THANKSGIVING!
'Tis Thanksgiving!
To church with all the town!
Let each give thanks for blessings
The year has showered down.
Forget that graves are gaping
And soon shall swallow all—
The thankless and the thankful,
The mighty and the small.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving!
Let merry bells declare
The joy that dwells within us,
The exile of despair.
Forget that graves are gaping,
That darkness stands beside
To cover each man over
And will not be denied.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving!
Let maid and matron sing;
Let bass and tenor, chording,
Give thanks unto the King.
Forget that graves are gaping
And endless silence soon
Shall still both choir and organ
And drown the joyful tune.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving!
Back, care! But welcome, mirth!
To-day to you is sacred,
And all the men on earth
Forget that graves are gaping,
That mirth with care shall be
Together, undistinguished
Throughout eternity.

[illegible]nksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving!
[illegible]ve thanks, then, oh, give thanks!
[illegible]ife has many prizes
[illegible] few of us draw blanks.
[illegible]hat graves are gaping,
[illegible]in shall rest

[illegible]giving!

16, whom nobody could look at without thinking of a rosebud almost blossoming. The only other person at the fireside was Robert Moore, formerly an apprentice of the blacksmith, but now his journeymen, and who seemed more like an own son of John Inglefield than did the pale and slender student.

Only these four had kept New England's festival beneath that roof. The vacant chair at John Inglefield's right hand was in memory of his wife, whom death had snatched from him since the previous Thanksgiving. With a feeling that few would have looked for in his rough nature the bereaved husband had himself set the chair in its place next his own, and often did his eye glance thitherward as if he deemed it possible that the cold grave might send back its tenant to the cheerful fireside, at least for that one evening. Thus did he cherish the grief that was dear to him. But there was another grief which he would fain have torn from his heart; or, since that could never be, have buried it too deep for others to behold or for his own remembrance. Within the past year another member of his household had gone from him, but not to the grave. Yet they kept no vacant chair for her.

While John Inglefield and his family were sitting around the hearth, with the shadows dancing behind them on the wall, the outer door was opened and a light footstep came along the passage. The latch of the inner door was lifted by some familiar hand, and a young girl came in, wearing a cloak and hood, which she took off and laid on the table beneath the looking-glass. Then after gazing a moment at the fireside circle, she approached and took the seat at John Inglefield's right hand, as if it had been reserved on purpose for her.

"Here I am at last, father," said she. "You ate your Thanksgiving dinner without me, but I have come back to spend the evening with you."

Yes, it was Prudence Inglefield. She wo[illegible]eat and maidenly at-ti[illegible] been accustomed to p[illegible]ehold work was [illegible]d her hair was [illegible] in the simple [illegible] became her [illegible]

her. He advanced and held out his hand affectionately, as a brother should, yet not entirely like a brothe for with all his kindness, he was still a clergyman and speaking to a child of sin.

"Sister Prudence," said he earnestly 'I rejoice that a merciful Providence hath turned your steps homeward in time for me to bid you a last farewell. In a few weeks, sister, I am to sail as a missionary to the far islands of the Pacific. There is not one of these beloved faces that I shall ever hope to behold again on this earth. Oh, may I see all of them—yours and all—beyond the grave."

A shadow flitted across the girl's countenance.

"The grave is very dark, brother," answered she, withdrawing her hand somewhat hastily from his grasp. "You may look your last at me by the light of this fire."

While this was passing the twin-girl—the rosebud that had grown on the same stem with the castaway—stood gazing at her sister, longing to fling herself upon her bosom, so that the tendrils of their heart might intertwine again. At first she was restrained by mingled grief and shame, and by a dread that Prudence was too much changed to respond to her affection, or that her own purity would be felt as a reproach by the lost one But, as she listened to the familiar voice, while the face grew more and more familiar, she forgot everything save that Prudence had come back. Springing forward, she would have clasped her in a close embrace. At that very instant, however, Prudence started from her chair and held out both ha[illegible] with a warning gesture.

"No, Mary: no, my sister," cried s[illegible] "do not touch me. Your bosom m[illegible] not be pressed to mine."

Mary shuddered and stood still, [illegible] she felt that something darker th[illegible] the grave was between Prudence a[illegible] herself, though they seemed so n[illegible] each other in the light of their fath[illegible] hearth, where they had grown u[illegible] gether. Meanwhile Prudence t[illegible] her eyes around the room in sea[illegible] one who had not yet bidden he[illegible] come. He had withdrawn fr[illegible] seat by the fireside and was s[illegible] near the door, with his face [illegible] so that his features could be [illegible] only by the flickering shado[illegible] profile upon the wall. But [illegible]lled to him in a cheerful [illegible]

[illegible]me, Robert," said [illegible] [illegible]ke hands with you

smiling sadly as she withdrew her hand, "you must not give me too warm a welcome."

And now, having exchanged greetings with each member of the family, Prudence again seated herself in the chair at John Inglefield's right hand. She was naturally a girl of quick and tender sensibilities, gladsome in her general mood, but with a bewitching pathos interfused among her merriest words and deeds. It was remarked of her, too, that she had a faculty, even in childhood, of throwing her own feelings like a spell over her companions. Such as she had been in the days of her innocence, so did she appear this evening. Her friends, in the surprise and bewilderment of her return, almost forgot that she had ever left them, or that she had forfeited any of her claims to their affection. In the morning, perhaps, they might have looked at her with altered eyes, but by the Thanksgiving fireside they felt only that their own Prudence had come back to them and were thankful. John Inglefield's rough visage brightened with the glow of his heart as it grew warm and merry within him. Once or twice he even laughed till the room rang again, yet seemed startled by the echo of his own mirth. The grave young minister became as frolicsome as a schoolboy. Mary, too, the rosebud, forgot that her twin blossom had ever been torn from the stem and trampled in the dust. And as for Robert Moore, he gazed at Prudence with the bashful earnestness of love new born, while she, with sweet maiden coquetry, half smiled upon and half discouraged him.

In short, it was one of those intervals when sorrow vanishes in its own depth of shadow and joy starts forth in transitory brightness. When the clock struck 8, Prudence poured out her father's customary draught of herb tea, which she had been steeping by the fireside ever since twilight.

"God bless you, child!" said John Inglefield, as he took the cup from her hand; "you have made your old father happy again. But we miss your mother sadly, Prudence, sadly. It seems as if she ought to be here now."

"Now, father, or never," replied Prudence.

It was now the hour for domestic worship, but while the family were making preparations for their duty, they suddenly perceived that Prudence had put on her cloak and hood and was lifting the latch of the door.

"Prudence, Prudence, where are you going?" cried they all with one voice.

As Prudence passed out of the door she turned toward them and flung back her hand with a gesture of farewell, but her face was so changed that they hardly recognized it. Sin and evil passions glowed through its comeliness and wrought a horrible deformity; a smile beamed in her eyes as a triumphant mockery at their surprise and grief.

"Daughter," cried John Inglefield, between wrath and sorrow, "stay and be your father's blessing, or take his curse with you!"

For an instant Prudence lingered and looked back into the fire-lighted room, while her countenance wore almost the expression as if she was struggling with a fiend, who had power to seize his victim even within the hallowed precincts of her father's hearth. The fiend prevailed and Prudence vanished into the outer darkness. When the family rushed to the door they could see nothing, but heard the sound of wheels rattling over the frozen ground.

That same night, among the painted beauties of the theater of a neighboring city, there was one whose dissolute mirth seemed inconsistent with any

TELEGRAMS DE MORTIUS

YELLOW ENVELOPES WHICH CAUSE ANXIETY.

Some Very Funny Mixtures of Grief and Bad English—How the Illiterate Struggle With Telegraphic Forms—How Selfishness Betrays Itself.

The amount of terror which an innocent telegram can excite in a private family unused to the sight of the easy-going, blue-coated messenger and his rough yellow envelopes is almost infinite and certainly indescribable. To the uncommercial mind battle, murder or sudden death are the only occurrences which justify a recourse to the electric fluid as a means of conveying information, and as a result every telegram is regarded as destructive to domestic happiness. The messenger boy whose appearance at the door causes the lady of the house to shriek: "A telegram! Somebody must be dead!" soon grows blase under the experience, and nothing short of a reduction in his salary or the assassination of the president would cause his pulses to stir beyond their normal rate.

Yet, as a matter of fact, a large number of private telegrams do relate to the three great events in the human pilgrimage—birth, marriage and death. Of the three, death puts more into the coffers of the telegraph companies than the other two combined, says the Philadelphia Times. The old saying that "bad news travels quickly" has one more verification in the hundreds of death messages sent by wire every day. It is a standing jest in telegraph offices that more people die on Sunday than on any other day in the week; for in the absence of the usual volume of telegrams relating strictly to business affairs, those announcing deaths and funeral arrangements stand out with unusual prominence, and their frequency becomes apparent.

It may seem sacreligious to say that many of the "death telegrams" sent over the wires have a grotesque side, yet it is so. The hard-worked operators who handle them cannot avoid seeing it in all the rush, and many a smile goes round a telegraph office over the uncouth way in which sincere affliction has been announced. Illiteracy accounts for many of these gruesomely amusing announcements; the mental agitation accompanying the loss of relatives or friends accounts for more; but there is undoubtedly a certain percentage which are ridiculous in a ghastly fashion because of actual hard-heartedness on the part of the sender. To the last class, in all human probability, belongs the telegram sent by a daughter to announce with cheerful levity that "Mamma kicked 11:30 last night. We will try to make burial on Monday." But such instances, naturally, are rare.

It was illiteracy, together with a solemn sense that the occasion demanded something extra in the way of emotional expression that prompted a sorrowing man to struggle over a telegraph form for fifteen minutes and finally to hand to the receiving clerk a message which briefly read: "My wife is laing pointed at death." The operator to whose lot it fell to translate this into the Morse dots and dashes audibly hoped that she was pointed in the right direction, and the startling announcement went on to discharge its mission. From another afflicted benedict went out the cry: "My whife is werry ill. Come now;" and the news that "Ma is very bad with amonia" must have carried sorrow with it in [illegible] doubtful [illegible]

gests a humane willingness to hold off the funeral until a bona fide corpse has been provided for it; but the accompanying instructions to hurry the certificates of death in order that the grave may be opened, convey the impression that the dying man had better be quick about it if he consults the convenience of his friends, or at least have the grace to duplicate the famous death-bed apology of Charles II.

CLEANLINESS RUN MAD.

Philadelphia Women Scrub the Streets as They Do Their Doorsteps.

Up in the Northwestern section of the city, where the houses are all new and many of the streets are paved with vitrified brick and asphalt, one may witness on any morning, excepting Sunday, before 10 o'clock, the surprising spectacle of women out with mops and brooms scrubbing the street. The stranger, on seeing the women at this work, would take it for granted that the city government had introduced the innovation of employing women in the street cleaning department, for he would never dream that American housewives would voluntarily go out in the streets and scrub the paving stones from the sheer love of work or of seeing the streets clean. Yet such is the case. The women of that section have become such fanatics on the subject of cleanliness that they actually scrub the streets with their own hands, and do it, too, nearly every morning. In the section bounded by Diamond, Broad, Eighteenth and Huntingdon streets a reporter for the Press noticed that all the streets with smooth surface paving were immaculately clean, and he supposed that the street cleaning contractor was a man with a highly developed genius for his profession. This supposition was not dispelled until the reporter walking along Bancroft, Colorado, Gratz and other streets in the vicinity of Cumberland, saw the street-cleaning operation being executed by women. It was the same in all the narrow streets. Down the full length of a thoroughfare could be seen a double line of women scrubbing away and dashing buckets of water on the pavement to rinse off the soapsuds. The particular streets that the women make a practice of scrubbing are required under the specifications of the contract with the city to be cleaned at least once a week whether they need cleaning or not. It is asserted by many of the residents on some streets that they are never cleaned by the contractor.

Progress With His Writing.

The newspapers have been called the wife's foe, because the husband, while reading his daily journal, must not be disturbed by conversation. A certain worthy clergyman found it the rival to the bible. He had taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. After his lessons were finished, he was not able to call for some time, and when he did, only found the wife at home.

"How is John?" said he. "How does he get on with his reading?"

"Oh, nicely, sir."

"Ah, I suppose he'll read his bible very comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir! He was out of the bible and into the newspapers long ago!" This transition from the solid and essential to the idle and superficial has many forms in the experiences of modern life.

The Wrong Man.

First Citizen, Dugout City—Chargem the plumber, has shot a man, and he says he did it to dignify his trade.

Second Citizen—Did [illegible] rascally [illegible]