

STORIES  
POETRY

# The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## THANKSGIVING SONG.

Summer is gone, autumn is here,  
This is the harvest for all the year.  
Corn in the crib, oats in the bin,  
The wheat is all threshed, barley drawn in.

Carrots in cellars, beets by their side,  
Full is the hayloft, what fun to get;  
Apples are barreled, nuts laid to dry,  
Frost on the garden, winter is nigh.

Father in heaven, thank thee for all,  
Winter and springtime, summer and fall.  
All thine own gifts to thee we bring,  
Help us to praise thee, our heavenly King.

## THE PREACHER'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

By Edith Clark.

There was a storm in the kitchen on Thanksgiving morning. When the little housekeeper came down to get breakfast she couldn't forbear taking just one peep at the precious turkey. The purchase of turkey had involved countless sacrifices. On the preacher's slender salary turkey could not be included in the bill of fare, but the little mistress of the manse had decided that there must be turkey for their first Thanksgiving Day in the new home, and she had proceeded to save for it out of her small housekeeping allowance.

The preacher had laughingly tried to dissuade her, when it came to going without desserts for a week, by reminding her that in former years turkeys had been given to him by the country parishioners, but this was risking too much to chance.

"You know if it didn't come, Jack, how bad we should feel, with father and mother and Eleanor coming to dinner; and besides," she added, "turkeys are so high and so scarce this year I don't know who could afford to give us one."

"I've heard that the Wineberry boys always gave Mr. John his turkey—a big one it must have been, too—for his family."

"Well, they won't give us one, anyway, for they never speak to me unless you're 'round."

"'Fraid of you, Madame Preacher," he retorted, whereat she closed the study door and walked away to count her little hoard.

In due time the turkey had been purchased, and Thanksgiving Eve it had come home, plump and good to look upon, and all ready for the oven, thanks to the kindness of the country storekeeper's wife. For a perplexity had confronted Mrs. Jack after the turkey had been selected.

"I never dressed a chicken or a turkey in my life, and I simply couldn't do it if we never had turkey in this world."

So the kind-hearted woman had contributed her share towards the preacher's Thanksgiving dinner by dressing the turkey.

The preacher had driven to the station for his guests when the turkey arrived, and madame was at a loss where to put it. She tried various places, and had just disposed of it in safety when the sound of gay voices called her to greet her arriving family.

She had slipped into bed that night before she thought of the turkey again.

"Do you suppose the turkey is all right, Jack? I put it—" but the sleepy minister was not to be roused, and so the household slept. Meanwhile, on the

back porch the turkey, with legs neatly tied, reposed on his back in the security of the washtub, with another tub above him as a cover.

Since the turkey meant so much to the young housekeeper it was no wonder she hurried to look at it as soon as she was down stairs on Thanksgiving morning. At the sound of the opening door a small white cat jumped from between those two tubs—such a small space it was for a cat to crawl through, but large enough to admit so much mischief.

Then the storm broke. All in a minute a kick sent the cat flying across the yard, a hand lifted the tub, and as the scene of desolation lay revealed, a turkey minus a breast, a wail of despair arose, and the unhappy housekeeper dropped into a chair and bowed her head on the kitchen table.

There the preacher found her a few minutes later, crying as if her heart would break.

"Why, Betty, what in the world—!"  
"That wretched cat has eaten up our turkey."

Sobs punctuated the sentence.  
"The cat—how? Where was it? The turkey, I mean?"

He stepped out on the porch, and, taking in the situation at a glance, had much ado to keep from laughing, and hopelessly wounding his wife's feelings.

"Come, cheer up, little girl; the turkey isn't worth all those tears," he said, gently stroking the bowed head.

"But I worked so hard to get it, and I didn't eat a bit of butter all last week trying to save money, and now it's all gone, and what will mother think? Oh, but I hate the cat!"

At that she roused up.

"I never wanted it, anyway."  
"But tell me, dear," Jack asked, "why did you put it in the washtub?"

"I didn't know where else. The cellar is too warm, and I tried to hang it from the porch roof, and it fell down. If we only had an icebox! You see, I was only thinking of dogs and I knew they couldn't get it, even if the tubs aren't fit tight."

Renewed sobs followed this admission of possible carelessness.

"Come, Betty, brace up. The folks will be down to breakfast soon, and nothing is ready. We'll get another turkey, if I have to pawn my watch to do it," and Jack poked the fire vigorously.

Pride came to the rescue—the cook braced up—and when the family came down to breakfast a little later she was apparently serene and cheerful.

They were still lingering over their breakfast when the door-bell rang. The minister responded to its summons and returned a moment later to say:

"Betty, it's up to you to come and thank some friends of ours for a splendid turkey they've brought us."

Betty gasped as she followed her husband to the front door. A huge basket had been set down in the doorway, and back of it stood the shy, deprecating figures of the two Wineberry boys. The boys, they were always called, though they were well up in the fifties. They spoke in mild, apologetic voice, repeating to her the message they had already given the preacher.

"We didn't know as you'd care for us to give you a turkey. You seem to have everything fixed up so nice yourselves, and sometimes city folks don't care much for having things given them. But last night maw says, 'It'll be the first time in thirty years that we have not give the preacher's folks a turkey, and it don't seem right.' So

this morning Henry and I killed the finest turkey we had, and Anna and Eliza got it ready for you, and here it is, wishing you may eat it and enjoy it, with maw's compliments. Good day, ma'am."

Quite overcome after the delivery of this little speech, they hurried away, leaving the two young people staring speechless at the turkey in the basket at their feet.

"Providential, wasn't it?" whispered Betty.

"Which, the arrival of this one, or the destruction of the other?" Jack whispered back, as he lifted the basket weighing it in his hands. "Twelve pounds, sure!"

"Well, you know we couldn't have managed two," Betty rejoined, as they triumphantly displayed to their waiting guests the Thanksgiving turkey.—Selected.

## THANKSGIVING OF LOVE.

While Elizabeth was very ill she was so patient that Norah, the cook, wiped her eyes more than once and said: "Dade, ma'am, it breaks th' heart av me to till ye, ma'am; but ye'll never be afther raisin' th' choild, ma'am. She be a saint already, shure; an' th' angels is jest outside th' door, awaitin' wid her wings!"

The trouble came after the doctors said that the little girl was quite well; after the nurse had gone and matters had settled back into the old way of living. Then it was that Elizabeth grew to be quite another child than the one they had all loved to do things for. There was a whine in the voice of this new Elizabeth; she made everyone in the house pay attention to her small self; she talked while others were speaking, and took the best chair in the room, quite as a matter of course.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne were so glad to have her running about again that they did not notice all this at first. And there was nothing that brother Wilbur would not gladly give up to "little sister."

But after a time those who loved her so could not help noticing that she fretted at everything, that nothing was fitted and that nobody could please her. Mr. Payne feared that his little girl was not really well; the doctors assured him that she was; yet matters grew worse every day.

Mrs. Payne took her away for a week's visit with Aunt Elizabeth, who dearly loved the child, but brought her back at the end of the second day. Everyone was most unhappy.

"I declare, sis!" said Wilbur, one morning after the breakfast hour had been made unpleasant by the complaints of the child, "you make me think of the Golden Text: 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' Maybe I haven't got that right, but you are making an awful blaze of—of uncomfort. It's going to freeze today. You'd better pick that snarl out of your face. And do stop talking in that sick voice!"

At this Elizabeth began to cry aloud. "I wish I could go somewhere else to live," she said. "Nobody cares for me, I'd like to be some other bodies' little girl—so I would!"

"Well, you're worrying pop and you're makin' mama ill. And I don't like to come home after school, as I used to—so there!"

When Mr. Payne came home at night he found things the same. Elizabeth had taken her prettiest dollie to call