

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

A DOUBLE THANKSGIVING.

By Alice May Douglas.

It wouldn't have seemed like Thanksgiving to the Fernald cousins if it had been spent elsewhere than at grandma's. Grandma always had such a nice lot of queer old-fashioned things for them to play with and she would always set the table with her old willow-ware dishes; and best of all, would always provide everything good for them to eat.

"What if you have no invitation, Nora," said Mamma Fernald to the oldest of her group. "You know grandma hasn't been well this year and possibly she will not feel like making a Thanksgiving."

"I know she will," said Nora, with a slight emphasis on the "know."
"There's the postman, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Fernald, as she glanced out of the window.

Nora ran to meet him, and sure enough it was a letter from Grandma Fernald, which he held out to her. Mamma hastily read the letter to her little ones who were clustering so eagerly about her. Grandma had written for the whole family to pass Thanksgiving Day at her home and had sent a special invitation for the dollies of the household to be likewise present.

"What a surprise this will be to the dollies," exclaimed mamma after she had finished the letter.

"Mamma," said Nora, "'spose Theda and Linna and the rest of the little girl cousins will bring their dollies, too."

"O, certainly," replied the mother, twirling one of Nora's light curls over her finger.

"Now, mamma," broke in the little girl, after a moment's thought, "What shall Lettie Linton wear?"

"She'll have to wear her best dress, of course," was mamma's reply.

"But it doesn't look good enough, mamma," sighed Nora.

"Well, we'll find something pretty for her, my dear," said mamma, and Nora went into the nursery to look over Lutie Linton's wardrobe.

When the carriage stopped in front of Grandma Fernald's on Thanksgiving morning a happier little girl could not be found than was Nora, with her Lutie Linton, gay in a new dress, hat and furs, all made in the latest of doll styles.

After the Thanksgiving dinner, to which all did good service, grandma told the grandchildren that they might have a separate Thanksgiving dinner for their dollies.

"O, what fun!" exclaimed Theda, clapping both little hands and making her dollie do the same.

"There!" exclaimed Nora, "I know now why grandma gave the dollies a special invitation."

"Now, children," exclaimed grandma, "I'm going to let you take this little table and set of dishes which I used to have when I was a little girl."

"O, grandma!" said Theda, "How lovely!"

"Yes, dears," said grandma with a smile, "I have had lots of good times playing with these dishes, but a Thanksgiving dinner never was eaten out of them."

"Then the dollies," said Nora's mamma, "will be the first to have a Thanksgiving dinner from grandma's pretty little set of dishes."

"Now, girls," explained grandma, after she had brought out the table and dishes of long ago, "the dollies' mamma will have to set the table and here is a white cloth to spread upon it."

So Nora and Linna set the table while the other girls attended to their

dolls. Lutie Linton's hair needed curling after her long journey. As the dollies which belonged to the other cousins, Susan Silence, had caught her new pink silk on Theda's pin and Millie Mocket had a soiled face. Consequently the family of dolls required the services of one of the mamma's.

When all was in readiness, grandma brought out a large piece of turkey, some small biscuit, cakes, and fancy candies. The table looked very tempting indeed.

"I'm glad I have a grandma," remarked Linna, after the lunch was over.

"So do I," echoed Nora. "Molly Pratt hasn't any grandma, and when I go home I'm going to ask Molly if she wouldn't like to own my grandma too."

The children enjoyed every minute of the time and hoped that she would remember to invite their dollies on the next Thanksgiving Day, and I think that she will, don't you?"

THANKSGIVING.

A tear or two, a prayer or two,
For the dead that have gone before us;
Pure thoughts that stray from the
world away

To the sweet heaven bending o'er us.

Strong hopes that thrill with a noble
will,

For the work that may choose and
call us,

Deep soul content, that but good is
meant,

In whatever may befall us.

A song, a smile, and a pulse the while
That throbs with joy of living;
A kiss or so from dear lips, and lo!
This is the heart's thanksgiving.

THE WEDDING RICE.

At a wedding breakfast, according to What to Eat, a bridesmaid was heard to tell the true reason for rice being used at weddings. It was once believed that if on their wedding journey a newly wedded couple saw a flock of doves it would mean a long life of peace and happiness to them. A bridal party in passing so frightened a flock of these timid birds that they flew away in great alarm, and to avert the evil omen that their flight signified for the newly married couple rice was thrown in great quantities to lure the birds back to the place from which they had flown. This plan was so successful that the wedded pair went on their way rejoicing and lived ever afterward a happy and prosperous life. Since then rice has been used as a symbol of good luck, peace, and happiness at weddings.

MURMURING.

Some murmuring when their sky is
clear,

And wholly bright to view.

If one small speck of dark appear,
In their great heaven of blue;

And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light.

One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

—R. C. Trench.

The first stenographer was Tiro, a slave, who became Cicero's secretary. He took the reports of Catiline's trial (B. C. 63) in a shorthand of his own invention.

The Danube is 1,725 miles long, drains 315,360 square miles, and carries four-fifths of the commerce of Eastern Europe.

A WORD TO BOYS.

"I have been on the bench 14 years and during that time thousands of boys have been brought before me, but not one of them was a constant attendant at church or Sunday school or obedient to his father or mother," Judge Wofford once said in an address to boys.

"I have inquired of many boys what caused them to get into trouble and have found that in most instances staying away from home and school, playing pool, hanging around saloons, cigarette smoking are responsible.

"Start right, boys. To be anybody, to accomplish anything for yourself or the community you cannot be idle. Don't drink—liquor destroys the mind and body. Don't swear—gentlemen do not. It is low and vulgar. Don't read trashy literature. Don't hang around saloons. Benjamin Franklin would never have accomplished anything if he had been guilty of these practices. Be honest, above all things. Poor boys make the best future citizens.

"To make a good man you must be a good boy. So start right. The world is growing better. The teachings of Christ are beginning to be felt. Let me impress upon you the only road to success is by living a right life. Be honest, industrious, frugal. It is not necessary to be sanctimonious—to wear a long face. Keep laughing. Have a good time as you go through life, but let it be the right sort of good time."

THE EAGLE.

This "king of the skies" is said to live a hundred years; and it is well for us that it does not raise many young, for, if it did, most of the weaker animals and defenceless birds would be destroyed. The eagle selects the loftiest spots in nature for its nest, the highest and barest peaks, where it constructs, out of sticks and twigs, a nest about two feet and a half wide, both because the mother is a large bird, and often stretches out her wings when hatching—and this requires room—and also because the young eagles are very restless, and are all the time twisting about. Especially is this so when the mother comes with food. Then they flutter about as if crazy, for they are always hungry, even if fed twenty times a day. The eagle lays usually two or three eggs, about the size of a goose egg, which are of a dull white color, and speckled with cloudy patches of brown.

The golden eagle is very beautiful, having almost every shade of coloring; purple and gold, however, predominate from which it takes its name. Its tail feathers are most highly prized by the Indian warriors. They use them to ornament their heads; and so valuable are these in their estimation, that they sometimes give a pony or a rifle for an eagle's tail. The wings of the golden eagle are wide and powerful, being often eight and nine feet from tip to tip. This enables it to carry up very heavy loads. Some have been known to rise with seventy pounds weight in their talons. A boy or girl eight or ten years old can easily be carried high up in the air by one of these kings of the skies.

Of the 3612 million tons of goods carried yearly on British canals, only 812 millions are carried on canals belonging to railway companies.

The germ of contentment lies in having something to do and in doing it.