

## The Inglenook.

### Georgie's Thanksgiving.

Being the True story that Grandmother Gibbons told her Grandchildren every Thanksgiving and Birthday.

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 as 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 Gibbon's voice always trembled a little here. 'You've seen the portrait of your great-aunt Victoria, children. It's true what L. told you. She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw; her hair was like spun gold.'

"We put our surtouts over our thick woolen dresses, tied on our warm woolen 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 walnut tree, if the moon doesn't shine.'

"Yes," I said, 'but how can we find the berries if it's pitch dark, Vic?'

"Oh," she said, 'it won't be dark long; it can't, because everybody knows its time for the sun to rise when the moon goes down; and lots of times I've seen the sun and moon shining both together in the sky, haven't you, Georgie?'

"Yes," I said, stumbling into a thorn bush, and beginning to cry, 'but Vic, this doesn't seem like the path; where's the black walnut tree, and flat rock? They ought to be here, but they aren't here!'

"We may be a little out of the path, Georgie," she said bravely, 'but anyway, we are in the right pasture, and here's a rock with a back to it, so let's sit down and wait,' and she put her arm in a motherly way around me, and pillowed my red hooded head upon her shoulder. 'I'm glad I didn't put up my hair.'

"So'm I, Vic," said I, as I nestled against the soft cushion. 'Your hair is the loveliest I ever saw, Vic and mine is short and stiff like bristles. I hate it.'

"But you're real good, Georgie, and as soon as ever we get home I'm going to give you a real boughten doll," she said, 'to have for your very own birthday, and to keep always.'

Grandmother Gibbons did not need to tell the children that she had kept the "boughten doll"; they had all seen it. She sometimes stopped for a little, right here, till the children cried out, "Go on, please, go on, grandma; tell us what happened next."

"Well, children, the next thing, it seemed the stars all faded, and the darkness deepened around us. I don't know how long we waited, while I lay with my head pressed against your great-aunt Victoria's shoulder, but I heard her calling to me, 'Georgie, this will never do. You must not go to sleep, we must get up and walk around.'

"I don't want to walk around, Vic, I said. 'I want to go home, that's what I want.'

"We'll walk toward home," said Vic, taking hold of my hand, and starting up. We're not in the path, but we can't be far from it, and we must keep walking, for you must not go to sleep. Here's the black walnut tree.'

"Vic gave a sudden spring forward, and fell. She told your great-grand-mother Howe, after it was all over, that it seemed as if she fell miles and miles. Then it came over her like a flash, we had come through the wrong bars, and were over the gorge! That dreadful gorge where we were never allowed in broad daylight! Vic fell till she stopped on a ledge not larger than her two feet, but her hair had been caught by an out-reaching tree branch, and it held her. True to her nature, her first thought, even then, was for me.

"Georgie, are you up there?" she called. Her voice sounded through the darkness far away.

"Yes, Vic, I am here!" I think my teeth

chattered. 'Where are you?'

"Stand still! Don't stir a step! Don't go to sleep, we're over the gorge. I'm caught by my hair and we must wait."

"No one will ever know, children, how long we waited. It seemed to me as if all at once I grew to be a woman. It seemed to me as if God had given Victoria's life into my keeping. I kept calling down to her, telling her that it would soon be lighter, and that I felt sure that some way, somehow, I could save her.

"At last it came, children, the first streak of morning! I stooped over, and looked down that awful abyss, but the sight only gave me courage. 'Vic,' I cried, and my teeth didn't chatter this time, for when God wants us to do anything, children, no matter how difficult, He'll give us the will and the strength to do it. 'Vic, I can see you, you are not half way down. Don't look up—don't look down, but keep still a few minutes, and I can save you.'

"How did you do it, grandma?" always asked the children.

"I didn't know how I was going to do it at first, but I began, very slowly, to make my way, not straight, but in a zigzag fashion slowly and carefully down to the shelf over which Vic hung. There was a little platform of rock, on which I stopped. It was growing lighter every minute, as I reached up to the twisted tree branch. Then God let me see how I was going to be able to save my sister. You know how I did it, children."

"You untwisted her hair," from the children in chorus.

"Yes, those beautiful, strong locks of hair, all kinked and snarled and held as in a vise, partly with my teeth, partly with my fingers, I loosened every golden thread.

"Now," I said, 'Vic, you are free! Catch hold of this limb that I swing down to you! Catch hold and climb!'

"Oh, Georgie," she cried, 'I can't! I'm dizzy! I shall faint.'

"I could see that her strength was failing but I wouldn't give up that I could save her; so I put all of myself into my voice, and I may have prayed, but I didn't know it, then.

"No, you won't faint, Vic," I called. 'You won't faint; you won't fall! You can't—y-u've got the limb. Now here's my hand; let's climb! We can see every step now, Vic.'

"We climbed slowly, step by step, zig-zagging, picking our way up, and gaining courage till at last we fell in each other's arms, on to the level at the top, and that is the way I met an emergency, the Thanksgiving and birthday we never forgot. And that is the way I saved your great-aunt Victoria."—Canadian Good Housekeeping.

### Coming Home at Four.

"Now, off to school, Sarah!" said Mrs. Wats, looking at the tall clock. "Miss Patty wants you to come early." Little Sarah was playing with the kittens. She could not decide which kitten was prettiest, and she wished it was not time to go. But her mother tied her sunbonnet and put her primer in her hand.

"May I come home at four?" asked little Sarah.

She had heard a girl say to Miss Patty, "Mother told me to come home at four." Then, when the hour-hand was at four, Miss Patty remembered and said:—

"Jane Harris, it is four. You may go home now."

But Sarah had never gone at four. She always went with the other children half an