

**A COUNTRY THANKSGIVING.**

...y, good man, close the great barn door:  
The mellow harvest time is o'er!  
The earth has given her treasures meet  
Of golden corn and harden'd wheat.  
You, and your neighbors well have  
wrought,  
And of the summer's bounty caught;  
Wen from her smiles and from her tears  
Much goods, perhaps, for many years  
You come a tribute now to pay—  
The bells proclaim Thanksgiving Day.  
Well have you sown, well have you  
reaped,  
And of the riches you have heaped.  
You think, perhaps, that you will give  
A part, that others, too, may live.  
But if such argument you use,  
Your neighbor's bounty I refuse.  
No gifts you on the altar lay  
In any sense are given away.  
Lo! rings from Heaven a voice abroad:  
"Who helps God's poor doth lend the  
Lord."  
What is your wealth? He'd have to know  
To have it, you must let it go.  
Think you the hand by Heaven struck  
cold?  
Will yet have power to clutch its gold?  
Shrouds have no pockets, do they say?  
Behold, I show you then the way:  
Wais not till death shall shut the door,  
But send your cargoes on before.  
Lo! he that giveth of his hoard  
To help God's poor doth lend the Lord.  
To-day, my brethren—do not wait;  
Yonder stands Dame Kely's gate  
And would you build a mansion fair  
In Heaven, send your lumber there.  
Each struck that on her wood-pile lies  
May raise a dome beyond the skies;  
You stop the rents within her walls,  
And yonder rise your marble halls;  
For every pane that stops the wind  
There shineth one with jasper lined.  
Your wealth is gone, your form lies cold,  
But in the city paved with gold.  
Your hoard is held in hands Divine;  
It bears a name that marks it thine.  
Behold the bargain ye have made;  
With usury the debt is paid.  
No moth doth eat, no thieves do steal,  
No suffering heart doth envy feel.  
Ring out the words: Who of his hoard  
Dost help God's poor doth lend the Lord!  
Go get your cargoes on your way;  
The bells ring out Thanksgiving Day!

**A Memorable Thanksgiving.**

Thanksgiving week was always a busy week at the Gates homestead, but it seemed to Dear that this year was busier than ever. She couldn't quite understand it, either, for as they were coming home from church on Sunday she heard her mother say to Aunt Margaret, with a little break in her voice, that she had "no heart for Thanksgiving this year." Dear knew why, and she thought they would have a sorrowful Thanksgiving, or, perhaps, no Thanksgiving at all.  
But Tuesday morning there could be no doubt that they were to have Thanksgiving this year, for there was what Tiptop called a "bonfire" made in the great brick oven in the kitchen, which since Dear's remembrance, was opened and heated only during Thanksgiving week. Tiptop mounted a chair so that he could see into the oven, and shouted "Fire!" and danced in ecstasy till, forgetting that he had on a chair-bottom for a floor, he danced off, and bruised his nose, and had to be comforted by Dear just when she was so busy seeding raisins.  
Roundtop and Squarotop counted it a great privilege to bring in the long sticks of hickory wood to heat the oven, each holding an end, tugging it along with great gravity, and an occasional fall on their toes, and if they were allowed to thrust a small stick into the oven, their satisfaction was complete. Dear paused, as her hurried trips through the kitchen, to look into the blazing depths and think of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.  
Then they all stood around to see the coals drawn out and the oven swept; and when their mother, holding her hand far in to test the temperature, solemnly declared it was "just right," they watched breathlessly while the loaf-cake and spice-cake and cookies were carefully put in, and breathed a deep sigh of relief when the oven door closed upon the good things committed to its keeping.  
Wednesday morning the oven was heated again, and filled with nice pies, which came out so delightfully brown and so deliciously fragrant that the Gates children grew desperately hungry, and thought Thanksgiving would never come. And then such pumpkin pies, an apple pie, and tart, and at last, as the evening drew on, great batches of brown bread and rye bread and wheat bread filled the oven to the door.  
When the chicken-pie and turkey were ready for the next day, the tired mother dropped into the low rocking chair and taking Tiptop on her lap looked wearily into the fire.  
"Let me hold Tiptop, mamma," said Dear, thinking how tired her mother

was; but her mother made answer only by holding Tiptop with a closer arm. The children gathered around as the twilight came on, and sitting there waited for their father to come. Gradually silence fell upon them all, broken only by the subdued roaring of the fire in the stove, and the loud ticking of the clock on the mantel-shelf.  
As Dear listened, how vividly came back that sorrowful night when she stood and heard the clock ticking louder and louder, as Tiny gently breathed her life away; and it seemed to Dear that she would never again hear the clock ticking in the night without thinking of that scene. She glanced at her mother, and did not wonder that she had no heart for Thanksgiving this year. Indeed, she thought they all had more cause for complaint than Thanksgiving.  
Half-blinded by tears, she started up, and, going to the window, looked out. It was a frosty starlight night. There was no snow on the ground, but here and there patches of ice were forming over the pools of still water left by the heavy fall rains.  
"Why don't papa come?" said Tiptop, fretfully.  
"He will come soon," said the mother, soothingly, and in obedience to an old habit, began absent-mindedly humming Greenville, the only tune she knew, and by whose aid she had year after year hummed the Gates babies to sleep.  
"Is papa at the shop?" asked Dear, in the first lull in the humming.  
"No; he went down to the cotton-mill with a load of bobbins, and he ought to be here by this time."  
"May you a little way and meet him?" asked Dear.  
"Yes," remembering that Dear had been in the house all day—"only first light a candle and make the tea, and put more wood in the stove, and bring me Tiptop's night-dress, and untie the boys' shoes, and wear your hood and don't be gone long."  
Dear had closed the outside door, ready to start on a run, when she heard old Fan's whinny in the direction of the barn. "Papa has come, and is unharnessing Fan," thought she, feeling a little disappointed that she could not meet him and ride home. Instead she turned to the barn.  
At the stable door stood old Fan, staring as if she were having a vapor-bath. "Papa had a load home," thought Dear as she went up to pet Fan. But what was that she stepped on? A thill? Yes a broken thill, still hanging to the harness. Startled, Dear glanced around the yard. The wagon was not there, and now she saw that only a part of the harness was on the horse, and that was trailing on the ground.  
Before this feeling in her heart had time to take shape, Dear opened the stable door and let Fan in, and, carefully closing the door, ran for the street. The road over the hill lay, like three narrow foot-paths, with straight ridges of turf between, and along these narrow paths Dear sped with flying feet, staining her eyes with the dust she kicked up.  
At the brow of the hill she paused and looked down. The road would like a brook down the long hill-side, turning to the right and to the left, with here and there steep pitches and many bars, till it was lost in the darkness far down toward the valley. As far as her eyes could reach she saw nothing unusual to be seen; but at her feet lay a broken harness strap. Up that road Fan had come, and down that road Dear must go.  
On and on, over bars and pitches, scarcely touching the ground, loose stones hit by her feet flying before her, till, suddenly, halfway down the steepest pitch, she came to a place in the road where the stones and the gravel had been plowed up as if by the plunging of a horse.  
Here lay the wagon-seat. A little farther on lay two or three planks across the road, and at the foot of the steep pitch lay, on its side, a wrecked lumber wagon, which had run backward till it came to a stop, and a place in the roadside lay a load of plank which had slipped from the wagon as it went over. Here was a part of the broken reins, belonging to the harness with the ends under the load of plank.  
The wagon was her father's. Dear knew that; but where was her father? She stood and looked on either side, up the hill and down into the valley. Nothing moved; there was not even wind enough to bend the tall dead grasses by the roadside, and no sound was to be heard in all the still night but the gurgling and babbling of the little brooks that had gullied deep channels in the water-ways on either side of the road. Dear could bear this silence no longer.  
"Papa, papa, where are you?" and the wild cry went to the hill-side and down into the valley bringing no answer.  
"O papa, papa! what shall I do?" she called again, and as she listened with straining ears, she heard, or thought she heard, a low moan near her. She dropped on her knees. "Papa, papa, are you here?" It was a prayer now! Surely she heard a son-of-a-gun in answer and it seemed to come from the plank that had slid over the gutter.  
In an instant Dear was ever there, peering among the planks. She could see nothing but she could hear a sound plainly now. She tried with frantic haste to raise the planks, but there was not strength enough in her small arms for that, and almost without thought she darted, not up the hill to her mother, but down into the black valley at the foot of the hill, where a cart-path leading from the woods, intersected the road. Along this dark path, overgrown with alders, she went till she came to a low shanty built between two trees, and, bursting open a door, she cried:  
"O Biddy McCoy! come quick something dreadful has happened on the hill."  
"What is yer sayin'?" said the startled Biddy, starting from her seat, but as Dear was already out of doors, she added, suiting the action to the words: "Here, Bridget, take the baby, and you Mike," to a stupid boy by the fire, "get yer lanterns and come along," and without waiting to put anything on her head she followed Dear.  
The child was already out of sight but Biddy went on at a sounding gallop till she came to the foot of the hill. There

she saw the small figure lying before her and beckoning her on.  
"Shure, ah! something dreadful has happened," said the breathless Biddy, crossing herself as she ran up to the wrecked wagon. "Is any one hurted?" as Dear called her to help.  
"I'm afraid—I'm afraid there's some one under the planks," gasped Dear, trying single-handed to lift the load.  
"Here girl, that's no way to warruk, take the top one first. Mike, ye lazy son, get along wid yer lanterns," and her voice went down the hillside like the blast of a trumpet, starting even the slow Mike into a run.  
"There, hold that," said she, handing the lantern to Dear, and with Biddy's stout arms at one end and Mike's at the other, the planks were flung over into the road. Dear held her breath, and before the planks were all off they could see that a man lay there stretched in the bed of the gutter. The planks were over him like a roof, or the cover of a box, and, when the last one was off, Dear saw her father's face, still and white, but she could not utter a sound.  
"Hivly Mother, help us," ejaculated Biddy. "Take his feet, Mike, and help get him out of the water. He'll be drowned intirely if he's no kit already." For as he lay damming up the narrow channel, the choked water had risen and spread around him in an ever-rising pool.  
As they took him up and laid him down in the road, the motion seemed to rouse him to life. For Biddy, stooping over him with the lantern, saw his eyes suddenly open. He looked about him in a bewildered way, and then clutched at the reins that were still in his hands, shouting: "Whoa, Fan, whoa!" Then he slowly raised himself on his elbow, and, seeing the planks scattered about him muttered: "Why! she's got away."  
"Are ye much hurted, sur?" asked Biddy, concernedly, taking his arm as if she would help him to his feet.  
"I don't know, I'm cold," said he slowly.  
"An' well ye might be lyin' in all that water," said she, holding them both by the planks over him, but not on him, and the water around him.  
"Is that yu, Dear? and has the horse gone home?" asked he after a moment, seeing the little, shaking figure beside him.  
"Yes, papa, and all at once the convulsions heaped beyond her control, and she fell on her knees, quite unable to say or do anything but sob.  
The sight and the sound of her sobs did more than anything else to restore her father to himself. With Biddy's help he slowly rose from the ground, and, after standing a moment, he said, steadily: "I believe I am all right, only cold and a little confused. The fall must have stunned me, but for your help, my good woman, I should have been a dead man soon."  
"It was yer little girl told us. We shouldn't have known."  
He held his hand to Dear, and she caught it and held it under her chin, still unable to speak.  
"Do ye think ye could, walk sur? Ye've no right to be staidin' here wid yer wet clothes."  
Thus admonished they began to move. Biddy and Mike and the "lantern" went with them to the top of the hill. By full position of himself, and he had Biddy good-night, telling her he would see her on the morrow.  
"Now, Dear," said he, "run home and tell your mother quietly, that the wagon broke do n, but that I am all right and will be in directly."  
It was not until near noon the next day when Dear broke into an irrepressible fit of sobbing, that her mother knew how near death had been to them that night. She turned very white and after a moment said: "Children, we have great reason to be thankful to-day."  
A little later Harvey Gates came in. He had been down with Luke to get the planks out of the road and to see Biddy McCoy. He told a pitiful story of the poverty in the little shanty. "There will be no Thanksgiving supper there to-day," he said. Mrs. Gates winced a little. She was a thrifty woman, and it was not easy for her to understand the blessedness of giving. "And such a baby, such a little mite of a baby!" continued Harvey Gates, as if speaking to himself.  
"A baby?" repeated Mrs. Gates, pausing on her way to the oven; "did you say Biddy had a baby?"  
"Yes, and the poor little things looks half starved."  
"Mamma," said Dear, eagerly, "why can't we have them all up here to Thanksgiving supper? we've got enough for them."  
Harvey Gates glanced at his wife. After a moment's hesitation she said, "Yes, they can come, I suppose, if there ain't more'n forty or fifty of 'em;" and she opened the oven door, and basted the turkey with energy. "Harvey," she called, as she heard him going toward the door, "tell Biddy to bring the baby; and here, you take that th'ck shawl in the entry to wrap it up warm."  
And so the McCoy's had the grandest Thanksgiving supper of their lives; and no more thankful company gathered in New England that day. The Gates family feeling very tender over their escape from a great calamity.—Josephine R. Baker, in S. S. Times

**A KIND DEED IN THE WAI.**

Interesting Train of Incidents Connecting Maine and Georgia.  
A Maine paper relates that Gov. Robie's wife recently addressed the Biddeford Grange, and her remarks having been quoted by the Dixie Farmer, of Atlanta, Ga., Gov. Robie wrote the editor the following letter:  
SIDNEY HERBERT LANCEY:  
DEAR SIR: I thank you for the copy of your interesting magazine. I have read its contents with much pleasure, accept my thanks for the complimentary notice you were pleased to bestow upon the paper which Mrs. Robie prepared for a Grange meeting in Maine. We hardly expected it would be reproduced so far from home. It was my fortune in the year 1842, before I had retained my majority, to teach an academy in Thomas county, Ga. I still remember with admiration the kind and hospitable characteristics of the citizens of that county. I look back that period upon one of the happiest years of my life. I have watched the progress which your state has made during the past 15 years, and I rejoice at your success. It was my fortune to be an officer (paymaster) in the Union army. A little incident occurred in the seven days' battle in front of Richmond, Va., which I shall never forget. I was temporarily assisting in caring for the wounded prisoners at Savage Station; and while discharging that duty I found Col. Lamar of Georgia, who was severely wounded by a maim-ball, which had penetrated the groin, making a fearful wound. The surgeons were discussing the necessity of amputation at the hip joint. Col. Lamar expostulated and asked me to use my influence and his wishes, against such a course, which I did, being myself a surgeon and physician. I told him that I was once a citizen of Georgia, and that a young man received many favors from her people, and was glad of an opportunity to do him a kindness. He asked me for a blanket, which I was very glad to find and present to him. After this little episode, circumstances required that I should leave with haste, and although I have often inquired I have never learned the fate of that brave officer. My only object in making mention of this incident is to inquire of you whether Col. Lamar still lives? The Grange organization has accomplished much in restoring good feeling and kindly relations between the extreme sections of our country. The future greatness of a "free and united Nation" increases every year, as the representations of different and remote sections become better acquainted and their prejudices better understood. May our friendship grow and be perpetual so as to establish eternal peace. Yours truly and fraternally, FREDERICK ROBBIE.  
Acknowledging the receipt of this letter Major Lancey wrote: "I was born in Bangor, Me., was educated at Waterville, Me., and was a schoolmaster of Gov. Dixie and Gov. Chamberlain. So you see I have reason to love Maine. Some weeks ago I read in the Maine Farmer the resolution of the Third Maine veterans as to a soldiers' home for disabled Confederate soldiers and sailors. Showing it to the Mayor W. T. Garey of Augusta, member of the House, from which mood, he drew up resolutions which were adopted unanimously by a rising vote. In the senate, as Col. Lamar is chairman of the committee on the state of the republic, he called up and eloquently advocated the resolutions which had passed the House."  
Major Lancey also enclosed the following letter from Col. Lamar:  
HAMILTONVILLE, Ga., Oct. 24, 1883.  
My Dear Major: Yes! I am the Col. Lamar to whom Gov. Robie refers. I was wounded in the groin by a maim ball while leading my regiment (the heroic Eighth) in a charge in one of the fiercest battles around Richmond. I was captured and carried to a field hospital at Savage Station. I cannot describe to you my sensations at this critical period of my life, when the surgeons were discussing the propriety of taking off my leg or performing an operation to take up the femoral artery. Well do I remember the kind gentleman who interposed to save my limb. I was very grateful. I need not be ashamed to tell you that my tears bore witness to the sincerity and force of my feelings. I love him like a brother and he shall find me one indeed if the wonder-working dispensations of Providence should ever place him in the want of a brother's arm or mind or bosom. I use this occasion my Major to assure you of my high esteem and most cordial regards.  
L. M. LAMAR.

**Butler in New Orleans.**

A gentleman who was in New Orleans at the time writes to the Chicago Herald: A correspondent of the Herald yesterday asked to be informed who it was that Gen Butler hanged in New Orleans for treason. The man was Wm. B. Mumford, a prominent New Orleans sporting man, and the circumstances were these: After Farragut's fleet had passed the fort below the city and anchored off the levee Captain Morris, of the Pensacola, was directed by Farragut to land a boat's crew, take possession of the United States Custom House and Mint and hoist the Union flag on both buildings. The rebel troops under Mansfield Lovell had fled the city but Butler's forces had not yet arrived. The flag was hoisted on the mint on April 27, and within two hours Mumford had collected a posse of followers as reckless as himself and proceeded to tear it down. The flag was cut into strips and distributed among the drunken crowd as trophies. The next day Butler lacked with his troops. The rebel papers of that morning were filled with glowing accounts of Mumford's deed, and he was applauded as a patriot. The "enemy" were defiantly assured that the act was the act of the city, and that the whole people would stand by Mumford and defend him with "their heart's blood." This and other twaddle in the Picayune forced Butler to take greater notice of Mumford's act than he might otherwise have done. He arrested Mumford and brought him before the provost guard. His object was to punish him for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The next morning the Picayune and True Delta loudly screamed their defiance, "Mumford must be rescued!" "The Yankees must be driven out!" they yelled. That was too much for Ben. He sent a guard and took possession of both newspaper offices. They put their proprietors in the guard house called or volunteered, printers and editors from the ranks of the army, and next morning both papers appeared as bang-up Union sheets, and crammed with local news such as New Orleans papers had never printed before.  
"What are you going to do with Mr. Mumford?" defiantly asked the rebel mayor, as he strode into old Ben's presence.  
"I am going to hang Mr. Mumford," said Butler, sarcastically, "and if you're not mighty careful I'll hang you. As it is I am going to send you over to Ship Island for your health. Captain—"  
to an aid, "tell General Strong to come here." When the general came, Butler said with a pleasant smile, "His Honor, the Mayor, thinks that after the turmoil, and excitement of the past few days he would like a brief period of rest at Ship Island. You will have a boat ready to sail at 2 o'clock, and see that his Honor takes passage in her. I have given him permission to take his family, with that the General leered at the Mayor in his peculiar way. Expostulation was in vain, and the Mayor went.  
Two days after Mumford was arraigned before a military commission on a charge of treason, and was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The most strenuous efforts were made to save him; even Farragut counselled caution, but old Ben only said, "I mean to convince these people that this is war, and no child's play." And he did. Mumford dangled from the gallows in less than ten days after the commission of his reckless act.

**Romance in Real Life.**

From the London Echo.  
The beautiful and highly-cultivated daughter of one of the proud old Roman nobles, the Duke of Galliera, was introduced to the Italian poet, Signor d'Annunzio. Her kindfolk never dreamed that a lady of such great expectations and high birth could run any risk by an intimate acquaintance with a man risen from the lower ranks. The two walked and chatted together, but while the young lady's friends supposed that she was talking intellectual matters it turned out that the conversation of the interesting couple turned in a very different direction. The duke learned, to his horror and anger, that his daughter had dared to befriend herself to the poet. As a matter of course, he refused to give his sanction to their marriage, whereupon the lovers took the train to Florence, where they were made man and wife. The last step made the duke so indignant that he had a legal document drawn up, by which he disinherited his daughter, but the father and the man afterwards so far overtook the artist that he settled upon her for life a yearly income of 6,000 lire. The story has since obtained an almost tragical completeness by the separation of the duke from his own wife. He accused her of having secretly favored the lovers of d'Annunzio, and of allowing the cause of his inheritance after the father had prohibited all further intercourse between the two. He has consequently broken up his household in Rome, made a settlement upon his duchess, and declared that he will henceforth live and die as if he had neither wife nor child.  
Professor Newton says that the earth receives about 3,000,000,000 of meteors every year, but they only increase the size of the earth one inch in 100,000,000 years.

is necessary to render the fish palatable.  
As soon as the fact had been demonstrated, everybody with any pretence of being a fisherman, hastened down to the Gardiner River to catch and cook trout.  
This feat of catching trout and boiling it without detaching it from the hook is one which can be successfully performed in different places within the park.  
Boiling springs are frequently met with on the borders of streams, discharging their overflow into the fresh water.  
Strange to say, fish approach at times very closely to the spot where the sulphurous water mingles with that of the stream, raising the temperature of the latter considerably, but seemingly without affecting them.  
Butler in New Orleans.