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THANKSGIVING ALL THE YEAR.

BY CALEB DUNN.

Once a year there comes a day
In the chill November weather
When from near and far away
Loving kindred meet together.

Round the old hearthstone they meet
Young and old, in union tender,
To renew their greetings sweet
And mutual love to render.

Thanks be given that once again
They whom distance separated,
With their hearts all free from pain,
Gather there with hearts elated.

Yet through all the changing year
We for giving thanks have reason
For the blessings that appear—
That we find in every season:

Thanks for shelter from the storm;
Thanks because no ills confound us;
Thanks for hearts that e'er are warm;
Thanks for loving friends around us;

Thanks for health that day by day
With fresh pleasure comes attended;
Thanks for sorrow passed away,
Thanks for troubles that are ended.

So, for blessings we receive,
Making our lives worth the living,
Every day of joy we live
Should to us be a thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Dinner.

"Thanksgiving, indeed!" said Mrs. Bluebell. "And turkeys! Don't talk to me!"

"They're very fat, ma'am—uncommon fat!" pleaded Buttercox, the itinerant vendor. "Just pinch 'em under the wings! And look at the fine, healthy color o' them wattles! Lord bless you, ma'am, them Thanksgiving turkeys was sent into the world just especially to make you feel thankful! And so cheap, too! Twenty-two cents a pound is given' 'em away! But, to accommodate you ma'am, as has always been a good customer, I'll call it twenty. Come! You can't ask any fairer treatment than that!"

"It's no use talking to me," said Mrs. Bluebell. I shall not buy a turkey this year."

"Not buy a turkey!" almost screeched Mr. Buttercox "Well, that's rank treason, that is! That's flying in the face of the governor and his proclamation! Well, ma'am," turning gloomily away, as he flung his turkey back upon its heap of mottled-winged fellows, "I wouldn't 'a' believed that of you if anybody had took their Bible oath of it."

"I'm no believer in days and seasons," said Mrs. Bluebell. "And I am quite sure that I have nothing to be thankful for."

She went back into the house and scolded little Fanny for innocently asking if she could have some of the cranberries to string for a necklace.

"Cranberries, child?" said she. "I shall buy no cranberries this year! There, don't bother me with questions! I've no time to talk now!"

Rosy-cheeked Willie, the eldest boy presently came in from school.

"Mother," said he, "can't I go up Speller Mountain with the boys, and help load pumpkins for old Farmer Trotwood? Any boy that helps can have a big yellow pumpkin for Thanksgiving; and so your pies won't cost you anything. Can I go mother?"

"No," said Mrs. Bluebell sharply.

"Go into the back-yard and finish splitting those kindlings. Life isn't all a frolic, and you may as well find that out now as any time! I do not intend to keep next Thursday differently from any other day."

"But mother," gasped the astonished lad, "it's Thanksgiving Day!"

"What does that mean?" sharply retorted Mrs. Bluebell. "It means the giving of thanks, don't it? Thanksgiving Day! I shall give no thanks. I've none to give. Everything has gone wrong. And I'm completely vexed and discouraged."

"Melinda."

Old Grandmother Bluebell sat in the window, in a comfortable, cushioned rocker, with her knitting in her lap and her glossy silver hair brushed back under a snowy cap-frill, the very ideal and incarnation of sweet peace. She looked up, at her daughter-in-law's words, with eyes of mild reproach. Mrs. Bluebell burst into tears.

"I can't help it mother," said she. "There's John has lost the place as carpenter to the Silverball Coal Mine; he might have got it just as well as not, but he was helping old Judson to get in his turnips. You know what John is, mother. 'It's only one more day, Melinda,' says he. 'And Judson is old and poor and feeble.' So, while he has doing old Judson's work for him, Philip Barton gets all the influence he can and goes before the directors' meeting, and now he's carpenter to the mine, and my John may just pick up any living he can, at mere day's work.

"He has always picked up a good living, Melindia," said the old lady.

"It's better to look out for something better than day's wages," said Mrs. Bluebell. "It's a place that would have suited John exactly, and everbody said John was fitted for it. And I'm tired of drudging on forever, no better off on Saturday night than you are on Monday morning. I never was so disappointed in all my life!"

"My daughter," said the old lady solemnly, "can you not trust in the Lord for knowing what is best for you?"

Mrs. Bluebell did not answer. In the soft, serene light of her mother-in-law's blue eyes, she dared not utter all the rebellious words that rose to her lips.

"At all events," said she, after a brief silence. "I shall not go into the useless extravagance of a Thanksgiving dinner when we can so little afford it. *That* question is settled"

"No Thanksgiving dinner?" cried hones John Bluebell, with genuine astonishment, when he heard of the decision that had gone forth. "Bless me, Melinda, I'm forty-two years old next spring, and I never can remember the Thanksgiving Day when we didn't have roast turkey and cranberry-sauce.

"There'll be one to remember now," said his wife curtly. "If you had been attending to your own business, John, instead of getting in old Judson's turnips for him, you'd have got that position in the Silverball Mine!"

"Well, well, my dear," said Mr. Bluebell, "things aren't so bad after all. Work is a little slack, to be sure, I can go down in the mines and earn a dollar and seventy-five cents a day as assistant to any of the boss miners. You see there's Hale mines out his six car-loads a day in the Silverball. He finds his own powder and tools for blastin', but he tells me there aren't many days when he don't pile on six car-loads at ninety cents a load; and that counts up five dollars and forty cents a day. That's not such a bad business, eh, Melinda. Give me a little more experience and *I'll* bore a vein among those black diamonds for myself. But I've got to learn the business first. There's work for everybody among these coal regions, thank Providence."

But Mrs. Bluebell was sullenly obstinate.

"I've nothin' to be thankful for," said she; "and I shall not go through the farce of a Thanksgiving dinner. Cold-boiled beef and a minute pudding will do very well, as far as the question of nourishment is concerned."

And the children looked blankly at one another at this sweeping declaration.

It was the evening before Thanksgiving—a dull, gray dusk, with flying dashes of snow in the air and a melancholy wind that howled down the chimney as little Fanny whispered to her brother, "like a hungry dog looking for a bone." Grandmother Bluebell was commencing a scarlet wool sock for Mrs. Powers's baby, who hadn't, unfortunately, been born with a silver spoon in its mouth. The children sat side by side, reading out of the same fairy-book, and Mrs. Bluebell was darning the family stockings in grim silence. Honest John himself was out in the back kitchen with a tallow candle, a screw-driver and a box of tools, bolstering up the feebleness of his wife's wash-bench, when old Tim, the foreman of the nearest coal-breaker, looked in, in a friendly way with a face all grimed with coal-dust and a short, black pipe between his teeth.

"Heard the news?" said old Tim, who never wasted time on any preliminary formalities.

"No," answered Bluebell. "What news?"

"Bad news," said old Tim, succently.

"Barton killed!"

"Killed?"

The screw-driver dropped from Bluebell's hand; he turned very pale.

"It was his own fault," said old Tim. "I told him them props under the old Crookback Arch wasn't safe. All rotted away like so much tinder. But nothin' would do but he must try for himself. So down he goes and gives the central a prod with his stick. Them as seen it tells me it came down like a bit of pipe-clay and the roof with it. And the hands of Silverball Mine are spendin' tneir Thanksgiving Eve diggin' his dead body out of the ruins."

Mrs. Bluebell had heard it all. She scarcely waited for old Tim to disappear before she rushed into her husband's arms.

"Oh, John! John!" cried she. "Suppose it had been *yon!*"

"God be merciful to me a sinner!" he answered reverently. "And so, for any merit of mine, it might have been."

Late though it was, Mrs. Bluebell went to market that night and brought the plumpest remaining turkey which dangled from the hooks in the poulterer's store. She put a saucepan of cranberries stewing on the fire and began to cut up a yellow-cheeked pumpkin, after nine o'clock at night, for the morrow's pie.

"Mother," said Fanny, wistfully, "are we to have a Thanksgiving dinner, after all?"

"I know we are," said Willie, "for I saw the turkey's legs peeping out of Mr. Boxall's basket just now. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Children," said Mrs. Bluebell, with tears in her eyes, "I didn't know what I was saying when I talked about having nothing to be thankful for. If ever woman should be grateful from her heart for God's mercies, it is me! And, as long as I live, I shall keep a double Thanksgiving in my heart, as this time of year comes 'round—one on the governors day and one in my heart."

And Grandmother Bluebell, knitting quietly on, murmured:

"Therefore shall the people give thanks unto Thee, world without end."

—*Amy Randolph in the New York Ledger.*

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It Should Be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Border, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it, Free trial Bolles at George & Redden's, Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c and $1.00.

How Rothschild Was Painted.

Baron Rothschild was very anxious to have Horace Vernet paint his picture, and visited him with this object while Vernet was engaged upon his enormous Algerian battle piece, "La Prise de la Smala." Vernet said he would paint the baron for 50,000 francs, and although Rothschild visited him repeatedly to induce him to name a smaller sum he stuck to his price. Finally, upon one of the baron's visits, Vernet told him that he had already painted him full length for nothing, as he, the baron, could not afford to pay for his picture, and that he would find himself in the "Prise de la Smala" at Versailles.

The baron accordingly went to Versailles, and there he was, the central figure in the foreground of the enormous picture, and he overheard the following conversation among the spectators: "Who is that man to whom the woman is appealing to save her child and who appears not to hear her?" "Why, don't you see? He is a Jew running away with a casket." Rothschild, by threats, entreaties and bribes, could not induce Vernet to paint out the figure.—San Francisco Argonaut.

There are said to be 1,142 patent remedies for cholera in the list at the United States patent office.

Holding Sherman's Monument.

At the reunion of the Army of the Tennesee the Rev. Thomas Sherman, son of General Sherman, and a Catholic priest, in the course of an address said in reference to the refusal of the striking granite cutters at Westerly, Conn., to allow the monument of the general to be removed to the West.

"Just about the time the work was finished a strike occurred in the granite quarries in the East and the finished monument stands there now; and there is no power in this country in state or nation to move it—to move that monument from the hands of the union."

"They will not consent to let us have it moved, and I only know one way to get it—and that is to organize one of his old regiments and go there and take it by force." [Prolonged applaused.] "I do wish this society to know it is not any neglect of his sons or his family. We owe it to you, who belong to the same military family, to say that we have not been negligent for a day, and that we feel sad and mortified that in our country, which you have made so free, we cannot even move our father's tombstone from the spot where these workmen hold it enclosed." [Indignation in audience.] "There is a power, then, even higher and stronger than the power you conquered, and our generation has yet to meet the problem of conquering, or at least subduing to law, that great power."

There was a dead silence for a moment as the speaker concluded, and then there was a burst of applause, which swelled into military cheer for the spirited son of the old commander.

A member of the society moved that the stenographic report of Father Sherman's remarks be inscribed in the record of the proceedings, and a few minutes later a meeting of "Sherman Monument Committee" was called.

What transpired at that meeting the events of the future must tell, for its members are as mute as the sentinels of a reconnoitering army.

Why He Looks Under the Bed.

"I always look under the bed for burglars before retiring," said W. W. Greer, at the Lindell. "I was not always so careful, and came near being murdered and robbed as the result of neglecting this simple precaution. I was in the employ of a lumber firm in Wisconsin, and a portion of my duties was to visit the logging camps and pay off the men. I usually carried about $1,500 in bills on these trips. I got to Chelsea late one night, from which place I was to take conveyance to the camp, and staid all night at the hotel. I placed the money between the mattresses, my pistol under my pillow and lay down, but did not fall asleep. The moon shone as brightly through the curtainless windows, and I lay there idly watching it race through the fleecy clouds, when I felt a movement of the bed. I realized at once that some one was under it, and without making a sound raised upon my elbow, secured my pistol and waited.

"In a few minutes a man crawled out. As he raised to his knees he turned toward the bed and found himself looking into the muzzle of my pistol. He had a large knife in one hand, with which he had evidently intended to cut my throat. He turned ashy pale as he saw his position, groveled on the floor and whined piteously. I recognized him as one of the loggers I had come to pay off, and was sorely tempted to kill him, but turned him over to the authorities instead, and he got a year in the pen."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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