

where like other people; and she never got any thanks, and she might work till she dropped dead without a hand being lifted to help her. This caused Mr. Miggs to start up as if the harangue had been entirely new to him, and to inquire in the spirit of the day what in the jumblety jam was the matter, that he couldn't step foot into that house without being grumbled at and groaned at till he was sicker'n pizen of living. Whereupon Mrs. Miggs said she didn't want her head snapped off; it was bad enough to get along with a mess of screaming, meddlesome brats, without this. The reference to the children proved a timely safety valve to Mr. Miggs' sorely tried patience, and he at once walked in among them, carrying consternation and dismay into the inmost recesses of their turbulent natures.

And thus matters progressed until the dinner came on to the table, which it did at that hour when the reason of the waiting ones begins to totter, as is the custom in all families on Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Miggs planted the turkey down in the centre of the table, and looking around on the children, who had already scrambled into place, and were making that snuffing noise peculiar to uninformed children when eagerly expectant, she exclaimed,—

"There! Now stuff yourself to death, if you want to."

And with this maternal injunction, in addition to an injunction from the paternal side not to make hogs of themselves, the Thanksgiving dinner got under way. Whatever of gratitude there might have been in Mr. Miggs' heart, it remained sequestered there. His face showed no symptoms of it. There was a certain degree of pride in having secured such a turkey in the face of so many circumstances discouraging to such an investment, but that was natural enough, and Mr. Miggs would have been much less than human had he not experienced it.

In such spaces of time as were not devoted to indignantly swooping down on the boys, and rescuing the celery from their piratical incursions, or passionately calling upon heaven (his only reference in that direction) to just make a note of the extraordinary hollowiness of their anatomy, he would proudly observe, referring to the turkey, "That's a buster, an' no mistake," "I guess some folks can have turkey as well as some other folks," "I'll bet there ain't one man in fifty who could pick out a turkey like that," and other observations of a like comforting and instructive nature.

After dinner Mr. Miggs put on his tippet, and went off to see the member of the legislature from Danbury, who, it was under-

stood, desired to confer with him in regard to frescoing the Capitol, and Mrs. Miggs sat down with a book entitled "True Love," leaving the table standing. The three boys adjourned into the back shed, where the oldest two, failing to dispossess the youngest of the wish-bone by the transfer of a piece of green glass, immediately fell upon him with a view to accomplishing their purpose by violence, in which process a shelf containing a variety of articles was brought down with its contents, and in turn brought out the half-crazed mother, who pulled her progeny from under the wreck by such portions of their persons as appeared to view, and having culled them impartially on both sides of the head, set them on chairs as far apart as the size of the room would admit. And there they remained in misery's highest estate, nursing their wounded persons and feelings, and scowling gloomily upon their mother whenever her turned back permitted.

When night closed in, the full significance of the glad festival was summed up by Mrs. Miggs in one sentence,—

"Thank heaven, this day is over with!"

YOUNG MR. BOBBS.

There is a marvellous variety in human nature. We are not all alike, and it is just as well, perhaps, that we are not. Some people are endowed with a propensity for what they call fun, that sometimes overbalances and controls every other attribute. Fun, as a general thing, is the suffering of one man enjoyed by another. No fun of this kind can be produced without cost, and the greater the cost the greater the fun. The more thoroughly a man enjoys fun, the more active, it will be found, is that portion of his mind devoted to evolving it. Such a man will bring to his object a keenness of perception, a profundity of cogitation, and a fertility of resource, that, if devoted to some legitimate result, would hasten the millennium amazingly. Young Mr. Bobbs, clerk for Merrills, the grocer, is one of this kind. The economy of nature finds its best exponent in young Bobbs. His face is of that expression which invites confidence, being colourless, while his ready manner, and anxiety to be agreeable, make him a charming person to deal with, and one who would quickly and most favourably impress a stranger. Young Bobbs is popular with elderly people and ladies, because of his cheerful readiness to oblige them, but to those of his own sex and age he is an object of considerable distrust. The immovable expression of his quiet and subdued face would make his fortune on the stage; off the stage, we are