

# Her Royal Highness The Princess of Wales



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LONDON COURT JOURNAL, JAN. 12, 1895.

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### THANKSGIVING DAY.

[A. D. 1891.]

"And now," said the governor, gazing abroad on the piled up store of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the corn-rows.

"This meet that we render praise because of this yield of grain. The 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), governor 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. He 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 his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests grow.

"To shoulder your matchlocks, masters; there is hunting of all degrees. And, fishermen take your tackle and scour for sport the sea. And, maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ To honor our first Thanksgiving and make it a feast of joy!

"We fall 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!"

So bravely the preparations went on for the autumn feast. The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the great to least was hoisted 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 clearing 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 sat Governor Bradford; men, matrons and maidens fair; Miss Standish and all his soldiers, with cornets and serjeants were there. And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn the way. For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving day.

And when Massett, the sachem, sat down with his hundred braves And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods and vines, And looked on the gathered 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 grave official air, The governor drew his broadsword out from its scabbard there. And, sitting the trencher near him, he cried in heroic 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 on 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 profligate. Letty had been up more than half the night with her sick mother, and now, while preparing breakfast, her father had raved her soundly for tardiness because he was annoyed 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, but 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 good-bye 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 the good of all your book learning," asked Mr. Moore of Letty on the morning of Letty'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 delicious omelet I have for you."

"I don't want your fanciful dishes," said her father. "Good fried eggs will do for me."

"This is good enough for a king," said John, the old man who had lived on the farm over since Letty was born.

"Thank you," said Letty. "You see, the more book learning we get the more impressed are we concerning the importance of domestic science."

"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 feed."

"Now, don't go to pretending that you have a heart to do. Don't I send the best of the washing away?"

"Pettily, I merely wash the heavy clothing, father. I have to iron them all. And when I take 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 for her."

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

Letty choked back the tears. "Father, please let me go with John. I should not ask for help if I did not need it, for her sake."

"I don't hear to it, shall I send Mr. Moore's horse out right," said Mr. 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, Letty, 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 do it."

Letty pondered for a moment and then her pen flew rapidly over the paper. "Ere is the nonsense, John:

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

"Brookdale, N. H." "L. E. Moorea."

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

"Oh, it does not matter! We shall never 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 cleared for. The old minister came in and brought her a note from one of her college friends. They did not forget her or neglect her.

In the evening Letty played games with Sam, for she wanted the boy to have pleasant memories of his home in the days to come.

December came, and all the hills were crowned with snowy white.

Letty had moved her mother to her own room away from the noise, and there she looked out from the window 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 her garment.

It was reced in many ways, but Letty never forgot the home care. "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 horse's head as one.

"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 burden? I think your father will not object if I mention it first to him."

Already this stranger had learned to know her father's peculiarities.

"If he would consent!" said Letty, with a slight "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," she replied. "I have entertained the 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 piazza 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 nonsense?"

"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?" "But 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 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 owner of Sunny Slope."

"And she won't keep house for me, after all!"

"Yes, Sam, and I shall be a permanent boarder."

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 wonder at the curious antics of their companion as he toddled around, sometimes gravely swinging his head from side to side and sometimes lifting it high in the air.

# Prof. E. J. O'Brien Phrenologist

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