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-LONDON COURT JOURNAL, JAN. 12, 1895.

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#### THANKSGIVING DAY.

[A. D. 1621.] "And now," said the governor, gasing abroad on the piled up store Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and

covered the meadows o'er, 'Tis meet that we render praises because of

this yield of grain. Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for his sun and rain.

'And therefore I, William Bradford (by the grace of God today And the franchise of this good people), govern or of Plymouth, say-

Through virtue of vested power-ye shall gather with one accord And hold in the month of November Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

He hath granted us peace and plenty and the quiet we've sought so long. fie hath thwarted the wily savage and kept him from doing us wrong,

And unto our feast the sachem shall be bidden. that he may know We worship has own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests grow.

"Ho shoulder your matchlocks, masters; there is hunting of all degrees, And, fishermen, take your tackle and scour for spoil the seas,

And, maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ To honor our first Thanksgiving and make it

We fail of the fruits and dainties so close to our hand in Devon. Ah, they are the lightest losses we suffer for sake of heaven!

But see in our open clearings how golden the melons lie. Enrich them with sweets and spices and give us the pumpkin pie!"

bo bravely the preparations went on for the The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least

Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home brew served for wine, And the plum and the grape of the forest for orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed. The snow had begun to fall, But the clang from the meeting house belfry rang merrily out for all. And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who

hastened with glad accord To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sate Governor Bradford; men, matrons and maidens fair; Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and sword, were there. And sobbing and tears and gladness had each

in its turn the sway, For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving day.

And when Massasolt, the sachem, sate down with his hundred braves And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods and waves,

And looked on the granaried harvest-with a blow on his brawny chest, He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves his

white children best! And then, as the feast was ended, with gravely

The governor drew his broadsword out from its scabbard there, And, smitting the trencher near him, he cried in herolo way

'Hail! Pie of the pumpkin! I dub thee prince of Thanksgiving day!" -Wide Awake.

#### A WING AND A WIFE.

Miss Letty Moore was not in a cheerful mood one morning about two weeks before Thanksgiving. She had very little to render her joyous and had much to worry her, for her father had been unusually provoking. Letty had been up more than half the night with her sick mother, and now, while preparing breakfast, her father had rated her soundly for tardiness because he was annoved by something which had happened at the barn.

Betty Burns, Farmer Moore's pet mare, had stolen out of her stall and eaten a liberal quantity of shelled corn. Prompt remedies had been given saucy Betty, and she would undoubtedly live to steal again whenever she could, but Mr. Moore was cross in season and out of season, whether Betty behaved or not.

There was not a servant in the house, and Letty, who was a happy, bright girl, was quite worn out trying to be nurse. cook, seamstress and maid of all work.

Early in June, just before her final examinations in college, Letty Moore had been called home on account of her mother's illness.

College meant so much to Letty and her mother that the latter had refused to let her daughter know how miserable she was. Sam, Letty's 14-year-old brother. had told the story, and soon the brave girl had said goodby to the president, had promised to write to nearly all the girls in her class and then hurried home to find her patient mother a victim of nervous prostration

Farmer Moore, although a rich man, as farmers are counted rich, had refused to send Letty through college, and thus far she had paid her own expenses by working during the vacations and teaching whenever she could find pupils.

"What's the good of all your book learning." asked Mr. Moore of Letty on the morning of Betty's narrow escape, "if you can't get a decent breakfast for a man before this time of day?" "Why, father, you kept me waiting,"

said Letty pleasantly. "See what a de licious omelet I have for you. "I don't want your fanciful dishes," said her father. "Good fried eggs will do

"This is good enough for a king," said John, the old man who had lived on the

farm ever since Letty was born. "Thank you," said Letty. "You see. the more book learning we get the more impressed are we concerning the imper-

tance of domestic science." "I don't know much about that, Miss Letty, but there isn't a woman round here that can hold a candle to you on cooking." "You just wait until she can have things her own way," said Sam, with a boyish wink at his sister. "Letty and me are going to keep house together some

day, and then you'll see style,' "Be mighty lucky if either of you ever have a house to keep," growled the father. His children were silent. Sam longed to retort, but Letty trod upon his foot under the table, and Mr. Moore continued his pleasant remarks by scolding about the soffee, the butter and various other things

until he went away to the barn. A little later in the day Mr. Moore entered the house, seeking his daughter. "Lett, where are you?"

"In mother's room, father." Well, hustle around, will you? Those Boston folks have sent up to see if I can spare another box of turkeys to be down to Boston plump on the 18th. You just fly around and write yes to 'em, and John can

The sick woman mouned: "Leave everything, Letty, dear If he gets in one of his tempers, then"-

"Then I will take care of him. Now let me whisper to you, never, never, Never with a big, big N, will I marry until men harn how to treat their wives with as

"Father," said Letty after the letter was written, "will you sit with mother Kingston. "No: I've got other things to do."

But, father, we must have some help in the house. Mother needs more care and better care than I can give her now, with so much to do and four hungry men to

"Now, don't go to pretending that you have a hard time. Don't I send the heft of the washing away?"

"Patty merely washes the heavy clothing, father. I have to iron them all. And when I bake seven loaves of bread on Saturday, and Monday finds not even a crust in my pantry, you must know"-

"I know nothing, nothing, only that going to college has made you too fine for a farmer's daughter."

"No, father, never that, but too fine, I hope, to see my mother suffer. And while we have her I want to do all in my power

"While we have her! Why, your mother isn't very sick. It's only the newfangled complaint, and folks never die of it."

"Father, please let me go with John. I should not ask for help if I did not need it, for her sake." "Shan't hear to it shan't hear to it!

Mother'll come out all right," said Mr.

Letty choked back the tears.

Moore as he strode away. It wanted but two days of the time when the turkeys were due in Boston, and Letty was seated in the kitchen with a large turkey in her lap, from which she

was carefully picking the pinfeathers. It was past midnight when she put down the last bird and bathed her tired fingers. Sam had crept off to bed long ago. Elijah was snoring loudly above stairs, and John alone was faithful and helpful. Mr. Moore, who had been dozing near the fire, roused himself to say:

"Pack the wings close, John, and, Lett, be sure you make the bill out carefully and put the weight of each bird down in my book. I think I'll go to bed."

Letty recorded the number of pounds as John weighed and then made out the bill in due form. It was a pleasure, weary as she was, to hold the pen. Suddenly an odd fancy came to her.

"John," she said, "I am going to put something under the wing of this big fellow just for sport." "All right, Miss Letty, if you can get

any fun out of all your hard work, just you do it. Letty pondered for a moment and then her pen flew rapidly over the paper.

"Here is the nonsense, John:

"Whoever finds, oh, may he read Some other lesson here than greed. My maiden fingers long to trace-Some nobler work, in broader space; But fate is harsh, and here I stay. Picking my fowls from day to day. Eat this, O friend, and think of me, Pining for greater liberty.

"Brookdale, N. H." "Why don't you put the name out in full?" asked John.

"Oh, it does not matter! We shall nev-

er hear of it, but it comforts me to find that I can even think of nonsense." Thanksgiving came and went. Letty spent most of the day in reading to her mother after the dinner had been

cared for. The old minister came in and brought her a note from one of her college friends. They did not forget her or neg-In the evening Letty played games with Sam, for she wanted the boy to have pleas-

ant memories of his home in the days to December came, and all the hills were

growned with snowy white. Letty had moved her mother to her own room away from the noise, and there she looked from the windows upon the country beyond her home—the country which she had never had time to enjoy

It was a bright, sparkling winter morning when Mr. Moore came in one day to speak with Letty. She was standing at the table ironing a dainty little bedgown of her mother's. She was not a girl given to tears, and yet more than one had fallen upon the garment.

Her mother had always been a creature of gentle mold. She was one of an old Massachusetts family, and no hardship could ever make her coarse or unrefined. It was a comfort to think that she had been blessed with such a mother, and the girl's heart ached when she thought of her passing away so young. Her father did not notice her tearful

eyes. He was too much interested in the news he brought "Lett," he said hurriedly, "there's a handsome turnout coming over Long hill,

and it's a city one, too, some one coming to drive a trade of some sort I suppose. and you'd better spruce up a bit." "Yes, father." "Take off that check apron, girl, and don't let 'em think that my daughter isn't

as good as the best of them." Letty threw the apron aside and looked

at her swollen right hand. It pained her, but she had not thought of it before. As her father went out she recalled with shame his miserly habits, which prevented them from keeping a cheerful fire in the sitting room or parlor. She had not time to moralize much be-

fore the door opened and a tall, handsome man entered with her father. "My daughter, Mr. Langdon, Miss Moore," her father had said, and Letty

raised her eyes to greet those of a man whose every look bespoke refinement. With a true housekeeper's instinct Letty remembered after the first greetings were

over that her larder was in excellent condition, and also that it wor I cheer her dear invalid to see such a man in her She made no apology for her work. It

A good man would understand that. Sam and the stranger were friends at once. He had business interests near Brookdale. He had driven up partly, he said, to get a little respite from business and partly to look over his grandfather's

deserted farm about 19 miles beyond. Perhaps Mr. Moore remembered it? "Perfectly," said Mr. Moore, and for some reason he chose to be very agreeable

"I have been in Europe for some time," said the visitor, "and have not taken the interest I should have done in the old place. I propose now to put it in order and devote it to some good purpose in memory of my mother, who was born

"It is one of the loveliest spots among our hills," Letty said, "and I have often wished that I might own it."

"I am glad to know that you like it, for I may possibly need your counsel and that of your father in carrying out my plane," said their guest. It was decided that Mr. Moore should

drive over to Sunny Slope farm on the following day with Mr. Langdon. Meantime he was cordially invited to spend a day or two were one family until he ..... . ..... plete his arrangements. In the evening he was taken to the in

valid's room, where, to the delight of

both, it was found that his married sleter had once been a playmate of Mrs. Meore. It was fine sleighing all about Brookdale, and, much to Letty's surprise, she heard her father urging her to accept an invitation from Mr. Langdon to drive with him. Her mor rentreated her also, and for the first time in have weeks Letty drew a long breath in the sweet, pure air.

How much there was to talk about When one had an intalligent companion! How it recalled her happy college days as this new friend discussed books and mutool friends among scholarly people

never forgot the home cares. "I think we must return now," she said. "It is nearly time for our early dinner, and my

precious invalid must be cared for." Mr. Langdon turned his horses' heads

"I see how you are burdened, Miss Moore, and I observe also how brave you are about it. Could I induce you to let me send a good woman whom I know to share your burdens? I think your father will not object if I mention it first to

Already this stranger had learned to know her father's peculiarities. "If he would consent!" said Letty, with a sigh. "I feel that every hour of my mother's life is precious to me, and I am losing so much. Father has objected to having others in the household."

"I know he will yield to me, however, if you will trust me. And now may I ask what disposition you would make of Sunny Slope if it were all your own?" "Please tell me first what you had

planned to do with it." "Nothing very definite. I have entertained an idea of making it a summer home for college students."

"For young men?" "You shall decide." "Let it be girls, then-they have fewer chances than boys-and for your mother's sake."

"And yours," he added. Early in March Letty's mother found rest, and no loving son ever cared more tenderly for a mother than Mr. Langdon. After her great loss Letty's chief pleasure was found in the building up of Sunny Slope. The work was pushed rapidly, and on the first day of June Letty sat upon the broad plazza planning for its dedication, as she had been desired to do. The great happiness in store for the unknown girls who should find rest and pleasure made her eyes sparkle with delight. She was raised from her reverie with the words:

"My maiden fingers long to trace Some nobler work, in broader space." "Mr. Langdon, where did you find that

"Under the wing of a turkey which I bought for my old nurse long ago-just now here in the pocket nearest my heart."

"And you knew all the time that"-"That you wrote it? Yes, dear child, and now I ask, as you have made me wise, that you will continue your teaching by becoming my wife!"

"But I never dreamed or thought"-"No: I have done the dreaming and thinking in this matter. You have been working for your college friends. My dear girl, shall we go on working together?"

The sun danced brightly on the top of a distant mountain as she placed her hand yers, judges, etc., among his patrons. in his, and all the world was forgotten until Sam called out:

"Professor, won't you tell me where these plants are to go?" "Ask your sister, Sam. She is the own-

er of Sunny Slope. "And she won't keep house for me, aft-"Yes, Sam, and I shall be a permanent

The Intoxicated Turkey.

The opening ceremony of the festivities connected with Thanksgiving day in New York used to be making drunk the turkey that was to be the most important feature of the holiday feast. When the bird that was to occupy the place of honor on the table had been selected, it was taken to one corner of the farmyard, and a cup of brandy was placed before it. The turkey would drink this eagerly and would then give a first class exhibition of being on a "tear" of the funniest kind. He would staggeringly strut up and down, his wings trailing on the ground. At one time he would seem to look extremely wise and then would appear to be overcome with the hilarious aspect of his condition. In the meantime the other fowls would look on with gravity and wender at the curious capers of their companion as he toddled around, sometimes gravely swinging his head from side to side and sometimes lifting it high in the air.

All the members of the family and the relatives and friends who had come to spend Thanksgiving with it would gather in the yard and enjoy the sight. Finally when the poor fellow was exhausted and

overcome with drowsiness he was killed. The good housewives imagined that it increased the flavor of the turkey 50 per cent to kill it while it was drunk. Families that would not allow a drop of liquor to be brought into their houses at any other time except as medicine would not think it wrong to make their Thankegiving turkey drunk. Perhaps it was thought that the bird would feel less worried over its fate if the headsman's hatchet was put to it while it was in a state of blissful igporance - Exchange



# 3 An Opening

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spoken of by all classes of the community than E. J. O'Brien, professor of phrenology and scientific palmistry, 393 Jarvis street, Toronto, Ont.

has made a scientific study of phrenotwenty-five years, and stands to-day at the head of his profession with members of parliament, doctors, law-The close confinement and severe strain on the nervous system which his profession necessarily entails

on a constitution as naturally robust His nervous system became undermined. He could not sleep at night, and was troubled with restlessness and twitching of the muscles. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

could not help but make inroads even

have completely cured him; he is in the best of health to-day, and wrote us the following letter, which he has kindly allowed to be published for the benefit of suffering humanity: "Messrs, T. Milburn & Co.: "Gentlemen - I have nothing but good words for Milburn's Heart and

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experience for the benefit of others, on the nerve forces; and for some | energy into weak, worn-out systems. time prior to February last I was so nervous that my muscles twitched, are sold by all druggists at 50c. a box and I was so restless at night that; or three boxes for \$1,25, or by mail on

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On Thanksgiving Day. Within her eyes a question sweet, In her dark hair an erchid, As in the curtained window seas We pulled the wishbone forked.

We bowed our heads. We counted ten. Above the little token. I pulled, she pulled, both pulled, and then A little seream-'twas broken!

The bits flow twint and t'other. Our heads were very close, and-well, Twas late to call her mother! Such ripe, red lips should not have bent Above that wishbone forked, But I-I swere I only meant

Which won? I vow I couldn't tell;

To small that luckless orchid. -New York Press. What A Train Of Allments

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