

A COUNTRY THANKSGIVING SERMON

At Goodman, close the great barn door;
The mellow harvest time is o'er;
The earth has given her treasured meet
Of golden corn and bearded wheat.
You and your neighbors well have wrought,
And of the summer's bounty caught,
Won from her smiles and from her tears
Much good, 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 niggard 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 you know
To hold 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;
Wait 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;
Just yonder stands Dame Kelley's gate:
And would you build a mansion fair
In heaven, send your lumber there:
Every stick that on her wood-pile lies
May rise 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 with 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
Doth help God's poor doth lend the Lord!
Go, get your cargoes under way;
The bells ring out Thanksgiving Day.

NUMBER SEVENTY-NINE.

A Thanksgiving Romance.

Rhoda Bruce sat alone by the parlor window in the dim November twilight, watching the flicker and flare of the gas in the street lamps, as the cold sweeps of the winter wind came surging round the corner.
It was Thanksgiving eve; and, after a day of busy preparation for the morrow's festivities, everything had settled down into quiet again.
Rhoda had heartily enjoyed the excitement of helping her aunt, with whom she lived, arranged rooms for the expected guests, and prepare flowers for the tables and mantles, putting graceful, girlish touches upon all the adornments. Toward night, aunts and uncles and cousins had poured in from the different trains, and Rhoda's brother Ralph, her especial admiration and adoration, had surprised her by coming from his college to spend the day with her. Altogether it had been a happy day, and was a joyous prelude to the hymn of praise and thanks, which Rhoda felt sure she would sing out gaily on the morrow.
But it was just a trifle dull alone in the parlor to-night. Aunt Carry had taken the girls, her two daughters, off up stairs for a confab, and others of the aunts and cousins were singing lullabies in their rooms to protesting babyhood; Uncle Boyd was smoking up in the library with the husbands and brothers, and Ralph, after a little confidential converse with Rhoda, had rushed down to the Continental to meet some of his chums.
It looked very pleasant over the way at the Welden girl's house; the gas was lighted in the parlor, the blinds up, and they seemed to be having a jolly time. Some one had told Rhoda that Letty Welden's beau was coming on from the West to spend Thanksgiving with her and Rhoda described him in the group.
"Heigh-ho!" sighed Rhoda; "he don't rush off to meet a comrade as soon as he has arrived. I wish I had a lover! They must be very nice. I wonder if I will have one next Thanksgiving?"
Just then a voice in the darkness made her start with the words:
"If you love me, you'll do something I want you to very much."
It was only Cousin Gilbert who had spoken, and as he was but fourteen and only up to her shoulder, even a cousinly flirtation was out of the question.
"Well, what is it Gil?" laughed Rhoda; "faint heart never won fair lady, you know; ask, and see if I will not grant you a favor."
Rhodie, dear, it's awfully stupid up in the library, they're talking stocks, and if I go where mama is, she'll want me to go to bed; and Rhodie," coming closer, and cooing in rough boy fashion, "I never saw a great city lighted up; I wish you'd take me down the street; a little ways, please?"
"Certainly I will," replied Rhoda, jumping up; "get into your overcoat quickly, and wait in the hall until I come down." Then, running up stairs for her own seal-skin jacket and cap, Rhoda burst into the nursery with an incoherent sort of explanation that she was going out a little way, and would take Gilbert as escort.
"Poor fellow!" she said to herself, as she tied her cardinal cloud tight down over her ears, and wound it round her throat; "he lives such a humdrum sort of life up in that little village; how grand the city by night will look to him! I'll

walk a little way down Broad street, and then return; he will be protection enough, if he is only a boy, and I shan't feel at all timid."
A brisk walk, with Gilbert's constant boyish chatter and pleasure at seeing the long continuous line of lamps, that it seemed a band of light along the straight stretch of streets, soon brought them down into the more central portion of the city, and, almost before she realized it, Rhoda found herself in a crowd of men and boys, who appeared to think that keeping Thanksgiving eve consisted in shouting and jostling and pushing every one with whom they came in contact. Presently a loud clang and boom rang out upon the air, and, then, a rush on the part of the crowd, followed by a rattle and clatter of noisy engines along the street, and a "fire! fire!" hurrying people with cries of "fire! fire!" upon their lips, flew past.
"O Rhoda! I never saw a fire; come let us go!" and Gilbert caught her by the hand, and she obeying a wild sort of impulse which she, could scarcely understand, and felt powerless to control, followed him until they stood at last in the midst of a shouting crowd, far down in the city, watching the raging flames that now burst forth from the building from whence the alarm had sounded.
There was a fascination in the sight of the long curling tongues of fire that licked the walls of the house caressingly, and a terrible grandeur in the final topple and crash of the mighty fortress of flames. Rhoda stood as spell-bound at the sight, as was her companion, until some one rudely pushed by her, peered into her face and laughingly addressed her as "Little Red Ridinghood," then she suddenly became aware that it was night, and that they two were far away from home and alone.
"Come, Gilbert, come," she whispered, quickly pulling him away; "we must go home;" and, hurrying through the crowd she discovered upon reaching the first open street, that they were at least two miles from home; and from a clock in a store near by she saw that it was considerably after ten.
"Have you any money, Gilbert, we must ride home at once?" she asked, after feeling in her own pocket and finding her purse was not there.
"Ten cents; but that's not enough, is it? Can't we walk? I'm not tired."
"I don't think we can; I am cold and tired, both; O Gilbert! why did we come?" and there was a slight suspicion of tears in the trembling frightened voice, as Rhoda realized their uncomfortable position; two miles from home, after ten o'clock, and not money enough to ride; it was not a very pleasant state of affairs, surely. Rude men passing now, began to notice the girl, and boldly stared in her pale face. "Gilbert," she whispered, shrinking from their gaze, "Gilbert, we must get into a car; I will explain to the conductor, and we can pay the rest of the fare to-morrow."
But there were no cars in sight, and it was growing colder every moment. After waiting some time upon the corner, Rhoda cried:
"There is a policeman, Gilbert, I'll ask him how soon the car will be along?" and timidly accosting the officer who stood near by, and who appeared to be noticing their evident distress, Rhoda was informed that in consequence of the fire, that line of cars was stopped.
"But," added the officer, politely, "you can take an Arch street car and exchange with one of the north-bound lines."
"O, Rhoda, two exchanges, eighteen cents! and we've only ten," cried Gilbert, pathetically; "we'll have to walk, and you are shivering with the cold, and it's all my fault for bringing you out."
The officer came nearer now, and, speaking to Gilbert, but looking at the tired, pale face in the scarlet hood and seal-skin cap, said kindly:
"If you will allow me, my lad, I will arrange all that," and he took from his vest pocket a silver piece and put it into Gilbert's hand, and adding: "your sister is not able to walk far this cold night, please accept this little loan."
Rhoda bowed and said:
"You are very kind; I do not think I could walk back, and you see we haven't any money; but I will recollect your station, and," looking up at his cap, "oh, yes! I see your number is seventy-nine, Remember, Gilbert, policeman No. 79. Thank you, very much, for the loan!" and, taking her cousin's arm, Rhoda hurried on toward the car.
"I tell you, you've got first-class policemen here, Rhoda. Wasn't he a stunner?" cried Gilbert, as they reached the car, and he paid their fare out of the silver piece; "I'll return the money the first thing in the morning; it will be a real Thanksgiving, won't it? I don't know when I ever felt more grateful; why, we might have been arrested as tramps and taken to the station house."
Upon reaching home, the two runaways found that their stay had occasioned much consternation in the household. Rhoda's brother Ralph stood upon the doorstep, anxiously awaiting their appearance, not a little disappointed and alarmed to find his sister gone upon his return from the hotel.
"Why Rhoda! How imprudent to be out so late! Where in the world?" he began, but Gilbert rushed into such an enthusiastic description of the great fire they had witnessed, that Ralph was forced to laugh off the little brotherly scold he had been preparing.
"And it was just awful!" said Gilbert; "and we would have had to walk all the way back, two miles in the cold, if—a look from Rhoda, who did not care to be reproved further, changed his finishing the sentence, "if we had not rode."
"That is an indisputable fact, surely," laughed Aunt Carry; "but I really think it is about time we all had some rest; you, Gilbert, are dissipating too freely, and Rhoda, I want you to get some beauty

sleep, for Ralph tells me his friend, Captain Hardy, will dine with us to-morrow and you certainly will want to appear at your best."
Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and clear; and, directly after breakfast, after a little whispered consultation with Rhoda, Gilbert started down town to find the officer who had been so kind the night before. He did not return in time to accompany his cousins to church, and Rhoda felt certain qualms of anxiety over his delay.
"I ought to have gone with him," she kept saying over and over to herself.
"Oh, dear, what a bother boys are! it is all his own fault for insisting upon running to the fire; and now, perhaps, he has got lost and I shall be blamed!"
Ralph Bruce wondered what made his sister so absent-minded and quiet all the morning; but as he too was feeling annoyed and anxious over the non-appearance of his friend Captain Hardy, he did not question her curiously silent manner.
Walking from church, as the two turned the corner of the street on their way home, what was their astonishment to behold both delinquents face to face. Gilbert merrily laughing and talking with a handsome young gentleman in full uniform; the gentleman as interestedly listening to his boyish chatter.
"Why, Hardy, my dear fellow, what—where," cried Ralph, looking from the Captain to Gilbert, and from Gilbert back to the Captain, in the greatest surprise.
"Here he is, Rhoda, and he isn't a policeman at all; he's a regular; but I found him there at the place, you know, and he wouldn't take the money, and he knows Ralph and I brought him right along;" and quite out of breath, Gilbert paused at length in his explanation.
Ralph now included his sister in his scrutiny.
"Why, really, Hardy," he began.
Rhoda blushed and looked confused.
"Shall I explain matters a little more lucidly?" asked the Captain, smiling and looking at Rhoda, who nodded affirmatively. "Things do look complicated, don't they Bruce?" he said, turning to Ralph; but the solution of the mystery is that last evening I met your sister and this lad in the crowd near the fire down town; and they, supposing me a public officer—I wore a fatigue cap—asked me a question concerning the cars, and—"
"And we only had ten cents," interrupted Gilbert; and he loaned me a quarter to ride home, and I went down town to pay him back this morning, and—"
"Ah, I begin to see light dawning at last!" said Ralph. "It is a complicated case, as you say; but I thank you, Hardy, for your kindly personation of a policeman. I doubt if the genuine article would have dealt so gentlemanly with such a pair of greenhorns. But now let me introduce you to the damsel toward whom you have so gallantly played knight. Rhoda, my friend Captain Hardy, of the Seventy-ninth regiment, Hardy, my sister, Miss Rhoda Bruce, and O, Gil! this is Captain Hardy, a 'Regular,' as you have discovered; Captain, my cousin, Gilbert Gains; and now that we are at our gate—the party having reached the door by this time—"let us go in and eat our dinner with—"
"With thanksgiving and praise!" broke in Gilbert, who had been giving Rhoda a series of pokes and hunches as he walked along beside her.
"That is just it, exactly," replied the captain. "It is a true Thanksgiving day for me; I don't know when I have felt such a desire to return thanks," with a warm look at Rhoda's bright blooming face.
It was some time before Rhoda could summon sufficient confidence and courage to address her brother's friend as Captain Hardy.
"Only think, Gilbert," she said, "I called him number 'seventy-nine' that night, and I shall always think of him as number 'seventy-nine,' and I am so afraid I shall address him by that name."
But with the captain's frequent calls at the house, during the rest of the winter, Rhoda gradually overcame her timidity, and before spring she had learned not only to call him "Captain," but to qualify that title in her mind and thoughts with the tenderness of adjectives; and in due time it came to pass that she promised to change her name of Bruce to that of Hardy.
When she wrote a little note to Gilbert announcing their engagement, he wrote back, "you owe me one for him, anyhow; if it were not for me you would never have met him so romantically at least—it was that pretty red hood of yours that first attracted him; he is my Thanksgiving present to you, and I want to come to Seventy-nine's wedding."
A year from the night Rhoda sat in the dim twilight waiting for a lover, she was married to Captain Hardy of the 79th regiment; and Gilbert was there!

An Affectionate Bird.

An old gander conceived a violent affection of an English lunatic who was allowed to go about at will, not being bad enough for an asylum. Wherever the old man went the gander would go, walking a few yards in advance, hissing at all animals they met, as though warning them off. When the man rested, the gander would lie or sit beside him; and at night time so persistent was it in its demand to remain near its master, that compliance with its cackle was deemed expedient. The poor bird, however, persisted once too often, and fell a martyr to its remarkable affection, it being killed to put an end to its clamors.
An unfortunate mistake: Magistrate—"You are charged with having emptied a basin of water over the plaintiff." Irish woman—"Sure, yer Honor, ye must forgive me; in the dark I took the gentleman for my husband."

Small Courtesies.

One of the the editorial writers of a leading New York newspaper at a time prepared a series of papers upon the soil, climate, price of lands, etc., in the different States, intended to urge emigration from the cities into the country. He received, in consequence, many letters from individuals, asking for particular information as to this or that locality, and returned, as requested, private answers.
There were several hundreds of these letters of advice; it required great care, labor and time to acquire the accurate information which they contained; they were written out of sheer good-will by a stranger for strangers. Yet out of the whole number of correspondents but one was courteous enough to return a civil word of thanks for the information obtained.
This is a significant hint of the want of outward politeness among our people. Not that Americans are lacking in the hearty good-nature and kindly feeling which is at the bottom of all courtesy. Every one of this editor's correspondents would probably have been ready to give a helping hand to him if he needed, and every one of them felt cordially grateful to him. But they did not say it.
It is in the numberless little signs and tokens of good feeling that we are deficient. Boys should cultivate these lesser virtues. One of the leading statesmen of the day said, lately: "I have mixed with all classes in the country, and I never met a ruffian who would not reply like a gentleman, if you spoke to him courteously." The homeliest and humblest man in the world, with this fine garment of good breeding, is more royally attired than a vulgar Prince.

A Plucky Indian.

An Indian known as "Peaving Tom" had a hand-to-hand encounter with a lot of bears one day last week, on the mountain above Buck's ranch, which must have been a terrible battle. He was hunting in the locality spoken of and found a "bear wallow" in a little valley, and suddenly came upon five bears. He says he shot one, killing it, when another attacked him. His only dependence was in his butcher-knife, and with this he managed to kill the second one. About this time another one attacked him, and the conflict must have been fearful. Part of the Indian's scalp was torn from his head, his face badly lacerated, and his arm, side and one thigh fairly "eaten up." No bones were broken, however, and he managed to stagger and crawl to the road, where he was found and taken to Buck's ranch. Mr. Wagner dressed his wounds, and at last accounts he was improving and in a fair way to recover. He says he would have been killed but that he kept his face down most of the time and let the bears bite at his back. A party went out to the scene of the fight and found the three bears dead and the Indian's knife sticking in one of them. He must have been "game to the backbone," and deserves a title of the "boss bear-hunter."—*Nevada City Herald.*

A Turning-Point in History.

In connection with James II. and the revolution which drove him from his throne, Mr. Onslow, in his notes to "Burnet's History," tells an anecdote affording a very curious illustration of the straws which sometimes turn historical currents. A Parliamentary division, he says, took place, just at the supreme crisis in the struggle in which James was worsted, on a motion to consider the King's speech before the members should proceed to the supply, when it was carried by one only against the court. "The Earl of Middleton, of Scotland, then a Secretary of State for England and a member of the House of Commons, seeing many go out upon the division against the Court who were in the service of the Government, went down to the bar, and, as they were told in, reproached them to their faces for voting as they did; and, a Capt. Kendal being one of them, the Earl said to him: 'Sir, have not you a troop of horse in his Majesty's service?' 'Yes, my Lord,' replies the other; 'but my brother died last night, and has left me £700 a year.' That timely bequest seems to have imparted the necessary independence to the gallant member, and secured his vote, and, as Onslow says, saved the nation.

A Smart Dog.

A Virginia paper tells this story of Mr. David S. Forney's dog: "Mr. Forney took his dog into the house (this was not at home—therefore not a trick), and gave us his pocket-book, with instructions to carry it a distance to the field and place it somewhere on the fence, in a direction that the wind would blow from it to the house. We did so and returned. Mr. Forney came out with his dog, sat down and said nothing, nor did he speak to the dog. Presently the dog pricked up his ears and commenced to sniff the air, started off in a direct line to where the pocket-book was, passed it a few feet, came back, reared upon the fence, got it, came to its master and laid it in his hand. We took a number of hats to the outer edge of the lot; these he brought in, selecting his master's first."

At a trial of a criminal case, the prisoner entered a plea of "not guilty," when one of the jurors put on his hat and started for the door. The Judge called him back and informed him that he could not leave until the case was tried. "Tried?" queried the juror. "Why, he acknowledges that he is not guilty!"
It is anticipated that gold coins will circulate bountifully within a year.

Tools Great Men Work With.

It is not tools that make the work man, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed, it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvelous things—such as his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand; but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens and sheet of paste-board enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color.
An eminent foreign savant once called upon Dr. Woollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science has been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him in a study, and pointing to an old tea tray, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blow-pipe, said: "There is all the laboratory I have."
Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A blunt stick and a barn-door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk, and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail.
Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies, by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eyes and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross-sticks and a silk handkerchief.
Watt made his first model of the condensing steam-engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Guilford worked his first problem in mathematics when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose, while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow-handle.
A True Hero.
After the yellow fever had ravaged Memphis in 1878, such was the terror of the people that it became impossible to find any one willing to nurse the sick or bury the dead. James Forbes, an engineer on a railway running into the city, had a fireman named George, a gruff, silent fellow, who had worked with him for years.
One day, the engineer was sent for. His boy, a lad of 18, was struck down with the plague. As he left the engine, George struck his shovel into the coal, and pulled on his cap.
"Where are you going?" said Forbes.
"Along with you, I'll see you through this pull, Jim."
Forbes lived in a small house on the edge of the Bayou Gayoso, a sluggish stream, laden with impurity, which oozes through the city. The boy had been seized with the disease in its most malignant form. He died that night.
Forbes and George nursed him, carried him out in the coffin, and, with their own hands, dug a grave and buried him. When they came back, they found that Forbes' only other child, a little girl, had been seized. The mother, a few hours later, was struck down. Both died. The two men stood beside them. The air was heavy with a horrible odor, literally the breath of death.
"You've done all you can, George," said Forbes. "Save yourself. Fly before it is too late."
"No, I'll see you through," said the fireman, gruffly.
Coffins were no longer to be had. They made a box, laid the mother and child in it, dug a grave, and buried them.
Before the task was finished, Forbes turned to go home. The plague was upon him. George carried him to the house, nursed him tenderly until he died; then alone he buried him beside his wife and children. After the last sod was heaped upon the grave, he turned away and went quietly back to his work.
George was not the only hero who justified his right to live in that terrible, dark day. There are hundreds of them still living, or at rest beside those whom they vainly tried to save.
Nicknames of State Residents.
The nicknames of the citizens of the several States are as follows: Alabama, Lizards; Arkansas, Toothpicks; California, Gold Hunters; Colorado, Rovers; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; Delaware, Muskrats; Florida, Fly up the Creeks; Georgia, Buzzards; Illinois, Suckers; Indiana, Hoosiers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Kansas, Jayhawkers; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Louisiana, Creoles; Maine, Foxes; Maryland, Craw Thumpers; Michigan, Wolverines; Minnesota, Gophers; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Missouri, Pukes; Nebraska, Bug Eaters; Nevada, Sage Hens; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; New Jersey, Blues, or Clam Catchers; New York, Knickerbockers; North Carolina, Tar Boilers; Ohio, Buckeyes; Oregon, Web-feet; Pennsylvania, Pennansites and Leatherheads; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; South Carolina, Weasels; Tennessee, Whelps; Texas, Beef Heads; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Virginia, Beadles; Wisconsin, Badgers.
A BROKEN preserve-vase suggests the Chinese language, because it is a jar gone.