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The Commercial Journal.

VOL. XVII.--NO. 31. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1886. WHOLE NO. 863.



THE SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

We're thankful for a host of things Too numerous to mention; For sweethearts true and hearts to woo, And all things worth attention.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

The morning came. It came as other Thanksgivings had come—with fresh frolics and merriment.

Dinner time came at last and they gathered round the table gleefully—just as gleefully, I thought, with a self-bitterness, as if they had all been there.

"Why, what's this for?" asked Harry, stopping. "Mother, you've got one chair too many."

"Hush, Harry—I know—don't you see?" and then Lucy finished her sentence in a whisper.

"I turned my head and I saw him, my dead boy Willie. I know it was Willie. You need not doubt me, for I tell you I cannot be mistaken. Should not I know him, I, his mother?"

"Mother!" The voice was breathless, but it was his. "Willie! Willie!"

"Agains! Agains! With one hand he motioned silence. His father's voice hushed the amen, and the children looked up and began their chatter.

"Did you speak to me, Mary?" asked my husband. "No."

"Why, I thought some one spoke during the blessing. I have always known you. So they did not see him. I alone was chosen. I looked into his face, smiling, smiling down into mine so tenderly—you cannot know how tenderly! but in his eyes I saw—"

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"Mary, perhaps the boy has been to you." As this moment the clock on the mantel struck 12. We listened to its strokes till the last one died away.

"It is Thanksgiving morning," said my husband, solemnly.

When the morning really came, with its fresh frolics and merriment, and blue skies; with its merry faces and gay voices, and the happy children rapping at my door, I thought of what he said, "Perhaps the boy has been to you."

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I think that I did think him—I who, only last year, had sat there with my boy beside me.

"I think that when the dear, familiar words flooded the church with halcyon again, as they did that other morning, and John and I clasped hands solemnly—I think we uttered the old, old cry: "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

We stopped after church together where the boy was lying, to let Mary lay down her little green wreath, and I was glad that she could do it calmly. Somehow I felt as if tears would be profanation just then. Then we quietly home.

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This he said to himself as he walked by himself. The other citizens of the farmyard looked at him with gloating faces and the bitterness of envy in their hearts. He had always tyrannized over them, and they hated him with a hatred all the more deadly because it was concealed under the mask of respect. Now, though he had never done a humane or generous thing in his life, they looked him housed and fatted like a pig, and he was invited to come to him every hour. They couldn't understand it; they saw no justice in it, and they murmured against it.

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"for the good world and the good things in it." Think of that little shivering hand clustered on the bitter edge of the continent, with the future before them, many of them with such long lines of happy memories in Old England fishing across the sea into the gloom of their present position like gleams of ruddy freight that stream far out of the cheerful chimney into the cold air.

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A young turkey, who was considered somewhat of a crack because he went classes was greatly given to philosophy and metaphysics, had gone so far as to lecture a lady and was thinking of starting a newspaper, he piped up: "It is my opinion, friends, that we are to blame for our lack of success. The Mikado is merely carrying out the theories of the new school of Boston thinkers and the scientific of the east, which he has dropped on us, exactly hollow, through my teaching. He has a powerful will, and he has secretly and persistently demoralized the good things of life and is getting them. The great force, friends, is mine. But while we have been talking about it, he, like the pirate he is, has grabbed the idea and put it into operation."

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power he would rise some day, seize the reins of government, and trample them all under his feet. If so, I half expect the murder, though I am too much of a Buddhist to sympathize with a festival which involves the destruction of living creatures, the eating of them, too. In the round of existence, depend upon it, my friends, all such things are evened up. They who kill shall be killed in turn; if not in this life, in some embodiment in the far future."

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