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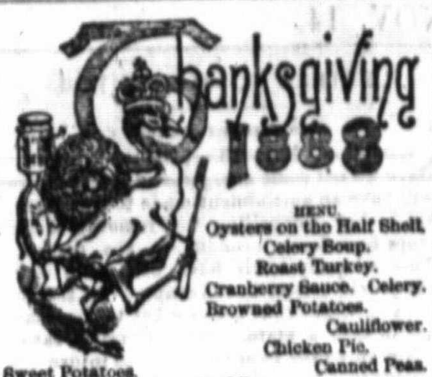

MENU.

Oysters on the Half Shell.
Celery Soup.
Roast Turkey.
Cranberry Sauce. Celery.
Browned Potatoes.
Cauliflower.
Chicken Pie.
Canned Peas.
Sweet Potatoes.
Iced Pudding.
Mince Pie. Apple Pie.
Cakes. Fruit. Coffee.

BOBBY'S THANKSGIVING.

T a table fairly groaning under everything that's good
That you or I could think of in the catalogue of food;
There sat a happy family, as jolly as could be,
To celebrate Thanksgiving day with due festivity.

The boys, with mouths wide open, kept their eyes upon the tray,
As if the turkey on it would spread wings and fly away;
The while the girls sat up quite straight, their dignity in hand,
And by their prim example gave the boys a reprimand.

But such a shining gobbler, with his drumsticks in the air,
Would make a Chesterfield unquiet, forget himself and stare.
How can we blame the hungry boys if they perchance betrayed
Conspicuously the fact that they had stomachs to be staid?

Above the steaming turkey rose the master, six feet tall,
And silence, deep, impressive, fell alike on one and all.

He bowed his head and reverently, in language full and clear,
He thanked our great Creator for the blessings of the year.

And when the simple prayer was done, thus the good father spoke:
"My children, it becomes each one his blessing to invoke;
Therefore let each one here thank him for this Thanksgiving treat,
For all the favors he has shown, and these good things to eat."

With trembling voice and reverent air each pious one bowed low
And thanked our Heavenly Father great that he had blessed them so,
For all the good things, and their home, to them a hallowed spot,
Until it came to little Bob, the smallest of the lot.

And thus he spoke, his head bowed down, while round he glanced an eye:
"I fank thee for the turkey and the gweat big chicken pie;
I fank thee for the other fings"—at this prospect of bliss
He paused, and then—"say, mamma, please, w'ats comin' after this?"

TOM MASSON.

THE "FAULTED LODE."

HOW THANKSGIVING DAY MADE A MINER HAPPY.

"A gloomy Thanksgiving—gloomy for a fact."

Such was the muttered and moody soliloquy of Arthur Baldwin, as he sat in his rude cabin on McClellan mountain, Colo., one evening in late November, 1873. Outside the rain, which had been pouring all day, was changing to sleet, and occasionally a gust of wind rattled the icy scales against the little window. The heavy mist which fills these high valleys during an autumnal rain made his little room so dark that the sputtering pine wood fire on the hearth created wavering shadows over the log walls. He looked at the gloomy sky without, at the smoked logs and rafters of his cabin, and then at a letter in his hand, the envelope of which bore an Ohio postmark and a direction in a delicate feminine hand; then gazed sadly again at the lowering sky and murmured, "It is, indeed, a gloomy Thanksgiving for me."

The cold wind swept down Right Hand gulch, as the miners call that branch of Clear Creek canyon; the mist floated away and the air rapidly grew clearer and much colder. Winter had begun. Already the snow covered the summit of McClellan mountain; now it was beginning to sweep down the canyon, and soon the mining metropolis of Georgetown was wrapped in a swirling white cloud. Yet the lonely man only gazed at the sky, now gray and white, and mur-

A GLOOMY THANKSGIVING.

mured, "Gloomy, gloomy, indeed—not like the old days on the blue Miami."

For eight years Arthur Baldwin had toiled and schemed and planned. As a mere boy he had served in the war for the Union, and the midsummer of 1865 found him with health impaired and symptoms painfully like those which presage consumption. He joined the great army which moved west in the year following the war, and the last days of 1865 saw him a miner in the rich silver region of Clear Creek, Colo. Then began that struggle which so many miners and prospectors make with fortune. First he worked in the developed mines, then "prospected and located" for himself till his scant means were exhausted and again toiled as a wage earner.

At length, with three partners, he made what they called "the boss location." Of course they had all the sanguine miner's reasons for so believing. Did not their "prospect holes" show that they were on a true fissure, that it ran with the "mother lode," that it had a good "outcrop" and the right "dip into the hill?" And so they toiled on, expending all their money and spare time in "sinking on the lode." First there was a good show of vein matter with bits of ore that assayed high, and their spirits mounted as on eagles' wings. Then they "struck a horse," or a "cap" threatened to end the lode permanently, and their hearts sank. Again the "horse" was passed, the lode opened below it, the crevice turned a little more to the perpendicular, "slickensides" showed on the wall rock, bits of azurite and true sulphurets were picked out of the crevices, and then the siren Hope sang sweetly in their heated imaginations. And then—the too frequent calamity—they reached a "fault." The crevice seemed to end abruptly in solid rock, and for three weary months they had sought in vain, by "drifting," to trace the lode. So this was, indeed, a gloomy Thanksgiving.

It is too often the case that a mining town abounds in rough men, and that most newcomers soon fall into their rude and slovenly habits. But Georgetown was from the first an exception. It always contained a fair proportion of cultured men. Accordingly, the war of all ranks and of both armies, men of culture and science, and refined, scholarly gentlemen who had sought the pure air of the mountains for health, formed from the start a large part of its population. And Arthur Baldwin had that in his memory which helped to preserve the sweetness of his nature.

"He loved and was beloved again." Returning from the war at the age of 21, all the ardor of his nature found vent in an attachment to a maiden four years his junior, who reciprocated his feelings. But they were young and poor, and worst of all, the condition of his health required a removal from Ohio. But they could wait. No man ever despairs at 21. No maiden of 17 ever doubts that her beloved can soon overcome all obstacles. So they parted with hopes of a speedy reunion; and through all the weary years his letters had continued to tell of his good health and to promise early success, return and the consummation of their hopes. But now the waiting had done its work; the superscription on the letter from Ohio was too often stained with a tear, and the Georgetown postmark no longer excited fresh hope in the breast of the little schoolma'am on the banks of the Miami. Time and disappointment were wearing out the hearts of youth; and so this Thanksgiving evening Arthur Baldwin gazed on the letter that day received and sighed.

Weariness at length prevailed over melancholy. He leaned back in his rude chair and slept—and dreamed. The walls of the log cabin expanded and took the form of the old Miami home, then faded away, and he was again a lad playing in his native fields with the little girl who then seemed to him so very young. The past and present mingled in his dream; he saw the girl, yet he loved the woman, and felt a strange pain at thought that his love was in some way to make both unhappy. There is no natural sequence of time or place in a dream, so he turned away from the little girl and at once found himself in a marching column of blue. Then followed the bivouac, the parade, the dispersion to quarters, tattoo

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

and taps, and he folded himself in his blanket, lay down amid his comrades and glided away to—where?

He was at the bottom of their deepest mining shaft—a hundred and twenty feet deep—and every foot of the rocky wall represented many days of toil, many hours of heartache. It all seemed to press upon him in his dream—a great solid weight of sorrow. He stood at the bottom of the shaft and looked to right and left where they had "drifted" in search of the "faulted lode." But now appeared one of the wildest phenomena of dreams—the rocky face of the shaft, the "hanging wall" of the crevice, seemed no obstacle to him, and he glided through it as if it were air. But what was this? The lost lode was found. He sank down, down through many fathoms, between two well defined walls, and on all sides were great seams of the richest ore—the dark sulphuret, the blue azurite, bright points of silver glance and bits of ruby—wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Joy filled the dreamer's breast; he stirred in his chair and stretched out eager and trembling hands towards the glittering ore. Suddenly there was an awful change. The narrow crevice above him grew black; the solid walls trembled, heaved, and with a roar and crash that seemed to shake the rock ribbed earth, fell upon and crushed him to atoms. He sprang from the floor where he had fallen with the terror in his heart and cold drops on his trembling flesh. There had been an explosion, indeed, and he saw the smoke issuing from the shaft near the cabin.

His partners had decided to celebrate the day by letting off a big blast in the "breast" of the mine; their bore had been fortunately located, and the explosion revealed the continuance of the lode. The "fault" was, after all, a slight one, only they had not yet "prospected" in the right direction.

The wondrous wealth of his dream was not realized. But the newly opened lode soon gave him enough to satisfy reasonable desires, and he wisely concluded to invest his small competence in a home on the Miami rather than go on in mining ventures. The little school ma'am was soon made glad; tears no longer blur the distant postmark, and Arthur Baldwin and his wife date their happiness from the gloomy Thanksgiving day of 1873.

J. B. PARKE.

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No. 3.....at 2:05 a.m.	No. 4.....at 2:05 a.m.
Mixed.....at 6:10 a.m.	No. 6.....at 5:05 a.m.
	Mixed.....at 7:20 a.m.
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