

## IVY'S MISTAKE.

A Story of Thanksgiving.

By ROSE KAYNEFORD.

Thanksgiving eve in the old Sunderland homestead, and from cellar to garret floated delicious odors of roasting turkey, of chickens done to a tender crisp in their own rich juices, and of a goodly array of pies of all denominations—such pies, teeming with all the odors of Arab's the best, as had won dear, motherly Mrs. Sunderland an enviable reputation through all the region round about.

And fitting busily at her mother's side, in the great, clean, shining kitchen, with light feet and the very daintiest, dearest hands in the world, was the blooming Ivy—her sole daughter of her house and heart.

Over her crimson merino was tied a large white apron—her "seven-league" apron, Ivy called it, which was only assumed when some mighty and important household festivity seemed to command a corresponding magnitude in all the preparations; sleeves were rolled above the dimpled elbows, a stray dab of flour powdered at the temples, curls of chestnut hair above the forehead, and the usual tender pink of the cheeks blossomed into vivid carnation.

"There, mother, she said, placing a gigantic plum cake on the table with a triumphant flourish, 'that's the last! The baking is done, thank goodness, and now I'll attack the parlor.'

"I wouldn't to-night, dear," said Mrs. Sunderland. "You'll tire yourself out. There'll be plenty of time in the morning."

"Oh, no, mother. I promised to be at church early, to practice the new anthem. They all declare they can't get along without it. I thought I would just catch an hour's time between now and then that I'd finish off my blue silk—it only needs a stitch or two. Julia Hunt said she might be over after dinner, and bring her new dress. She's from the city, you know, and so stylish. And then," she added, with a rather overdone attempt at carelessness, "it's possible Joe Dalton may be here in the evening."

"Hm! Joe Dalton," said Mrs. Sunderland, a little surprised, but too much absorbed in her contemplation of the cake to pay strict attention to less important matters. "And when did you hear from him?"

"Oh, not since he left in the summer. But he told me then that the 'Squire's, and that if he did he'd give us a call. But really I must begin at the parlor.' And into the parlor she went, a curiously bright light on her face, while she dusted the quaint old spindle-legged piano, and polished the mirror between the windows, and rubbed the brass fire-irons, and polished the brass. Then she brought out long wreaths of fragrant ground pine, and knots of scarlet leaves and garlanded the old family portraits, and laid vases and baskets, till the old room was sweet and glowing as the bower of a forest queen.

Perhaps it was all to please Julia Hunt and her city cousin, but I know that all the while before Ivy's happy eyes were doing their best to make Dalton's admiring looks when one day last summer she decorated the room with wild clematis vines, and still in her ears were ringing his praises of what he called her "exquisite artistic instincts."

"There! I think he'll like that," she said, as she got down from the chair on which she had mounted in arranging her flowers, and she shook off the last clinging spray of hair and dress; and she began setting the furniture in order as energetically as though her feet were not aching, her hands blistered, and every muscle in her body strained and weary.

Just then the whistle of the evening train was heard, and away went the tired feet, twinkling up three flights of stairs to the attic, where, throwing her skirts about her shoulders, Ivy looked down in the window commanding a view of the turn in the road by which the 'Squire's open wagon must pass on her way home from the depot. Yes, sure enough, there was the great, behind the pair of high-stepping bays, Ivy could distinguish the 'Squire's portly figure on the front seat, beside the coachman, and behind was a slender form that Ivy recognized as her sister's. But a little heart-thump pang shot through that same heart as she saw that a lady, evidently young, sat beside him, and marked the devoted air with which he turned toward her, and one arm extended behind her to the back of the seat, the other pointing her attention to the different beauties of the landscape.

"Some cousin, I suppose," she said to herself, as she went slowly down the stairs to her own room. The apron must be removed, the silky bustle smoothed with care, and the plain linen collar replaced by the dainty lace. Then from her little sandalwood box Ivy drew forth a slender chain and locket, the sole ornament she possessed, and fastened it among the curls with a satisfied smile. "I thought you must have a lock of hair," she said to herself, as she looked at the locket. "How did you hear?"

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He hadn't told her in just so many words that he loved her, but how could she doubt it? He had even said so, and she declared it over and over during that happy vacation time. And then, if he didn't love her, why that last tender caress speaking words to her answerless heart?

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She made haste to finish her light morning tasks, and then daintily arrayed herself for church. She was to walk. It was only a mile, and the choir had arranged to come early and practice their anthem once more before service began.

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