

IVY'S MISTAKE.
A Story of Thanksgiving.

By ROSE RAYNEDORE.

Thanksgiving eve in the old Sunder-land 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—apple, mince, peach, teeming with all the colors of Autumn, the best, as had won dear, mother! Mrs. Sunderland an enviable reputation through all the region round about.

And flitting busily at her mother's side, in the great, clean, shining kitchen, with light feet and the very daintiest, daintiest little hands in all the world, was the blooming Ivy—"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 too appropriate, for the mighty apron, portant household festivity seemed to command a corresponding magnitude in all the preparations; sleeves were rolled above the dimpled elbows, a stray dril of flour powdered the shining ten-drils of chestnut hair above the forehead, and the usual tender pink of the cheeks had 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, than goodness, and the pie is done, too."

"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 me. And I thought if I could snatch an hour sometime 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 cousin with her. She's from the city, you know, and so stylish. And then, she added, with a rare and drowsy contempt at carelessness, "It's possible Joe Dalton may be here in the evening."

"H'm! 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 he intended to pass Thanksgiving at 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-happy light on her face, while she quivered over the old spinet-legged piano, and polished the mirror between the windows, and rubbed the brass fire-dogs till they shone again.

Then she brought out long wreaths of fragrant ground pine, and knots of scarlet leaves and garlanded the old family portraits, and filled vases and baskets, till the old room was sweet and glowing as the bower of a frost queen.

Perhaps it was all to please Julia Hunt and her city cousin, but I know the eyes of the whole before Ivy's happy eyes were darting memories of Joe Dalton's dashing, dashing, dashing 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 pursuit of her labor of love, and shook off the last clinging sprays from hair and dress; and she began setting the furniture in order as energetically as though she were a maid again, 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, twirling up three flights of stairs to the attic, where, throwing her skirts about her shoulders, Ivy coddled a heart that had assumed the form of a fire-dog, and in the window commanding a view of the turn in the road by which the 'Squire's open wagon must pass on its way home from the depot. Yes, sure enough, there came the wagon bearing the pair of high-stepping bays, Ivy could distinguish.

"Ivy, Ivy!" cried Joe, stepping back a pace. "It seems to me that you have a mind to sit in three short months. Have you forgotten?"

"I have forgotten nothing, sir," burst out Ivy, in tones of suppressed passion. "It is you who have forgotten—forgotten, among other things, the respect which every gentleman owes to a lady."

"Ivy—Miss Sunderland, what is the meaning of this? What has happened that should break off our friendship?"

"What has happened, indeed?" echoed Ivy, scornfully. "Mr. Dalton, have you so low an opinion of me, as to suppose that our marriage is no impediment to such libertines as you just insulted me by taking?"

"Married!" cried Joe. "So you are married, Ivy. And I know nothing about it! Why did no one tell me? Oh! Ivy, Ivy, how could—"

"What are you saying, Mr. Dalton? I am not married; it is you—you!"

Here she broke down, her overwrought mood gave way, and she burst into hysterical sobs.

"Ivy, Ivy!" cried Joe, "I am not married. Who ever told you so?" and he caught the shuddering, trembling form in his bosom, and drew the head down on his shoulder. "So that is the meaning of all this, you averted look this morning, and all the afternoon after that perhaps you did not tell me. Now, who told you such an absurd story? I insist upon knowing."

"Miss—Miss Simms," faltered Ivy, as the sobs died away.

"Alvira! Well, I declare! And you believed her?"

"She—she said that she saw her last night—that you introduced her to your mother as her new daughter; and then you were at church with her this morning."

"Oh, that meddlesome old maid!" ejaculated Joe; "to think she should have made you suffer all this, my little darling! How could you be so misinformed. How did you hear?"

"Oh," said Miss Simms, softening, only too glad of the chance to go over the details. "I didn't hear at all—I saw it was at the 'Squire's when he brought her home. The sewing-room door was open, and I saw them come into the hall together. Then his mother and the 'Squire's ran out, and he heard him introduce her as their new daughter. Then, in the middle of the hugging and kissing, and handshaking, one closed the door to prevent the dressmaker from witnessing their family joys, I suppose."

"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 silk braids smoothed with extra care, and the plain linen collar replaced with frills of dainty lace. Then from its little sandal-wood box Ivy drew forth a slender chain and locket, the sole ornament she possessed, and settled it among the ringlets, with a satisfied smile. Tender love was in the look of the low white forehead framed in silken curls—certainly was a pretty picture that looked back at her from the glass. In spite of fatigue, Ivy was looking her prettiest, and knew it, and was so glad, for who could tell but who he might come over that very night?

However, she said nothing to her mother of any such expectation. But as soon as tea was over, with some strip of fancy work, she drew her own little apron before the fire wood on the sit-tin-roof hearth, and while her swift fingers evoked the sensations of a stitch, point, and when her happy thoughts went swimming over all that brief, bright month when Joe Dalton had spent his summer vacation in Redleaf, and every spare moment of it close vicinity to the Sunderland farm house.

Joe, it was known, was the 'Squire's step-son. Only the year before the 'Squire had married a dashing, though elderly, widow from the city, with two grown-up sons. One of them Ivy had seen—but Joe had been in the habit of passing from flying visits from the city, when he was there, and, as reports said, was amassing a fortune fairly fabulously for so young a man.

Of course he was an object of eager curiosity to all the Redleaf babbles, and on Sundays, when he walked slowly up the aisle by his mother's side and took his place in the 'Squire's great, square pew, many a pair of bright eyes turned to look at him, tall, graceful figure, brown curly head, and dark eyes which this incomparable purifier. Sold also all druggists.

For one cent purchase a postal card and send your address to Dr. Sanborn, 162 Broadway, New York, for a reliable remedy for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, tumors, leprosy, and other diseases of the skin, and for the cure of all diseases of the liver, kidneys, lungs, heart, and blood.

For when you come, and he spent a whole month at the 'Squire's, he had singled out Ivy, and the bevy of rustic beauties, and devoted himself to her with a persistence that soon set every gossip's tongue in motion. Many were the invidious remarks from the other fair damsels as to the flirtings propensities of "these city fellows, which reached Ivy's ears, but, too blindly happy to listen or to care, the "took the gifts the gods provided," and left the future to take care of itself.

And what a delightful month it was! How they had picnicked and frolicked together through the long summer days, and strolled through dewy lanes at twilight, and rowed on moonlit nights down the shining river! And then that last scene of all! Ivy's

cheeks glowed at the remembrance of it.

She had gone down the garden path with him to the little gate, and there, under the shadow of the elms, and hidden from the house by a clump of trees, found saying good-by a very lingering transaction indeed. Ivy remembered how he had held her hand in his tight clasp till all the warm blood came billowing up over cheek and brow and her eyes fell beneath his ardent gaze. Then, almost before she knew it, an arm had stolen around her waist, a pair of warm lips were pressed closely, lingeringly on her own.

"Good—till Thanksgiving," he said, and was off before she could chide him.

He hadn't told her in just so many words that he loved her, but how could she doubt it? Hadn't every look and act declared it over and over during that happy vacation time? And then, if he didn't love her, why that last tender carelessness volumes to her answering heart?

Innocent little Ivy!

But while she pondered these things, 8 o'clock chimed from the eight-day clock in the corner, and, with a little sigh she said to the elms, "I must go and look out the blue silk for its finishing touches. Of course, she said to herself, she had no right to expect him that evening. He came home so seldom she was very foolish to think he could come to her the very night of his arrival, when the whole family would be wanting him to themselves. But he would surely be here to-morrow—Thanksgiving day. So she strolled away, picturing to herself the wide family room at the 'Squire's, all the household gathered about the blazing wood fire, Joe in the center of the group, the arms of his side, perhaps. Again she sighed, she was just beginning to know that she was tired—and, folding the completed dress, went weary to her room, where she was soon tossing in troubled dreams wherein she saw that she and Joe were again strolling through the park, her arms about his neck, and laughing and chattering through it all like a convocation of hilarious magpies.

Then, as the young moon looked in at the western windows, Miss Hunt declared, jumping up, that they must go; there was to be a dance a mile away, at which they were due in an hour, and a pair of "somebody's" hands waiting at the entrance at the gathering of the girls.

But at last the morning came—Thanksgiving morning—with floods of golden sunlight, and air so crisp and bright that it made one's blood tingle just to breathe it. Ivy looked from her window with bounding heart and thrilling pulses. In the glad light doubt and misgiving fled away as if by enchantment. Earth was beautiful. It was a joy even to live.

She made haste to finish her light morning tasks, and then daintily arched her back for a long walk between the windows, and rubbed the brass fire-dogs till they shone again. Then she brought out long wreaths of fragrant ground pine, and knots of scarlet leaves and garlanded the old family portraits, and filled vases and baskets, till the old room was sweet and glowing as the bower of a frost queen.

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With a light step she tripped down the narrow path. But at the little gate she stopped suddenly, trying to check a frown; for there, under the elm, behind the leafless sycamores, stood Alvira Simms, the village dressmaker, evidently lying in wait to talk with her and, Miss Simms was the mother of Ivy's pet aversions. Many's the time she had assumed themselves at the expense of those cork-screws and affected ways, and tones of vinegar sourness.

"Good-morning," simpered Miss Alvira. "I thought likely you'd be coming along, so I walked slow on purpose to see if I couldn't have the pleasure of your company to church. It's a beautiful morning."

"Beautiful," said Ivy, briefly, and she looked curiously at Miss Simms, as if to divine the cause of this sudden desire for her society, for they were usually as distant as the poles. She faintly heard that she had assumed themselves at the expense of those cork-screws and affected ways, and tones of vinegar sourness.

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GRANT.

His Reception by the People of Chicago.

The reception of Gen. Grant by the citizens of Chicago, to which many days of preparation had been devoted, was everything that the most devoted admirer of the ex-President could have desired or asked for. The people of the city turned out by the hundreds of thousands and were reinforced by hundreds of thousands from abroad, so that there was no lacking in numbers; of enthusiasm there was also an abundance, and the processions were the largest, the finest, and the best gotten up affair the kind perhaps ever seen in the West. From the Chicago papers we condense the following account of the reception exercises:

The train bearing the distinguished visitor, which came over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road from Galena, arrived at Park row, on the lake front, at 10 o'clock p.m. The rain began to pour down, but the thousands of people who thronged the lake front and all the adjacent streets did not seem to heed it in the least, but pressed forward to get as near as possible to Gen. Grant's carriage. In spite of the disagreeable weather, the decorations of the plain luxury of selecting the artillerie food, and the various and quaint articles of clothing that were to wear, will remain the abundant home of all who possess the energy and strength to make good use of them.

Such a country is one to be proud of. I am proud of it—proud that I am an American. Every child in North and South, East and West, enjoys a common pride in our country. We feel the kindred for those who fought and won our independence, and the pride of our great common country. We claim for them the right to travel all over the broad land, to locate where they please and to enjoy their political and religious convictions free from molestation or ostracism, and the right of the use of their language and of their religion.

Other speech-making of a light nature was indulged by Gov. Oglesby, Gen. Sheridan and Gen. Schofield, after which the great humorist Mark Twain, was called upon, and performed the part of the master of ceremonies.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I just wish to thank you all for your kind greeting. Gen. Sherman says to a gentleman sitting in my neighborhood that if I had not been so fat, he would let him get up. He didn't say that to me, and I judge, by his remarks, that he would not allow me quite so much latitude.

On the following day, the ex-President was invited to McVicker's Theater at the meeting of the Knights of Columbus, and the grand opening of the new Auditorium.

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