

Fred Cary's Turkey Ticket.

(By Constance Conrad.)

Seven pairs of bright eyes were watching the Sunday-school door open and shut the week before Thanksgiving, and seven boyish faces beamed with pleasure as a sweet-faced lady entered and came down the aisle straight to their class. Miss Lansing was scarcely seated before their eager voices were heaping questions upon her in chorus.

'Boys, boys!' she laughingly exclaimed, 'I can't hear all at once. Suppose Fred Cary tells me the story.'

'You know, Miss Lansing, it is almost Thanksgiving,' began Fred, while the others drew their chairs very close and watched their teacher's face; 'and our washerwoman's boy Tim says they have got a "turkey ticket" and they are going to have the swell-est—I mean the best dinner in a year on Thanksgiving Day, turkey and cranberry sauce, and celery and onions and lots of things.'

'Yes, and they only have bread and tea, and sometimes herrings, other days, for Bridget Flannigan told my mother so,' broke in Archie Best.

'And there are crowds of boys down in Rotten Row and Rollin's Bend that have never tasted turkey at all, Tim says,' Fred continued.

'Can't we give some one a "turkey ticket" for thanksgiving?' came in a chorus of voices.

'Now I understand,' Miss Lansing said, looking very much pleased. 'My boys want to give some poor person a Thanksgiving dinner. That is a beautiful idea. The turkey-tickets are presents from the kindly rich, and are distributed among poor families. When they are presented at the store named, the poor people receive a thanksgiving dinner in return, which some kind friend pays for. Suppose we think what we can do.'

There were some minutes of busy consultation, and great interest on all sides. At last it was decided that the boys should each contribute something, and go with Miss Lansing to buy the dinner, then she would see that it was cooked, and Thanksgiving afternoon she would take them all to present it to Gustav Kohl, a young German who she knew would interest her class.

Early on Thanksgiving afternoon Miss Lansing and the boys started on their kindly errand. After an hour's walk they stopped before an open door and their teacher led them through a hall, and across a stone court, to the rear tenement where Gustav Kohl lived.

Up, up, up, they climbed, winding round and round with the short flights of stairs. At the very top Fred knocked. There was the sound of a latch raised and the door slowly opened. The room was neat and clean and in one corner by a window lay a fair-faced young German.

'I've brought you some visitors, Gustav,' Miss Lansing said as she shook hands with him.

'Yes, and we've brought you a Thanksgiving dinner,' Fred added as spokesman.

'That is goot, sehr, goot. I give my thanks.'

'And here is fruit to keep when the turkey is gone,' spoke up Frank Laundsberry.

Gustav's eyes glistened happily. 'I can ask the kinder in the next rom,' he said. 'They gets but little dinner the day. They haf nobody but shoe-black Jim to mutter dem, and they be four.'



FATHER'S ON THE SEA.

(Drawn for 'Toilers of the Deep,' by F. W. Burton.)

'Yes, I know,' answered Miss Lansing. 'I thought you'd do that, Gustav.' The boys were already looking about as their teacher knew they would. This was a place to interest a boy.

Gustav was only twenty-eight, a young machinist with fair prospects until two years before, when a serious accident had resulted in the paralysis of the lower part of his body.

His room was full of contrivances for living alone. A string ran from the bed to the ceiling, over, and down to the door latch, which he opened himself for a caller. A long table stood between the bed and the window, and contained an oil stove for cooking, some eatables, a Bible and a few other books, a lamp, and lastly his crochet work; for Gustav, shut off from his old employment, had become a famous worker with the crochet needle. He often sold his mats and edgings, and this, together with the rent from one of his rooms, kept him from actual suffering.

Over the bed hung two long looped straps in which he placed his arms, and pulled himself up when he slipped too far down in the

bed. But his most remarkable achievement was building and keeping his own fire, in a little stove three or four feet from the bed. This he did by placing a cane firmly in the circular hole at the end of the handle of a long stove shovel. With this contrivance he placed paper and wood in the stove, and then carefully reached over a lighted twisted paper on the shovel, after which with greatest patience he worked three pieces of coal from the pail at a time, and placed them on the fire. He occasionally had a little neighborly help, but in most things he cared for himself, and was cheerful and sunny in the face of such helplessness and hopelessness.

He let the boys try the string which raised the door latch, and Fred managed to get one piece of wood to the stove as Gustav did. They called his long table Delmonico's, and asked when he meant to invite his guests. Everything interested them, and Gustav answered their questions and showed them his bits of machinery with real pleasure.

'But, Gustav, how do you stand it every day, and all day long?' asked Archie when