

A SENTIMENTAL THANKSGIVING DINNER.

IN FIVE COURSES.

"Ah, give me love and a feast like this,
And in mine own countree,
And the gods may sit on their little thrones
And nod, for ail o' me.

CHORUS.

The world's still turn,
And the stars still burn,
And the gods are out on a spree.
They may have the rest
If they give me the best,
My love and mine own countree."

—*The Banqueter.*

[*A Fashionable Dining Room in Rome, the guests seated at table; at one end a crowd of two, much interested in conversation.*]

COURSE ONE.

Consomme de Volaille a la Rosalie.

He—"I cannot express my admiration for your tact in planning this dinner, Miss Ross."

She—"O! indeed I had nothing at all to do with it, Mr. Thornton, it was all mamma's doing; I should never have thought of it."

He—"Let us grant, for argument's sake, that it is your mother who is the author and founder of the feast. It is none the less the most generous idea that has entered the brain of an American exile for decades. A New England Thanksgiving dinner in Rome! Why, it is equal to hearing 'Marching Through Georgia' on the Bosphorus. But I cannot comprehend how you ever accomplished such a delicate task here in this wilderness, for I know that the regulations which control the preparation of Thanksgiving dinner are as stringent as the laws of Draco, and as changeless as those of the Medes and Persians."

She—"It was not an easy task. Poor mamma's courage almost failed her once. Everything was so discouraging. Luccio, our cook, wept and tore his hair when we gave him the order for dinner. He declared that he would not prepare such dishes, that his repu-

tation and the digestion of the guests would be ruined if he did. See, how pityingly Jacopo looks at us now. An hour ago he tasted the pumpkin pie, then shuddered and was still. And the worry those pies cost us! Mamma said she thought a dish of Nightingale's tongues could have been more easily procured."

[*The servants bring on the next course.*]

SECOND COURSE.

*Quartier d'Agneau—Sauce Mousseline
Pommes Duchesses,
Jambon Westphalia a l'Anglaise.*

He—"What! will there be pumpkin pies? Even those? I wonder how many years have passed since I have eaten any? How fortunate you were to secure a Boston minister and have the traditional New England blessing."

She—"Yes. I don't think there are any real ministers on the Continent, no, nor in England. Of course there are rectors and clergymen, and D. D.'s, but no real ministers. We wanted the dinner to be as American as possible, for Thanksgiving day is so distinctly American. Next to the Fourth of July it seems more our own gala day than other."

He—"You are an American, aren't you?"

She, with surprise—"Why, yes, we come from Maine, you know."

He, smiling—"I had reference not so much to your American birth, as to your decided American sentiments. You are not a Cosmopolitan?"

She, lowering her eyes—"No. I think no American can be."

He—"Most of your country women think differently."

She—"I know it, and I am sorry for it. But tell me, why does Miss Kelley wear