AT THE FAMILY BOARD.

Cours summer has gone with its verduro an flowers

and mute are the birds that make vocal th Through leaves of the actumn are subtored

ind sear. We hall this as happiest day of the year.

The more we are met beneath the root tree,

There we morted in childhood's innocent gles The size, there are some that joined in the

The never more most us on Thanksgiving day The smiles for the living, a sigh for the dead. "The useless repining for pleasure that's fied; to set us be happy, foregathered once more, Taank God for his bounty and coase to deplore.

Though our lives have been checkered like April day,

With sunshine and shadow in fitful display. the blemings remaining are more than we

Shomid we value our griefs at their greates

At our family board then let joy only reign, Where, parents and children, we're met once again.

Let us live o'er the past, forget all our sorrow Be loyous today, e'en though grief come to morrow.

For peace love and health and a bountiful

11026. While thanking the Giver, the waif at on

door With us will rejoice that it's Thanksgiving day

And feel as if sorrow had faded away. N. MACDONALD.

THIRTEEN AT DINNER

A NEW ENGLAND REMINISCENCE.

[Copyright, 1806, by the Author.]

Everybody in Misory Cove knew Aunt Mary 'Lisher, relict for 50 years and more of Elisha Dewbery and who lived with her daughter Hitty in the old house on the Gloster road. The Cove was very fall of old folks, but not all sof then were thus made appellatively She was ever engaged in binding shees. distinctive-only the sait of the earth. There, for instance, were Aunt Nancy Ben, Aunt Betsey Isral, Aunt Mary Sam, Aunt Abig.11 Richard, and so on, every due a relict of some good man Jong since departed, for the "Covers" did not believe in a encloser not believe in a surplusage of words in their daily speech, and so, instead of saying, "Mary, the widow of Elisio," they referred to her as plain Mary 'Lisher, affixing to her own præmomen that of her decrased husband. Those good people who were still blessed with conjugal partners were addressed without the distinguishing prefix of sunt or uncle.

It seemed to me, when I became old enough to reason, that I had been born zinto a community composed entirely of mrelations, more or less remote, but when Thad at last successfully wrestled with the problem I found that our family the reader ma merely

in all my wanderings about the earth. The sun illumined every corner and dishes, mainly of china and brought from "over sea" by the sturdy ElisLa" every day and polished twice a week, and each piece had its history, which to repeat in this connection would absorb a deal of time and space. In the southeast corner of the room always sat the daughter, Hitty, whom I invariably ad-



prim and severe even, and upon when her 55 years or so sat none too lightly. I had also a guilty seuse of sin at my heart's depths for couniving to furnish her mother with forbidden laxuries Not that Hitty ever spoke of it, but she eyes into me, as much as to say, "I can see right through you, deceitful boy!" at which work her mother assisted, for the house and old fashioned garden were all the dead Elizha had left them when he went away on that last voyage, from which he never returned, and keep the wolf from the door.

But their table, even if it were sparsely dotted with catables, when they took their frugal meals, always had a snow white cloth and "chany" cups and saucers, plates and silver, polished . fool There ain's no had luck in odd until they mirrored everything in the room. It was a delight to sit at that littie table, and I felt highly honored whenever I was invited to do so.

" 'Twan't always like this, Benny, chirped Aunt Mary 'Lisher, as I drew up my chair to the cheerful ten table one evening. "'Twan't always sich a little table as this. When poor 'Lisher was alive, we used to eat in the big room, was not connected by marriage with any t'other side the chimbly. Ye ain't noter in the village. I mention this in never seen that big room, have ye? No, an p'raps ye never will, for it's only open for weddin's an funerals. There won't be no more weddin's, I'm afeard, in my family, for Hitty don't seem to be of the marryin kind, an I feel, somehow, as though I'm goin to live forever." "Lor, mother, what talk!" said Hitty, with severe countenance. "I sh'd think ye'd be afraid to make light of serious things. The Lord gave, an the Lord taketh away." "An blessed be the name of the Lord," rejoined Aunt Mary 'Lisher revcrently. "I ain't makin light of serious things. Hitty. Of course I'll go, in his good time, but it ain't nothin to worry over. Better laugh an make merry while we live, Benny; that's my motto. When I was yer age, now-but how old are ye, boy?''

niest. It seems to me that I have never devour us, she was so glad to see us. seen such a cheerful, sunny room since. 'Come tight in an set down,' said she; make yerselves right to bum, Cousin THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE WEST Mary; we ain't goin to make no stranlighted every nock. In the southwest gers of ye.' I wanted to take hold an corner was the "bowfat," where the help, for I was straight an strong them days, but she wouldn't bear nothin of it. So I sot down by the old open Frank on his various oyages, were arranged lin stove (which was the first improvewith scrupulous care. They were dusted ment on the fireplace we over had, an dida't consume so much wood) an give myself up to a good solid rest. Sallg, she bustled about to git dinner, an was the best honsekeeper in the town of Hambleton. Well, along about noon, 'Liz'beth Ann. their only darter, come in an invited us out to the big dinin

room, where the table was sot. Now, 'Liz'beth Ann was what ye might call an old maid, bein then about 50 or hen-allers havin some sort of a headav'rage old maid anywhere, an real sympathizin, allers goin round askin ye what ailed ye, an if ye wouldn't have a little catnip tea, or peppermint, takin it for granted that ve must have somethin the matter with ye.

"But there was the big table, all: a-shinin with silver an dec'rated with green stuff with red berries (some of 'Lis'beth Ann's work, who allers had a sort of hankerin arter nater, as she called it) an with a big gobbler turkey at both ends. In the center was such a strappin big roast (for Cousin Izry did a little butcherin on his own account an knew what good meat was) an side

dishes till ye'd 'a' thought there wan't nothin in the way of veg'tables an sich an interview with a perfect stranger, of left on airth. Cousin Izry, he sot ai the head of the table, an Cousin Sally at the foot; betwirt 'em, on one mide, the major's fambly, consistin of himself an looked it, screwing her cold, gimlet Aunt Mary Ann, their darter Samarinthy Jane and her husband, an on the other, four of us, includin 'Lisher an me an two neighbors.

"Well, what with the visitors an all. there was 18 of us to the table. An Cousin Izry's oldest son Dan'l, he up an said : 'Ma, we won't have no sort of luck this year. They's jest 18 of us I see 'Lis'beth Ann fidgetin with her napkin, an Consin Sally turn kinder pale like, but the major, he up an roated out with a voice you could 'a' heard a mile: 'Pahaw, Dan'l, don't be

oven heated overnight with good hem-

Sally's own preservin)-why, it was

well nigh 4 o'clock when we got

through an went into the settin room to

"Well, mother, after ye've said an

"Happened, Hitty? Why, everything

happened. There was Samwell, he was

run away with an broke his usek; Dan'l

he up an had fever an died: 'Liz'beth

went to the 'sylum; Cohsin Lary an

Cousin Sally are field ; the major's gone,

too, an Mary Ann, 's well's Samarinthy

Jane; an there ain't more'n three of us left out of the hull 18 that for down to

that dinner at Consin Tary's. If that

'ain't onTucky, then what is, I'd like to

"But weren't there any young folks

"No, Benny; not what ye might

at the dinner?' I asked, availing myself

of the silence that ensued to say a word.

call reel young. Samwell, I s'pose, was

the youngest, an he was clus on to

'Liz'beth Ann's age, p'raps about 45."

"And how long ago was it, auntie?"

"Mother! Ye do best the Dutch!

Here, Benny, take a cooky and run

orack walasts an buiternuts on the and-

done all, I don't see's ye've proved any-

thing. Whatever happened, anyway?"

irona."

know?"

would make it *****



HÖME IN THE TROPICS

INDIES.

Row a Scotchman Entertained a Vankee Turkey With the Temperature at Ninety-Parrot Potpie-The Experience of Naturalist Far Away Over the Sea.

[Copyright, 1996, by the Author] "What's that you say? A strange knew it would be a good one, for she 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. It was brisk and breezy, and yet so long thereabouts, an was fidgettier'n a settin had I lain there on the hard, hot bed. in that little stifled room, racked with ache, or crick in her back, or somethin pains and at times unconscious, that I of that kind-but she was as good as the thought it must be but a part of my daily delirium, in which I dreamed of suft breezes and fields of sweet scented cane. But it was no delusion this time. for the owner of the voice burst open the rickety door and entered my room. He was a big and stalwart Scotchman, florid of complexion and brasque of manner, whom 20 years in the West in dies had mellowed into a perfect type of his class. He was the manager of a large sugar plantation down the coast, having hundreds of black laborers ander him and excretsing autocratic sway over his humble dependents; hence his rough and ready manner; hence his tender heart, which prompted him to seek whom he had never heard the name

> even till that very day. "Pardon me, sir," he said as soon as be caught sight of my prostrate form. "but I hear you have been a month ill, | land feast. and the dootor tells me you need a change of air Now, I have come to take ready to go with me?"

"I don't know," I answered feebly been on my feet for nearly a month." "Very well, then; it's settled. I'll I know just how you feel; it's an exersion to think."

The passage from my sickbed to the

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 " 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 couvalescence was rapid, and within two weeks I was out and about. Three weeks after my errival, which was on the 1st of November. I role over the plantation with my host, as he inspected the operations of his laborers, and rambled in the woods of the lower hills with my gan.

A letter received from home about this time reminded me that the "old folks" were about preparing for the annual Thanksgiving, and, this fact having been casually mentioned to my



TER friends, they were curions to know the why and wherefore of that New Eng-

As they themselves were of a similar stardy stock to our pilgrim anesstors, you down to my estate. The steamer | they could readily appreciate the signifstarts at 2. It is now 11. Oan you be loance of this rendering unto the Giver of all good heartfelt thanks for the bounties of the year. "It is a good old it is very kind of you, but I have not | custom," said my host, slapping me heartily between the shoulders, "and if It's good for the Yankees why isn't it send my boy in to gather up your traps. | good for the Scotchmen too? Gad, we'll Don't you move till he gets his arms have a celebration of our own. What around you. Leave it all to me and him. | say you, mother? Have we any fat turkeys in the pen? Thanskgiving without turkey, I understand, is like a Boston Sunday without beans Len't it so, young man?"

I assured him that he had hit rather near the train of it, and that the two the colony of St. Vincent held allemade a good combination. turkeys being an American product and beans derived indirectly from Scotland itself "But." I added, "if you haven't any turkeys, guinea fowl will do; a fine plump guinea pullet isn't to be succeed at, served brown and with its own sauce."

"That is so, but we'll have the turkeys; yes, and the guineas too. And what's the matter with your taking her head an immense tureen containing r gun up into the woods and trying

to hereelf as she saw me coming. "Done mek mo' wuk fer ole nigger woman. Ain' no T'anksgibin fer nobuddy only de Buckras. Dey's de oues fo' gib t'anks; not we une. We do all de wuk, wak, wak. Dey gits all de grab."

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

She pursed her fat lins 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, me massa. Ain' no srouble 'tall. Me likes to do de T'anksgibin, God bless yo', massa. Heah, yo' Rheneezer, yo' Horatio! Come heah quick, Step libely now. One ob yo' plack dem pigeons. T'udder one shuck dem crab, an dem crawfish. Gut heap ob t'ings toe do befu' termorrer by sun up, sho's yon'se bawn niggers."

There were toil and turmoil all night long in the amoke begrimed cookhouse, but in the morning, as fat old aunty emerged with the coffee and crackers, her face was shining and her head neatly done up in a freshly laundered bandanna of more hnes than a rainbow ever dared disport since the time of Noah and the flood. She was "as neat as a pin," and her long train of sable hued, half naked attendants of all ages, from 6 to 16, were as clean as a couse in the river could make them. Breakfast was excellent, but it was merely a preliminary spread to the dinner, which was served at sunset, just as old Sol tipped us a last wink before he sank (red and glowing from his all day journey) beneath the waters of the Caribbean sea. The table was set out on the broad veranda near a sweet scented frangipauni and lighted with great candles shielded from the evening breezes by huge glass cylinders.

The youngest of the children had been put to bud, but there were half a dozin left, who gazed expectantly upon the array of glass and miver and behaved like born princes of the blood. Aside from our own family there were three poor neighborn who had seen better days and a trembling old man. a penmoner about the bounty of my host.

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 giance. This was drunk with a will, in punch made from the planter's own rum, limes and sugar. Then, at a signal from the hostess, the sable procession (which had, individually, been peeking in at all the doors and windows) was formed between the cookhonse and the table. First there came in a solomn faced tot of 9 or 10 years, bearing on



not be plunged into the genealogical walough in which I wallowed until extri--onted. Aunt Mary 'Lisher, then, was not my aunt at all, but an adoptive relative, as it were. However, that made > no difference in the eyes of childhood, "Which accepts things as it finds them mand asks no impertinent questions of the gods who bringgifts in their hands. Aunt Mary 'Lasher was a little, worn cand wrinkled old woman, with a kindly tron which peered two bright Black eyes, and a form bent nearly donble with the infirmities of years. She was womewhere between 70 and 80 years -of the when I first knew her. but if I inad been asked at that time I should have said she was at least 150.

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. It was the ordinary country store, in which, besides the common groceries, was carried a small stock of bottled medicines, essences and such like "notions." It seems that Aunt Mary 'Lisher and one or two infirmities in addition so those which people of her age generally carry-she was addicted to the use or optium and tobacco. And, as her splood relations had decided antipathies against the drug and the weed (in a vicarious way), they had forbidden all stores and shops in the township to supmiv the old lady with her tipple and her smoke. The shifts she was driven to infaining them-for get them she didwere sometimes pitiful to witness, and from perhaps an innate sympathy with the "under dog" in a fight I took sides with her as against her relatives and my worthy parent. So it happened that windower I was on duty in the shop. and wint Mary 'Lisher would come (as Buy to purchase an ounce of tea, or half a pound of sugar, she went home much happier than if my father had been behind the counter.

It may not seem, then, at all unreamonable that she should hold a reciprocal



AUNT MARY 'LISHER'S HOME. ministered to a cherined though depraved appetite and that I was a welcome guest at the bld house on the Gloster road. It still mande, with its paneled chimney and

'I'm 18 next month.''

"Thirteen. Well, that ain't so very old; just in yer teens, an the whole world before ye. Dear me! Thirteen; that's the number that set down to the big m'hog'ny table in the room t'other side the chimbly, the very last time your poor father was with us, Hitty. It's au unlucky number, they say, an I know 'tis.''

"Yes, indeedy," she muttered, drawing out and filling her pipe, which lay concealed behind the lamb. Then there was silence for a few minutes, while she stuck her head up the chimney and refreshed herself with a few whiffs of the weed. That was the one thing that Hitty insisted on-that her mother should not send the smoke out into the room. "It's bad enough to smoke, " she complained, "'thout smellin up a whole house. If ye must do it, mother, then smoke up the chimbly." And so the poor old soul thrust her head up the flue, where the draft was sometimes strong enough to set her few remaining hairs all aflutter, and extracted consolation from her beloved pipe. During this interval of quiet the was collecting her thoughts, which took the traid of reminiscence suggested by the number 18. the state out of the What makes me think so is that vited to up to Combin Sary's. I ain't never been up them sence, but I'm 'minded of it in what follered. Set up ites by the firsplace, Benny, an I'll tell e all shout it. Then ye can do as e're a mind to about believin in unucky signs an numbers. Ye see, my ousin, Igry Hodges, he lived up at Hambleton, where he had one of the best farms in the county. He married young, an he set to work like all posseased to make a livin at farmin. An

he made it, too, an he raised as likely a fambly as any in that town. "Laws sake, mother, do go on with

yer story. What was it 'bout that Thanksgivin dinner, anyway?" "Now, Hitty, don't ye interrupt me.

"overhang" second story, as guiltless of If ye don't want to listen, why jest go mant or whitewash as when first creeted, out an set on the back step. Well, as I ser all years ago. In the cowyard ad was sayin, Cousis Izry he sent down seens its living contemporary, an elm | the old carryall for us, an we went up to Hambleton to spend the day. 'Twas relies in youth, protects the an- cool an orisp, but there wan't no snow and weep which supplies the on the ground that Thanksgivin, sos't The with water was, as it should We had good wheelin all the way. then the brightest and the sun- run right out an seemed like she'd test

numbers. Set down, ye numskull, or little coast steamer was a blank, but the I'll tronnce ye.' So there wan't nothin ; sea breezes revived me, and by the time to do but keep right on a-eatin, an I we had arrived opposite the estate of must confess that I didn't let no fear Rutland Vale, my new friend's plantaof bad luck interfere with my appertite. I tion, I was able to walk, with an asfor them turkeys was done to a turn, an sistant at either arm. A couple of horses the chickens was to tender they a'most were in waiting. I was helped into the | with pigeons and parrots, the former fell to pieces when you p'inted at 'em. | saddle of one of them, and then sup-An as for the Injun puddin-my! It ported to the "great house," which was does beat all what an eddicated cook about half a mile from the landing

can turn out of a brick oven! Ye can't | There we were welcomed by a handcook an Injun puddin no other way to some, motherly woman, the cheery consave yer neck 'n to let it set in a brick sort of my hospitable host, and I was made at home at opce. Through the lock wood. Then there was the punkin house and around the verandas rompid pies, yaller as gold an two inches thick, a troop of children, of ages varying from an the custards, an the pandowdy, an | 2 to 12 years, a blithesome, merry lot, the dewdups (peaches an pears of Consin | who were for the moment rather abash-



"DONE MER MO' WUK FER OLE NIGGER

ed at the coming of a stranger. But only "How long? Lemme see. It was three for the moment, and they soon swarmed year before Hitty was born, an that over their father, and shyly greeted his companion, while expectantly awaiting the doling out of the goodies he had As if this boy'd care how long 'twas! brought them from the town.

"Ten of them, all sound as rouches along; it's gettin late, an your folks 'every one," said the happy father, as will want ye. I declare, mother, I'm he picked up an armful and pranced ashamed of ye, fillin his head with about the verauda. "But come in. Here such notions. As I said when ye begun, is your room. Get into bed now, and that long rigmarole, there ain't no don't you get out till I tell you to. number onluckier 'n another. So there!" | Since I've naurped the doctor's place, BEN BOWDOIN. you must obey my orders, you under-

for a few brace of wild pigeons? Par- | closely, followed by a dozen other todrota, too, are mighty good, and the dlings, each with a dish and a spoch, woods above the spring head are alive which they deposited in front of each with them.'

proval, 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. The day before the date set for Thanksgiving, just at the breaking of a glorious dawn, I set off, mounted on one of the plantation ponies, for the ""high woods" above the sources of the river that flowed through Rutiand Vale. An intelligent colored boy went along as guide and kept pace with my beast as he ol'mbed the steep path into the mountain forests. Beneath the great trees, after the forest was reached where the wood giants threw out their broad arms 100 feet and more above our heads, we tied the pouy and ascended the ridge, where it was too steep for him to travel. Here the paims and gum trees seemed to be alive the great blue pigeons called there "ramiers," and inhabiting the higher tree tops. It required most careful bushwhacking to get within abot of them, and sharp eyes to detect them on their elevated perches, on the topmost twigs of the trees against the sky. But before the sun proclaimed the hour of noou 14 pigeons lay on the ground at my feet, and 4 parrots. These latter, being large and wary, valuable alike for their flesh and their feathers, were a species entirely distinct from any others in the world, and consequently very desirable as museum specimens. In fact, before I yielded them up to the sable cook at the great house I stripped their rainbow hued jackets off and preserved them in greenic by the baxidermist's art, regarding their meat as a consideration entire-

ly secondary. Returning to the house, exhausted but elated, we were greeted with uproarious give by the children, who had sico been out tongging. They had been wading in the river and had brought out from the river bed twosoore large and wriggling orawfishes. Moreover, they had met with a singil army of land erabs and had brought in as many as they could carry of these fleres looking but savory meated monsters. And they had found a guines hen's nest under the bamboo thicket by the bend of the river, with more than a dozen eggs which they had appropriated, and a wild cashew tree full of fruit. the nate of which Auntie Jude was going to roast for them, and a grafted mango tree with just the most delivious golden mangoes and a hog plum tree purple with fruit, and-and-so on. For more than 15 minutes they all jabbered to gether, telling me of their wonderful adventures and fortunate finds. Nothing to do but I must go with them to the cookhouse, where Auritie Jude, the old black cook, was fuming and swearing at the unwonted accumulation of wild provisions all heaped upon her at ouce and unexpectedly. "Wha' all dis about T'anksgibin?" she grumbled as though

crab soup a la Rutland Vale. She was person and deftly removed when no That proposition met with my ap- longer required. They had been well coached by the cook, and performed their duties with admirable exactitude, not making a single mistake. Like a procession of woolly headed, two legged, black ants, they marched in and out, one line bearing food, the other empty plates and platters.

At last there was a most extraordinary bustle among the servants, and the line of waiters divided right and left, while two of the largest darky boys marched between their dusky ranks. Each one bore himself with an air of exaggerated importance, each ebon face was illuminated with a gorgeons grin composed of vermilion and ivory white and each bore aloft, held high above his woolly pate, a dish of vast dimensions with a crust atop of appetising crispiness. These were the pies, the interior of one being ocm; osed of the pigeons 1 had shot, the other of the parrots. After they had been deposited the grinning waiters hastened back to the cookhouse and soon returned bearing between them a gigantic platter upon which, brown and toothsome and garnished with sprigs of parsley, lay a handsome turkey. Close behind this interesting group waddled old Auntie Jude, herself carrying a smaller platter containing a pair of guinea fowls, their rich brown bosoms bursting with tenderness.

But I have no space for details. 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 nooturnal vampires sweeping in and out the nispero trees and yet hear the subdued cries of the night, birds in the hills behind the valley. And, mingled with the weet scents of the tropic night, there come to me now-even after the lapse of many years-the savory odder of that Thanksgiving feast in the famway island over the sea. Fred A. Orgen



Jack-Now, Dick, as this is Thanks. giving day, suppose we have some tame duck and-

Dick-Hold on! How much will they tick you for that?

Jack-Two dollars and a half. Dick-Whew! Let's get a wild duck and tame it ourselves.

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