

AT THE FAMILY BOARD.

Though summer has gone with its verdant air... Through leaves of the autumn are scattered... We call this as happiest day of the year...

nest. It seems to me that I have never seen such a cheerful, sunny room since in all my wanderings about the earth...



THE BUFFET.

dressed as Miss M'hitable, she was so prim and severe even, and upon whom in her 55 years or so sat none too lightly...

THIRTEEN AT DINNER

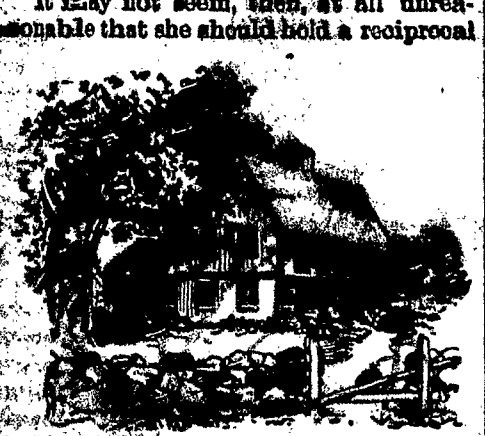
A NEW ENGLAND REMINISCENCE.

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Everybody in Misery Cove knew Aunt Mary Lisher, relict for 50 years and more of Elisha Dewberry and who lived with her daughter Hitty in the old house on the Gloster road...

It seemed to me, when I became old enough to reason, that I had been born into a community composed entirely of relations, more or less remote, but when I had at last successfully wrestled with the problem I found that our family was not connected by marriage with any other in the village...

My first acquaintance with Aunt Mary Lisher was, you may say, a sympathetic one, dating from a certain day when I saw her in my father's shop...



AUNT MARY LISHER'S HOME.

attention for one who ministered to a patient, though depraved appetite and that I was a welcome guest at the old house on the Gloster road...

come up, as was so glad to see us. "Come light in an set down," said she; "make yourselves right to him, Cousin Mary; we ain't got to make no strangers of ye."

"Well, what with the visitors an all, there was 13 of us to the table. An Cousin Izzy's oldest son Dan," he up an said: "Ma, we won't have no sort of luck this year. They's jest 13 of us here. I'll git up an eat in the kitchen."

"But there was the big table, all a-shinin with silver an' dec'rated with green stuff with red berries (some of 'em 'Lisbeth Ann's work, who allers had a sort of hankerin' arter water, as she called it) an' with a big gobler turkey at both ends."

"I don't know," I answered feebly. "It is very kind of you, but I have not been on my feet for nearly a month."



numbers. Set down, ye numskull, or I'll tronize ye. So there wasn't nothin to do but keep right on a-eatin, an I must confess that I didn't let no fear of bad luck interfere with my appetite...

"Well, mother, after ye've said an done all, I don't see ye've proved anythin. Whatever happened, anyway?"

"No, Benny; not what ye might call real young. Samwell, I s'pose, was the youngest, an' he was oins on to 'Lisbeth Ann's age, p'raps about 46."

HOME IN THE TROPICS

THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE WEST INDIES.

How a Scotchman Entertained a Yankee. Turkey With the Temperature at Ninety—Parrot Poultry—The Experience of a Naturalist Far Away Over the Sea.

[Copyright, 1906, by the Author.]

"What's that you say? A stranger here and sick with fever? Let me have a look at him." It was a strong, hearty voice that I heard on the other side of the partition separating my small bedroom from the living apartment of the Widow Higham's boarding house...

"I assured him that he had hit rather near the truth of it, and that the two made a good combination, turkeys being an American product and beans derived indirectly from Scotland itself."



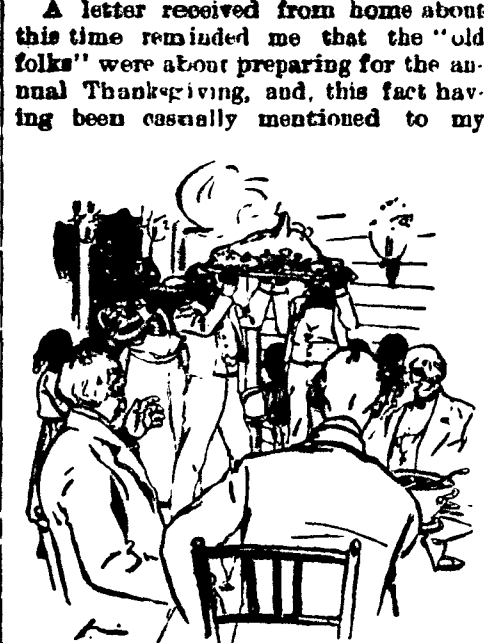
little coast steamer was a blank, but the sea breezes revived me, and by the time we had arrived opposite the estate of Rutland Vale, my new friend's plantation, I was able to walk, with an assistant at either arm...



"DONE MEK MO' WUK FER OLE NIGGER WOMAN." ed at the coming of a stranger. But only for the moment, and they soon swarmed over their father, and shyly greeted his companion, while expectantly awaiting the doling out of the goodies he had brought them from the town.

stand. Lie there quietly while I go and get your medicine."

My good friend's house was situated on a gentle knoll in the center of a vast estate in a beautiful valley midway between the coast and mountains of the St. Vincent. What with the incense breathing air, the nourishing food and the various beverages which were offered me under the guise of "medicines" my convalescence was rapid, and within two weeks I was out and about.

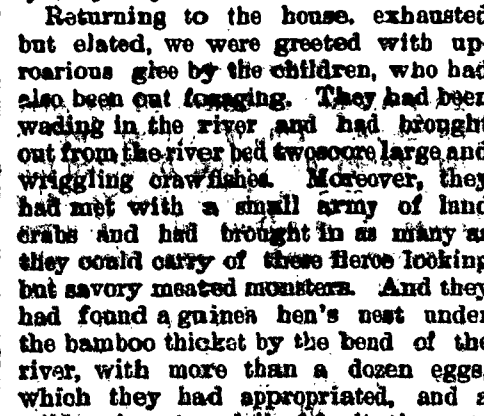


BEATING BETWEEN THEM A GIANTIC PLATTER.

As they themselves were of a similar sturdy stock to our pilgrim ancestors, they could readily appreciate the significance of this rendering unto the Giver of all good heartfelt thanks for the bounties of the year.

"That is so, but we'll have the turkeys; yes, and the guineas too. And what's the matter with your taking your gun up into the woods and trying for a few brace of wild pigeons? Parrots, too, are mighty good, and the woods above the spring head are alive with them."

That proposition met with my approval, for it was to study the birds of the island that I had come to St. Vincent, and it was while hunting a rare bird on the mountain top, and living in a cave the while, that I had contracted the troublesome fever which came so near to carrying me away from all the haunts of birds as well as of men.



Returning to the house, exhausted but elated, we were greeted with uproarious glee by the children, who had also been out foraging. They had been wading in the river and had brought out from the river bed two large and sparkling diamonds. Moreover, they had met with a small army of land crabs and had brought in as many as they could carry of these heroes looking but savory mottled monsters.

to herself as she saw me coming. "Done mek mo' wuk fer ole nigger woman. Ain't no Thanksgiving fer nobody only de Backraas. Dey's de ones fo' gib 'anks; not we nus. We do all de wuk, wuk, wuk. Dey gits all de grub."

"Hello, Auntie," I said cheerfully. "You seem to have a lot of game on hand today. Hope it ain't going to make you too much trouble. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving, you know. We want one of those parrot pologies, such as you used to make when you cooked for the governor."

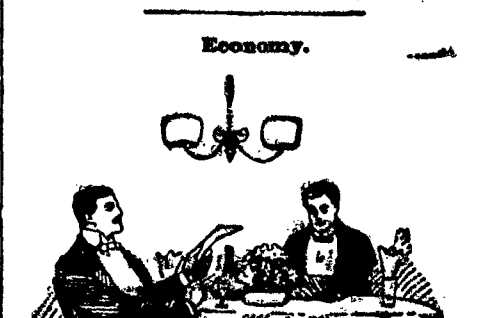
She pursed her fat lips up for a retort uncomplimentary, but I just slipped a dollar into her greasy palm and her features underwent a lightninglike change of expression.

"Oh, no, no massa. Ain't no trouble 'all. Me likes to do de Thanksgiving. God bless yo', massa. Heah, yo' Sbe-nesser, yo' Horatio! Come heah quick. Step libely now. One ob yo' pluck dem pigeons. T'adder one shuck dem crab, an dem crawfish. Gut heah ob 'ings toe do befo' t'ermorrer by sun up, sho' yo' se bawn niggers."

There were toil and turmoil all night long in the smoke begrimed cookhouse, but in the morning, as fat old auntie emerged with the coffee and crackers, her face was shining and her head neatly done up in a freshly laundered bandanna of more hues than a rainbow ever dared depict since the time of Noah and the flood.

After all were seated, our entertainer rose and proposed the health of the president of the United States, along with that of the queen of England, to whom the colony of St. Vincent held allegiance.

It was a feast fit for the gods. And when it was all over my friend and I sat a portion of the night out on the veranda. It was years ago, but I still recall the delicious fragrance of the night air. I can still, in memory, see the nocturnal vampires sweeping in and out the tiger-roose and yet hear the subdued cries of the night-birds in the hills behind the valley.



Jack—Now, Dick, as this is Thanksgiving day, suppose we have some tame duck and—
Dick—Hold on! How much will they stiek you for that?
Jack—Two dollars and a half.
Dick—Whew! Let's get a wild duck and tame it ourselves.