

Meeting.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Many years have floated by Since we parted, she and I. Now together here we stand, Eye to eye and hand to hand.

I can hear her trembling sighs, See the sweetness in her eyes. Silently I hold and press Her soft hand with tenderness.

Silence, who shall fathom thee? Who read the mystery Hidden between loving eyes. Burning hands, and answering sighs?

Helen S. Conant, in Harper's Magazine, October.

"I WISH I'D REMAINED AT HOME."

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"The Badgerleys coming here to spend Thanksgiving?" said Mrs. Nettlingley. "Not if I know it."

Mrs. Nettlingley was a close-fisted and calculating matron, who lived in a house in a stylish neighborhood in New York, and was one of those who, of her maid-of-all-work expressed it, "would skin a fee to save the hide and tallow." Mrs. Nettlingley liked to make a show, but she had a deep-rooted aversion to spending money. And entertaining company on Thanksgiving day was one of the things that could not be accomplished without the latter concomitant.

Mr. Nettlingley, a little, weak-minded man, who viewed his big wife with respectful admiration, looked dubiously at her. "But, my dear," said he, "how are you going to help it? They've sent word they are coming."

"I'll go to your sister Belinda's, up in Saugatuck county."

Mr. Nettlingley felt his chin. "They haven't invited us," said he—that is not especially."

"Oh, fiddlestick!" said Mrs. Nettlingley. "Belinda's always glad to see me and the children. And as for staying at home to gorge Mrs. Badgerley and her six children, and Mr. Badgerley's two sisters, I won't do it! Why, such a turkey as they would expect would cost \$3, at the very least. Get me a timetable, Nettlingley. Send word to Mrs. Badgerley that I've gone away to spend Thanksgiving."

Mr. Nettlingley, who never dreamed of opposing his wife's will in this or any other matter, wrote the letter accordingly, and put it in his coat-tail pocket, where it remained. For he forgot all about it. Mrs. Nettlingley packed up her own things and the things of the four little Nettlingleys, and took the afternoon train to Scrag Hollow, in Saugatuck county.

"Mamma," said Theodora Nettlingley—the juvenile scions of the house of Nettlingley all had high-sounding appellations—it looks all shut up and lonely. I don't believe any one is at home."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Nettlingley, "people in the country always live in the back of the house."

And carrying a heavy carpet-bag in her hand she trudged around to the rear door, followed by Theodora, Lavinia, Evangeline and Gervase, each lugging along a smaller bag.

Nobody responded to her repeated volley of knocks, but presently a little old woman, who had come from a neighboring cottage to the well for water, was made to understand what was wanted..

"Mrs. Peckfield?" said the little old woman, in a high-pitched, shrill voice which so often accompanies deafness. "You're her cousin from the city, come to spend Thanksgiving? Well, if that ain't too bad! Mrs. Peckfield started this very afternoon for Ladd's depot; got so many relations as lives there."

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Nettlingley. "I telegraphed to her that I was coming."

"Couldn't a got the telegraph, I guess," said the little old woman.

But Mrs. Nettlingley knew better than that, for under the corner of the piazza there lay a torn envelope of the Western Union Telegraph! And she knew that Mrs. Peckfield had fled from her, just as she, Mrs. Nettlingley, had fled before the Badgerley family.

"But I'll be even with her," said Mrs. Nettlingley, grinding her false teeth. "I'll go to Ladd's depot. What are the names of her relations there?"

The little old woman, after some meditation, said that it was Jones. At least she thought it was Jones. She wasn't quite certain. It might be Smith. Or it might be Thompson. But she believed it was Jones. And she believed they lived on Thorn street.

It was a long walk back to the railroad depot, and the four little Nettlingleys were tired and cross, but they fortunately succeeded in reaching it before the last northward train started. But it was an express, and didn't stop at small places like Ladd's depot, as Mrs. Nettlingley found to her cost when she paid \$5 for a hack to take her back to Ladd's depot.

On inquiry it was found that there were about a half a dozen families of the name of Jones at Ladd's depot. The first place to which they drove, on Thorn street, was a tenement house, where they all had the scarlet fever.

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. Nettlingley. "Drive on, quick. This isn't the place!"

The next was a clergyman's house where a full-fledged prayer-meeting was going briskly on.

"This isn't the place, either," said poor Mrs. Nettlingley, waxing more and more in despair.

And the third was a vinegar-faced old maid, who lived with her married sister, and never had heard the name of Peckfield in her life.

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Nettlingley.

"Better go to a hotel, ma'am," said the hackman, who himself was beginning to get out of patience.

"But it costs so much," said Mrs. Nettlingley.

tingley. "And to-morrow is Thanksgiving day. Is there a train goes back to-night?"

"To-night?" said the hackman. "Why its past 11 a'ready! And my horses has got the epizootic, and I couldn't keep 'em out no longer, not for nobody. But s'spose I could take you to the 12:30 night express, for a little extra!"

And this moderate specimen of the tribe of hackmen consented to be satisfied with \$8.

"Ma!" whispered Gervase, "where are we going?"

"Home," said Mrs. Nettlingley, pronouncing the word as if it were a pea-nut-shell she was cracking. There was one comfort, though—the Badgerley family would have been repulsed by that time; and, after all, cold beef was a cheaper way of supplying the table than turkey at 30 cents a pound.

It was 1 or 2 o'clock the next day when she reached her own door, having rided in back and car fare enough to buy half a dozen ten-pound turkeys, and with jaded and fretful children, a violent headache on her own score, and one of the traveling-bags lost!

"I'll stay at home after this," said Mrs. Nettlingley to herself. "Eh! Parlor window-blinds open! People talking! I do believe Nettlingley's got company to Thanksgiving, after all!"

And her heart sank down into the soles of her boots. It was quite true; the servant-maid, with a red and flurried face, opened the door.

"Abby!" said Mrs. Nettlingley, "who's here?"

"Lots of people, ma'am," said Abby, looking guiltily over her shoulder.

"Where are they?" demanded her mistress.

"In the dining-room, ma'am."

And Abby threw open the door, thereby disclosing a long table with three huge turkeys well browned and savory, a chicken-pie that was a small mountain in itself, and a glass reservoir of cranberry sauce, that set Mrs. Nettlingley calculating at once as to the probable amount of dollars sunk in its crimson billows; while, seated in hospitable array around the board, were Mr. and Mrs. Badgerley, the two sisters, and the six children, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, seven little Smitherses, and the six Leonards of Mairre, second cousins of her husband—twenty-six in all—including her husband.

"Mrs. Nettlingley and her children sat down and ate their Thanksgiving dinner with what appetite they might. But Nettlingley had rather a hard time of it that night.

"My dear," said the sacrificial lamb, "what was I to do? They didn't get the letter. They said they had come to spend Thanksgiving, and of course I do!"

"Do!" repeated Mrs. Nettlingley, in accents of the bitterest scorn. "Couldn't you close all the blinds and lock the front door and go down cellar and pretend not to be at home? I've no patience with you!"

Three days afterward the three youngest Nettlingleys broke out with scarlet fever. The seven little Smitherses took it of them—the maid took it of the Smitherses, and Mrs. Nettlingley had her winter's work before her.

"I wish to goodness I had remained at home," thought Mrs. Nettlingley.

And the amount of thankfulness she felt that year was not oppressive, in spite of the Governor's proclamation.

Why She Couldn't Light the Fire.

A man out on South Hill had reason to believe that his superintendent of cuisine was in the habit of using kerosene to start the morning fires. He placed his suspicions in the form of a charge, which was indignantly denied, and proof demanded. He wasn't ready with his testimony, and the case was demitted for the lack of evidence. But his suspicions increased, and he ordered a secret investigation and appointed himself chairman of the committee, with power to send for persons and papers. He laid his plans with care, and the next morning he followed his maid-servant down stairs at a careful and respectful distance, and hid himself behind the kitchen door, where he could hear very distinctly whatever was to be done. The rustle of paper and the rattle of dry light wood was succeeded by hasty steps towards the closet in the cellar way. Then he heard the gurgling of a liquid, as though it was bubbling out of a tin spout. He heard the can set down and then the scrape of a match.

"H'm," he heard the maid-servant remark. Then another match was snapped, and a barely audible fizzle succeeded. Grimly smiled the silent man by the outer door.

"H'm," remarked the maid-servant a little petulantly. Another match snapped and blazed up. Another sound as of sizzling. The smile on the face of the man deepened into a grin.

"Well, I never did!" came from the kitchen, and there was heard the sound of more pouring on the light wood. Another match and more silence.

"Well, did you ever?" quired the queen of the range, evidently anxious to obtain testimony corroborative of her own experience, as set forth in her previous statement that she never did. The man sitting outside the door throttled himself with both hands and softly pounded the ground with his heels. Something evidently excited him, and when the next match snapped he caught himself by the legs and bit fiercely into the corner of the door frame in frenzied effort to smother a hollow groan.

A little girl wanted more bittered toast, but was told that she had enough and that more would make her ill.

"Well," said she, "give me annuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

"The fashionable lady is already thinking about her fall sack," says an exchange. This may be a fall-sack-utation.

"THANKSGIVING."

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D. D., N. Y.

"Going to church, to-day, Fred?" "Well, I hardly know. I guess not. You will have to do the thanksgiving for the family. I haven't much to say in the line of thanksgiving."

"Then come, Fred., and join in the supplications. I have ever so much to be thankful for. All my stocks have kept up, Fred."

"I'm glad to hear it. It is more than I can say of mine. But I'd like to know your investments."

"Well, Fred.—I have you, and I put that down at half million; I don't say that stock is going up. On the contrary, it is depressed a little to-day; but without reason, Fred. It will come up again. And I have the children; put them down at a hundred thousand each, and they are appreciating—isn't that the word?—every month. So I am thankful."

"Yes, Bessie! You're like the fellow who could make no showing to the man he wanted for father-in-law. He consulted a lawyer. That astute gentleman asked him would he take \$20,000 for his nose. He said, no. Well, then, said the lawyer, you can tell him you have declined \$20,000 for what you have. The trouble is with you, and the man with the nose—you cannot realize—my trouble exactly."

The foregoing conversation occurred in the well-furnished apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sibley, on the morning of that Thursday which the President of the United States and the Governor of the State had designated for national approach to God's throne, with grateful acknowledgments of Divine goodness through the year. Of course, there was to be service in church, and the Rev. H. Carpenter—a sensible clergyman—would preach as usual.

Mr. Sibley was in business, and lived at the rate of about fifteen thousand a year, which did not seem excessive in what he called "good times." But the "good times" dated prior to 1873, and ran into the war-days when the nation was pouring out blood and treasure, and he was heaping up bonds and stocks, varying his plans by an occasional "piece of property." These "pieces" would not go off at their expected prices, the scale having been mentally set during the good times, and they would not stay without costing a good deal. At the same time many of the bonds and stocks were declining, and Mr. Sibley felt keenly that he was making no money. This was the understood ground of his hesitation about his "Thanksgiving."

Mrs. Sibley is a wise woman. She rarely argued with her liege lord, and never lectured him. If he ever took the role of Job's wife and spoke foolishly she looked a little sorry, and she always said and did the right thing herself, but so quietly and unconsciously that no one could see the label in big letters on her bosom, "Behold in me a model wife and superior Christian!"

The dressing was finished, and no one could have detected in Mr. Sibley's attire could have detected in Mr. Sibley's attire or comforts any indication of straightened circumstances. Mrs. Sibley apologized for leaving the table a little early, as she had to see about Jane, who used to be cook, and who, poor thing! was without a place, in failing health, and with a provision for old age, amounting to just fifty-four dollars in the Savings Bank. Mr. Sibley knew that, for at his wife's request he selected the bank, and got the book written up. The mail brought letters from Harry at college, full of regret that it was too far to come home, inquiring if a piece of the turkey could not be sent to him, and full of the dignified gravity common among happy "fellows" at college. Lillie Sibley, who thought her brother Harry an eminent genius and the best boy in the State, read this letter aloud, and emphasized the good points admirably. There was indeed one sad communication, announcing the death of poor Miss Johnson, who had been Lillie's governess, and who supported a helpless and penniless mother. Mr. Sibley was not a selfish man. He said quietly, "We must look after the poor girl's mother," and Mrs. Sibley's face took on a look of approving tenderness, but she said nothing.

By and by there was a ring and a confused noise in the hall of questions that got no answer, and laughter, and extremely loud and ostentatious kissing—not silent, remote touches of the lips to some exposed facial surface—but down-right, old-fashioned kissing. It was Fred., young Fred. Sibley—and his wife. They had come in to see father and mother, as there was no office that day, and it was on the way to church. They chatted and laughed, and made it plain that whether they thought of it or not, they had much for which to give thanks. Mr. Sibley listened, and talked, and brightened; he seemed to be looking at things through these young eyes. And when church-time came, he was found gloved and ready with the rest, with no word from his wife, only more looks of "approving tenderness."

The church was full. That helps a man to feel cheerful. The minister had no cough, no whine, no look of approaching consumption. His hair was cut like other men's, and indeed he looked like a happy, ordinary, very human being, as he ran over the good reasons they all had for gratitude. He spoke of the country—its freedom—its peace—its resources—its harvest—its institutions, proved strong by the strain of folly and selfishness often put on them, without destroying them. And Mr. Sibley forgot himself—the man of business, and thought of himself as an American citizen. He spoke of their church, with social feelings lifted up, its happy education for old and young, its tender associations, and its links to the past and the illimitable future. Mr. Sibley forgot himself as the tax-paying owner of those

pieces of land, and thought of himself as an heir, through God's mercy, of real-estate in a land where bills never go to protest. The minister passed on to the family, and talked of the gentle life at home, the repose, the peace, the mutual confidence, the loves that could not be bought with money, and the lives of each member broadened and deepened in the lives of the best, parents or children. Mr. Sibley forgot the office and thought of himself in his home. He dared not trust himself to look at his wife and children beside him, but he saw every one of them, and blessed them in his heart. And so the minister's talk went on—it was not much of a sermon—and the service ended. Mr. Sibley was observed by the gentleman who took up the collection to look happier than he had seen him for many a day as he put his card in the plate with two figures representing far more money than he put in his pocket.

At the church door was Harry, laughing all over—but in a perfectly gentlemanly way, as became a Junior. He had come home, come to church, slipped into a back seat unnoticed by any one but Lillie, who could have felt Harry's presence in the Centennial Exhibition. The rascal had sent the letter while he did not feel quite sure that he could come, though it would hardly have been so jolly if he had not been pretty certain.

Mr. Sibley gave his arm to his wife, with a cordiality which she felt. She knew the heart that was beating behind it. But she neither lectured, nor preached nor said—"Fred, I am glad you took my advice and came to church." She only looked peaceful and happy, and remarked that it was delightful that Harry loved his home so much.

"Well, Bessie," volunteered Mr. Sibley, "I believe you were right for once—for this once, mind. God is very good—far beyond what we deserve, and the ills are lighter than the blessings. I'm going to put you down among my assets at half a million, and at ten per cent. punctually paid, and anything you like to say for each of the children. I'm very glad of Thanksgiving."

A Flyer's Sea Voyage.

Pierre Lorillard's famous horse the Duke of Magenta, the best 3-year-old colt in the country, was shipped to England yesterday in the steamship Egypt, of the National line. Elmwood, a mere hack, occupies the next stall to him, and as they are old stable neighbors, fellowship between them may shorten the voyage. Each horse occupies a stall on the main deck, lined with jute-stuffed mattresses, bedded deep with hay. With the two horses are William Brown, the trainer in charge; William Barrett, the jockey; Jo Newby and Jim Brady, exercise rider. Adjoining the Duke of Magenta's stall is a large box stall, eight feet by ten feet, in which it is expected that the horses will be turned out to stretch themselves, lie down and roll. It is carpeted deep with hay, lined with jute-stuffed mattresses, and odorous with stores of carrots, apples, oats, bran, and other provender. There are twenty-five other horses on board, but they have no such choice quarters. They belong to Mr. Dolman, a contractor, who ships horses to England by wholesale. It is to be hoped that a voyage across the water at this rough season may not put the horse out of good racing form, but good judges fear that it will.

The Duke of Magenta has started nineteen times—seven times as a 2-year-old, and twelve times as a 3-year-old. His first appearance was on June 8, 1877, when he ran second to Perfection for the Juvenile stakes, half a mile. His next appearance was on July 24, in the Flash stakes, half a mile, at Saratoga, which he won in 0:49 1/2. A week afterward he appeared in the Saratoga stakes, where he displayed a vicious temper, and worried himself at the post, and was finally beaten by Bramble, who had the best of the start, but only defeated the Duke by a head. On Aug. 11, he appeared again in the Kentucky stakes, and again showed temper, and was beaten by Pride of the Village. On Aug. 16 he met Spartan in the Grinstead stakes, and gave the latter five pounds. The result was a dead heat, in the remarkable time of 1:16 1/2. The stake was divided. Coming down to Jerome Park, on Sept. 29, he won the Nursery stakes in 1:17 1/2, and finished the season at Baltimore, where, on Oct. 23, he won the Central stakes, one mile, in 1:50 1/2. His entire winnings for the year amounted to \$9,987.50. The Duke wintered well, and opened the campaign of 1878 at Baltimore, May 27, where he easily won the Peckness stakes, one mile and a half, in 2:41 1/2, valued at \$2,150. Coming to Jerome Park he won the Withers stakes, one mile, in 1:48, worth \$3,600, and the following week took the Belmont stakes, one mile and a half, in 2:43 1/2, value \$3,950. His next essay was in the Jersey Derby, on June 29, when he was entirely out of condition, and had been running at the nose for several days, and he was beaten both by Spartan and Danicheff. He recovered his form again in the braising mountain air of Saratoga, and July 20 won the Travers stakes, one mile and three-quarters, in 3:08, which, with the weight, 118 pounds, on a 3-year-old, is the best mile and three-quarters ever run. The value of the stake was \$3,850, besides \$500 in plate. On August 3, carrying 123 pounds, he won the sequel stakes, one mile and three-quarters, in 3:15, value \$1,800. On the 13th of the same month he won the Kenner stakes, two miles, in 3:41 1/2, worth \$4,100. He then finished the season at Saratoga by winning the Harding stakes, one mile and a half, in 2:50 1/2, value \$1,550. Coming down to Jerome Park, he won the Jerome stake, one mile and three-quarters, in 3:11 1/2, value \$3,450, and supplemented this by taking the annual sweepstakes, two miles, in 2:43, the value of which was \$4,300. On Oct. 22 he easily won the Dixie stakes, two miles, in 3:41, worth \$4,200, and wound up his American career with placing the Breckenridge stakes, two miles, to his credit. The distance was run in 3:43, and the value of the stake was \$2,700. Thus he had won fourteen times, was second four times, and once third, his entire winnings amounting to \$45,637, and also \$500 in plate.

Furs must soon command attention, and dealers say—probably, or possibly, because they have a large stock on hand—that silver lynx will be in great demand by our leaders of fashion.

OFFICIAL CANVASS.

The Result of the Congressional Election in Minnesota.

The canvassing board, composed of the Governor, Secretary of State, and Chief Justice, with Attorney General as advisory, met at St. Paul on the 25th inst., to canvass the votes for Congressmen. Mr. Donnelly appeared with John M. Gilman, and O'Brien & Eiler as counsel to contest the election with Mr. Washburn. Judge Flandrau represented Mr. Washburn. Protests were filed by Mr. Donnelly's counsel against the vote in several counties, but all were overruled and the result in the three districts was declared as follows:

First District.

Table with 5 columns: Counties, McLaughlin's vote, Dummell's vote, McLaughlin's maj., Dummell's maj. Rows include Blue Earth, Cottonwood, Dodge, Faribault, Fillmore, Freeborn, Houston, Jackson, Martin, Mower, Murray, Nobles, Olmsted, Pipestone, Rock, Steele, Waseca, Watonwan, Winona, and Total.

For Green, the Prohibition candidate, 926 votes were cast, as follows: In Cottonwood, 1 Faribault, 20, Fillmore 33, Freeborn 60, Houston 55, Jackson 2, Murray 1, Olmsted 55, Steele 104, Waseca 586, and Winona 6. In all 23 votes were returned "scattering."

Second District.

Table with 5 columns: Counties, Poehler's vote, Strait's vote, Poehler's maj., Strait's maj. Rows include Brown, Carver, Goodhue, Kandiyohi, Le Sueur, Lincoln, Lyon, McLeod, Nicollet, Redwood, Rice, Scott, Sibley, Swift, and Wabasha.

Chamberlain, the Greenback candidate, received 596 votes, as follows: In Dakota 23, Le Sueur 133, and Rice 443. Stearns, the Prohibition candidate, received 124 votes, as follows: In Brown 7, Dakota 5, Goodhue 102, Le Sueur 2, Nicollet 5, and Redwood 3. In all 27 votes were returned "scattering."

Third District.

Table with 5 columns: Counties, Washburn's vote, Washburn's maj., Donnelly's vote, Donnelly's maj. Rows include Aitkin, Anoka, Becker, Benton, Big Stone, Carlton, Cass, Chisago, Clay, Crow Wing, Douglas, Grant, Hennepin, Isanti, Kanabec, Kittson, Lac qui Parle, Lake, Meeker, Mille Lacs, Morrison, Otter Tail, Pine, Polk, Pope, Ramsey, St. Louis, Sherburne, Stearns, Stevens, Todd, Wadena, Washington, Wilkin, Wright, and Yellow Medicine.

A California Critic.

[San Jose Herald-Argus.]

William G. Le Duc, an obscure author of Washington, D. C., has forwarded to us a large volume of poems in the blankest kind of verse on the most absurd subjects. We suppose he wants us to gush about the tender pathos, rhythmical measure, and elevated sentiments of the following:

The chinch-bug is confined in its depre-dations

To the grasses and cereals; alternate

Your timothy, wheat, barley, corn, etc..

Upon which it flourishes, with any of

The numerous crops upon which it cannot

flourish

And you materially affect its power for harm.

Or maybe he would like to have a fulsome

compliment on the classic beauty of such incomprehensible trash as this:

Bombus pennsylvanicus is figured,

These insects are destroyed.

By volucellosis, conops, or tachina,

And several species of anthomya;

Anthrax (diptera) anobrium, a beetle,

Meloe and stlylops (cootepeter),

Anthrophagus (Holy Moses save us),

And also by the chalcis, or four-winged fly.

This last elegant epic is illustrated by

gandy cuts of Rocky mountains locust-

mashers and patient horse-power bug-

crushers, stolen from the patient-office art gallery,

to say nothing of two full-page chronos of

creeping, crawling, and flying monsters of

terrific and demoniacal aspect, that must

have been conceived by some fearfully and

wonderfully intoxicated artist in the very

crisis of the jim-jams. The book ought to

be suppressed at once. It is not only a most

execrable piece of literary bladdersh, but the extracts given above show that its tendency is to corrupt the morals of the youth of this country and pander to the vitiated taste for the sensational and false views of life created in their minds by unrestricted perusal of the San Francisco papers. That there may be no mistake, we will state that this pernicious volume is entitled "Department of Agriculture, 1877."