THE POOR CAN GIVE THANKS.

How Lincoln's School Children Aided Them to Do So.

WORK OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Many Cases Disposed Of and Numerous Decisions Handed Down by the Judges—Capital City News in Brief.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

The public school buildings of the city have been the scenes of unwonted activity the last few days and the children have been engaged in a practical work of charity in which they have evinced unbounded enthusiasm. The children adopted a plan of helping out Elder Howe in his good work for the poor by a general donation for Thanksgiving day for all, consequently barrels were placed in the different rooms in the school building, and the way provisions and clothing and everything that will help make a Thanksgiving for the poor has been brought in speaks for the enthusiasm the children have taken in this matter. A day ago new barrels had to be provided to accommodate the supplies. One gentleman relates that he discovered upon going home at night, that his two boys, in their enthusiasm, were fairly denuding his cellar, and if he had not arrived just as he did, the division which the boys were making would give the poor more than he would have left himself.

SUPREME COURT DOINGS.

Court met yesterday pursuant to adjournment. Mr. H. J. Davis, of Omaha, was admitted to practice. State, ex rel. Richards vs McMillin, relator to serve and file briefs in ten days, respondent in ten days thereafter.

The following causes were continued: More vs Wilms; Hull vs. Powell; State ex rel. Short vs Sherman county; State ex rel. Hopkins vs S. D. 7 Sherman county; Reed vs Smith; Barbor vs Boehm; Wilcox vs Raben; Chambers vs Dayton; Weaver vs Cressman; School district vs O'Shea; Matthews vs Monroe; Stabler vs Maxon; Atkinson vs Hasty; State, ex rel. Robertson vs School district; McNamara vs Caban; Black vs Caban; Gatz vs Caban; Muller vs Caban; Rogers vs Thurston.

The following causes were argued and submitted: McCormick vs Paddock; Stadebaker vs McCargur, Throckmorton vs. State, ex rel Heilman; Graham vs Flynn; Nyce vs Shaffer; Palmer vs Rowan; Shuman vs Willetts; Gifford vs Republican Valley & Kansas railroad; Hutchinson vs Hubbard; Lavender vs Holmes; Steinkrans vs Hallburt.

Court adjourned to Tuesday, November 30, at 8:30 o'clock a. m.

DECISIONS FILED.

Gillispie vs Smith. Error from Lancaster county. Reversed. Opinion by Maxwell, Ch. J.

Where a married woman signed a note for a stranger as surety and thereby enabled him to borrow money, and in an action on the notes alleged in substance, that she signed the same only as surety and "that she received no part of the consideratton for which said notes were given, and no benefit accrued from said notes to her or her seperate estate:" Held, that as her non-liability can arise only from her inability to enter into the contract, she must show by her answer that "the contract did not concern her separate property, trade or business

Courtry vs Edderly. Appeal from Lancaster county. Reversed. Opinion by Maxwell, Ch. J.

One M. brought an action in equity to enjoin a sale upon execution, of real estate owned by him, upon the ground that since the recovery of the judgment he had been discharged from the debt by proceedings in bankruptcy. To this petition the plaintiff answered in substance, that while said proceedings in bankruptcy were pending, the plaintiff was the owner of the real estate in controversy in the name of another, and that he fraudulently failed to list the same as part of his assets. Held, that the court as a condition of granting relief should apply the maxim, "He who seeks equity must do equity," and the relief may be denied except upon condition of paying the debt.

Whitehorn vs Cranz. Appeal from Douglas county. Affirmed. Opinion by Maxwell, Ch. J.

1. On the facts stated in the opinion, held that the appellant had no contract for the purchase of the real estate in controversy.

2. At the time of the attempted purchase the appellant had notice of the prior sale of the premises to a third party and could acquire no title as against such party where the sale was bona fide.

3. A purchaser with notice is liable to the same equity and is bound to do that which the person he represents could have been required to do but for the conveyance.

State, ex rel. Perry, vs Clay County. Mandamus. Writ allowed. Opinion by Maxwell, Ch. J.

1. Where bonds were issued by a precinct to be delivered to certain persons named upon their executing a satisfactory bond with approved securities, to the county commissioners, "conditioned for the erection of a grist mill on the Little Blue river east of Spring ranch, in said precinct, said grist mill to be first-class in all respects, with capacity for two run of stone if trade demands," etc.: Held, After the issuance of the bonds and erection of mill, where no question is made in the pleadings that the mill is not propelled by water, that it will be presumed from the words, "On the Little Blue river."

2. Bonds issued pursuant to law for a grist mill propelled by water are valid.

Cook vs Pickrell. Error from York county. Reversed. Opinion by Cobb, J.

The evidence examined and held insufficient to sustain the verdict.

Sornborger vs Berggren. Error from Saunders county. Reversed. Opinion by Maxwell, Ch. J.

One S. took an assignment of a contract of purchase of certain railroad lands and rented said lands to a tenant for a share of the crops. The contract of purchase contained a provision that in case of the failure of the purchaser or his assignee to make payment thereon "and each of them punctually and upon the strict terms and times above limited and likewise perform and complete all and each of his agreements and stipulations aforesaid, strictly and literally, without any failure or default so far as it may bind said first party, shall become utterly null and void," etc: Held, 1st. That the rights of the vendee did not terminate until there was an actural forfeiture. 2d. That where the vendee had been in default for a number of years and had by his tenant sowed a crop before a forfeiture of his estate in the land, such forfeiture before the crops were ripe did not deprive him of his interest in such crops.

Frank Heldt v. State. Error from Colfax county. Reversed. Opinion by Maxwell, Ch. J.

1. Where a detective in the guise of a friend induced a suspected party to make a confession of a crime, without inducement of any kind except at his request, he said that he had consulted an attorney for the prisoner, who said: "He (the prisoner) had better tell the facts of the case, and that they would be likely to do him as much good as anything he could do; that there was no use of lying about it and he had better tell the truth." Held: 1st. That the alleged confession was admissible in evidence; 2d. That the credibility of a witness who by deceit, misrepresentation and other disreputable means, has obtained an alleged confession from a prisoner is for a jury who should be specially instructed on that point.

2. An instruction that "Persons sometimes say they are morally certain of the existence of a fact or facts, but have not the evidence to prove it. This is the condition of mind one is in when convinced beyond reasonable doubt" is erroneous.

3. Where the defendant in a criminal case has pleaded not guilty, the jury, in order to convict him of the offense charged, must find from the evidence that he is guilty, and the court has no authority to say to them that certain "allegations are uncontradicted, and therefore may be by the jury considered as proved." The credibility of the witnesses must be submitted to the jury.

4. Instructions must be excepted in order to obtain a review of them in the supreme court.

5. If a person accused of crime testifies in his own behalf, he is to be treated as any other witness, and if he fails to deny a material fact which has been testified against him, the district attorney may comment upon such omission in his argument to the jury.

Fritz vs. Grosnicklaus. Error from Holt county. Affirmed. Opinion by Reese, J.

1. Petition in an action to quiet title examined and held, to state a cause of action.

2. The filing of a demurrer to a pleading is a waiver of the right to file a motion for an order requiring the pleader to make the allegations of the pleading assailed more definite and certain.

3. A motion, after judgment, to set aside a default, should be accompanied by an answer showing a defense to the action. If not, and no defense is sought to be shown, the motion should be overruled.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

District court adjourned for this term yesterday. In the question asked for a new trial in the Hoffman-Rosewater libel suit, the judge refused a new trial and forty days were given from the rising of the court to reduce exceptions to writing.

H. T. Clarke, Wm. Blair, Attorney Geo. W. Doane, Captain A. Allee, Hon. John M. Thurston, Hon. R. S. Hall, H. B. Smith, O. B. Ramsey, G. P. Clark were the delegation of Omaha citizens in Lincoln yesterday on business in the city and before the supreme court.

Ex-Senator A. S. Paddock, of Beatrice, was in the city looking up political sights and insights yesterday.

Judge F. G. Hamer and Attorney D. C. Calkins, of Kearney, were visitors at the state capital yesterday on legal business.

Union services are held to-day in commemoration of Thanksgiving day, in which the Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches will unite at the church of the latter.

The young man who was accidentally shot with a revolver Tuesday night was on the highway to recovery yesterday with no serious results anticipated.

There is a frozen mud blockade on one of the lines of the street cars, from Tenth and P to the depot, and cars are not run over the line in that part of town.

The Missouri Pacific wreck was not cleared yesterday morning in their yards, and trains unloaded their passengers out in the suburbs as they did the day before.

J. T. Brown, Madison; J. W. Johnson, Crete; T. F. Mead, York, and E. Palmer, Plattsmouth, were among the Nebraskans in town yesterday.

Postmaster Watkins Replies.

To the Editor of the BEE: I should not be so presumptious as to complain of the full exercise by "journalism" of its well known prerogative and end, namely, personal defamation and lying, so long as it affected myself only. But as the wholly false statement in recent Lincoln correspondence of the BEE, that by reason of my hidebound partisanship the flag was not raised over this building on the occasion of ex-President Arthur's death, has been used extensively for slandering my party also, it seems worth while to notice it.

Before the criticism in question appeared I had determined to make a suitable demonstration on the day of the ex-president's funeral, whether expected special instructions from Washington should come or not. This plan was adopted with the suggestion and approval of my republican assistants in the postoffice, whom my "hidebound partisanship" has retained for the good of the service. Accordingly the flag was placed at half-mast and the postoffice was appropriately draped and closed from 10 o'clock a. m. to 1 p. m. This was more than a mere formal mark of respect on my part, since I had a warm admiration for the ability, dignity and fairness of the lamented president's administration. Any proper criticism in the matter must therefore be based upon mere questions of detail and taste which it is not pertinent or worth while to discuss.

The malignant partisanship of the article in the BEE seems especially reprehensible, coming while the memory of Lincoln republicans of the enthusiastic unanimity with which democrats here assisted at the imposing funeral services of General Grant, is yet green. I have not forgotten either that on that occasion, owing to my "hide-bound partisanship" the State Democrat office was draped and remained in mourning for thirty days. Since your correspondent made the state house flags the standard as to the mere details of funeral etiquette in question, democrats in Lincoln could not be expected to be over-fastidious or over-zealous in observing Mr. Arthur's physical death. For the reference calls to mind the sympathy one of them, at least, felt for good taste and for the many ardent friends of the lamented president here, when his repudiation by the national republican convention of 1884 was ostentatiously celebrated by the display of these same state house flags.

Very respectfully,
ALBERT WATKINS,
Custodian U. S. Court House and Postoffice.
LINCOLN, Nov. 24, 1886.

The Sesquehanna river, opposite Wrightsville and Columbia, just above the dam, is said to be literally covered with wild ducks, and the sportsmen keep up a regular fusilade on them all day long. One man brought 78 ducks to York one morning recently.

MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

By H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

To give
all good people
a proper Thanks-
glad-ly relinquish
living and hereby
I Will, and who
will forfeit the dinner
by these presents,
leav-ing nothing
to work, desire
cremated with
carved so that
share. My drum sticks I giving I
the pleasure of
declare my last
tries to break it
he'll prize. Now, know
that I, Thomas Turk,
for people too lazy
to be stuffed and
care and skillfully
each gets his
give to two nice
little boys, in hopes they will add many "pounds" to their
joys; My "wish bone" must go to a sweet little maid, whose wish
will by fairies be surely obeyed; my wings, heart and breast to
the ladies must go, with plenty of "dressi g," which pleases
them so. My dark meat and gizzard and liver so fine to man, it
they're thankful, I duly assign: to the carver, provided he's
carved "on the square," I leave my own "Turk's cap,"
he proudly may wear. And, now, if I happen, alas,
to be tough, or, being so hungry you don't get
enough, please fill up with pumpkin pies, yellow
as gold, with all the sweet cider you ever can
hold. But value this Turkey's Thanksgiving
bequest, who for you just dies so
you all may
digest.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1886.

Minnie Irving in New York Mercury.

Beneath the homestead's sloping eaves
We gather round the board,
And for the golden harvest sent
Give thanks unto the Lord.
But from the bursting bins and barns
Oh, spare a thought, I pray,
For those who kept in wintry woods
The first Thanksgiving Day!

The face of Heaven was veiled and dark,
And all the world beneath,
Of withered wood and wold, lay hid
Within a snowy sheath.
They shivered in the bitter blast,
For thin y clad were they,
The pil rim fathers long ago
Who kept Thanksgiving Day.

With all his train of feathered dames
Behind him in a row,
They saw a lordly bird with plumes
Like polished metal go.
The aim was sure, the bullet true,
In throes of death he lay,
And feasting on his dainty flesh
They kept Thanksgiving Day.

The graves wherein their fathers slept,
The fields and fells of home,
Were leagues beyond the forest dark,
Across the wintry foam.
Though want and fear abided there,
And peril barred the way,
Yet, lonely in a lonely land,
They kept Thanksgiving Day.

In all the pleasant fields about,
Upon the forest vines,
Sweet Cinderella's fairy coach,
The yellow pumpkin shines.
And still with all his train of dames
The turkey struts away,
As in the winter-whitened woods
That first Thanksgiving day.

Our fathers' graves are on the hill,
The dear ones at the knee,
The storehouse full of goodly things,
How grateful we should be!
They thanked the Lord for perils passed,
And for the right to pray,
Then let us doubly thank Him now
For this Thanksgiving Day!

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER.

Joseph Walton in the Caterer.

O Thou Grand Builder of the universe!
Who mak'st the rolling worlds and peopleest them
With creatures—Who watchest the sparrow fall
And shap'st the fate of nations—
Hear us, we beseech Thee! Bend low thine ear,
And in Thy mercy heed, while now the nation
Kneels with her thank offering.

Another year
Upon the circled track of Time has passed
And still she holds Thy favor. Oh, give her,
We implore Thee, a sense of all Thy blessings—
A full sense to know, so, in the knowledge
She may worthier be to wear them.

All this, O Great Supreme!
She lowly asks through Him Thou lovest.

MEG'S AND MISS SALLY'S THANKSGIVING.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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Miss Sally did not exactly keep a shop, not that there would have been anything in it if she had, or that it would have been at all derogatory to her dignity. Born in no more exalted station in life than her neighbors, she could as well afford to sell as they to buy, better, perhaps, in view of the prices she had. Still it was a question of fact, and the fact was, as she often asserted, that she did not keep a shop; she kept a superfluous few of the articles that everybody wants, and she let the neighbors have them for nothing in the world but their accommodation. If she accepted for them three times the price asked down town, two miles or more away, that was for her accommodation; they needn't take them at that, or any other price; it was optional, and so no harm was done, she reasoned.

But as Miss Sally had no other visible means of support than her small house and garden, it became her to be quite wide awake in the matter of this accommodation. So she sold needles for a cent apiece, that she bought for a cent a score, and darning cotton and knitting yarn and spool thread, and white cloth and edgings and buttons, and general small haberdashery, together with peppermint and chewing gum and lozenges, all at about two thousand per cent, and made a good thing of it. So that, while she appeared to have only a little house and garden, various savings bank books hidden away in unsuspected recesses, would have told a different story. Indeed, her subscription to the minister's salary, as it was, gave her that modicum of respect and consideration in the parish, usually accorded to those who had the power to confer benefits, and so did her contributions to the foreign missionary fund, and to the Bethel society, and to the General Charitable; and it was well known that the way she first came to have superfluous things to dispose of as she did was through work she undertook to do when she made sunbonnets for the Sioux spinsters, and had more left over than she could use. So, as I have intimated, Miss Sally's house was not a shop; any body taking a cosy cup of tea by her bright grate, with thin slices of buttered toast handed by Meg, and a relish of smoked tongue, would never have suspected that the big closet beside the chimney held countless boxes of her business supplies as well a pile of braided rugs that by day overlaid the pretty bright carpet on her floor. And, indeed, a person actually coming to buy, and sitting on a remote chair near the door, while unconcernedly Miss Sally opened the big closet and took down this box and that box, rummaging with cool indifference to the purchasers possible impatience, perhaps not finding the article till the last box of all was reached, and perhaps not till leisurely returning to the first box, after which every box had to be restored to its place before the article was delivered to the customer—any person, I say, undergoing this ordeal, would be very sure Miss Sally did not keep a shop, and would be likely to wish either that she did or that she herself had gone down town for her bargain. There was certainly nothing like a shop, moreover, when you tapped, and a voice said "Come in," and you were served with the ball of tape you wished, just taken out of the work basket beside the worthy woman sitting at the window, and all with no ceremony at all.

Most of Miss Sally's customers were women, the wives and wayfarers of the neighborhood, with now and then a child for his penny's worth of candy. If Miss Sally was lavishly inclined that day, the child got a whole stick, but all her days were not lavish ones, and he was more often allowed to bite off his portion; with a Gibraltar or a Nelson ball that could not be done, so she did not keep Gibraltars. Now and then, inadvertantly as it were, she set a jar of pickled limes on her window-sill, as if purely by accident till a better place was found, and that day the pennies poured in till the cask of limes in the cellar-way was exhausted, and she was, too. But that was a venture she did not often make, least pickled limes should pall on the rural appetite. More often, Meg made a panfull of fresh molasses candy, and that, stretched into sticks was set up behind the pane, as if merely to cool, and made an equally rapid disappearance with the times.

Another feature of Miss Sally's commercial career was that she did not sell to every one. Had a person come in and demanded anything, after the custom of shoppers, saying simply and directly, "I want a paper of pins," Miss Sally would have straightened her stiff back and would have replied, "My dear they sell pins down town," and not a pin would that person have drawn from her stock of papers. But had one run in and thrown herself half breathlessly into the first chair and said, "Oh, dear Miss Sally, here's Nellie dressing for the quarterly concert and not a pin in the house. I declare I don't know where all the pins go to, I should think there'd been enough lost to raise the level of the earth. I wonder if you can't find a paper to spare me." Then the pins would have been forthcoming with dignified, leisurely movement, even if it were only a row of them that was wanted. That child might go buttonless who came for buttons in a business way; but if he said, "Please, Miss Sally, ma wants to know if you can't 'commodate her with enough buttons for my tier, she couldn't somehow get down town to-day, and she wants to finish it up," he got his money's worth, as Miss Sally reckoned buttons. The candy and the pickled limes proved the only exceptions to this practice, not that Miss Sally had any tenderer feelings toward their purchasers; she didn't; she hated boys and despised girls, but because both articles must be worked off before softening.

So, you may understand, Miss Sally did not keep a shop. And when, at twilight, she went out to fasten a refractory shutter, it was an exceedingly improper question addressed to her by a woman with a bundle in her arms—"Can you tell me if this is Miss Sally Payson's shop?"

"There is no such place that I know of," said Miss Sally with freezing dignity—the November night was cold and she retreated into the house, and presently remarked to Meg that she never saw anything like the insolence of the common people now-a-days, to which Meg, with a profound conviction that she was not one of them, replied that indeed she might have thought so if she'd seen the woman over fields refuse the broken vituals that morning.

"Refuse our cold food?" cried Miss Sally, "Dear, dear, what are we coming to?"

"Reg'larly refused it," said Meg, twisting up her wisp of always escaping back hair, said 'she didn't want nobody's sour provender; said the pease porridge was no better'n swill; said decent folks would a had a pie baked for her come Thanksgiving, but she hadn't nothing to be thankful for to us.'"

"Humph! I guess she's as much to be thankful for as we have in this dreary weather. For my part I never could see what Thanksgiving's appointed for in such wicked weather. Now, if it came along the first of June or so, with the sun shining and pleasant winds blowing, and birds singing, and flowers opening, and all, one might be thankful. But now, with snow in the air enough to nip your nose, and lonesome—why, there's been nobody in this week to speak of!—" which was Miss Sally's euphristic way of stating that trade was poor, "I don't see what I've got to be thankful for."

"Well, I declare, Miss Sally, if you've nothing, what 've I?" said Meg.

"You've a good home, and good wages and good health," returned Miss Sally, shortly; "whose been putting ridiculous notions into your head? What more do you want?"

"A great deal more," said Meg, "a home of my own, for instance, and nobody to say why do you do so, in it, money enough without wages; a silk gown, maybe a horse and wagon, and somebody to drive—a husband or anybody! And, yes, Miss Sally, it don't do no hurt to say, but a house don't seem a house to me, 'though there's a baby in it. And you won't ever have a cat?"

"A baby!" cried Miss Sally. "I'd as leave have a viper."

And just at that moment there came a feeble little wail in the direction of the front door. And whether it was a baby or a cat, it was something alive; and Meg darted to the door, followed slowly by Miss Sally, holding aloft her kerosene lamp, and not fairly getting there till Meg came darting back with a little noisy bundle in her hands, leaving Miss Sally to close the door, while she flung herself down on the hearth and proceeded to undo the wrappings that half stifled the feeble wail. And it was not by any means so feeble when that was done, but a good lusty roar that struck terror to the heart of Miss Sally and made her clap her hands to her ears. "Don't touch it! don't touch it!" she screamed, dimly remembering something about dead bodies and coroners: "We may have to keep it if you do!"

"Keep it," exclaimed Meg, "I want to. It's a real live baby."

"Oh, Meg, Meg!" cried Miss Sally, sinking on a chair, "just think of my reputation."

"Just think of nonsense!" answered Meg, with her mouth already full of pins. "There, there, it's a darling, it's a dear, hushly, hushby, hush," and the baby was resting on her shoulder, its back patted jarringly by the sturdy, rough hand of the maid, and with its little head dropping aside, was sinking with a sense of warmth and comfort into an unwilling dream, while Miss Sally sat speechless with horror, disgust, apprehension and amazement.

"Yes," said Meg, after a little, gently disengaging the clutch of the fat fists in her neck-gear and bringing the baby down to her lap. "As if your reputation was worth a cent beside this dear baby's life, out there on the steps in this lager wether."

"My reputation's worth everything," gasped Miss Sally.

"To you, may be. There ain't nobody else cares a rap about it, 'xcept me. To tell the truth, I shouldn't wonder if the folks would care a great deal more for your reputation if there was something to say about it."

"Meg!"

"Yes, Miss Sally, it's just so. They'd think a heap more about you than they do, if you furnished them talk and wonder and all that, you know."

"Talk about my reputation," awfully.

"Laws, now, Miss Sally, as if your reputation was anything that could be talked about at your age."

"At my age!" screamed Miss Sally.

"Yes'm At your age folks is usually beyond reproach, and what's it matter. I'd like to know, if they're not? I suppose you'd a great sight rather folks would talk than that this little innocent should get its death out there in the cold?"

"I'm sure I hadn't," cried Miss Sally, sharply.

"I had."

"You're an ungrateful woman! and you don't deserve ——"

"Come now, Miss Sally, who'm I ungrateful to? You've paid me good wages, and I've give you good service, and the things even between us. I don't owe you nothing. An' I do owe this little innocent, christian charity, or heathen either, to the point of saving its poor sweet life—"

"Look here, Meg," and Miss Sally took her mental breath, "you don't mean to say that child's life's not worse than useless to it—"

"Tain't for me to say. All I've got to do about it, all you've got to do, is not to allow or commit murder."

"Murder! How you do talk, Meg."

"No more nor less 'm."

"Oh, my heart, my heart," sobbed the elder woman, "what are we coming to? I've either got to commit murder or have my reputation ruined!"

"Oh, keep still now, Miss Payson! I ain't going to let you commit murder, and as for reputation—say it's mine. I'll risk my reputation."

And to anyone looking at her generally, with her pink face and its rudimentary features, with the one yellow and the other blue, with its customary main and feeble smile, it would seem as if she might have done so with impunity But to-night, on poor Meg's face there was a light, a tender joy, a lively determination that transformed it and shed over it something almost angelic. "Yes," said she "He's my baby, henceforth and forever and it won't trouble him that one of my eyes is blue and the other yellow, he'll never know my face is all one side; he'll know his dear Meg loves him and looks out for him, and bakes cakes for him—"

"My cakes," groaned Miss Sally.

"Well, Miss Sally, we'll settle that right here! I'm obliged to you for giving up all claim to the little dear. I always did love babies. If you could pick them off of bushes, I'd—, I don't know what I wouldn't a done. But I ain't no more favorable than you be to the nuisance of a man about the house, with his boots and his lordliness—"

"He'll be a man," sobbed Miss Sally.

"Well, we'll be dead first. And as I was saying, I'm obliged to you for crying off in this case and I'll be reasonable with you and as long as this child stays here with me, I'll take half wages. And I'm sure that's fair. For he'll presently be a great help himself,—he'll be digging the paths in the snow, and helping bring in the clothes, and splitting kindlings, bless his sweet soul! Who'd think it, looking at those little wax hands. And I tell you that a boy in the house is more protection than a mastiff, and then Miss Sally—"

"Oh, Meg, Meg," sobbed Miss Sally, in a stifled way, her head falling forward on her knees, the picture of grief and despair. "It's Thanksgiving to-morrow, and here's what I've got to be thankful for, and I thought it was little enough before. I've got to take the chances of committing infanticide by leaving the thing out in the cold, or I've got to be scandalized and slandered as soon as the neighbors hear, or—"

"You ain't got nothing of the sort on hand. I won't let you leave the baby out in the cold, I tell you, and that's flat. So that's the end of that worsted; and as for the scandalizing, I declare you're enough to make a cat laugh—scandalize Methusalum first!"

"Or else," continued Miss Sally, chokingly and without heeding, "I've got to have a horrid, great, nasty boy grow up in the house, and bring in mud, and batter the furniture and eat the candy and limes himself, and be under your feet and under your nose all the time, and make life a burden, an intolerable burden—our pleasant little quiet life—and all his clothes to buy, and his boots, and quarts of milk to take, when we only use a half-pint, and you know, of course, I can't let you bear all the expense, and it seems an outrage, it does, that I should have to spend out of my little savings for something I don't want, and don't like, and can't endure, and won't have!" cried Miss Sally, rising with her wrath.

"You needn't have him," said Meg, coolly, laying back the little skirts and rubbing the mottled legs. "My! what a sturdy chap it is! Oh, the dear little feet! Just look at them now, Miss Sally; oh, just see the pink toes, see 'em, see 'em! This little pig goes to market—"

"Meg!" cried Miss Sally, severely, "you're getting to be a fool quicker than I thought you would!"

"Oh, now, Miss Sally, I don't know how you can have such a hard heart, when you see these dear little chubby legs and think of them bime-by a-running your arrants!"

"They never shall run my errands. There's enough boys to run errands always to be had and I detest a boy anyway. I never could see what the Lord made them for the way he did, any more than fleas and donkeys and chirping sparrows. I wouldn't have a boy in the world if I had my way!"

"Pretty sort of a world!" sniffed Meg.

"Good enough for me," said Miss Sally. "A world of order and peace and quietness. The very last boy I met put his tongue in his cheek at me when I told him to get out of my path with his wheelbarrow thing. If there must be boys anyway—"

"Miss Sally, you're getting blasphemous!"

"I am! Well, blasphemous or not then," cried the indignant spinster, "this boy, at any rate, isn't going to stay here another second. He's going to the almshouse as soon as you can trudge with him!"

"I shan't take him there."

"Then I will as soon as I can get my bonnet on, and as sure as my name's Sarah Ann Payson!"

"You know no more how to handle him than if he was a slippery fish He'd be upside down in your hands, the way he'd carry a cat himself, if he was big enough. And I won't be a party to any such cruelty. You've got money to take care of this child, and the Lord has sent him to you—he's sent him to you a great deal more than if you had gone and had him yourself."

"Meg! Margaret! You——"

"Yes, and you'd a sight better spend your money a taking care of him than to be a sending out to the naked little heathen to grease themselves in the sun! Some day the Lord'll require an account of you, and he'll say, 'where's the child I sent you to bring up in my fear?' and you'll have to answer, 'I sent him off to the poor house and he grew up a thief, and was killed in a drunken row, and I guess he's in hell; and his soul will be required of you!' said Meg, with dreadful distinctness. "That's what you'll come to, Miss Sally Payson, and I won't help you on your way to it!"

Miss Sally was thunderstruck one moment, but being a woman of decisive action, only a moment. Then she started to her feet, with a wild gesture of determination. "Where's my hat?" she cried. "Where's my rubbers? Where's my clock? I never was talked to so before in my life, and me a church member—and by help that I've been as good to as a sister—and I never will be again! and that imp's going to the poor house, where he belongs."

"Then I'm going, too, that's all. If you can't keep him you can't keep me," said Meg. "So there'll be two of us takin' him. I don't care! When I'm an old woman, he'll be taking me to evening meetings, and such, the honey, the dear lamb—oh, he's opening his eyes!" cried Meg, diverted from the point. "What bright eyes," staring right at the lamp without blinking, eyes just like two stars in the night, and they're just perfect, all complete with lashes."

"What did you expect them to be?" growled Miss Sally.

"I didn't expect them at all. Oh, Miss Sally, he's a—laughing—or else—he's going to cry. My goodness, he's got hold of my finger, my great rough finger, and he's a sucking it for dear life; bless his heart, he's hungry. Oh, what a shame, what a shame. What sort of a cruel creature can a mother be that leaves such a little darling on this door step?"

"She knew where he'd be well off, I suppose," said Miss Sally, grimly.

"Looks so, and aint you shamed, turning from your door one of the Lord's children? Well, I aint got that to answer for. Yes, I shall go where he goes. I've made my mind up. He's a dear, and I always wanted him, and now I've got him and—what was we talking about when he came into our lives? To-morrow'll be the first great genuine Thanksgiving day I ever came across!" and she lifted the baby to her face, and snuggled and kissed him till he squirmed and lifted up his voice and bawled again in good earnest. "I'd orter know better," she exclaimed, quieting him, "but I'm so glad of him I don't know how to behave. There, there, there, the sweeting. Talk about having nothing to be thankful for! tomorrow will be the longest day in my life—its began now. I feel thanksgiving all through me, and I know enough to be thankful for that, too, if you don't."

But Miss Sally had again subsided. "Thanksgiving, oh, Thanksgiving!" she whimpered. "As if the turkey wouldn't stick in my throat. Thanksgiving for me! Little enough before, and now, nothing, nothing, nothing—and the one that has lived with me for years, the friend of years, that I trusted and leaned on, and expected to have closed my eyes at last, leaving me, betraying me, forsaking me, and all for the sake of a thing she never saw until an hour ago! I wish I was dead already, that I do!"

"Well, Miss Sally Payson," said the obdurate Meg, "it's a pretty how-dye-do if all you was a keepin' me for was to close your eyes at last! If you can't close them yourself, it's a pity. Who's going to close mine?"

"Your baby, there."

"The dear lamb. There, I must heat him some milk, whatever happens, and that right away. He can't get all his nourishment outer my finger sweet's it is, and you must hold him while I get it."

"Me?" screamed Miss Sally starting to feet and shrinking back and away: "Oh, I can't! Don't come near me!" she cried holding up both her hands as if the little foundling were an assaulting party. "Don't, I say!"

"There ain't nobody else to do it, and you've got to," said Meg, emphatically. "And if you let him drop you'll have to answer for it!" and she laid the baby on Miss Sally's outstretched and forbidding arms before the worthy spinster could hinder. And as she did so, the baby reached his little hands for the glasses that lay pushed back on her forehead, and cooed and kicked, and as she bent scrutinizingly over it one instant, it looked up in her face and laughed, a lovely, trusting gurgle of a laugh, and before she knew what she had done, Miss Sally had stooped and kissed it. And then she started back as if she had touched a scorpion, and came so near dropping the child that she caught it in such wise that it would have been less than human not to have emitted a yell. "Take it quick!" she screamed. "Take it; somebody take it; I shall break it!" and she stood there holding it off at arm's length, and ready to cry herself as she exclaimed, "Oh, I always said they were just like vermin!" But there being now, as Meg had said, no help for it, she by-and-by sat down before the fire and laid the crying baby on her lap, and rumpled the little petticoats this way and that to get the rosy feet to the fire, as she had seen Meg do, and dropping both her arms at her side leaned back helplessly with the tears running down her face and mingling with the tears on the little face in her lap. "Oh, what have I done, what have I done to deserve this!" she moaned, while a vision of tape overcharged for, and hooks and eyes that involved a swindle, and alpaca braid whose sale was robbery, swept before her, and she cried, "Oh, my sins have found me out; I am being punished for them all! But it does seem cruel—right on the edge—of Thanksgiving!" And had it been the old man of the sea confronting her, the tears she shed were salt enough to make him feel at home.

Into this very trance of acquiescent wretchedness and helplessness there came a rap, and then a quick, imperious ring, and the door burst open, and a young woman dashed from the tiny hall to the tiny parlor, crying out, "My baby! oh my baby! Where is he? Tell me where he is!" and snatched the little object from Miss Sally's knees and covered him with kisses and caresses, and deafened him with inarticulate cries and ejaculations, and flung herself into the opposite chair, and burst into hysteric tears far wilder than Miss Sally's were, but not by any means the helpless ones that encouraged and revived woman began to wipe away. "There," the voice of Meg outside was heard to say, "Here it is as warm as toast."

"Do you mean to say," Miss Sally was beginning.

"Oh, my Lord! my Lord!" cried Meg, entering the door, and absorbing the situation, and setting down the heater milk, she sank into a heap and threw her apron over her head as if it was the typical sack cloth, full of ashes "She's come for it, she's come for it. I knew she would. I might have known she would, I felt it in my bones! I might have known such blessings wasn't for me—me that can't even keep a cat! Oh, it's just my luck, just as I got the thing I wanted all my life long, the thing I wanted most in all the world! I never had anything the way I wanted—and now—just as I'd a hope."

"Well, I never, Margaret Mowers!" cried Miss Sally, bringing down and adjusting her glasses with dainty precision between her first and second fingers. "Taking that unchristian way on the night before Thanksgiving. I'm sure I think you have been signally blessed, and I know I have! Here's this person come for her baby, I don't know who she is or how it came here exactly, it's enough for me to know she's going to take it away with her—"

"It's a great deal too much to know," wept Meg.

But by this time the mother of the baby, recovering her equipoise in some degree, looked from one to the other of the women with large eyes. "I left my baby with the maid, while I went to inquire the way," she said, "after the carriage broke down, and she was frightened, I suppose, at something, and dropped it and ran away, or else she played me a cruel trick," she cried, her voice again obscured, "and I've only just found it."

"And I've lost it, I've lost it!" exclaimed Meg, and suddenly she rushed toward the mother and the baby, with heaven knows what intention, but probably with the idea of one last, devouring kiss; but the mother, full of unknown terror, glaring like a young tigress at the assault, gathered her baby to herself and dexterously slipped past Meg and through the door and out of sight. Miss Sally pushed the bolt of the door after her triumphantly and came back and threw herself in to her little easy chair and put her toes on the andirons. "I thought it was going to snow," she said, perhaps irrelevently, "but it isn't. It's going to be a very good sort of a Thanksgiving day, after all. I'm so relieved. I think I shall go to meeting to morrow, and wear my new bonnet. I'm sure I've enough to give thanks for."

"I ain't sobbed Meg. "I've got nothing. "It's the way I've always been served—the cup held to the lip and then snatched away!"

"You shall have something, Meg," said Miss Sally, with lofty serenity; "you've been a good friend and great help to me. I make no doubt you could have left me and gone with that wild young woman if you would. She needed just such a person to take care of her baby, she couldn't take care of it; and now I tell you what," clearing her throat and pausing, "though I don't keep a shop, you know," she recommenced, "yet I have certain ways of my own, small speculations, and from this moment I make you a full partner in—in what we may call my enterprises. And out of your savings—and let me tell you, Meg, they will be considerable—you can lay by enough presently to be able to choose a baby from the Little Wanderers' home, and put him somewhere where you can see him every day, and as good as bring him up yourself. That is, if you keep him out of the house, you know, and if that don't make you thankful, Meg," said Miss Sally, leaning back and rocking violently, "nothing will."

Meg looked up with her streaming eyes.

"Fully partaer," said Sally, "fifty per cent of all the profits."

"I don't know what you mean," said Meg, slowly.

"I mean that when I get five cents for a spool of cotton, half of that'll be yours over and above the price of the spool."

"I shan't do it Miss Sally," said Meg stoutly. "I shan't do no such ridiculous nonsense!"

"You can't help yourself. If you don't take the money I shall put it in the bank for you."

"Well," said Meg, slowly, after a season of deliberation. "It's good of you Miss Sally. It's uncalled for. I'd served you faithful without it as long as you lived! You're like Divine Providence to me, and that's a fact."

"It won't make any difference, Meg, I should have left the heft of what I have to you, any way, for your "life time."

"Well," said Meg again, "I s'pose I'd orter to feel thankful for such a rise in fortune. It's more to me, I know, with what I'd like to do with money, than all Vanderbilt's is to him. I ought to look at it as a regular cause of thanksgiving. It's something mightily out of the common. But, Miss Sally, it isn't kith and kin; money don't warm your heart for you; you can't hold it in your arms and love it; it don't pay you for having no child nor no cat round. But there's one thing," she suddenly exclaimed, while Miss Sally looked aghast, "I can always give the little boys two sticks of candy for a cent, outen my share, and so make every day to them a Thanksgiving day!"

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