

COUNTRY THANKSGIVING.

At the goodman's close the great barn door; The mellow harvest time is over!

The earth has given her treasures meet Of golden corn and hardened wheat.

You and your neighbors well have wrought; And of the summer's bounty caught;

Won from her smiles; for many years. Much goods, perhaps; for many years.

You come a tribute now to pay— The bells proclaim Thanksgiving day.

Well have you sown, well have you reaped; And of the riches you have heaped,

You think, perhaps, that you will give A part, that others, too, may live.

But if such argument you use, Your niggard bounties I refuse.

No gifts you on the altar lay In any sense are given away.

Lo! rings from heaven a voice abroad: "Who helps God's poor doth lend the Lord."

What is your wealth? He'd have you know To have it, you must let it go.

Think you the hand by Heaven struck cold Will yet have power to clutch its gold?

Shrubs have no pockets, do they say? Behold! I show you that the way:

Wait not till death shall shut the door, But send your cargoes on before.

Lo! he that giveth of his hoard To help God's poor doth lend the Lord.

Today, my brethren—do not grieve; Just yonder stands Dame Kelly's gate;

And would you build a mansion fair In heaven, send your lumen there:

Each stick that on her wood pile lies May raise a dome beyond the skies;

You stop the rents within her walls, And yonder rise your marble halls;

For every pane that stops the wind There shineth one with jasper lined.

Your wealth is gone, your form lies cold, But in the city paved gold.

Your hoard is held in hands divine; It bears a name that makes it thine.

Behold the bargain ye have made; With usury the debt is paid.

No moth doth eat, no thieves do steal, No suffering heart doth envy feel.

Ring out the bells, Who of his hoard Doth help God's poor doth lend the Lord!

Go get your cargoes under way: The bells ring out Thanksgiving day!

THE THREE MERRY OLD MAIDS.

A Thanksgiving Tale.

It was a small, meanly-furnished room, in the fifth story of a third-rate boarding-house, in New York city, fireless, cheerless and very small—where three young girls, wrapped in shawls, sat by the high, narrow window. The youngest broke the silence by saying:

"Grace, I want a new dress, and shall have just \$1.63 to buy it with when my weekly wash-bill is paid."

"Indeed, Kathie; you can afford an import, then, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," was the reply to the cynical remark; "and, Nell needs one just as bad as I."

"See here," said the third girl—Nell, by courtesy—as she took from her pocket a thin, worn portemonaie, and, unclasping it, shook the contents into her lap: "one quarter, 3 cents and 7 pennies is the extent of my assets."

"The quarter is bad," said Grace, as she gave it a negligent twirl on the little stand by the bed.

"Import, Grace, what a comfort! Imported suits and a bad quarter—almost the half of all I have!" and tears really came to the girl's eyes.

"See here," said a quarter-mechanically interrupted Grace, "when the minuscule sum of 80 cents you at the cashier's desk next Monday."

"Yes; and \$4 of that is for board, 60 cents for car fare, which leaves me with \$1.40—to pay the washwoman, buy my noonday lunches, etc."

"Girls, we can't live in this way. Cannot something be done?" Kathie spoke in a despairing way.

"Nothing, Kathie. I lay awake half night—no new thing—endeavoring to financier a way out of this dilemma. My visions of heaven are a place where dollars and cents are unknown, while I think the abode of superlative torment abides with them; while poor sinners labor unmercifully through all eternity to pick up."

"Nell, don't," Kathie's voice was tremulous.

"There, dear, I won't," and her sister's arms were twined around her. "Grace can afford to be cynical, for she has \$8 a week, with an occasional 'lift' from her father."

"And, like a prodigal, she spends five for board—the privilege of occupying a room larger than a closet, with a fire in it, though at present it is untenable, as her room-mate has filled it with a bevy of choice spirits who are reading aloud from Remond's last work."

"Is there no help?" Kathie's question broke the momentary silence which had fallen upon the group.

"No, Kathie, we must make the best of it." Nell's voice was firm, with a ring of sternness in it.

"We must make the best of it. Poor little Kathie, pap's pet!" And the tone took on a tender strain, as she stroked her sister's hair.

"I don't mind for myself, but for you, little Kathie. There is only one way in which we could do better. If it was possible for us to rent a room, we could live for about two-thirds of what we are now paying and live better; but a furnished room would cost too much, and we can't by any means furnish one ourselves."

"Would you do your own cooking?" inquired Grace; "there is scant economy in taking meals out."

"Yes, certainly."

"But that would be tiresome."

"We could fare better and live cheaper. Cooked meats are comparatively inexpensive, and, though I do not admit baker's bread, we have to eat it here; vegetables we could cool and always have some little luxury for Sunday假如 on Saturday eve."

"Oh, Nell, you could!" and Kathie clasped her hands as she looked exceedingly anxious.

"Kathie's longings are always prayers," ejaculated Grace. "It is sheer nonsense; we work hard enough now."

"Grace, we work to earn money; but I would work as eagerly to save, and have better food, clothing and warmth for Kathie."

"Only a little more than a week from Thanksgiving," sighed Kathie, "and papa used to think so much of that day. He was from Massachusetts, Grace, and you know all New England makes much of Thanksgiving—more than of Christmas. Papa was brought up to and he may give up the custom. It will be a sad day to us." The conversation here assumed a desultory tone, and soon Grace Weir had her friends "good-night."

Nell and Kathie Gray were sisters of 20 and 18 years. A little more than a year before their father died, they were motherless from early childhood. Mr. Gray, having always lived upon the slender wages of a clerk, left his daughters almost penniless at his death; but a kind friend interested himself in obtaining situations for them in one of our largest dry-goods stores, where they had remained.

Grace Weir had been born and bred in a suburban town, where her father, a manufacturer, had amassed considerable property. But, alas for Grace! her mother died, and, in a short time, a stranger was installed in the vacant place.

Grace Weir had inherited a high, broad estate, which her stepmother, determined to subdue. Weekly and daily feuds existed between the two. Grace's monthly allowance was lessened, then

entirely cut off, for her father was completely under his wife's influence. In a fit of passion Grace finally avowed her intention of leaving home as soon as she was 18, and her father—in justice to him, be it said, that he keenly felt the necessity for this step—obliged for her to sign a bond, and she signed in a New York home. Chance in the selection of a boarding-place threw these three young girls together. All were earning their subsistence—all mourning the loss of parents—and a fellow-feeling was the bond knit between them.

That night Grace, like Nell, lay awake to plan. She went to her friend's room the previous evening, intending to tell them of her good fortune, that they might rejoice with her; but, after the conversation we have recorded, could not do so. She had that day received a letter from her father, containing a postal order for \$35, with his usual apology—"a little late." The letter came in, and, though her mother did not approve of her having much to spend, fearing it might lead her into extravagance, she thought she might like a warm cloak and a new dress for the winter. Let him know the letter of that date was received; she need not refer to that.

The result of Grace's thoughts were apparent, as she sprung from her bed, and, hastily striking a match, drew forth paper and pen and wrote the following:

"WANTER—An invalid in a room in a respectable hotel for reasonable Rent low. Address 'Self-help.' Herald office."

"There! no new cloak or dress now. Father's gift, as well as the \$3 I have saved, must go for something else," she said, as she turned down the light.

After dinner the next evening Grace tapped at the door of Mrs. Williams' room, an invalid lady boarding on the first floor of the same house, and an attendant asked: "Mrs. Williams?"

"Mrs. Williams, I have a room in a respectable hotel for reasonable Rent low. Address 'Self-help.' Herald office."

"The silver product of this country is estimated at 600,000 to 700,000 ounces per week."

"A man has his hands full when he is five miles off shore and nothing but water to catch hold of."

A CONNECTICUT manufacturing company have received an order from South America for 50,000 pieces.

EVERY ten tinkles of the Moffet bell-punch in Virginia buy a Sunday-school book, says a Richmond paper.

The city of Manchester, England, manufactures and supplies gas to its own citizens.

In speaking of the necessity of land-draining, Mr. Meehi says: "The want of a hole in the great agricultural plant-pot during the last wet winter has caused many miseries."

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Grace deliberated a moment, then said: "I may as well take you into my confidence. Maybe Mrs. Williams will tell me if my scheme is too wild." And she told the story; the conversation she had with Nell and Kathie the previous evening; that Kathie was not prepared to need more nourishing food and a warm fire, and how opportunity her father's gift came.

Tears stood in Mrs. Williams' eyes; the recital was finished, and heartily co-operation was promised.

A large package of letters was brought to Grace on Monday evening, answers to the cynical remark, "and, Nell needs one just as bad as I."

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the hem with yellow worsted in a showy pattern, and lambrequins of the same material, exactly matching her curtains in color.

Poor little Kathie almost dissolved in tears while brave Nell, who was too young to understand the necessity for this step—obliged for her to sign a bond, and she signed in a New York home. Chance in the selection of a boarding-place threw these three young girls together. All were earning their subsistence—all mourning the loss of parents—and a fellow-feeling was the bond knit between them.

It was a cheerful party that gathered around the table that day; and, although the turkey was not properly trussed, and had a severe black burn on one thigh, and the squash was watery, they all pronounced it the most delicious dinner of which they had ever partaken, voting the pies Mrs. Williams brought over the very best that Mrs. Klipp ever had made.

It was two years this month since the first Thanksgiving dinner was in that little room, and the girls thought it very cold yet. They had that day received a letter from her father, containing a postal order for \$35, with his usual apology—"a little late."

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