suppose I ought to study while my book is before me lies,
But it's hard upon a fellow now to have to shut his eyes
Upon such charming visions. Did you speak, sir, can I tell
Where Turkey is? Oh yes, sir, I have learned that is son well.

—Morr D. Bruce, in Harper's Young People.

A JOLLY THANKSGIVING DAY.

"Oh, what a jolly day! Good thick ice on the pond! and just the day for a race with the fellows."

Harry Archer was out of bed with a bound and a real live boy's whoop, and ran to the window for a view of the distant pond, before drawing on the warm stockings and shoes which had lain all night in scattered places about the floor, keeping company with different articles of clothing here and there and all over.

All of Harry's thoughts were with the pond and his new skates. The skates were a present from his Uncle Harry, whose namesake the boy was, and with whom he was a great favorite. Uncle Harry lived in the city, but had promised to eat his Thanksgiving dinner with Mrs. Archer and her husband, and Harry had been promised a race with his uncle after dinner, for Uncle Hal was a famous skater notwithstanding his twenty-eight years, an age which to Hal junior seemed very advanced indeed. So to Harry this Thanksgiving Day seemed very important, and had been anticipated long and well. As he hastily dressed himself, he thought: Let me see; the fellows will be at the pond about half-past nine, I guess, and that will give us a skate of two or three jolly hours before I come home to dress for dinner. Well, after dinner Uncle Hal and I are going to skate. I can beat an old man like him any day; and then, in the evening, there'll be games, 'cause there's company coming, and mamma engaged a piano-man. Oh, this will be a first-class day, won't it, though!"

All these thoughts, while the stockings and shoes, the pants and jackets were being donned rapidly—and the last thought, with the final question, must have been addressed to Harry's reflection, as he stood before the mirror brushing his curly, fair hair, and smiling at the merry rosy face which smiled back to him.

Then, as every boy ought, he knelt to say the morning prayer which a good mother had taught him never to forget, and in the prayer was included the earnest petition: "Dear Lord, teach me to do always to others as I would that others should do also to me, for Jesus' sake." Harry had repeated that prayer as long as he could remember, and although perhaps he had never thought as seriously of its meaning as his mother desired he should, yet a very kind-hearted, loving little fellow was Harry, and willing always to be obliging and helpful, and such a boy is apt to make a good man, we all know.

Breakfast over, away went Harry, warmly clad in his fur-lined coat, and with his new skates slung over his shoulder. In the distance glistened the smooth pond, on the surface of which already were gliding half a dozen boys. Harry quickened his steps with a "Hurrah, boys!" and laughed aloud in the fullness of his merry heart and overflowing spirits. Only a little farther to go and then for the trial of speed between the best skaters. Harry's cheeks were glowing with health and exercise. His heart was content with present joy and merry anticipations for the rest of the day. And no wonder that he sang and whistled along the road until suddenly stopped by a pitiful sight before him. A boy of his own age apparently, thin, white-checked and sad, his blue lips trembling with weakness and cold as he drew the worn, scant jacket about him, and his poor feet barely protected from the slippery road by a pair of gaping shoes. Much too short for the shivering limbs was the ragged pair of pants, and the boy's knees trembled beneath his own slight weight.

"O Master Harry Archer," he said, imploringly, "can you give me a few pennies to get a roll with at the corner, for I'm nearly starved and frozen to death."

Harry recognized the boy as the son and only child of a drunken father who had long since grieved his poor wife to death and now was fast killing his child with ill-treatment.

"But, Jack, I thought your father had gone to work again in the forge and so you would be safe from blows at least. How came you so far from the other end of the village and your home?"

"Please, lady," he said, "I couldn't sleep to-night until I came to ask you if you would mind saying a prayer for me. I want to thank God, only I don't know how exactly, for giving me a happy Thanksgiving Day. This morning when I saw the sun rise I didn't see what I had to be thankful for; but now it is all changed, and I feel so thankful here, ma'am," laying his hand on his heart, "that I must hear you thank God for me and teach me how to do so, too."

When he had gone, Mrs. Archer went up to her boy's room and knelt beside his bed.

"My darling, tell me why you did for Jack what he has told me you did this morning. I hadn't heard about your giving up your skating before. I thought he was just waiting there for you. And you had anticipated your race on the pond so long? My dear little son!"

And she folded her arms about him closely. Harry blushed a little, but the true answer came at last:

"You taught me the prayer, mamma, you know. And so I did to Jack just what I would have wanted somebody to do to me if I had been poor and cold and sad, and had no mother. 'Do unto others,' it says, you know, and so I—I only just did it, that's all, mamma. But oh, hasn't it been a jolly Thanksgiving Day?"—Morr D. Bruce, in Illustrated Christian Weekly.

Jack shook his head, and the tears filled his eyes.

"Home, Master Harry! I've got no home now. Father beat me last night and turned me out of doors when every one in the village was asleep, and threatened to kill me if I cried aloud. And then he packed up a few things and took every cent of money we had and went off this morning in the cars somewhere, saying he was going to be well rid of me. And now I'm all alone, and oh, so cold and hungry."

Harry listened with his little heart full of indignation, and while he listened there came over the field from the pond the merry shouts of the boys at play and the ring of steel against ice, so tempting a sound to Harry's ears. He half turned towards the pond after giving Jack a few cents, and swung his skates irresolutely in his hand. But was it, do you think, the memory of his usual petition only that morning repeated as he knelt in his room—that God would "teach him to do to others as he would others should do to him"—that kept him from going on towards his playmates and caused him to turn again towards Jack, who looked so pitiful and cold and sad? It seemed an easy thing to pray that one little prayer when there were no obstacles in the way of his pleasures and he had no need to anticipate any such call upon him. But it all flashed upon Harry now plainly enough. If he were Jack and stood in Jack's position, how would he like to be treated? That was the question, and Harry's warm heart immediately answered it.

"See here, Jack," he said, "you look blue as indigo. Now, there's nothing can warm a fellow up like skating, and you just put on these skates of mine and cut across the pond for a few minutes, and then I'll take you home to get a warm breakfast, and mother'll talk to you. I'm going home a minute, and you meet me here when I come back; but, mind you, let me find you with red cheeks, or I'll know you haven't been skating. Hurry up, now."

The smile of genuine pleasure which broke all over Jack's face made Harry's heart glad, and presently he saw the drunkard's child enjoying himself in true boy-fashion for the first time in many a year of sorrow, as he buckled on the new skates and joined, untried, the crowd of skaters on the pond.

Meanwhile Harry ran home and related to his mother the whole story. Her warm heart was as easily touched as her boy's had been, and giving him permission to bring Jack home for some breakfast she sent him with a loving kiss over the road again, and then had a talk with papa about the poor boy whose Thanksgiving Day had dawned so sadly. Jack was on his way back from the pond, after having warmed himself and his heart in the exercise he so liked, when a gentleman overtook him and kindly remarked, in passing:

"Why, my boy, you're thinly dressed for such a day, aren't you?"

Jack colored painfully.

"I'm not cold now, sir, since I've been skating; but I was nearly frozen, and I am very poor."

"But you've a nice pair of skates. How did you get those? Sold your jacket for them, may be, eh?"

"Oh, no, indeed, sir. These are Harry Archer's skates, and I hope God will bless him, sir, for his kindness to me this day."

And Jack related the story to the gentleman. To his surprise the gentleman responded to his story with a hearty: "Bless the boy, he's a trump!" And just as he was wondering what it meant, he saw Harry running to meet him.

"I say, Jack, it's all right. Mother says you're to come—Hal'oa, Uncle Hal! you here so early? Why, Jack, you been talking to Uncle Hal?"

And then Harry seized his uncle's hand and gave a wild whoop a ter his usual fashion when anything pleased him. Jack explained to Harry as they walked home. And when he had breakfasted beside a warm fire a little later, Harry's father called him out to the barn and had a long talk with him there, which resulted in his being engaged as stable boy and to assist the coachman. In an old, but good suit of clothes belonging to Harry, Jack presented a very comfortable appearance, and Harry's delight knew no bounds. But that night, after all the company had gone, there was a timid knock at Mrs. Archer's door, and Jack was found outside.

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