

THANKS GIVING FAIRY

The night before Thanksgiving I found mamma sitting alone by the window in the dark, and when I put my cheek against hers it was all wet, and I said out quick:

"Oh, pretty mamma, what is the matter?" and cried, too.

"I was thinking about your uncle Jefferson," she answered, then she dried her eyes and mine. "He will be the only one who will not be here at our Thanksgiving dinner."

"But why don't he ever come?" I said.

"Three years ago he had a misunderstanding with your father," said mamma.

"That means a quarrel," I said.

"What did he quarrel about?"

"The pronunciation of a word," said mamma.

"The way a word ought to be spoken?" I asked.

"Yes," said mamma.

I thought that such a queer thing



"MY POOR CHILD, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

to quarrel about, but I did not say anything, for, of course, big folks know best.

"It was on Thanksgiving Day three years ago," said mamma, "and he has never been in the house since."

"He must be very cross and bad," I said.

"No, indeed, Hilda," said mamma. "He is a splendid doctor, and very kind to the poor. He is ready to go and see them any time, day or night. I have often known him to take the ragged little children who were sent for him to his gig."

Then she said again: "They will all be here but he."

"Shall I go and ask him to come?" I said after a while. "I know where he lives."

"No, Hilda, he would not listen to you," said mamma.

"If I was a ragged little girl would he come?" I asked.

"He might," said mamma. Then she sat very quiet and looked out of the window for a long time, and I knew she was thinking about Uncle Jefferson.

Next day every one came—grandma, grandfather and all my aunts, uncles and cousins, big and little.

The table in the dining room was bright and glittering with pretty glass, silver and flowers. Every one seemed happy, but I knew just by her face that mamma was still thinking, "They are all here but Uncle Jefferson."

So I went up to her and said:

"Maybe Uncle Jefferson will come after all, mamma," but she shook her head and the tears came into her eyes.

"Would he come if I was a ragged little girl and asked him?" I said.

"He might," said mamma. "He is always so very good to poor children."

"Then I will go and bring him," I said to myself, and ran away. Dinner would not be ready for an hour, so I had plenty of time. I left all my cousins playing and talking together.

I was afraid some one would call me back, but I got away without being seen and went into mamma's room and into a closet, where I knew an old coat of papa's hung. I knew no one would mind, so I got the big scissors and cut off some of the sleeves. Then I put it on, but it was so long that I could not walk, so I cut off the

I climbed up on a chair after I was dressed and peeped into the glass. I looked just like a poor, poor little beggar girl. It almost made me cry.

I hope I am ragged enough to suit Uncle Jefferson," I said, and I ran down stairs and out of the door. No one saw me.

When I reached Uncle Jefferson's house he was standing at the door. I walked close by until he came out. "What a ragged little girl that after

ment he saw me he stopped and looked at me all over through his glasses.

"Dear, dear, he said, "my poor child, what do you want?"

"I want you to come and see mamma," I said.

He answered right away. "Certainly; jump in and tell the boy where to drive."

When the black boy lifted me into the gig he laughed and said:

"Well, little rag-dog, where shall I take you?"

Just that moment I forgot our number, so I pointed.

Uncle Jefferson sat down on the other side of me, and away we went. Well, before I knew it, the boy drove down the wrong street, but there was a gate into our back garden in this street, and I told him to stop there.

It was very dark in the garden, but I went straight up to the dining-room door, Uncle Jefferson following close behind. As I ran up the steps I threw away the old coat and handkerchief, for I knew mamma wanted me to look nice.

When I pushed open the door and called out, "Here is Uncle Jefferson," every one stopped talking and turned around.

Well, I don't know what happened after that, but anyhow in a few moments they were all shaking hands, and mamma was crying, but this time she looked so happy.

When at last they all sat down, I next to mamma on one side and Uncle Jefferson on the other, she said: "You dear little fairy, how did you manage to make him come?"

Then I told her about the old coat, and she told everybody else, and they laughed, Uncle Jefferson louder than all the others.

Mamma said it was the very happiest Thanksgiving Day she had ever known, and all my cousins said it was the very best Thanksgiving dinner ever eaten.

Well, after that day Uncle Jefferson and I were the best of friends, and he always called me his Thanksgiving fairy.

THE OLD MAN'S THANKSGIVING

I move my arm-chair to the door that fronts the autumn wind, and gaze upon the stately trees, proud in their garb of gold; The quail her brood is calling where the brooklet runs away To find the sea, and Nature smiles this glad Thanksgiving day.

The years have touched my hair with gray, but still above me flies The fairest flag that flaunts its folds against the azure skies. I watch it in its beauty as it floats 'twixt sea and sea, From every lofty mountain top o'er people truly free.

No war within our borders, we can all rejoice to-day: At peace with all the nations far beyond the dashing spray; Our navies ride in every sea, our honor is as true As when was first baptized in blood the old Red, White and Blue.

I thank the loving Father, He who watches over all, For blessings on our land bestowed from mountain wall to wall; For harvests that were bountiful from far Dakota's plain To where the old Penobscot rushes 'neath the pines of Maine.

I seem to catch the echoes of an anthem in the South, Where, since the golden oriole in some grim cannon's mouth; And the laurel and the cedar and the branching chestnut tree Grow side by side, where once were pitched the tents of Grant and Lee.

I hear no more the battle drums that beat in manhood's day, For side by side, forever at peace, are standing Blue and Gray; Together they are marching to the destiny of fame, And each one crowns with deathless wreath our country's noble name.

I dream of coming ages which our nation loved will crown With mighty triumphs which to her shall give a new renown; Until in conscious wonder every country 'neath the sun Shall ring with lofty plaudits for the land of Washington.

We're marching on to greater things, as vessels sweep the sea; And each Thanksgiving fills our hearts with blessings yet to be, America is destined, if to God, we're only true, To be the favored nation 'neath the canopy of blue.

Then let the bells all ring today throughout our cherished clime; Let old and young with pride rejoice this glad Thanksgiving time; Let banners rise from morn till eve and nothing come to mar The hope that rules our happy land beneath the stripes and star.

The winds blow through the autumn boughs; methinks I hear a tread, A merry laugh and a little hand is laid upon my head; And soft lips touch my wrinkled cheek, and this is what they say: "I've come to kiss you, grandpa, dear, a thankful kiss to-day!"

My eyes grow misty as my arms about the wee one twine; I cannot see the meadow and the woodland's golden line; My old, old heart beats faster, as it bubbles o'er with bliss, And softly I'm thankful for the sweet Thanksgiving kiss.

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