

The Children.

The Cheering Fairy.

When a little man
Does the very best he can,
Not for pay in baubles bright,
But because he loves the right,
A fairy shouts "Hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"
None hear the cheer except the little man;

That's why he smiles.
When a little maid
Goes, when called, to mother's aid,
Leaving merry friends at play,
Friends who plead with her to stay,
A fairy shouts, "Hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"
None hear the cheer except the little maid;

That's why she smiles.
This little fairy dwells apart
From fairies of the elfish brood;
'Tis from its home within the heart
It loves to cheer the brave, the good!

How the Kings Kept Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving was coming Thursday, and on Tuesday Mrs. King made the plum-pudding and got the turkey ready. The three little Kings watched it all, dancing around the kitchen table, and asking questions, and following when she took the turkey out in the cold wash-room, and hung it on a high hook.

"There, Mr. Turk," she said, "you are all ready for Thanksgiving, and Thursday morning we will stuff you and roast you."
"And eat you!" chimed in the three little Kings.

All through a long stormy Wednesday, Mr. Turk hung in the cold wash-room, and a great many times the three little Kings went out to look at him. Bobby could just touch one of his feet if he stood on tip-toe. They said to each other how fat he was, and how good he was going to taste. The Kings did not often have turkey; only on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

They were eating early breakfast Thursday morning when the milkman came. They heard him hurry into the wash-room to leave the can, and out again; but they didn't know that he forgot to shut the door.

They were still at the breakfast-table when Sancho came running through the snow from Mr. Hunter's yard. Sancho is Mr. Hunter's big dog, so big that Bobby can just reach to put his arm over Sancho's neck.

Sancho put his head in at the open door to look for bones on the plate Mrs. King kept for him; there were none this morning—but there hung Mr. Turk.

One pull of Sancho's strong teeth broke the cord by which Mr. Turk was hanging, and off went Sancho with him.

When breakfast was over Mrs. King came hurrying out to get dinner started, and saw the open door and the broken cord—but no Mr. Turk!

When the three little Kings heard what had happened they had hard work not to cry. They could see Sancho's great foot-prints through the snow, and the trampled place under the apple-tree where he had eaten his turkey-breakfast and not left so much as a drumstick.

"I wouldn't have thought Sancho would do such a thing!" mourned Bobby.

Mr. King started out at once, to buy another turkey for dinner; but he came back in an hour saying he couldn't find a turkey or a chicken or a goose, anywhere for sale in the whole town. And more than that, he told the children the butcher had shut up his shop and gone away to spend Thanksgiving, so that he could not buy any other meat for dinner, and their mother would have to find something in the house for them to eat.

"There's not a thing but codfish!" said Mrs. King.

And so they had codfish for Thanksgiving dinner. Of course they had mashed-potato and cranberry-jelly and all the other things people have on

Thanksgiving, and the plum-pudding, but codfish instead of turkey.

Mr. King said he had known people call codfish "Cape Cod turkey," and he made them all laugh by making believe carve it, and calling all the bones the wish-bone, and asking them all in turn, whether they would have "a wing, or a leg, or a slice of the breast."

In fact, the King family had a great deal more fun over their Thanksgiving dinner than if Mr. Turk had been there on the platter in all the glory of his stuffing and gravy.

Georgie's Thanksgiving.

I was eight and your great-aunt Victoria ten when we had the Thanksgiving and birthday in one, which we never forgot. Our mother was a devoted Englishwoman, and she gave to her first child the name of her beloved Queen, and when I was born two years later to a day, I was named Georgie, because that is the nearest for a girl to the name of so many of our kings. Your grandfather Howe died three months before I was born. Our birthday came the twentieth of November, so near to Thanksgiving that mother always celebrated the two days in one.

"This that I am going to tell happened long ago; for the first time in our lives, the Thanksgiving day was appointed on the twentieth day of November. We all went early to the meeting-house the Sunday before, for we knew we were going to hear the Thanksgiving announced. All the children in the meeting-house kept wide awake that morning, and Vic and I nudged each other when the minister opened the paper with a rattle and spread it on the desk.

"The night before the great day, we were standing at the kitchen table, watching mother unjoin the boiled chickens for the chicken pie, when the clock struck eight. She lighted a tallow candle, and gave it to Vic. It was our bedtime. 'Oh,' said I, as I dumped down in the feather bed, 'isn't it beautiful, Vic, to have birthdays and Thanksgiving all together? And isn't mother kind? I'm just so happy!'"

"So am I," said Vic, giving me a hug. "I know something."

"What is it, Vic?" I asked in a whisper.

"Then she told me that she was going to get up before anybody else in the house, and steal out softly, and go to the north pasture, and get some red berries to hang over the Queen's portrait in the front room, to please mother."

"Let's," said I. "It will be splendid," and then I told her what was true, that she was always thinking of something to please somebody, and then we said our prayers, and cuddled down to sleep.

"It didn't seem but a minute after that, when I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Vic was already tying her leathern shoe-strings. 'Georgie Howe, get up this minute; it's as light as a cork,' she said. 'I'm not going to put up my hair, it will take too much time, and it will keep me warm,' and she let fall a cloud of gold over her shoulders. Grandmother Gibbons's voice always trembled a little here. 'You've seen the portrait of your great-aunt Victoria, children. It's true what I told you. She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw; her hair was like spun gold.'

"We put our surtouts over our thick wollen dresses, tied on our warm wollen hoods and tiptoed out for fear of waking Ponto in the shed. Vic asked me to wait on the stone step while she brought a bowl of mother's chicken broth. It was thick and nourishing. It tasted good."

"We drove the cows to the north pasture every summer morning; we knew every nook and corner of it, but we didn't know the difference between broad daylight and moonlight, and great was our surprise when we reached the pasture bars, to see the moon going down, and no sign of morning, but Vic kept hold of my hand, and said, 'Never mind, Georgie, we can find the path, and the flat rock by the black



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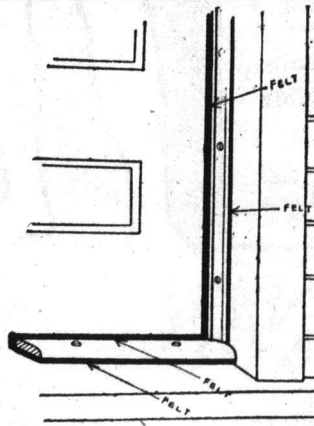
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