

The Story Page.

An Old Fashioned Thanksgiving.

I want an old Thanksgiving, when life was well worth living.
And we all went down to grandma's on the dear old farm, you know;
Perhaps it might be blowing, perhaps it might be snowing.
But we never thought of weather on Thanksgiving long ago.

There were uncles aunts and cousins, by the sixes and dozens,
There was such a groaning table, the cutest roasted pig.
There were puddings, pies and cherries, and apple tarts and berries,
And doughnuts, cake and raisins, and turkeys all so big.

And they did not serve in courses, and post-prandial discourses
Were not so much in fashion, but the stories had their share
Of the old-time pioneering, of the heartiness and cheering
Of the sympathetic neighbor, and the Indians and the bears.

And we found the apple cider and the old potato slicer,
And the bins for all the apples, and preserves and pickled pears,
And we ranged the gloomy garret; we were very brave to dare it,
But the box of maple sugar and dried fruit were up the stairs.

And around the barn we rollicked, and through the lofts we frolicked,
And we ranged the turnip cellar, and we tumbled in the straw,
And we heard the cattle munching, and the lowing and the crunching,
And we climbed along the mangers where the horses fed, with awe.

O that was a Thanksgiving that was worth a year of living,
And hearts seemed so much truer and life so smooth in flow;
And friends somehow were nearer, and loved ones so much dearer,
When we went down to grandma's for Thanksgiving, long ago.

—SELECTED.

The Private Tutor.

BY LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

"Booby!"

This cry, drifting over from the schoolboys' playground, caught the ear of one who not long ago was an active figure there, but who felt suddenly grown old. Indeed, you would not have taken the form for that of Horace Wayland, at home from college, unless you had seen more than the bowed head and the cane with which he explored the veranda steps he was about to descend. As he came into the full light of day, there stood revealed a pale young man, with a somewhat worried expression, and wearing smoked glasses in evidence of trouble with his eyes. This last explained his envy of those mirthful youngsters, even as when one of them he had aspired to college life as the best thing in the world. Again rang out:

"Booby! Booby! Going to try for the Latin prize—so?" ending in a school yell of "Ha, ha, he! Boo-b-e-e!" wild enough to make a passer's scalplock bristle.

Horace, whose subdued walk had led near the playground, turned his shielded eyes and beheld dimly an array of pupils skirmishing around a lad cowed and sullen, making vain dashes for liberty where the ranks showed thinnest, but they immediately closed up to thwart his purpose. This nearer view was disenchanting. Not even the happy period of school life is exempt from trial and temptation; fortunate for us graduates is it if memory, like a dial, marks only the sunny hours.

"Six months ago," muttered the spectator, "at a sight like that I should have leaped the fence and dispersed the mob, shaking as many rebels as I could catch. With all my faults I never was a bully, and bullying always roused my indignation."

With this inward protest he raised a hand as if to adjust the annoying goggles, self-pity taking the place of sympathy for the butt of ridicule. Let me explain that, in preparing for examination, the student had strained his sight by night study, and in consequence had to pass his vacation mostly in a darkened room, cherishing amid his discontent the expectation of returning to college at the beginning of the fall term. And the time having arrived his physician had enjoined further respite from books on penalty of blindness.

As it was, he went about color blind. Through his glasses all days were Ash Wednesdays. He groped on now in the gray world to which his imprudence had sentenced him. A stretch of goldenrod on a hillside bathed in sunshine was only ashen; a purling stream was bordered with asters and wild sage in Quaker garb; a flock of brilliant warblers in a hazel bush had the appear-

of animated stones of the old wall that ran beside. Turning to his right across a field of rowan clover, which from its hue might have had showered on it all the summer dust of the road, he entered by the path a grove where bark and foliage were of one sombre shade. Beyond this, his colorless walk would end at the village again.

In the quietest woodland nook Horace Wayland sat down on a cushion of sweet fern, wrapped in gloomy reflections. Soon, hearing footsteps and a voice, he looked up at a boyish form approaching.

"What do you recite to the trees?" he saluted, for the slender stranger was conjugating Latin verbs.

The young solitary started with an impulsive, "Beg pardon, sir!"

"Oh, not at all," returned the older student reassuringly. "Demosthenes learned oratory by addressing the sea waves. At our college we have a haunt for declaiming to the rocks and the sky and the midnight moon. But who are you, please? I don't know you, maybe because I'm playing blind Bartimeus."

"I know that you are Mr. Wayland, junior," ventured the boy. "I am from a distant State, and am here by mistake, I reckon. Arthur Reeves is my name, but in this school I am 'Booby.'"

"Oh, ay," recalling the playground scene. "If the parents knew how their sons are conducting, the birches here would be pruned for flogging sticks. But it's merely boyish thoughtlessness; you'll live down that nonsense."

"Mr. Wayland," said the lad, pulling himself together, "perhaps you could learn if you were badgered all the time, but I'm built differently, and I want to get away from this."

"Sit down here, Master Reeves, if you will, and let's hold a confab. Is it your Latin that is making trouble for you? Do you like it? I mean the language, not the larruping. Actually, how do you stand in it? Can you translate pretty well?"

"I have read Horace twice through with my father, sir."

"Horace—that's me." The tactful jester laughed for the first time, in no one knows how long, with boyish enjoyment of his own pun and bad grammar.

Arthur's sober features slowly relaxed and he laughed too. Both felt better. The last corner dropped on the ground and produced a pocket volume. "I'm so fond of the study," he explained, "that I made bold to say before the class I would try for the prize; then those fellows who expect to win it got roughhanded with me and led on the lot of them. My standing? Huh! They would tell you it's zero. I suppose I may as well live up to my nickname and be a stupid."

This he uttered in a husky, hurt tone and fell silent. Presently, encouraged by the advanced student, Arthur read several pages at discretion, not choosing the most familiar; read with manifest comprehension and creditable fluency, and proceeded to translate into fair English. Without pestering him about trivialities, his mentor allowed the informal lesson to come to a close, then directed a review of certain passages. Wherever now the reader failed to detect his errors, rules were called for and promptly given, the gently applied wisdom of which brought him out of the tangle as a compass guides a lost wayfarer out of the woods.

Wayland had refrained from attempting to see the print, but had sufficient vision to feel the grateful thrill of the successful teacher when the face of an earnest pupil turns to his with an expression that says: "You have given me a new grip on this hard stuff."

Before they separated, he learned that Arthur was the only son of a clergyman who had broken down in health, and at the expense of a rich parishioner had gone to the Sandwich Islands and Japan to recuperate. Taught at home, the boy lacked the moral fibre produced by attrition with other boys in a public school, and the mothering of the clever old lady to whose home and care he had been consigned was ill-adapted to help brace him up to a respectable effort to hoe his row with those to the manor born.

On the boy's part, being unaccustomed to non-resident pupils, they had conceived a dislike to Arthur Reeves and his foreign invasion, and would not tolerate him as a rival for honors. It is likewise admitted that the new pupil's Latin pronunciation was rather antiquated; since his father's student days a change had been introduced; living men in dealing with a dead language have sought out many inventions. Our college junior saw and seized the opportunity his misfortune presented; he arranged with the diffident youth to give him some strictly private, short-cut instruction.

In the last stage of his ailing, the enveloping grayness seemed a little illuminated, as when the rising sun begins to penetrate and scatter a heavy fog. Meeting a person who paused to enquire how his eyes were, he promptly answered, "Better," next moment calling himself to

account for uttering so unfounded an assertion. At the head of the steps, up which he ran, stood his mother, who smilingly said: "Surely, Horace, you are right from the parsonage and book talk. Mr. Dale always cheers you."

"You are away off in your guess this time, mother," he answered genially. "Not so far, either, for though I have spoken only to a boy, there are sermons in stones and books in running brooks—yes, and good in everything."

When the doctor next examined the eyes he found improvement. And upon the patient declaring that if he wanted to retain his authority over him, it would be best to give him permission to look at a textbook now and then, the doctor simply cautioned, without prohibiting.

Meanwhile, Horace Wayland's pupil came regularly, under the wing of evening, and a session of precisely forty-five minutes was held behind closed doors. Thus was Arthur measurably reassured, and the benumbing effect of a novel situation in class-work was soon overcome. Horace never asked how his schoolfellows were behaving toward him, but indirectly tried to influence him to look out and not in, and to inculcate a becoming self-assertiveness that repelled mischievous attacks and took the wind out of the sails of the attacking crew, always remembering that he who would have friends must show himself friendly.

After one of their lessons, Arthur handed his tutor a letter to read. It was from his father's rich parishioner, who wrote: "If you gain the prize for the best Latin thesis, Arthur, I will double it with twenty-five dollars more to carry forward your schooling."

"Do you think, Mr. Wayland," interrogated the lad flushing, "would it be of any use for me to—"

It was the first reference to a prize there had been between them since their introductory meeting on the day of the schoolyard incident. Arthur had not forgotten the persecution that his early announcement of having an eye on the annual prize had called forth.

"Why, you see," reasoned his friend, "the competition is bound to benefit in one way or another all who wisely engage in it, for in case of defeat, you will have a golden opportunity to bear it bravely, and this might have a far more important bearing on your future than winning the prize."

The speaker smoothed an incipient mustache, musing how his native modesty forbade him to say that he habitually illustrated in his life this healing philosophy for wounded ambition.

"The competitors I should fear are but few," said Arthur, rising to leave, "but they have the advantage of a strong backing. There is the doctor's son, and there are the colonel's two sons."

"Yet if you were clearly in advance of others, there would be no getting around the fact, and you might even expect those most interested would be just enough to see it in the right light."

A little longer their affairs went on as established lines. Often the echoes of public speaking in an unfamiliar tongue came down from the Wayland attic, a gruesome intimation that the ghosts of Julius Caesar and his comrades had wandered hither. Horace was all vitality, the smoked glasses had been safely discarded, and he felt assured of returning to his studies in a short time. Arthur had proved his scholarship and been officially listed with the competitors. No little bird had told their secret, perhaps because the more talkative of winged folk had flown to winter quarters in the South.

That Horace Wayland, junior, by informing the teacher and openly befriending Arthur, could have stopped the "jolly" at once is quite true; but that was not his policy, and he saw no reason for regret. We may suppose he had considered the illustrious Roman orator, and how the pebbles in his mouth must have hurt, but the result was to raise the standard of learning and enrich the history of the human race.

One evening, when Christmas was coming, Horace entered his college dormitory and proceeded to examine his mail by opening a letter postmarked in his native town, but addressed in a woman's old-fashioned writing that excited his curiosity. Having taken in its brief contents, he shouted, "Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" answered his chum, looking up from grinding Greek, and adding, in a conversational tone, "What for?"

Whereupon the exultant fellow-student pushed across the table this open page from the foster-mother of Arthur: "Our Arthur—bless him!—was to-day awarded the prize, and he wishes you to know it came to pass as you said; even the disappointed pupils and their friends applauded and congratulated him. The hall was crowded with spectators; he will give particulars a little later; is writing his father in answer to a letter from overseas, telling of recovering health, which is good news to us and, no doubt, to you, who have nobly aided the young stranger within your (school) gates, and whom he copies with the pride and affection of a younger brother. His father would scarcely know the boy, he is looking so hearty. We are as glad as we can be that your eyes are in normal condition, and do be careful now your seven senses are not too many."—Our Young People.

How Johnnie

"Did you wipe
"No, mamma
"Run back an
"Yes, mamma
There was a
rubbing of two
"Mamma, w
your feet ever
"Yes, if you
Johnnie look
out things for
already that the
mands, and he
"Where can I
"Well, walk
near the beginn
That was just
going to have a
parlors, but ma
her over his sh
the threshold in
"Warm!" cr
Johnnie halte
"Don't look
mamma with a
stood rolling hi
"Warmer!"
for
"Oh, I spy I
up a big cake o
out, mamma! I
"That is one
"In the hoar
"Yes, but you
"Why can't
Mamma laug
handed him pe
"I will write
have until to-m
mud?"
"Huh! That
"Yes. Write
Moisture. 2. I
dropped and le
is wet, like wa
under 'Dirt.'"
"O mamma,
Johnnie mov
"Hullo, here
with an 's' or r
"W-a-t-e-r."
laughed at Joh
Johnnie thins
mammams."
Presently the
garbage. The
lifting them, he
then shovelled
behind them,
over trying to
remnants of
cover it all, so
head and twis
mamma was c
The ashman
over the harre
all but what l
large part of
street.
"Mamma wa
Johnnie calle
"I don't kn
the sewer men
dirty stuff on
old bones and
dropped from
dogs and cats
from his ear,
mamma! I l
Johnnie's litt
"No, Johnn
Mamma em
"O mamma
mamma!"
"Draw two
So Johnnie
him for a bir
draw that m
and drew two
"Pat eleve
where. Now
"My, what
"Now, sup
you rather be
air with two
"I guess th
don't you, m
"That dep
window, wh
When the
cloth over th
over a crack
came throug
saw myriads
not know i
them up.
"You see,
house are gr
moving about
the draught
in, the more
what mud is
stuff to take
"O mamma
feet any mor
Just then
work-basket
she wrote d
and had a q
note-book a
word. To d
"Get a y
present. If
dangers of d