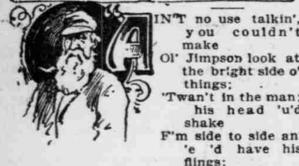


# Farmer Jimpson's Thanksgiving



"Me skimpin' an' savin' and what do I git?"  
 "Sprise me ef we ain't in the po' house yit!"  
 He 'uz always sneerin' an' snarl'n like, Be blest ef I knowed what alled the man; Ef wunst in aw'lie he'd make a strike He'd growl at even his pay'n'est plan; "Tain't me that's gittin' a drea'ful lot— Lord knows I sweated fur what I got."  
 One year w'en the craps was pow'ful big, An' the cribb wuz crackin' with piled up co'n,  
 I met 'im drivin' his shacklin' rig— A-lookin' ez ef 'is sand wuz gone— "Fine Thanksgivin' weather," I sez; sez he: "Won't be no thankin' this year by me!"  
 "They won't?" sez I—an' the way he growled!  
 "You bet they won't!" an, he cracked his whup,  
 An' up the road he sorter scowled: "Be durned ef I've got w'at I ain't dug up."  
 "N' lost that fine bay mare," sez 'e, "N' co'n is a drug fur ez I kin see."  
 "Fact is, I've had it pretty hard all round," "N' I'm kinder sore on the whole blame thing;  
 I've felt so mean, yere, drivin' to town Jes' lookin' 'a-back, that y' know, by jing,  
 I'm re'ly glad, ez I'm sittin here, There's nothin' to be thankful for this year!"  
 —Chicago Record.

# Sue's Thanksgiving



FOR DAYS the Deanes had been making ready for the corn-roast. The boys had chosen the tallest, slightest saplings, and trimmed and cut them until they were like exaggerated fishing rods, with sharply-pointed ends. All the brush and small logs had been gathered and drawn on the stone drag to the high pasture, and piled on the summit of its grassy swell, where the hills and valleys could be seen sinking and rising far and wide, the endless ridges of the Green mountains sweeping away to the east and the blue Adirondacks closing the western view. It was the finest farm in northern Vermont, old Mr. Deane had always declared; and the high pasture had been for generations a favorite place for coasting parties and corn-roasts. It was more popular than ever now, since Sue Deane was the handsomest girl in the county, and counted her swains by the dozen.

"I don't know how Sue's ever goin' to settle down," said her mother, plaintively; "for there's no one man will humor her the way they all do now. And then, Sue's so masterful; she's as sweet-tempered as you please, but she always has her own way in the end."  
 "Sue's obedient enough, as far as I see," replied Mr. Deane.  
 "Well, father, she is to you, and always has been; but, dear me! with everybody else she does what she pleases. I will say she's generally right; but that's just it—she's got as much sense, and more, than most of her beaux, and she ain't likely to find a husband she can't rule. And that's poison to a woman like Sue; she needs to be managed herself. There's just one I'd choose for her, and that's Tom Kellogg. But then, my land! he's not the kind to stand bein' played with, and Sue's not the kind to give up her ways for anybody, so there ain't much hope of it."

"Tom's a good fellow," said Mr. Deane. "Tain't every boy could work through college 'nd law school, 'nd get into practice in a city, as he has in Burlington. And Sue and he, knowin' each other from children, ef they don't understand each other by now they never will. I think it'll likely be a match."  
 Mrs. Deane shook her head. Accustomed to be ruled by her daughter's will, she had little faith in any man's combating its caprices successfully. In the main she was right. That very day Sue was planning in her coquetish mind how to tease Tom Kellogg at the coming corn-roast. Sue treated other admirers as she chose; but she felt Tom was different, and liked him all the better for not being sure whether she could trifle with him or not. On this occasion, being especially tender to him in her thoughts, she was prepared to be especially baffling in behavior; for, deep in her woman's heart, she knew that all the delaying, all the coquetting in the world were not going to keep her lover from speaking before his short vacation was over and he went back to the city; and meanwhile there was the sweetness of an understanding no less strong because it was yet unspoken.  
 Soft and clear the September evening drew on. The whole neighborhood was invited to the roast. They came in buggies, in carryalls, in hay wagons; and, one group after another, they climbed the dewy steps of the hill pasture. But Tom Kellogg did not come, and Sue's brown eyes sparkled with impatience

and a touch of anger at so unexpected a turn of the tables. Finally, when the big bonfire had been lighted, and everyone was gathered about it, Tom's buggy drove up to the foot of the hill, and he helped out of it a very young and very pretty girl—Miss Eleanor Cabell, the city boarder at his aunt's. Poor Tom! it was not his fault, and Sue might have known it; but the amantiss irae is proverbially unreasonable. The facts were that Miss Cabell was young, charming, ignorantly enthusiastic, had never seen a corn-roast, and thought she was conferring a great favor upon Tom by accompanying him, not dreaming that his aunt had begged him to invite her. Entirely ignorant of his affair with Sue, she claimed him, sweetly and unconsciously, for her own.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried, as they climbed the slope, and saw the great bonfire flaming up on the summit. "Do take me close to it, Mr. Kellogg!" and she chattered away to him, with little shrieks of admiration, as the wide streaks of flame shot high into the air and flared upon the summer wind. The one huge pine tree, stretching its wide branches upon the summit, was so near the blazing pile of logs and brush that one big limb caught a waft of the flame, and the needles snapped with crackling explosions. "Oh, will it be quite safe?" cried Eleanor, and clung for an instant to her escort's arm. Sue, passing near, felt a swift desire to strangle her on the spot.

But that was only the beginning, for Miss Cabell was either appealing to Tom or ordering him around for the next two hours. First, she must have a choice ear of corn selected for her out of the big basket, heaped up to overflowing with the green, tasseled sheaths. Then, with her own white hands, he must show her how to impale it upon the sharpened end of the long, lithe sapling, and she would insist upon fixing one for him, too. Then the right place must be chosen, where she could lower the corn, at the end of the swaying rod, into the heart of the glowing fire, now sunken to an irregular circle of white-hot embers. This necessitated getting so near to the bonfire that the heat reddened her pretty cheeks, and Tom's big handkerchief had to be called into play. Holding it before her face with one hand, and peeping round the edge of it, with many appeals as to whether she was holding the corn right, and was it done, and was he sure the sapling wouldn't catch fire and burn her up, Miss Eleanor Cabell was certainly a bewitching spectacle—one of those charming, helpless, winsome little women whom all men enjoy. How was Sue to know that Tom wasn't en-

joying it? When he managed to cross to her side for a moment, he found her absolutely stony to him and flirting desperately with Will Adams; and he was soon almost as angry as she was. The merriment grew and heightened as the evening went on. The smoking, blackened, sizzling ears of corn were withdrawn from the fire, sprinkled with salt, and, hot and tender beyond description, were eaten, amid a general chatter and fun. More and yet more were stripped from their silken sheaths, toasted and consumed; and, in the dying embers, apples were cozily roasted as a dessert. The great ring of fire died into a dim glow, and then into a mere twinkle of light here and there among the ashes; the stars came out over the hills, and the wind ceased, leaving a balmy clearness in the far spaces of the night. It was time for going home, so the revelers joined hands, and ended the corn-roast by dancing in a ring about the fire, and trampling out the last embers, keeping time to their flying feet by an old-fashioned chorus as they swung round and round. Miss Cabell was charmed with this; she danced like a fairy, and laughed like a child as she tripped in the swaying circle. Everyone admired her, and thought Tom Kellogg in luck. Sue heard the comment everywhere; she was irritated beyond feminine endurance; and when, as the ring broke, and the groups scattered again, to wend their way down the hill in the starlit softness of the night, Tom at last found his opportunity to speak with her, she was in her most exasperating mood.

"I am going away day after tomorrow, Sue. Can I see you to-morrow?"  
 "Will Adams is going to drive me over to Fair Haven to-morrow. I shall stop at Aunt Sylvia's, and I won't be back again until Monday," she said, stiffly.  
 "Sue," said Tom, shortly, all his innate masterfulness coming to the surface; "if you don't see me before I go, you'll not probably see me again!"  
 This was dangerous. Sue knew he was right, and that she ought to give him a chance to explain; but she was not the stuff of which patient Grizels are made. And just at this critical moment, a sweet voice said, out of the darkness at his elbow:  
 "Oh, Mr. Kellogg, isn't it a pity it's all over, and we have to go home! Miss Deane, it has been so delightful! We have enjoyed it so much!"  
 It was Miss Cabell, radiant and unsuspecting. Her "we" was the finishing touch. Sue's face hardened to determination.  
 "You must get Mr. Kellogg to show you other things of interest in our country life," she said, sweetly; "he has a little while before he goes back, and will be at your service, I am sure. Good-by, Mr. Kellogg; I hope you will have a pleasant winter in the city."  
 "Good-by," said Tom, holding out his hand. Sue turned away, ignoring it, and began talking and laughing with Will Adams, who was hanging about, waiting to take her down the hill, and whom she knew Tom particularly disliked. And that was the end of the corn-roast.

It was Thanksgiving day. The family gathering had taken place at the Wilcox homestead this year, for Mrs. Deane and Mrs. Wilcox were sisters, and alternated the festival. Mr. Deane, this time, however, was ill in bed, and his wife stayed to nurse him. Sue came over with the Alcotts, who were cousins and lived a mile or so beyond the Deane farm. The day had been eminently successful; the dinner was a triumph of Mrs. Wilcox's skill; the pies were flaky, the turkey savory, the cranberry a chef d'oeuvre of jellied richness, the cake bewildering in variety and lightness. Outside, a whirling snowstorm had raged all day, but with a dozen merry guests, and the hearty Wilcoxes to boot, there had been no lack of gaiety and fun in the old homestead. It stood just outside the village, and now and then, during the afternoon, a neighbor went by in his sleigh, and waved his hand to the windows. Tom Kellogg passed, in the cutter, with the colt; he was only at home for a day or two, and Sue saw him with a great throb of her heart, and a realization, for the hundredth time since their quarrel, of how much she loved him and how foolish she had been. Sue was a just, clear-headed little woman, in spite of her coquetry; she recognized that Tom was in the right, and that he was taking the



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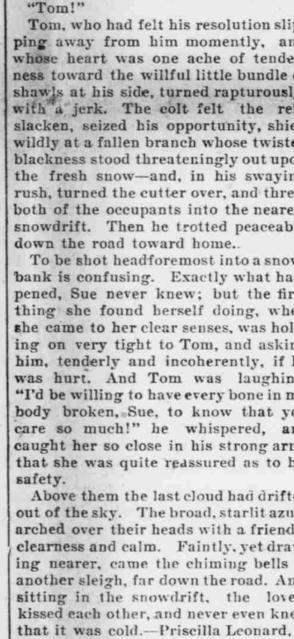
only dignified stand possible. He had gone back to the city without making any effort to see her, and she knew, as well as if he had told her, that he would not change his attitude until she made some sign. Yet she knew, also, that he loved her as much as ever, and was no more liable to change, in that steadfast affection, than in the quiet determination that controlled it. Tom had turned the tables on her and gained the mastery. She vowed she would not yield; but she felt her day of coquetry was over, whether she chose or not.  
 Through all Thanksgiving day each had been thinking of the other. At church, during the long and weighty discourse, which sent the younger members to sleep even upon the hard seats of the high-backed pews, Tom was contemplating the side view of his sweetheart's pretty head, with a mingled desire to shake her and kiss her, as one might a naughty but bewitching child. When he drove the cutter in the afternoon, it was not chance that took him by the Wilcox place. He longed to be within those hospitable walls, to join in the games that he knew were going on, with the chance, perhaps, for a moment to hold that nymph-like figure in his arms, or get one good look into those willful, dancing eyes. It would have been easy enough to go in; but Tom was a Spartan, and crushed down such weak desires. And Sue looked out, and hoped against hope that he would come in, and was gayer than ever in all the games, and sang as lightly as a bird in the songs that were started when Cousin Abby Alcott sat down to the melodeon, and was very wretched underneath—and, altogether, it was anything but a thankful Thanksgiving to both of them.  
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 Tom was so afraid that Cousin Reuben might reconsider that he brought the colt and cutter up before the rest of the teams were ready. The colt was prancing and eager; Sue, well wrapped in shawls and hood, was tucked in hurriedly; Tom jumped in, and they were off. Sue gave a little sigh of relief in the depths of her hood, for she had been afraid of Cousin Reuben, too. And yet, now that she was safely beside her lover, her old tormenting spirit rose within her, and she resolved she would not make a sign, after all.  
 The colt forged ahead through the feathery, piled-up snow. On each side the world stretched glittering and cold under the frosty stars. The keen air brought the blood to the cheeks, and stirred every pulse of life to the rhythm of the dancing bells on the harness. Tom sat upright as a statue, looking neither to the right nor the left. Sue waited two minutes for him to speak—five—ten. They would be at home in half an hour. He expected her to begin, and she never could—and she must—and it was very unkind of him—and he was right—and oh, she couldn't! Having arrived at this point, two big tears rolled down her cheeks, and she said, in a very trembling voice: "Tom!"  
 Tom, who had felt his resolution slipping away from him momentarily, and whose heart was one ache of tenderness toward the willful little bundle of shawls at his side, turned rapturously, with a jerk. The colt felt the rein slacken, seized his opportunity, shied wildly at a fallen branch whose twisted blackness stood threateningly out upon the fresh snow—and, in his swaying rush, turned the cutter over, and threw both of the occupants into the nearest snowdrift. Then he trotted peaceably down the road toward home.  
 To be shot headforemost into a snow-bank is confusing. Exactly what happened, Sue never knew; but the first thing she found herself doing, when she came to her clear senses, was holding on very tight to Tom, and asking him, tenderly and incoherently, if he was hurt. And Tom was laughing. "I'd be willing to have every bone in my body broken, Sue, to know that you care so much!" he whispered, and caught her so close in his strong arms that she was quite reassured as to his safety.  
 Above them the last cloud had drifted out of the sky. The broad, starlit azure arched over their heads with a friendly clearness and calm. Faintly, yet drawing nearer, came the chiming bells of another sleigh, far down the road. And, sitting in the snowdrift, the lovers kissed each other, and never even knew that it was cold.—Priscilla Leonard, in N. Y. Independent.

**Missed a Great Opportunity.**  
 "I wonder who invented kissing?" he said, after they had had one.  
 "Oh, some fool," she replied.  
 "How can you say that?" he asked.  
 "Because, if he had not been a fool he would have patented the process."  
 Then they had another.—Town Topics.

**The Stranded Company.**  
 They had a patent rain machine, and thunder they could make;  
 A snow-box also they possessed that really took the cake;  
 At their behest the breaking waves the hearers' ears beddined;  
 But still one element defied—they couldn't raise the wind.  
 —Chicago Journal.

### DRASTIC COMPARISON.



"I should very much like to ride a wheel, only I'm afraid I'm a little too heavy."  
 "But, auntie, dear, that makes no difference. At the circus I saw a big fat elephant on a velocipede."—Fliegende Blaetter.

**Not Available.**  
 "Here is a letter it would hardly do for us to publish," said a quack. A man writes: "I have just taken the first bottle of your medicine."  
 "Well?" said his partner.  
 "There it breaks off short, and is signed in another handwriting: 'Per executor.'"—Tit-Bits.

**Irresponsible.**  
 Oh, man! let woman not your proud soul vex.  
 Give kindly pity to the weaker sex,  
 And never let your mind to wrath incline— To err is woman, to forgive divine.  
 —Judge.



GET OUT OF HIS WAY!

**Needs a Stronger Man.**  
 Mr. Piper—De Blank is so lazy he has to hire a valet to smoke for him.  
 Mrs. Piper—I shouldn't think he'd have to pay a man for doing that.  
 Mr. Piper—But he smokes cigarettes, you see.—Detroit Free Press.

**Ought to Have a Big Sale.**  
 "What makes you think your new hairpins will have a big sale?"  
 "Why, man, they're made strong enough to lift the largest pickle that can be gotten in a boarding-school."  
 —Judge.

**Not Sweet, But Powerful.**  
 "What do you think of my daughter's voice?"  
 "Well, what it lacks in quality it makes up in quantity."—Yonkers Statesman.

**As Discussed by Her Friends.**  
 "Mrs. Dinwiddie's husband is very neglectful of her, they say."  
 "Is that so? I've often wondered what it was that was always made her so jolly."—Cleveland Leader.

**So He Did.**  
 "See here, Bibbs, I thought you told me you had raised that mortgage on your farm," said his chief creditor.  
 "I did. It was only \$1,500 and I raised her to \$3,000."—Detroit Free Press.

**The Rivals.**  
 "What do you think, old boy, I stole a kiss from that haughty Miss Juniper!"  
 "Pooch, that's nothing. The last evening I was there I saw her poodle kiss her 17 times."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Reproof.**  
 "You're all the world to me," he sighed.  
 She smiled on him with gentle mirth.  
 And when he said "be mine," she cried:  
 "'Tis very wrong to wear the earth."  
 —Washington Star.

**Paradoxical, But Easy.**  
 "Now I'll get on and be off," said the bicycle learner to himself, as he prepared to mount his wheel.—Puck.

**He Wasn't One.**  
 He—Could you learn to love a man?  
 She—Bring on your man.—N. Y. Truth.

**New Year's in the Garden.**  
 It was the first day of the new year in the Garden of Eden.  
 "I don't like this side of my new dress, Adam," said Eve, "and I'm going to turn it."  
 "Ah," chortled Adam, "going to turn over a new leaf, are you?"  
 There were loud hisses from his snakelets at this sally.—N. Y. World.

**He Took More.**  
 "Only one!" he pleaded.  
 She looked at him in surprise.  
 "One little kiss," he persisted.  
 "Oh, all right," she replied, carelessly. "If you're fool enough to start the press for a single impression, go ahead, but it doesn't seem to me it pays."—Chicago Post.

**In Confidence.**  
 The Fiance—When I was a small boy, Alice, I was given to ringing door-bells and running away.  
 The Fiancee—But you don't do anything like that now, I suppose?  
 The Fiance—I came near doing it the night I called on your father to ask his consent.—Puck.

**Great Neglect.**  
 A regular rattlesnake obituary comes to us from Stewart county:  
 This grave we make  
 For little Andy;  
 Bit by a snake—  
 No whisky handy.  
 —Atlanta Constitution.

**Referred to Headquarters.**  
 Little Benny—Say!  
 Little Flossie—What?  
 Little Benny—Why does a baby sleep all day and yell all night?  
 Little Flossie—Ask God.—Brooklyn Life.

**A Good Bargain.**  
 Mrs. Benham—The paper tells of a man who exchanged his wife for a sewing machine.  
 Benham—The poor fellow probably wanted something that could sew.—N. Y. Journal.

**All Depended On Him.**  
 "Will you think of me when I am gone?" he asked.  
 "I shall be glad to," she replied, with a sigh, "if you will make it possible." Then he went.—Chicago Post.

**Patience Rewarded.**  
 His first love's age was just twenty-five,  
 When at twenty in marriage he sought her;  
 He failed; but again at forty did strive,  
 And this time he married her daughter.  
 —Chicago News.



GET OUT OF HIS WAY!

**A Better Way.**  
 "If you want a thing well done, why do it yourself."  
 A ridiculous proverb, I vow!  
 The most sensible way  
 Is to find and to pay  
 Some more competent man who knows how.  
 —Harlem Life.

**Helping Economize.**  
 "Jackson is in love with the landlady."  
 "Has he admitted it?"  
 "No; but he eats the cold buckwheat cakes."—Chicago Record.

**Ever the Same.**  
 In this world of controversy  
 It is human nature quite  
 To think the other fellow's wrong,  
 And we are in the right.  
 —Chicago News.



GET OUT OF HIS WAY!

**A Deep Thinker.**  
 Tommy—If Uncle Bob shaves his face will hair grow on it?  
 Mother—Yes.  
 Tommy—Then why doesn't he shave his head?—N. Y. Herald.

**Help Our Pride.**  
 Then let us not too much condemn  
 The men who flop in politics;  
 We'd never know, except for them,  
 How firm our own conviction sticks