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Poetry.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Wake up! Wake up! Ye little one'
Ye lads and lasses all!
Oh, hear you not the stirring sounds,
In Kitchen, shed and hall?
Oh, know you not the signs, my dears,
Beginning with the dawn;
The busy feet, the voices sweet,
On this Thanksgiving morn.

The open fires were early lit,
The crackling wood burns well;
But what is going on below,
I've promised not to tell.
"I know! I know!" cries little Ben,
"It's something 'awful' nice;
Why, bless your hearts, mince pie and tarts,
With sugar in, and spice!"

But Benny dear, just hurry up,
And dress quite in your best;
Then May and Bessie do the same,
And come down when you're dressed
Dear grandma, in her best black silk
And cap of lace looks gay;
While grandpa walks around and talks
About Thanksgiving Day.

Just one o'clock! The guests have come;
The tempting board is spread
With dainty viands of the best,
With grandma at the head;
While aunts and uncles, drawing nigh,
Fill up each vacant chair,
With cousins small and cousins tall
And cousins dark and fair.

What chattering tongues, what sparkling eyes,
Above the royal cheer!
This is no time for aught but love;
No time for sigh or tear.
The household "king of birds" lies prone—
(No eagle force and grit)—
A noble turkey, big and brown,
Fit for Thanksgiving Day.

A steaming pudding crowns the feast,
Well stuffed with luscious plums,
So large they would have quite defied
Jack Horner's busy thumbs;
What concord sweet, what cheerful talk
Filled up the pleasant hour—
A golden cord bound heart to heart
In that sweet home-like bower.

Just after tea the apples red,
And welcome nuts appear;
Oh, how the little children laugh,
And clap their hands and cheer!
The merry games and romping sports
In turn have right of way—
And thus, in happiness and joy,
Ends one Thanksgiving Day.

—*By Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

Select Family Reading.

Thanksgiving Dinner of Peter the Great.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

I.

THE Lavenselliers lived in the Dunraven, in appartments—"chambers" Marcia Lavenseller called them. It sounded so delightfully English. The Dunraven was a magnificently appointed building that harbored within its brown stone walls all the elite of Patten. It was not a boarding-house. Nothing so plebeian or savory as dinner odors ever floated tantalizingly through its lower hallways. The staid, dignified families who inhabited its stately rooms "went out to meals," or, in the case of the Lavenselliers and one or two others, had their meals brought in to them, ready for serving, from the caterer's on Blinker Street, round the corner. The latter was a favorite method, and as Marcia said, gave one "an air"

"Gives Peter the Great one, I suppose you mean!" laughed Jay Lavenseller good-naturedly. "It's only Peter who gets 'an air' in our mealing process. You and I sit here in this stived up"—

"Jay! 'Stived up!' When you know The Dunraven is ventilated in the modernest way!"

"Sure, little one—sure. Don't get hefty—I give it up."

"And it isn't a stived up hole, bad boy!"

"It isn't, bad girl!"

They both laughed gaily. They had only been married a year, and laughing came easy to them. Jay Lavenseller had never told his flightly little wife of his homesick longings for a bit of a house of their own somewhere, with a kitchen in it—a real kitchen with a shiny tin dipper on a nail over the sink, and warm spicy odors hanging about it. There was a little kitchen like this that he passed every night coming home from the office. It didn't belong to exactly the kind of house he planned in his dreams, but it was cheery and neat and it belonged to a home. Jay was always glad when the curtains were up and he could see the trail of steam from the tea-kettle on the stove, and catch a glimpse of the children. There was such a host of children. One of them was only there occasionally and that one was always propped up on pillows, in a rocking chair.

"Jay—Jay! Have you gone to sleep?" the flighty little wife cried, teasingly. "I've said 'Jay' twice before this!"

"We'll, I am a jay!" he said, rousing out of his castle-building with a jerk. "I beg your pardon, Will-o-wisp, but the kitchen looked so cozy and pleasant, you know——"

"This what?"

"The—the—er—kitchen, he repeated, reluctantly. Just like him to blurt his thoughts out that way.

"Kitchen, Jay Lavenseller?"

"Yes, one I got a peep into to-night, coming up—that's all. Happened to think of it. Fire away—What were you going to say, little woman?"

"I've said it already," she said answered plaintively, "while you were asleep. It was about about our thanksgiving, you know."

"Certain—our Thanksgiving. Go ahead, dear." But how quickly his thoughts flew back to those other Thanksgivings of his, with a kitchen in the very heart of them, and appetising smells contending together for the mastery. How he remembered those smells—it made him hungry now.

"Well, we haven't made out our menu yet"—Marcia liked to say menu; the word fitted her tongue—"Monsieur will want it right away, Jay. I don't suppose you know it's the twenty-ninth?"

"You don't say—not the twenty-ninth?" he murmured, absently.

"Of course. Now, this minute, let's make it out—the menu, I mean. I'm going to ask the Smith-Bonners in, you know. They invited us to their rooms last. We must have just a splendid dinner, Jay."

"Where? Not in this room, Marcia?"

"You funny boy, of course! Where else should we have it—In the vestibules?"

"But it doesn't look—er—that is, I can't associate a Thanksgiving dinner with all these new-jews and draperies. It's too much of an effort, Hop-o'-Thumb."

"Well," laughed the wife, "don't exert yourself. Turn your attention to ruffed grouse and potted oysters and——"

"Turkey—roasted till its golden-brown and stuffed to bursting."

"Oh, Jay, Jay, you're such a trial! Where did you get such plebeian tastes? Turkey is so common, so—so—bourgeoise, and stuffed! That's a dreadful word. No, what we want is a grouse or a partridge *a la francaise*, flanked with my gold salad bowl of deviled crabs or—"

"Devils are so common!" muttered Jay.

Marcia went on, superior to his insinuendoes. It was a delicate little dinner she sketched out on her tablet, biting her gold pencil thoughtfully between the entries. An epicure might have been glad of an invitation to it. But Jay was a common, human man, and he wanted the dear, time-honored Thanksgiving dinner. The turkey—stuffed to bursting—he would not yield. And the turnip and squash and celery, and the onions—

"Not onions—don't say onions!" pleaded poor Marcia.

"Well, skip the onions, then," he said, with magnificent generosity. "But there must be all the other fixings. Will o' the Wisp. I tell you what—let me have my way up to the dessert, and you your from that on. That's fair, isn't it?"

And that was the only compromise reached. Marcia comforted herself with thinking of the delicacies she would devise for the close of the feast, and with the flowers—there should be avalanches of flowers—they might tone down the turkey and the dreadful cranberry sauce.

"But, see here," Jay exclaimed abruptly, "How are all these goodies going to get up here to this roost? That's what sticks me."

"You forget Petey;" Marcia answered calmly. "That boy knows no impossibles. He could carry a Thanksgiving dinner, course by course, over Niagara Falls on a tight rope. I know Petey."

"Rightly called Peter the Great, for short. If he performs this miracle, I'll put a codicil in my will and testament in his favor."

"Well then, you'd better be engaging your lawyer! Petey's sure to do it. He'll bring that little covered cart of his to Monsieur's and load it up with things and away he'll fly to Dunraven. You needn't think anything will get cold, Petey. And he'll appear at the door as composed and calm as if 'twas a pint of milk instead of a Thanksgiving dinner he'd brought. He's an artist, Petey is."

II

"Petey," or Peter the Great, for short, was the errand-boy who brought the meals from Monsieur's and carried back the empty dishes. It was Petey's "trade," and he followed it with phlegmatic patience. He and Monsieur had reduced the apparently impossible task to science, and no number of hot dishes dismayed them. The distance from the Blinker Street kitchen to the Dunraven was short as Petey took it, by a path of his own. The covered pails that carried the breakfasts and the dinners were Monsieur's especial patent, and Peter the Great handled them with great dexterity.

Petey was a little, lean fellow in clean—always clean—jeans. His honest face was as devoid of beauty as it was crowded with tiny brown freckles. He was undeniably homely, was Peter the Great, but as Mrs. Marcia said, he was an artist, in his profession.

Where Petey dwelt between times of his countless errands for the Dunraven tenants, or whom Petey belonged to, or who belonged to Petey, were unknown quantities. That part of Petey was unimportant. If he only brought the covered, steaming pails on time, and didn't leave any of them on Blinker Street!—that was the important part of Petey.

Thanksgiving drew very near indeed. Tempting smells filtered through nearly every area railing, and patient files of ragged children hung about them constantly. On the street house fathers bustled against each other and spilt their Thanksgiving bundles. The plump turkeys and chickens hanging outside the poulterers' shops dwindled away to one or two, and those of the leanest. It was harvest-time for grocers and provisioners.

Peter the Great came into intimate contact with Thanksgiving, at Monsieur's. He saw the wonderful preparations and smelt the wonderful smells. His whole soul craved a Thanksgiving, too. Not for himself—oh, no! It was for Tiny and the kids. Tiny was sick, and the kids were hungry. Peter was chief "provider" for their all, since the father had died two years ago. If he could only "provide" a Thanksgiving dinner! How Tiny's sweet, white face among the pillows would light up—how the kids would caper!

The day before Thanksgiving Peter slipped something into Monsieur's hand as he was going away at night.

"For dinner—Thanksgivin', yer know. Sam's de toffs," he explained diffidently.

"Eh? Eh? It is what that no boy is saying?" Monsieur cried, his little steel-blue eyes like points of light in his little brown face. "It is Thanksgiv' dinner no boy will buy will buy with xet," displaying the silver dollar on his palm scornfully.

But Monsieur was kind. He and Petey had been partners so long! He gave a little reconciled flip to the silver dollar and consented to "see what he could do."

"Taters 'n' somethin' roasted reg'lar dandy?" Petey questioned eagerly. "An' a bit o' puddin' to top her off wid?" He hesitated to add something else close to his heart, but finally plucked up courage. He went up to Monsieur and laid his lean little fingers on the white linen sleeve.

"Wid—wi' plums in it?" he breathed. "Yer t'ink as dere'll be plums in de puddin'—say?"

Monsieur blinked reflectively. Raisins high at Thanksgiving time. He could not afford raisins in Petey's pudding.

"They'd sit it wid plums in,—Tiny's fame, yer know. An'—my! but de kids 'ud caper! De kids ain't never eat a plum—I have."

There was infinite pride in Petey's voice. All the little red-brown freckles radiated pride. Then the boy's expression changed to intense wistfulness.

Petey held his breath for Monsieur's answer. It came, after slow deliberation.

"Plums is it, ze boy will ask? Plums? Ah-h, ze plums will be ze fifteen cent a poun'!" but Monsieur's twinkling eyes were looking down into Petey's eyes pleasantly. There was hope in them. That was what made Petey whistle all the way home.

III.

Marcia Lavenseller set her dainty rooms in perfect order. They may have been a fraction daintier after her arduous labors. The draperies may have fallen a very little more gracefully, and the bronzes and tabourets have been arranged with a little more artistic abandon. When all this was done, Jay's words were verified—there was nothing in the beautiful, crowded place to suggest a real Thanksgivin dinner.

But Marcia was satisfied. She flew about among her treasures, rearranging here and there, and taking little contented bird's-eye views, with her pretty head balanced reflectively on one side. The Lucerne lion in plaster of paris might be—yes, it certainly would be more effective a trifle more to the left—so. And that cloisonne—there; how much better it looked so.

"There, everything is perfect now!" the weary little woman breathed at last, with a sigh of relief. She dropped lightly into Jay's Morris chair and rested. It was such a comfort to think everything was ready.

"The Smith Bonner rooms don't begin!" she mused in deep satisfaction. "Corona Bonner will be in despair. I've put my choicest bits just where she can look at them all the time during dinner. Dear child—won't she enjoy herself.

It is comfortable in the Morris chair, and Marcia drifted away into sleep and dreamed that Petey came with the colored pails, in a footman's uniform, with brass buttons as many as his freckles. And Corona Bonner fainted with envy when she discovered him standing, white-aproned, behind her chair. It was such a pleasant dream.

IV.

But there were no brass buttons for poor Peter the Great. On Thanksgiving morning itself he slipped on the icy pavements and sprained his ankle. For a few minutes dire horror reigned in his breast, then he rose superior to circumstances. One of the kids—it should be Tamsie—must take his place. There was still plenty of time to drill him.

Poor little Tamsie. He had not inherited Petey's talents, and the rigid drill left him worn and confused. It was with much misgiving and reiterated cautions that Petey let him go at last.

"Keep yer wits wid yer, for good gracious's sake, Tamsie!" he called after him anxiously. And Tamsie did his best. It was all confusion and disorder at Monsieur's, to his untutored perceptions, and he gasped in the presence of it. How could he ever take Petey's place? But, after all, it was not so terrible. Monsieur, heated and important, came out of the steamy atmosphere about the cooking ranges and gave him hasty instructions. The white-capped assistants set the covered pails in rows before him.

"Ze pails here go to ze Dunraven, to ze Monsieur Lavenseell,—ze pails here you will carry to Petey. It is ze dinner he have ordered!" and Monsieur scurried away smiling.

Wondrous warm odors floated up into hungry Tamsie's nostrils. Visions of a Thanksgiving dinner set his pulses throbbing and dazzled his eyes. To Petey—to Petey! The dinner he had ordered. Oh, what would Tiny say, and Megsie and Jill and the baby?

Tamsie seized an armful of the hot pails and hurried out to the little hand cart. It would not be necessary to make more than one trip, to take in all the pails on one side of Monsieur's dividing line. Tamsie kept that line distinct in his mind. But, oh, how many pails there were left to carry home to Petey.

V.

At the Dunraven the Smith-Bonners had arrived from across the hall. Jay entertained them while Marcia waited in gentle excitement for Petey. She had her dainty wedding china on the polished table; the flowers were all arranged. There were "avalanches" of flowers.

"Why doesn't that boy come?" sighed Marcia impatiently, and then the door flew open and Tamsie darted in and dropped an armful of covered pails before her. He was gone again in the same breath. It did not take him long to dart round the corner to Monsieur's for those other mysterious pails of Petey's. The sooner they got home the better.

"Jay," called Marcia Lavenseller's voice, softly, a moment later. There was a strange ring in it. Marcia caught his arm with a clutch that set it tingling under her fingers, and drew him into the little back room with her.

"Jay—Jay! Oh, what do you think has happened? Monsieur must have gone suddenly crazy. Look! in that pail, will you?—and that—and that."

There were four pails in all. Jay inspected them, one after another, with increasing amazement. A thick stew of beef in one—onions (he lingered over them hungrily) in another—boiled potatoes and turnips—a slab of pudding, thick with raisins—

"Well, I'm a jay!—I'm a blue jay!" he exclaimed.

"Did you ever, Jay? That's the dainty little dinner Monsieur has sent us. And a horrid wild little boy, it wasn't Petey at all—rushed up with it and then rushed down again."

"'King of Spain.... marched up the hill and then marched down again,'" Jay muttered, frivolously. But a glimpse of poor little Marcia's face convinced him of the seriousness of the occasion. He caught up his hat.

"I called on Monsieur," he said meaningly. "Run into your guests, little one, and don't fret. I'm on his track."

He was gone before she could say another word. It did not take him much longer to reach Monsieur's, on Blinker Street, than it had taken little flying Tamsie.

"Eh? Eh?" stuttered Monsieur. "Ze dinner is not right? Ah-h, and to sink of ze pain I have take. It is ze in—what you call?—in great study!" His hot, red face took on a plaintive expression that sat on it in queer contrast to the fierce black eyebrows and moustache. Jay Lavenseller hastened to give spirited details of the contents of the pails.

"Ah-h!" breathed Monsieur, whitening with wrath, as the explanation dawned upon him. "Ah-h, it is ze boy have mistake. It is ze wrong pails he have carry to you. I tell him here and ser, but he is a fool. He is not Petey—no-o!"

"Hold on! I'll go for him myself—give me the address," Jay cried, forestalling Monsieur's intention to seek out the young miscreant. "Meanwhile you are to scurry some sort of a dinner together as best you can. Make the kettles fly."

VI

The address Monsieur gave took him to the street he used so often as a short-cut home from the office. It took him to the cozy kitchen he had caught so many glimpses of. He paused before it, with a sudden disinclination to proceed on his mission of wrath. And in the moment of hesitation he saw the pleasant little picture framed in the square of lamplight. It was six o'clock, and the darkness outside, in the ill-lighted little street, accentuated the brightness within the kitchen. Or was it that the radiant faces of the "kids" helped out the lamp on the table?

The tiny white "kid" was there, bolstered among her pillows. A worn-faced, smiling woman sat at one end of the table, and Petey himself sat at the other. They had evidently just sat down, for the plump, golden-brown turkey was unscrewed, and the numberless other perfectly-cooked dishes that flanked it on either side had not been disturbed. It was a generous feast. Jay Lavenseller recognized in it his own luxurious Thanksgiving dinner. All Marcia's dainties were there—all his own stand-bys.

Suddenly the merry uproar that filtered out-to-him through the bright windows ceased. Petey was on his one uninjured foot, swaying as he stood. He had his hand up for silence. Jay could hear distinctly what he was saying. "Hist, will yer!" he cried loudly. "It's three cheers for Mo'seer we'll be givin' before we begin. Ain't he sent us the best Thanksgivin' in Patten—wot? Ain't he a dandy? Well, here she goes for Mo'seer—hip, hip—"

"Hoo ray!" they all shouted, deafeningly.

"Hoo-ray—hoo-ray for Mo'seer!"

Jay stole away in the darkness. Something in his throat brought on a fit of coughing. The street light as he emerged into them, on the broader street, danced dizzily before his eyes. He called at Monsieur's, and gave a few further instructions. Then he went back to Marcia. She met him in the hallway.

"Well?" she whispered.

For answer he showed her the radiant little picture he had seen through Petey's window. When he had finished, she stretched up her moved little face and kissed him.

"Oh, Jay, I'm so glad you came away while they were cheering!" she cried, softly. "Now, with the dinner—we can wait till Monsieur sends us another. Never mind anything but that dinner. And, Jay—"

She toyed with his buttons, shyly.

"Yes, Will-o'-the-Wisp?"

"No, don't call me 'Will-o'-the-Wisp'—call me 'Little Housewife.' I've decided something important since we've been standing here. I'm going to have a—a kitchen somewhere, Jay!"

JUST FOR FUN.

"If I stand on my head the blood all rushes to my head, doesn't it?" No one ventured to contradict him. "Now," he continued triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet, why doesn't my blood all rush to my feet?" "Because," replied Hostetter McGlusse, "your feet are not empty."—*Tit-Bits.*

Harry—"Wonder why it was that Frank and Bertha broke off their engagement? I understood it was all arranged, even to the marriage day." Dick—"It was discovered that the wedding ring was made by non-union labor, so the clergyman refused to perform the ceremony, and no other one in town dares to do it."—*Boston Transcript.*

The naturalist was angry at his mischievous son. "Young man," he said sharply, "when I get you in the house I will take great pleasure in giving you a handsome licking." The boy looked around. "You must excuse dad," he said to the assembled guests. "Sometimes he's a little careless in his pronunciation. It's really a lichen that he means to give me. Ain't it pa?"—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

WELL ANSWERED.

A paper published in the interest of the liquor traffic, says the liquor traffic of the United States employs 361,000 persons, and 1,800,000 people derive their support as families of the former, directly from it. This liquor organ wishes to know what is to be done with this great army of two million people in case the traffic is abolished. To which inquiry the prohibition paper gives answer:

"We would set them to raising grain and meat to fill the mouths of the wives and children of the patrons of the saloon. We would set them in the production of cotton, wool and hides to making them into clothing, hats and caps, boots and shoes for those who, on account of the saloon, are never comfortable. We would set them to felling trees and sawing them into lumber and making them into houses for those who live in hovels because the husband and father spends his money for drink. If indeed his patronage of the saloon has not put him out of a job. We would keep them busy making carpets, furniture, pictures, pianos and organs, books and newspapers for the millions by whom on account of the drink, most of these things are considered as luxuries intended only for saloonkeepers and other fortunate people.

WHAT HAVE WE TO BE THANKFUL FOR?

"What have we to be thankful for?"
An old man said to his wife.
"True it is our life is long,
But long is sorrow and strife.
What have we to be thankful for?"
And he bowed his white head low,
Where he sat in the chimney corner,
And watched the red fire's glow.

"What have we to be thankful for?"
And the wife looked up with a smile.
"Why, father," she said, "we've always had
Each other through all the while.
What have we to be thankful for?
We've had the heart of all life;
For I've had you for my husband
And you've had me for your wife."

Then the old man hitched his chair along
To the side of his old wife, sweet;
And he held her hand within his own.
And the gray heads, two, did meet.
"What have we to be thankful for?
"Oh! I am a goose," said he.
"I have everything to be thankful for,
While you love an old man like me."

—*By Jessie E. T. Dove.*

THE THANKSGIVING SECRET.

"Once counted I my little store.
Why was the others given more?
Why were their lips with honey fed,
While I had labor's hard-earned bread
& weary, hopeless task seemed living;
I could not bring to God thanksgiving.

"There came a poor man to my door;
I shared with him my scanty store.
When lo! my sense of want had flown,
And tired toilers were my own!
I seemed with heaven's own manna fed.
What blessed joy there is in living!
I brought to God my glad thanksgiving."

A LITTLE THANKSGIVING SONG.

I heard the organs ringing out a glad Thanksgiving strain,
'As sweet as bell-sounds cast at sea blown shoreward o'er the main;
I paused a moment in my walk to half rebellious ask
What guerdon has I win mine with life one long unfinished task,
The years lie heavy on me and the days are filled with toil,
With disappointment often bear my dearest hopes to foil;
I've seen my humble castles fall—wept o'er their ruins wan—
While others builded Babels tall and climbed to power thereon,
Then why should I, denied success 'mid the triumphant throng,
Lift up my voice and join them in their glad Thanksgiving song?

But scarcely from my lips had passed ingratitude's bad word,
Ere memory's still small voice for God in sweet defence was heard:
"You may have striven for some end, without reflecting how
The laurel-crown at last may prove a thorn-wreath on the brow!
And yet for you were woe ones' love, that round your pathway brought
Some gleams of paradise to earth to cheer you while you wrought,
What had you missed had he bestowed the things you long for much—
And then withheld each lift's smile and each seraphic touch?"

Then to, I cried—How rich my years, though I've been thankless long,
For childish love I waft above my poor Thanksgiving song.

—*By Will T. Hale.*

A FAMILY GATHERING.

"Gran'ma says will you come over to her house to Thanksgivin' dinner?" A little maiden of nine years in a red hood and a red jacket stood by my desk saying these words one day after I had closed that days session of the country school I was teaching. "Grandma" was Mrs. Josiah Swift. She and her husband lived in a square red brick house on the bank of the river about half a mile from the school house. I said at once that I would accept the invitation, for I had spent a night with Mr. and Mrs Swift and found them to be a delightful old couple, still young and cheerful in spirit and keenly alive to all that was going on in the world. To them belonged the unusual distinction of being the parents of 10 married sons and daughters, and it seemed to me that the home-coming of all these children to keep Thanksgiving with the old folks was a Thanksgiving lucident worth treasuring in the storehouse of one's mind all of one's life. It was such a beautiful scene of household affections and a simple gratitude to the Giver of all good.

"Yes," said Gran'ma soon after my arrival at her house, "we have a lot to be thankful for, my husband and I. It aint given to many couples to live and see their 10 children good men an' wimmen an' married an' livin' in homes o' their own an' love an' harmony prevailin' among 'em all. There ain't nothin' sadder to see than estranged households. It'd break my heart if any o' my boys an' girls didn't speak to each other, or if there was any reason why we shouldn't all set down in peace an' love to eat our thanksgiving dinner together. An' I'm thankful that they aint scattered so far but they can come home to be with pa an' me at least once a year. My oldest son, James, comes all the way from New York, where he is president of a big bank, but he don't feel a mite above the poorest of his brothers an' sisters on that account. He's awful good to 'em when they're in trouble, an' he'll be sure to be bringin' pa an' me some fine presents. He—will—be here on the noon train with his wife an' their two splendid boys. Just think we have thirty-eight gran'children, an' they'll all be here to dinner with us...but is, there is room in our hearts for that many more, an' we'd make room in the house somehow. The gran'children all eat at a table by themselves, an' what a good time they do have!

"There's my son Henry just drivin in at the gate with his folks!" She ran to the front door and called out cheerily, "Here you are! Put your horses in the barn, Henry, an' Mary, you an' the children come right in out o' the cold. How glad I am to see you! My! how the children do grow! I'd hardly know little Lucy. Come an' kiss your old gran'ma, all of you. An' there comes Arou an' his folks. Ain't seen 'em for a month, an' I'm dyin' to get hold o' that new baby o' theirs. Willie an' his folks an' Emma an' her children an' Sarah an' her family will all be here on the noon train. We have had a telegraft sayin' so. Your pa will go to meet them with the big bob-sled, an' I reckon Bliss will have to go along with his team, there is so many of 'em. If here ain't Nellie an' her big boys! How you boys do shoot up. But you ain't none too big an' you never will be too big to kiss your old gran'ma, so you come right along an' give her a hug an' a kiss. There's Reuben an' his folks just drivin over the hill. The baby ain't been well an' they was so scared that they wouldn't get here, but the baby must be better, so that is another thing to be thankful for. Lydia is here already. She is out helping to get the turkeys ready for the oven. I'm expectin' Andrew an' his folks any minuit."

And so they came gathering home, the children an' the children's children, greeting each other with kindly affection, and the father and mother with the tenderest love. To me is was a never to be forgotten Thanksgiving day, and I often think of it in contrast to the lack of love and harmony that there is in some homes even on Thanksgiving day.

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