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VOL. XXV.

TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

NO. 1299.

Miscellaneous.

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Moetig.

THANKSGIVING. The grass came up in spring and grew The great, wide closures over; The heavy kine went knee-deep through The riot vines of clover; The gregal bees on virgin bloom Their waxen thighs were drumming.

By vale and mead, with new perfume, The vagrant air was coming. With stubble thick the fields were set, Their yellow glory winnowed, And mild October winds were met In holy autumn synod;

And thus the goodly news went round Till member greeted member-In fruit and grain the year is crowned And peace pervades November. The plowman ran his mellow groove-A border to the fallow:

The dove went cooing to the dove, The fish o'er ran the shallow; Thus March and April in their terms A vigor fine were showing. And all the May was full of germs, And all the germs were growing. The milk-lipped lily by the pool

Set in the undershadow. The sea-green tassel broke the husk To prove the later comer: The rose and pink to scent the dusk, Adorned the eve of summer. For this give thanks to God who rules His many peoples over,

Bent white and silent from its stool

That opal-set the meadow,

Who plants the lily by the pools, And tangles rank the clover : Give thanks to Him for gen'rous earth. For fecund marl and fallow, Who brings all being into birth HENRY T. STANTON.

Miscellaneous.

SIM'S THANKSGIVING.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

'Say, father, where be them geese?' 'They're down to the pond, where they'd oughter to be; but there's one of em ain't there.' 'Dew tell! What do ye suppose has

come on't ?" 'I don't s'pose; I know.' 'Well! well! well! Like enough some of them poor shif'less charcoalin' creture got hungry last night; 'twas the full o' the moon, too. But that old gander must ha' been tough enough.'

'Twa'n't the gander; an' 'twa'n't none o' the Kanucks, I tell ye. that durned old fox up in the mounting; I see his tracks in the mud.' 'Why, how you talk, father! Simmy must set a trap for him.' 'Set a trap!' There was scorn even

to contempt in the voice. 'Set a trap ! You'd jest as good set one for me, an' expect I'd step into't first go off. 'Well, what be ye goin't to do?'

'Hanchett's a-comin' to-day for 'em; ha'n't forgot that, hev ye? Goin' on to the store bill, they be, an' here's seventyfive cents slap off. 'Might ha' been worse, Dan'l.'

'Couldn't. nuther.'

Granny Peck laughed, and turned back into the kitchen door. She was a short. fat, kindly old woman, making the best of everything, seeing sunshine peep from behind every cloud. In poverty, in trouble, in sickness, her cheer of spirit remained with her. It was greatly natural temperament, but re-enforced and made persistent by earnest Christian faith. She needed both to live with Dan Peck. His soul was one of the habitually darkened-'born blind'-and no divine command had touched it into sight as yet. If there was a dark side to anything, he saw t first; if there was a bright side, he darkened it. And there was some darkness not altogether of his own making in his life. His only son, a bright, handsome young fellow, on whom his pride was anchored—for Dan Peck had a certain sort of pride in his nature—had been suddenly killed by the fall of a tree he was chopping, a sudden gust of wind giving This whiskey is old stock of standard it a 'cant' in the wrong direction, and strength and purity particularly adapted to all cases | Lim's delicate little wife only little

Jim's delicate little wife only lived long enough to bring Simeon into a world of woe, and leave him to his grandparents' care. Then Roxy, their only daughter. bad run away with a tin peddler. 'I could ha' stood it ef she'd gone off with any other sort o' feller,' scolded the distracted father; 'but there's somethin' so everlastin' mean about buyin' rags an'

payin' in tip things. I'd ruther be a hogherd any day. I don't know what she done it for, nuther. If ever I 'lotted on anything, 'twas havin' a gal round the house. We're a-gettin' old—we're gettin' older every day, darn it !--an' we're 'agoin' to want somebody to do chores for long, an'-'

'Oh, now, father!' interposed his wife, 'he's a good enough feller, John is; tin peddlin's a good business, too. They say White's made quite a little money in't, and why shouldn't John? I wish't she hadn't run off, to be sure; but mabbe she thought 'twas best: you know you didn't fellership him never, an'---' 'Shet up, will ye! I guess she run off ef anything to get rid o' your clack; anybody'd think to hear you talk thet livin' was all butter an' m'lasses, and here we ha'n't got a child left, and that red-haired youngster like to eat us out o' house and home, and the p'tater-bugs

follerin' on, and the best goslin' gone.

butternuttin' with the boys?' 'Why, Simmy-' real 'ilv : it 'll save butter.'

Peck had got to talk; she did not enjoy enjoy pathos. be talkin' stuff. I'd like to know what 'I don' know as we be, dear. I'm a smile. 'And grandsir he got a bar'l o' right, an' killed 'cordin to law. This get nothin' better, that boy won't, ef he won't a smile of the stuff, and stuf an' pork? and who knows of there's hev had sech luck with chickens this year, too, an' to-morrer he's goin' to hev some ---wan't skeered, nor chased, nor shot enough o' them? Jim's dead this four-| what with the hawks an' the crows an' corn ground, so there'll be fresh meal. so's he took time for dyin'. He never Before arithmetic was invented teen year, an' Roxy's gone ten. I'd be the skunks, that the' a'n't nothing but I don't b'lieve but what we'll hev Thanks- knowed what hurt him, an' he didn't people multiplied on the face of the

I presume likely she's in the poorhouse | don't lay no eggs; an' the striped lugs |

'Now, Dan'l, you know-' made it consider'ble rough for us.'

and I've got to git supper,' said granny, buy 'em.' irrelevantly enough, it seemed, but she was making an effort to evade the subject that so irritated Dan. 'I wish't I had some kindlin's,' she went on.

Granny Peck almost laughed out, reflect- crammed. We sha'n't starve. Might when she wanted to keep him for this very | the Lord would provide.' purpose. 'Well, I s'pose I've got to fetch | em for ye, then,' growled Dan, who was fur as that goes,' said Sim, sturdily. really hungry, and felt an inward craving for the bowl of hot mush that could not be made without a fire.

'I swow I've a good mind for to split up my old bench for firewood; it's drier'n Parson Beach's sermons, an' I don't see no prospec' of my ever doin' a day's cobblin' agin in this lonesome hole.' 'Oh, now, I wouldn't!' pleaded gran-

ny; ''tis dreadful handy to mend our shoes, if there don't nobody else want ye. and as for kindlin's, Sim is goin' to pick up all them cones in the piny woods and 'em now their boys is gone.'

''Tain't no use a keepi ped Dan; but nevertheless he spared it. the Pecks lived: their little red house, scold about going to meeting. He had | 'Tain't your blame, granny. I | brown without as a little well-cooked pig. with its roof sloped almost to the ground something on his mind, and wanted to thought yesterday was Sat'day, sure and presenting to the eye no trace of its at the back, stood on the roadside just be- think it out-a process he could not go enough; but seein' school didn't keep, real nature and appellation. low a great hill—one of the spurs of the through with on week-days of school- count of Miss Hollenbeck havin' the Now dinner was ready; there were Black Mountain; a small garden lay to going and chores, or the nutting and fish- toothache, and the bell didn't ring, 'cause potatoes mashed to a thick cream, and the south of it, where few flowers but | ing of Saturday afternoon. Not one | Parson Beach's gone to York, why, I | white as snow; turnips, likewise mashed, many vegetables flourished; now the word of Parson Beach's elaborate dis- s'pose we got kind of misled. But, land! and dotted with spots of pepper on their prince's-feather, the four-o'clocks, the tall course on election as a consoling doctrine ef it's Monday, them traps of mine has smooth surface; red onions swimming in spotted lillies, the sweet-peas, were all to saints entered Sim's red ears; he sat got to be sot whether or no.' gone. There were only rows of bean stiller than a mouse, to Deacon Green's poles left. On the north lay a two-acre cdification, even unto the seventh and last we'd ought to keep to-day—one day out lous ruby; a slab of golden butter, for

door stood two 'laylock' bushes, dear to strength of his fresh young voice. the New England heart, and a well, with | 'I shouldn't wonder of Simeon Peck its odd, picturesque sweep, was close to entertained a hope,' said the deacon to

see her one sunny afternoon.

meeting. Dan didn't go either, for rea- | Almighty hath chosen them to the joys | which Sim had found in a swamp high up sons best known to himself; but Sim was of full salvation, while He hath condemn- on the mountainside, and brought home sent with a regularity not altogether ed sinners to the worm that dieth not as a welcome addition to his feast. and Deacon Green, in whose pew he sat, of Thanksgiving for the small benefits he | a piece o' pork biled any way, an' that's never would let him sleep in peace had received in this world.

any information about the parson's dis- in the woodhouse, might overhear a confi- | won't hide nor hair come nigh to the bait.' courses, not even the text. story opens, lugging a big sack of but- the vittles for Thanksgivin', will you cook ternuts and chestnuts, he found only 'em?'

granny sitting by the stove. 'Where's gra'sir?' he inquired. 'He's gone down to Hanchett's, Sim-

for 'em.' 'All on 'em?' 'Yes, the hull lot.' 'Why, I thought he was goin' to save out one of them young ones for Thanks-

been enough to pay Hanchett ef we'd Beach he's got to go down to York to his kep' one. And gran'sir don't feel noway | wife's folks; some of 'em is dreadful sick, like keepin' Thanksgivin' this year. He's and she's goin' and he's goin', and he

'They don't never, do they?' inquired but I don't care none.' Simeon, dryly. 'Well, I don' know as they do. He ain't made up that way: some folks ain't. They're them the hymn-book tells about.

I expect, that

'Go mournin' all their days.' and they hev a real hard time of it. You 'Oh, say, grandma,' Simeon inter- see it giv' him consider'ble of a blow to people are thinking of in our very presrupted, bouncing in at the door, his red | lose your pajest as he did; it was hard' | ence even; it would be a world of deshair flying, his black eyes alight, and his | - and here granny wiped the dear old | pair this side the grave if we did. rags flapping in the breeze, 'can I go a eyes that neither years nor trouble had robbed of their smiling light. 'And then | 'The's apples enough for a pie, an' milk your ma she up and died right off, too, enough for Injin puddin', an' turnips an' 'Oh, let him go!' put in Dan Peck, poor little cretur! And then Aunt Roxy onions to bile, an'-' seeing his wife was about to object .- | she took and married your uncle John : | 'They'll fill him up, but'nuts will; they're | and pa don't know nothin' about her; | nor chickens, Simmy, and them is the nor he don't want to, he was so upsot main p'int,' interrupted granny, rather 'Go, dear,' said grandma, with a smile; about her goin'. I'm real sorry, for I sadly. and Sim fled. He was always ready and hear about her once in a while when Well, there's just as good things as glad to get away from his grandfather. White's tin cart came around. She makes them, and I bet I can snare 'em good. 'Most Thanksgivin' time, ain't it?' out to send me a message by the man. The mounting woods is chuck-full o' said granny, by way of changing the con- because she knows your gran'sir don't pa'tridges, an' I'm goin' to fix a slip-aversation, for Dan still sat there, his chair | never go to the post-office, and so I know | noose snare, and I guess roast pa'tridge tilted back against the wall, his old hat she's doin' well, and John is doin' well in is good enough for the President's Thanksslouched down over his eyes, his hands in his business, and the' is three children. givin'. If you'll make the pies and things his pockets, and every line of his satur- Oh, I wish't I could see them children! and bake 'em day before, why, I'll go anine face drooping and set. Some women and granny's calico sleeve went up to her huntin' a Monday an' a Tuesday an' we'll

'Well, ain't we a-goin' to hev no Thanksthankful mabbe of Roxy was here; but I two old hone an' a rooster left, an' they I givin' after all.'

a-enjoyin' herself 'long o' that tin ped- eet up all our skoshes, an' pa he sold the up in the air, and bounded off to milk the folks hev dressed the skunks I hev. They 'I don't want to know. Ha'n't I told took every one. I s'pose he forgot. So thicket where he would make a hedge- thing. I'll step out to th' edge of the ye I don't want to talk none about her? ye see we reelly haven't got a thing to snare for the beautiful partridges that woods, Sim, of you'll fetch the lantern-She's gone, an' she done it herself, an' as | make Thanksgivin' with, exceptin', apples, | called their mates from hedge and bough, | tain't really best to clean him right out | she's made her bed so she must lie on't; an' there's more'n enough of them in the and made the woods resound with the into the shed—an' ef we don't hey the an' so must we, for that matter; an' she's orchard 'crost the road. We did think hollow roll of their drumming, or the best dinner out of him you ever cet, then they'd fetch in suthin', but, land! apples | leafless birch and beech wood where the

'Gosh!' ejaculated Sim. 'Well, apples is good, and there's So Thanksgiving Day drew near, but p'taters enough down sullar. And the pigs is real fat, both of 'em. 'What did ye let Sim go a-nuttin' for ? | thanks to them punkin sweets he's ben ahe'd oughter be here to fetch 'em for ye.' | feeding out to 'em, an' the corn-bin's ing that Dan had let Sim go himself be wuss a sight, Simmy; but ef 'twas, 'I'd ruther do the providin' myself, as mean?

'Oh. Sim-e-on?' 'Well, you needn't look at a feller that way, granny. Don't you s'pose the Lord likes folks to help 'emselves, an' not be a- | lines ? hangin' on to Him forever? Ha'n't you preached that to me over an' over?' Granny Peck stared at this twist of her daily exhortations to Sim about working | sure of the sight. his way up in the world himself.

'Sim-e-on Peck! I never!' 'Well, seemed as though you did, any way. But I can't stan' here a talkin' I've got to fetch the cow and milk her, store 'em up, for Larkins's folks won't get or I shall catch it when gran'sir comes;'

Two days after came the still recurrent | plates in saleratus water, an - Oh dear! | salt and water, gave himself up to basting It really was a 'lonesome hole' where Sunday, and Sim, for a wonder, did not I wouldn't no more ha' done it—' lot where potatoes and corn grew in their head of the sermon; and then rousing of seven, we know; day of rest, anyway. Granny Peck was a good dairy-woman, and it's to come off next Wednesday. Her small barn and pig pen. By the front which was set to 'Majesty,' with all the

the fence, across the road a pasture lot | his wife during noon-spell; and the deafell gradually down to a large brook, or | con was right: only it was not a hope of | the woods, leaving granny to her troubled | wheat bread were piled on another plate | thing."

through the sermon. But Sim's red head | At least this is one way to look at it. was not devoid of brains. Many a new But it must be owned Sim thought far of his soul, referring to the wild creatdevice of trap and snare he thought out more of dinner than devoutness, natural- ures who had escaped his traps, not to during the weary hour of preaching, and ly; but it did Granny Peck's heart good the poor who had not even pork to 'bile.' many a waterwheel or kite was planned to see his eyes shine and his freekled face 'Ef I had ben ketchin' of 'em for fun, when he ought to have been hearing the dimple as he drew her out behind the they'd hav run head-fast for fear they sermon. It was noway strange that wood-pile next day, not quite sure but shouldn't get into them snares; an' now Granny Peck never could get from him grandsir, who was cobbling the boy's shoes when I want 'em the wust way, there dence made in the kitchen, and began, When Sim came home on the night our | eagerly, 'Say, gran'ma, ef I'll fetch ye

'Why, how you talk, Simmy! Where be you goin' to get the things?' 'That a'n't what I asked ve. I want my, with them geese. They didn't send | to know ef you'll cook 'em ef I get 'em.' 'Cert'in, cert'in. I hate to give up Thanksgivin' myself, but ye know how

'tis with grandsir.' 'Well, now, I'll tell ye. Reub Tucker says he'll trade off a punkin for half of my but'nuts any day-said so to school 'Well, he was; but the fox catched this mornin'. Oh! 'nd the' ain't goin' to one, ye kuow; and the' wouldn't hev be no meetin' next Sunday, becos Parson kinder low in his mind; things don't gee don' know as he'll be back to preach Thanksgivin': kinder thinks he won't

'Why. Sim-e-on !' But what would not Granny Peck have said if she knew that Sim's inward selfcongratulation that he had taken an early Sunday to think out his scheme had reminded him of Parson Beach's departure? It is just as well we don't know what other

Simeon was not daunted, and went on : 'But there ain't no goose, nor turkey,

would have let him alone, but Granny moist eyes again. But Simmy did not hev rabbits anyhow; they're jest a-playin' a suckin' pig. He ha'n't eet our eggs and

tag down in the birch lot. 'Well! well! well! you do beat all

'Dear me! it's goin' on four o'clock, is thicker'n spatter this year: folks won't rabbits had their runs and burrows, but than a goose or a turkey myself.' came out by night to feast on the young twigs and frost-bitten tufts of clover scattered on the field edge beyond the trees.

> faster than Granny Peck expected it. 'The land's sake!' she exclaimed, as she settled down by the window on what she thought was Sunday morning, and glanced across the deep valley at her neighbors' house on the hillside beyond. indeed good enough to eat. 'Why, what under the canopy does it

Mis' Larkins's wash a-hangin' out on the | under adverse circumstances, however, 'Sure as shootin' 'tis!' exclaimed Sim. | billows of a stormy sea. knocking the big Bible out of granny's

'Twas Sunday yesterday—'twas. Hooray!' be so. Mis' Larkins washes a Monday, rain or shine, never fails; but how come I to forget 'twas the Sabbath yesterday? | pended it from a nail in the shelf, right and Granny Peck returned to her mush | And I went an' made emptins, an' scoured | before the blazing hickory fire, and putup the puddin' dish, an' soaked them pie

'Oh. Simmy, it does seem as though | blue plate shining and crimson as a fabu-

rather to the pine wood through which salvation, but a much more worldly and conscience and confused sense of being of blue crockery, and an odd little glass that brook babbled, and beyond this again | carnal hope, that he entertained in his | behind the course of time and the order | dish filled with big pickled cucumbers. rose another, larger hill, with a thrifty heart through that long still Sunday with of the universe. But Sim set his traps | while before grands the smoking creat | yet. Have to git one, won't I?" farm house high up on its side, the only its two weariful services—a hope of without one pang of conscience for the ure that Sim had trapped looked as appehouse in view from Dan Peck's, and that Thanksgiving in spite of grandsir. For lost day, or, indeed, one regret for the tizing as any roasted pig. Sim had put so far away as to prevent any frequent Sim knew only this one holiday in the probable fate of leaping rabbit or stately on his Sunday jacket, and granny her neighborly intercourse; but Granny year: Christmas was a dead letter in partridge running through the resinous best cap and a clean calico dress; even Peck's optimism was not baffled by distance. 'Tis such a comfort to have a at that day, never heard of by the boy. hemlocks only to find themselves caught for this momentous occasion. Just as neighbor!' she said, when Parson Beach. Washington he had read about at school and strangled by unkindly snares. Tues- grandsir's sharp knife cut into the dish outlying members of his flock, called to scorn as the boy who could not tell a lie. ces, but one and all were empty of prey. out upon the air, a sharp rattle of wheels der?" 'Must ha' been a kind o' fool!' was Sim's | He renewed the apple that was to tempt | 'I can't get there, because I'm lame, inward comment on the hatchet and the quadruped, and strewed corn more and we haven't got no horse; but I can | cherry-tree story; and as for Washing- | thickly in the partridge's run, and then see their lamp a-burnin' every night- ton's Birthday, he didn't really accept it went home to help granny pare apples for time, and I know somebody's there. And as a fact that there was such a day, much her barrel of 'sass.' But Wednesday then they sort of keep time for me. Ef less use it for holiday purposes. And again disappointed him; he began to be we hadn't no other way to tell. I should Easter was as unknown to him as the cast down. It is true the little red house always know 'twas a Monday by seein' Eleusinian mysteries. But Thanksgiv- was odorous with the Indian pudding that rushed a rosy, stout young woman, who Nothing sordid about Feebe, but sich Mis' Larkins' wash hung out. She does ling was the dear familiar feast which re- scented the kitchen every time granny fell upon granny's neck, and so constrict- things grind, you know. Do you take it rain or shine, She says rain kind of deemed the year's squalor and poverty; opened the oven door to stir it down and renses 'em, and saves her trouble. I'm he did not feel as if he could give it up add fresh cold milk, and on the table woman could not utter a word; it was we met. Seemed to me six months was real thankful their clothes posts is this anyway; and there in the corner of the stood six delightful pies that had taken grandsir who said, in a voice of joy and long enough, but kinder wanted an outpew, just as Parson Beach was thunder- the 'first bake' of the brick oven, while surprise such as Sim had never heard side opinion. Had six handles, you re-But if Granny Peck did not get to see ing out, 'And it will ever be a reason of over the coals of the wood fire bubbled a from his lips before. her neighbors, neither did she go to gracious comfort to the elect that the small copper kettle halffull of cranberries

pleasant to him. The foregoing scaping | and the unquenchable fires of hell,' one You go an' look at them traps to-night, and scrubbing, the stiff collar, the stiffer of the humblest and forlornest creatures sonny, said granny, to comfort him. cap, with which he was endued on that of that misrepresented Father and Lord 'Mabbe the creturs gets away in the nightoccasion only, were hateful to his soul; was planning how to celebrate a festival time before you get there. We can have

more'n some folks have.' 'Durn 'em!' said Sim, in the bitterness Poor Sim, the way of the world had where's your almanac?"

on that lonely spur of Black Mountain. Was he not human, like the rest of us? But the climax was to come. savory nudding, baked to an amber jelly below its unctuous brown crust, had long been drawn from the oven: the cranberry sauce, sweetened with 'tree sugar,' turned into bowls and set away; the turnips, pared for to-morrow, bobbed their snowv balls up and down in the pan of water at every step that jarred the kitchen: the potatoes were washed, the loaves of fresh bread, both wheat and rye, added their sweet cereal smell to the other odors of feast-day cookery; and granny, having done her part, creaked to and fro in the rocker watching the cold rays of a November sunset fade from the opposite hill and glitter faintly from the gray bowlder on its summit. Dan, by the fire-light, was stringing his new brogans with a pair of stiff leather strings, when Sim burst into the kitchen and flung down in the middle of the floor a mass of black and

white fur. 'There 'tis!' he shouted, with a voice that would have been a sob if he had not been a boy. 'The durned 'tarnal mean britter! that's the pa'tridge come to my givin', and they've got skunk for dinner.' saw it out in wood."

snare! 'Why, what under the canopy is it?' queried granny, rising to inspect it. 'What is it?' screamed Sim-'what is it? Why, it's a skunk!' emphasizing the word with a disgusted roar no type can

Granny sank back into her chair. choked with laughter. She couldn't help it: her heart ached for Sim. but she had got to laugh, and laugh she did till her fat sides shook and ached as hard as her But grandsir, contradictory as ever. came to the rescue. 'What be you a-

floor. 'What ef 'tis a skunk? 'tis fatter'n no better eatin' in this world than a roast make no demonstration about it—that's tearth.

Sim gave a whoop, threw his old cap | the gist o the hull. The sint many punkins to a man, an' told him to leave cow, whistling like a bird as he went, was thick as flies a'most over to Preston two of 'em in the lot, but he went an' and revolving in his mind the hemlock Holler, an' our folks set by 'em like every-I'm darned mistook! I'd ruther hev him

Sim was overjoyed; he cast a look of affectionate reproach at granny, and then went out with grandsir and the lantern, carrying besides a sharp knife and a spade for the pelt and all must be buried deep, 'Alaska sable' not being known to fashion or to furriers in those ancient days. After a while they came back, bringing a plump white carcass that looked

'Now you take an' roll it into a wet cloth, an' set it by the slats to the butt'ry Sim-e-on, come here, look out o' this winder, an' to-morrer I'll tell ve how to winder. Be my eyes mistook, or is that | cook it, said grandsir, for once pleasant, for, like a petrel, he rode best on the

So to-morrow granny made a stuffing lap as he bent across her knees to make of pork and bread and sweet herbs, moulded with butter and milk to due softness. 'You've mistook the day, granny, and filled the animal-let us ignore its objectionable name when we can-with 'Why, Sim-e-on Peck, it's awful-must | the savory compound; then Dan secured a tough, strong cord about its neck, anointed it thickly with butter, and susand turning till the roast was well done.

> milk: cranberry sauce turned out on a was beard without.

'Somebody stoppin'!' said granny. 'Th' ain't, nuther,' growled Dan. 'They be, too!' said excited Simmy. 22, 1888?" Hark! and as he spoke, quick steps pattered up the board that led to the

'Yes, it's me, said Roxy, releasing her | bees and corn huskings." mother from that strict embrace, and laying a like hold on her father. 'Here I be an' I've come to fetch ye all to our house for Thanksgivin' an'---

his rather acrid remark. to take ye all home to-night, over to 'o correct," his appearance verifying his South Preston, and to-morrer ma can go words. to meetin' if she's a mind to. John 'il

take her, an'--' To-day is Thanksgivin'.'

'She ha'n't got none but Mis' Larkins said grandsir, curtly.

Seventh-day Baptis'? and I presume likely she washes a Sunday so's to get more time to fix for Thanksgivin'. Oh. kins, who has just arrived from Saratogs. I shall give up!' and Roxy lay back and | tells this story on Jay Gould: A Saralaughed till the tears stood in her blue toga clergyman in making parochial calls eyes. Sim roared; grandsir himself on the guests of the United States Hotel 'Well, there!' said astonished grappy; you sot them snares a Sunday, Sim, an' man.

that's why you dide't catch nothing. John opened the door now, and shook asked the clergyman. hands all around; he felt a little awkward, naturally, at renewing an acquaint- peated Morosini with an Italian shoug. ance dropped for ten years, but the great "Gould keep-ee the Sab-bath? Why rush of paternal affection coming upon Gould he keep-ee anything he lays his him so suddenly had carried away all Dan | hands on. You try im. Peck's defenses: he was ready, willing and glad to forget and forgive. Granny had nothing to recall; she was Roxy's mother, and God alone knows, and is, passing?" what that means in its unbounded and inalienable tenderness. 'Weli,' said Roxy, 'this beats all. John

they're keepin' the wrong day for Thanks- for the smell. You can pay in cash, or 'Jee-ru-slem!' answered John. 'Set up to the table, both of ve. an' take a bite; it's proper good,' said grandsir, full of hospitality. 'An' it's Sim's

Thanksgivin', anyhow.' So it came to pass in after-years, when | me and pay for your breakfast. the 'lonesome hole' on the spur of Black Mountain was still more lonesome, because Granny Peck and Grandsir Peck had gone to live with Roxy in the comfortable farmhouse that had belonged to John's father. and was now repaired and furnished with the savings of ten years on a tin cart, when Sim was going to school and driving Sylva's hand for you while you're gone. a milk wagon besides, that the day before the real and genuine day, proclaimed laughin' an' a-cacklin' at?' he growled, with the usual flourish and pretense by lifting the handsome dead animal from the the Governor, was always called Sim's Thanksgiving in that happy family; and little chickens for nothin'. And the sin't grander always added, with a grim smile when be heard it, 'Well, roast skunk's

the dinner we had on Sim's Thanksgivin'.

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HE WASN'T SORDID.

I had been sitting in the shade of a fence-corner for a quarter of an hour when a farmer came along with an ox team and invited me to ride with him. I was only fairly seated when he said: "Sad thing happened back there about six months ago.'

"Indeed! "Yes: that 'ere blamed off ox shied at paper in the road and run us into a ditch and tipped the wagon over."

"Martha was along. Crushed the gizzard right out her, and she was dead when I picked her up. Funeral cost me \$10. I was just looking at the bill. Had a coffin with six silver-plated handles. Ever lose your wife?"

"Never." "Awful sad thing. Haw there, Buck! She had two unmade dresses in the house, which were left on my hands. Guess I'll get shet of them, however-guess I will. Whoa, you yaller ox! Undertaker said we could scrape along with four handles to the coffin, but I told him to make 'em an even half-dozen. Feller can't afford to be small about these things. Say, you know what belongs to manners, eh?

"I hope so." "Guessed you did, even if you are afoot. want to ask you how long a widower has to wait before taking another. There's no law, you know, but a sort of custora. Is it a year?"

"Some wait a year." "And some only three or six months?"

in a week or two." "Too soon—a leetle too soon," he answered, as he stroked his thin whiskers. "Looks too sordid and grasping, you see. Neighbors would probably talk, too .-Couldn't complain about six months, could they?"

"I should think not." "That's twenty-four weeks or 168 days. you see. Nothing sordid about that, eh? It's coming off next week." "What! Your marriage?"

"That's it. Bin engaged five days now,

season, and behind the house stood a himself, bawled aloud the solemn hymn, ef we was mistook without meanin' to be, and what little butter she managed to name is Feebe. Awful hard to get up 'I don't want no rest, an' gran'sir he'll | make from the milk of one cow-for Dan | airly and keep hustling all day. Had my shuck corn anyhow; but you kin stay and Sim had their share from the full eye on her ever since the day of the funerthere if you want to; 'ta'nt Sunday, and | pail twice a day—was as hard and yellow | al, but you needn't mind telling it. Folks them traps must be sot for Thanksgivin'.' as ever came from a creamery conducted is gossipy, you know. Git up, you lazy And Sim souttled away to his errand in on scientific principles; elices of rye and beasts! Say, I want to ask 'bout another

> "Haven't got Martha any tombstone "If I didn't they'd say I was sordid wouldn't they?"

> > "Would you put a lumb or dove on it?"

"Kin I jist put on: Erected to the

memory of Martha Snyder, who died April

"That's just as you feel." "Has it got to read: 'Martha. the looking up, after his annual practice, the and remembered with mingled awe and day he rose at daylight to visit his devi- before him, and let the savor of stuffing first and most beloved wife of Aaron Sny-"Not necessarily."

> "Why, yes." "And have it quietly taken up and set kitchen door, the door flew open, and in up, and not let on to the other. I see. ed her organs of speech that the poor old the cross-road? Wall, good day. Glad member: but the neighbors might call me sordid and shut us out on quilting

He Hadn't Taken Anything. Have you taken anything for your 'Ruther behind time, ain't ve'?' said trouble ?" asked the doctor of a long, grandsir, with a broad smile that belied lank hungry-looking man, who came to him complaining of being "all run down," 'Why, it's time enough, pa; I calc'late so that he didn't seem to be 'no manner

Well. I ain't been taking much of anything. Dock, that is nothing to speak of. 'But, Roxy,' broke in Granny Peck. I tuk a couple o' bottles o' Pinkhan's bitwith an unsteady voice-her heart beat | ters a while back, an' a bottle of Quackso, you see-'what be you a-thinkin' of? em's invigorator with a couple of boxes of Curem's pills, and a lot of quinine 'Why, no, it ain't; why, mother Peck, and some root litters my old woman fixed up. I've got a porous planter on my back an' a liver pad on an' I'm wearin' as' she's counted up from her washin' day,' an 'lectric belt an' takin' red clover four times a day with a dose or two of salts 'Oh, the land!' screamed Roxv. every other day; 'septin' for that I ain't 'Didn't you know Mis Larkins was a takin nothin'

A STORY OF JAY GOULD .-- Eli Perasked Giovanni Morosini. Gould's old Italian partner, if Gould was a moral

"Does Mr. Gould keep the Sabbath?" "Gould keep-ee the Sab-bath?" re-

Insinuating tramp, at kitchen door-"Did I not smell buckwheat as I was

Host, (appearing suddenly instead of

expected domestic)—"You did, my friend undoubtedly, and you owe me 50 cents Tramp, (pale with apprehension)-Wwhy, isn't this a private house?" "Host-"No eir, this is the Benevo-

lent Brother's Charitable Home for the

Friendless. Come to the wood pile with

AN UNSELFISH OFFER.—Ethel(who has come up unexpectedly)—Don't vou want to ride on my tricycle, Mr. Leslie Leslie - Thank you, Ethel; but I'm

too busy now. Ethel-Oh. come ahead. I'll hold

sir, what can I do for you? Caller-I want a postoffice. The President-Where do you live? Caller-Oh, I can live anywhere that the nostoffice is ! Us Indians folks don't mind traveling.

ACCOMMODATING .-- The President-Well

Fond mother-"You must remember. Emeline. that fine feathers don't make fine birds." Daughter-"True, mame, but they do make awfully protty hate.