

FARMER KENT'S PARSON.

[Written for this paper.]



HANKS-GIVING DAY—
and the solemn
church
With autumn tints
was bright;

The parson stayed a moment's space
By the beggar grim and gray.

"Somewhere within His wife domain
A table d'ait awaits!

He said: "I own as fair a home
As is beneath the sky;



"I could know death would not come
And all their beauty slight—

"My wife and child—green grows the turf
Above their place of rest;

"And when the summer days are dead,
When ice and frost and snow

Then Farmer Kent took off his hat;
He said: "I came to-day

"He leadeth you, he leadeth me,
He brought us all the way.

DICK BLAKE.

The Story of His Thanksgiving
Rose—How He Won It.



[Written for this paper.]
HE THANKS-GIVING
story of fiction
is apt to have a certain
sameness about it.

It vaguely occurs to me that I have
somewhere read or heard that "truth is
stranger than fiction."

The monkey was only a part of Mrs.
Brown's menagerie—menagerie, Mrs.
Baxter's other boarders called it.

provided they did not annoy the other
boarders.
Dick Blake, who had the room opposite,
was never annoyed by Mrs. Brown's pets.

Her name was Frank or Francis—ac-
cording to the fancy of her friends. Dick
called her Miss Francis always.

Now, Dick's heart had long before gone
out into Francis's keeping. If the young
girl herself was aware of this she made no
sign.

This, then, was the meaning of the sheet
after sheet which, completed and torn up
in disgust, filled his waste-paper basket.

He was met on the lower corridor by
the stylish widow, in a most becoming
morning negligee.



HE WAS MET ON THE LOWER CORRIDOR.

Yet a glance at the transom showed that
it was empty. Sim, taking advantage of
Dick's absence, had probably descended
in quest of more bonbons.

But a thorough search of the room, which
Mrs. Brown's sense of propriety did not
permit her to enter, revealed no trace of
the missing link.

Though Dick's back was toward the din-
ing-hall door, he knew with a lover's clair-
voyance when Francis entered.

Not until Francis had taken her ac-
customed seat at the table directly opposite
did Dick raise his eyes to learn his fate.

How Dick managed to get through the
form of eating that Thanksgiving dinner
he does not know to this day.

But Blake had little thought for captor
or captive. The Marguerite refrain—"he
loves me—loves me not!"—kept repeating
itself over and over again in the mind of
this usually matter-of-fact young man.

with that infernal young Golden, of whom
he had long been secretly jealous. And in
metaphor, this was the last feather.

"I fear," he solemnly remarked across
the table, "that your young friend is not
duly thankful."

Rev. Mr. Putter turned quite pale at
this unexpected and altogether diabolical
outburst which fell like a verbal thunder-
bolt in the immediate vicinity.

But Mrs. Brown was thirty odd, some-
what high colored, inclined to *cahous* and
and a Langtry wave; while Francis was
nineteen, with a graceful, well-rounded
figure and a firm, elastic step.

Most rooms exhibit certain character-
istics of their occupants. Thus, Mrs. Theo-
dora Brown's might be described in a
word—showy.

But it all looked very cheerful and
pleasant in the subdued glow from the
gas chandeliers to the eyes of the dozen or
more invited guests on the Thanksgiving
evening of which I write.

The menagerie was, generally speaking,
in a semolent condition. The pet allig-
ator, relegated to the small ante room out
of consideration to Mr. Putter's feelings,

But even this agreeable incident which
convulsed several of the worldlings present
with secret but unseemly laughter
failed to chase the gloom from the brow
of young Mr. Blake.

Indeed, so marked had been his coldness,
that Francis, who was perfectly unconven-
tional, had asked, with gentle surprise in
the depths of her dark eyes:

"It isn't what you have done, but what
you haven't," he answered, rather bitterly.

But it is this that gives the simple touch
of pain to her marvelous contralto voice
which a few moments later thrills the
listeners, as—

"Under the artist's flying hand
The white lips rose—the white teeth fell!"
Hark—
"I am tired—heart and feet
Tired from long rest and sleep.



HE WAS ABOUT TO PROPOSE.

dosia Brown, who, resplendent in old gold
and diamonds, was but too ready to re-
spond to such marked advances.

Even Rev. Mr. Putter considered that a
mild potato of this kind was allowable
on Thanksgiving eve, and accepted the
agreeable beverage with a cheerful smile.

"Of course only wrong-minded people,
given to unseemly levity, would see any
thing to laugh at in this, which was per-
haps the reason that such a general chorus
of severe frowning followed the injudicious
suggestion, while a number of faces were
shoutedly averted.

Had Mr. Blake known that a wicked
young man among the guests—Bluffer by
name—had been slyly plying Sim with
egg-nogg behind the window curtains, he
would perhaps not have ventured the query.

"Sim! oh, he's chained in the bay-win-
dow, sound asleep," responded the widow,
with a glance in that direction.

The sudden pause in her adjuration was
caused by the unexpected action of Sim,
who in strict justice was usually one of
the most gentlemanly and mild-mannered
of small monkeys.

For instead of obediently approaching
Mr. Blake's outstretched hand, Sim rose
on his hind legs and staggered across the
room, wildly waving his hand above his
head.

For the mad—mad—he's got the hydro-
phobia!" shouted Mr. Putter, in dire dis-
may as he held on to the wounded member
with both hands.

ing, he skipped nimbly up on a side table
upon which stood the handsome bull
writing desk belonging to Mrs. Brown.



"WHY, IT'S ADDRESSED TO ME!"

Before that estimable lady realized the
situation Sim threw back the lid and
snatched in his small paw an addressed en-
velope with a broken seal, with which he
sprang to the floor.

"Mrs. Brown's fine color gave place to a
sickly pallor as she saw the act.

"Why—it's addressed to me—and the
seal is broken!" she exclaimed, fixing her
clear eyes on Mrs. Theodosia Brown, who,
for the moment, was stricken dumb.

"Curiously enough the remaining guests
suddenly discovered that it was time to go,
and in a few moments no one was left in
the room but the discomfited widow, the
parrot, pugs, cat and Sim, who, with his
paw pressed against his aching head,

For before him stood Francis, looking
demurely downward at a knot of roses,
whose carnations seemed reflected in her
cheeks.

With a rapturous exclamation Blake
sprang forward. But lifting her glad eyes
to his own with a sweet, yet shy glance,
which told him all he would know, Fran-
cis turned and sped lightly up the stair-
way.

Something to be thankful for," she
whispered—"good-night." And Blake, not
unfrequently, calls his wife his Thanks-
giving rose.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Feetarily a Woman's Festival—A Day
Celebrated Within the Walls of Home.

It may not be generally recognized, but
it is none the less true, that Thanksgiving
is peculiarly a woman's festival.

In the first place, unlike our other chief
National festival, the Fourth of July—for
Christmas and New Years' have never
been made the subject of National enact-
ment or proclamation by the leads of the
Government—Thanksgiving is a day cele-
brated within the walls of home; for even
the church service in the morning, when
one is attended, is a part of the home
surroundings, the various mem-
bers of the family gathering in
the pew as in another sort of
home, and all the rest of the day is a cele-
bration of the idea of home and its
environment. It is toward home that every
one who is away from it looks on
the approach of the day; it is home to
which every one comes who has any thing
to come to. It is home and the things of
home that are remembered afterward in
recalling the way the day was passed. And
home is the woman's throne—a platitude
very possibly, but one nevertheless of deep
significance. Whatever other sphere she
fills abroad and in the world, still, as where
Macgregor sat was the head of the
table, wherever woman is is the fireside
and the altar; she is the peculiar genius of
home, and the festival of Thanksgiving is
the festival of the home—is the festival of
woman.

Woman is, then, entirely the priestess of
this altar; and it is an altar, this Thanks-
giving one, to which Delphos could have
offered but a feeble rivalry. For the
keeping of Thanksgiving Day intends not
only the offering of thanks to Heaven for
all blessings received, all misfortunes
withheld, but it is with all that a celebra-
tion of the fact and existence of home.

And who so fit and natural to make that
celebration, to officiate as priestess at that
shrine, as women are? Long ago, in
profane records, we have the thanksgiv-
ing before meat, and far back in sacred
records the thanksgiving was made before
the bread was broken; but never till
in the times of ours and of our grand-
mothers has an entire day of thanksgiving
been organized in which women were the
chief actors, as circumstances have made
them in the celebration of our Thanks-
giving Day, and in which women, owing to
that fact alone, can join with more hearti-
ness than in any other. The red Indian
has his wigwam, the rude savage his hut
or cave, sometimes his associated hut or
cave; and the woman of that wigwam or
that hut or cave has a vast journey to make
before she reaches the em-
nence of the simplest woman in our homes when
Thanksgiving Day is kept. It is this home
and its opportunities and possibilities,
which was separated from the associated
hut, improved on the wigwam, differenti-
ated at last from a place where a slave
served into a place where a woman rules
supreme in affection—it is this home, we
say, which has given woman much of the
enlightenment and uplifting she has re-
ceived, and which continues to help her
by means of advantages increasing from
generation to generation.

It becomes women, then, to keep this festi-
val of Thanksgiving as something pecu-
liarly their own; to spare themselves no
pains in the preparations of the feast, and
to curtail no pleasure that can belong to it
or be added to it, to make a point of mak-
ing it desirable to those who are away to
come back to the central hearth, and of
giving great cheer to those that are at
hand, recognizing that while the custom of
Thanksgiving pays reverence to the Dis-
pensing Powers and Heavenly Bounty, it
also acknowledges the value of home and
the sovereignty of women at the fireside.—
Harper's Bazar.

The weakest living creature, by concen-
trating his powers on a single object, can
accomplish something. The strongest by
dispensing his over many, may fail to ac-
complish any thing.—Curtis.