



Fair Dorothea, a goodly mayde,
From Puritans descended,
In kirtle, cap and kerchief prayed
That famine sore be ended.

Though plump and fair albeit she kept
The tired of frugal living,
So paxed she while the Elders slept,
"Lord, send a true Thanksgiving."

The cunning lass, she had no lack
Of nettled palfrey's pillioned back,
Or pretty fawning whippet.

The roses in her saucy cheeks
Are not by famine shrunken,
Her wholesome appetite bespeaks
The plea of quince or pumpkin.

But ah, her secret you have guessed,
Sharp eyes her tricks discover:
For Mistress Dorothea is vexed
To miss her soldier lover.

Who, with his bullets, powder, match,
Of forests dense is living,
That he the bounding roe may snatch
To make his first Thanksgiving.

Ah, Miss Dorothea, your face
In smiling beauty painted,
Looks on me from a panel's space—
"Lo, long, have you been painted."

May we, though centuries apart,
In peace and plenty living,
Voice your petition of the heart,
"Lord, send a true Thanksgiving."

JIMMY'S THANKSGIVING.

BY PAUL INGELOW.

PROCLAMATION—By virtue of authority in me vested, do hereby appoint as a day of thanksgiving

In sonorous, well-rounded accents the sentences rolled forth. Little Jimmy Quinn, nervous and wail, listened, catching not all that was spoken. But he understood the import, and he thought how grand and majestic did the name and the official designation, "Governor," fill out the dignified, well-ordered announcement.

He was outside the hotel. Now he tiptoed and looked over a screen into a lounging room.

Jimmy saw a person he thought the nicest-faced, noblest looking man he had ever met, standing facing a mixed audience, who had been listening while he read the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation, though Jimmy, not seeing the

man, two to half orphans, three to—"Gwan!"

Ned disdainfully turned the cold shoulder on his brother.

"But, say,"

"Naw! There's nothin' to it. Somebody's been kiddin' you!"

"But it was the Governor! Didn't he talk out the proclamation? Don't he look a Governor all over? Two turkeys."

"Say, Jimmy," gravely interrupted Ned, "drop it. You've been hoaxed. Get down to business now, if you ever expect to make a man of yourself."

Ever since the last circus came to town the Quinn boys had been "making men of themselves" in a way unique—the acrobatic way.

They were spry, supple, daring. Ned was "India rubber!" He could flip up in the air like an expert tumbler already, after a month's practice. And as to Jimmy's wire-walking feats—Ned declared they would soon be earning "fifty per" as "the celebrated Flying Brothers!"

And they had a sacred motive in view, "for mother's sake." She had scrubbed, washed, worked day and night to raise them. Now, even out of the trivial amount they earned selling papers, they had saved a small sum to buy her a new "comfort-rocker" when she came out of the hospital.

Jimmy went through his practice in a half-hearted way. His cherished hopes had been "sat on." He believed in fairies and luck, and therefore in "the Governor" and his turkeys, and he determined to find out more about them the next day, without saying anything about it to the scolding Ned.

Opportunity presented the following afternoon. Jimmy was getting rid of his last "extray," when he recognized a splendid figure coming up the street—it was "the Governor!"

With due awe and hesitation Jimmy approached him, and the smiling, good-natured young man noticed it.

"Well, youngster," he said, "you act as if you wanted to speak to me."

"I do, Governor."

"What's that?" exclaimed the other, puzzled.

"Oh, I know you!" nodded Jimmy in a mysterious, Masonic way—and blurted out his story, and asked to be put on "the two-turkey list."

An amused expression crossed "the Governor's" face. He was only a traveling jewelry salesman, but he could not mar this lad's bright faith. He looked interested and grave when Jimmy told all his story of hardship, hope and endeavor.

"Jimmy Quinn," he said, taking out his note book and making an entry. "Keep quiet about my being the Governor, because I'm a modest man, and don't like to attract attention."

"Yes, sir," promised Jimmy fervently, proud of the confidence implied.

"Thanksgiving day, when your mother comes home, you shall have two turkeys."

behind a satchel containing—but it's gone up! I hoped I could cross to the roof."

"Which room, sir?" demanded Jimmy, in the sparkling ardor of a mighty thought.

"That—where this wire crosses to an arm, and cuts above the court. Boy, stop! Jimmy!"

What! Jimmy had seized the wire. Like a sprite he made a descent to which his practiced hands were insured.

Into the open window—lost in the smoke a moment, into view again, blinding, spluttering, a satchel strapped to his arm!

"I've got it!" he yelled hilariously.

"For mercy's sake, be careful!" remarked the anxious "Governor."

But Jimmy laughed. He even cut an acrobatic cap: across the dangling wire, and, flushed and happy, landed on the opposite roof, tendering the satchel with the words:

"There you are, Mr. Governor!"

That satchel contained "the Governor's" samples, \$20,000 in precious gems.

When he wrote to his firm and then to the insurance people explaining Jimmy's brave and daring exploit, one sent a check for \$300, the other for double that amount.

The happiest woman in Christendom the bright Thanksgiving day ensuing was Mrs. Mary Quinn.

Her "brave lads" had placed \$900 in bank to her account.

And, true to his promise, "the Governor" saw that their merry dinner table was actually graced with two turkeys!



The Meaning of It.

Little Erasmus—Poppy, why dey say Fanksgibbin' turkey, huh?

Poppy—Dat's er cause yo' fank de owm ob de coop fo' leabin' de do' open.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Causes for Thanksgiving.

For all that God in mercy sends;
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance on our daily walk—
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hums of bees,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty food—
For everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep that comes at night,



paper he had just put aside, supposed he had been speaking it out.

"Further," said the pleasant-faced, ine-eyed young man who held the interest of the group by his magnetic oratorical grasp and general good fellowship, "he it ordained that I, the Governor, command that one ten-pound turkey be given to every poor family, family with no father two turkeys, family with no mother three turkeys."

Jimmy got down from painful tiptoe peise, full of the rarest excitement, wrought up by a vivid imagination.

"Crackey!" he exploded. "Here's news!" and bolted down the street for home.

"Home" was a rickety cabin in an unkempt yard. It had known no woman's care for three weeks. Jimmy and his brother had been "keeping bachelor's hall" while she was in the hospital.

Across the back yard was stretched a taut wire, and against it leaned a balance spring-board, with an old torn mattress under it.

Jimmy's older brother, Ned, had just turned a double somersault as the former burst upon the scene with a prolonged:

"Say!"

"Hello! what's up?" queried Ned, posing for another tumble.

"Hold on! Say—great news!"

"Well?"

"The Governor's in town!"

"Hey! what Governor?" challenged Ned, suspiciously and incredulously.

"Why, of the State—the big nob, see? I saw him! I heard him speak his proclamation—go ahead."

"He promised me turkey to every poor

I pledge the Governor's royal word for it, friend Jimmy!"

Jimmy turned over in bed with a yell, and his brother grabbed him. He had been dreaming of ten thousand turkeys roasting on a spit a mile long, and thought he fell in among them.

"Fire!" he shouted.

"Bet your life!" cried Ned. "Get up! There's a corker of a blaze somewhere!"

Sure enough, there was. The town was astir. Half-dressed, the brothers were soon scudding wildly down the street.

"Jimmy," said Ned, breathlessly, as they turned the corner, "the Central's all ablaze!"

The principal hotel of the little inland city was doomed. In the crush the brothers became separated.

Jimmy was hurrying past a building adjoining, when he gave a quick stare.

A man in his shirt sleeves, hatless and barefooted, dashed past him.

"Why?" said Jimmy, electrically. "It's the Governor!"

The man darted up the dark stairs of the vacant building, next across a brief court to the hotel.

Jimmy put after him, he hardly knew why. Up one flight, two, three—the roof, through a scuttle, the man went, before Jimmy overtook him.

"The Governor" ran to the edge of the eaves and looked down.

"No use!" Jimmy heard him groan.

"Mr. Governor, what's the matter?" asked Jimmy, presenting himself in view.

"Hey? Oh, it's you? Well, my boy, I'm ruined, that's all!"

"Yes, sir; but why are you up here?"

"Because the fire drove me out of my room. In the excitement and peril I left

For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see—
O Lord, our hearts we lift to thee—
For everything give thanks!

Our New Subjects.

Chief of the La Drones—I have just been out reading the President's Thanksgiving proclamation to the tribe. Have we a dinner fit for the occasion?

His Wife—Yes, my lord, we have two missionaries and a bottle of domestic eye, made in Kentucky.

Tommy's Thanksgiving.

I'm thankful I've papa and mamma,
And turkey and cranberry sauce,
And mince-pie, and brothers and sisters,
I'm thankful I never am cross.
I'm thankful our school has decided
To close for the rest of the week;
I'm thankful I'm stronger than Jimmy,
And never feel backward to speak.

There'll Be No Parting There.

First Turkey Gobbler—I hear your son had a terrible experience on Thanksgiving day.

Second Turkey Gobbler—Yes; he was all cut up by it.

GOOD Short Stories

It is said that Peter the Great, after witnessing a contest between two eminent counsel at Westminster, London, remarked: "When I left St. Petersburg there were two lawyers there. When I get back I will hang one of them."

Gladstone once talked with much enthusiasm to James Russell Lowell about the noble conduct of the United States Government in providing pensions to the amount of tens of millions of pounds sterling a year for men who had served in the Civil War. "I do not wish to disparage the generosity of my countrymen," was Lowell's reply, "but I may just observe that these persons are voters."

A major and surgeon of the army stationed in the Philippines writes us that recently, when the chief nurse of a small base hospital in Southern Luzon was sent away, there was a great struggle among the five nurses remaining for the vacant position, which meant a distinct increase of pay. Each one of the five came to the office of the surgeon in charge, to show cause why she should be appointed chief nurse, and why none of the others was entitled to that distinction. The young Solomon in charge was "up against it!" but gave the following decision: "Each one of you must write on a piece of paper her exact age, and send it sealed to me. The oldest woman will be made chief nurse." There is still a vacancy as chief nurse in a small base hospital in Southern Luzon.

A London "cabby" says that once two distinguished strangers hailed him at Westminster Palace, and bade him drive at top speed to Marlborough House. After a moment of recollection he recognized the Prince of Wales and his friend the King of Belgium. An awkward attempt at an obeisance from the box was promptly rebuked, and the cabby settled down to his business of driving his royal guests as fast as a hansom may go in London streets. They stopped at Marlborough House, and it was time to pay. "Well driven, cabby," said the Prince; "what do I owe you?" "Please, sir, I've already 'ad a sovereign and a 'arf in the 'ansom," replied cabby, bowing to the Prince and the King of Belgium. "Here's for the King of Belgium, then," said the Prince, handing the driver a sovereign; "I don't count you, you know."

In England on one occasion a junior counsel, on their lordships giving judgment against his client, exclaimed that he was surprised at their decision. This was construed into a contempt of court, and the young barrister was ordered to attend at the bar the next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend, John Scott (afterward Lord Eldon), who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologize for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, Scott rose and coolly addressed the judges. "I am very sorry, my lords," he said, "that my young friend has so far forgotten himself as to treat your lordships with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships. Now, if he had not been ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have done—he would not be surprised at anything you did."

According to Law.

The story is told that in the early days of the railroad in the West there was a farmer who owned two well-bred and useful dogs, named Major and Tighe. The dogs one morning chased a stray hog down the road and stopped to play at the railroad crossing, with the result that Tighe was struck by an engine and killed. The owner promptly began a suit for damages against the road.

Damage suits were a new thing at that time, and there were many neighbors and sympathizers present at the hearing. The engineer swore that he gave a sharp blast of the whistle as he approached the crossing. It looked as if the railroad company was to go scot-free, but the attorney for the farmer knew his justice.

"Your honor," he said, "it is required by the statutes made and provided, that when any person or domestic animal is upon a railroad and is seen by the engineer, he must sound his whistle. In this instance, your honor, there were two domestic animals innocently playing on the track, and the whistle was sounded only once, when it is a positive legal requirement that it should have been blown twice, once for each dog."

So convincing was this argument that the country justice would not even give the railroad attorney a hearing, and awarded the plaintiff the full amount of damages sued for.

The Tallest People in Great Britain.

The south of Scotland, comprising the counties of Wigton and Kirkcubright, has the tallest population of the country, the records of stature giving an average height of 5 feet 10 1/2 inches, without shoes; while the northernmost and border counties of England have a decided superiority over the rest of England and Wales. With respect to the British Isles the order of superiority in stature is: Scotland, 68.71 inches; Ireland, 67.90 inches; England, 67.35 inches; and Wales, 66.68 inches. The shortest stature is found in Wales, the Welsh border counties and the south-west of England.

Bank of England.

In 1894 the capital of the Bank of England was 1,200,000 pounds. It is now 14,500,000 pounds.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption for Asthma. It has given me great relief.—W. L. Wood, Farmersburg, Ind., Sept. 8, 1901.

Big Herd of Buffaloes.

Buffalo day at the Pan-American exposition was signalized by an attendance of 162,652. This, says the Chicago Tribune, is believed to have been the biggest herd of buffaloes ever seen in one inclosure.

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