

THANKSGIVING STORY.

"You need not try to hide those papers, Bessie; I know what they are," said Walter Allison, with a sad little smile, as he watched the motions of his wife.

Mrs. Allison had just taken the bills, for bills they were, from the post-carrier at the door; and as she stood before the bureau mirror, fastening her hat, she had endeavored to slip the ugly, yellow envelopes out of her sick husband's sight.

"Yes," sighed Mr. Allison again, "I know very well what they are—but how they are to be paid, or when, I don't know, I am sure," and he clasped his thin white hands over his eyes with a low moan. His wife was at his side in a moment.

"Don't be disheartened, dear," she said, cheerily. "You are getting well so fast now, and after a while I know we shall get out of these difficulties. Why," she added, playfully, "I am going to collect a bill of my own this morning, to the value of \$20. You ought not to have looked about so curiously, and then you would not have known of these unwelcome visitors."

"Until you had found some way of bowing them out, eh?" said Walter, smoothing the fair head bent over his chair. "And I know full well your expected \$20 is all spent, wisely. You are a brave little woman, Bessie, but I can not see how we shall stem this tide much longer. I have a notion of writing to sister Catherine. I dislike to do it, but there seems just now no other way."

"Wait until after Thanksgiving," said Bessie.

"Thanksgiving! It is near at hand, is it not? What with debts and duns, I fancy that we shall not feel particularly joyous or grateful," said Walter Allison, bitterly.

"I am thankful, Walter, dear, that you are so far recovered, and, above all, that you were spared to me." And here Bessie's voice faltered, and she hid her face on her husband's shoulder, and both were silent as they remembered the empty crib in the next room, and a little grave whither the baby boy had been laid to rest only a few months ago.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Allison, rousing herself, "we will be thankful to have each other and, precious Ethel. And when I am tempted to despond, I say over and over to myself: 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread,' and then I am thankful for the memory of pious parents and ancestors. And now I must go and see Mrs. Wilton about my work."

"That seems like begging bread to me, or very near it."

"Mrs. Wilton don't think so, I can tell you," said Bessie, brightly. "I get very good prices for my work, and you are not to under-rate me, I can tell you, sir."

Walter Allison looked at the bright, brave face, the trim, energetic but graceful figure before him, and sighed again, but Bessie pretended not to hear. She stirred the fire into a blaze, arranged the books and papers on a little stand within her husband's reach, shook up the lounge cushions, and made the rather bare room look as cozy and comfortable as possible; and with a kiss to little Ethel, and an injunction to "take good care of papa," Bessie went out into the wintry air.

She was a brave woman, as he husband had said; but, in spite of her cheeriness, there was a heavy weight on her heart this November morning. By some of those sudden turns of business so often occurring in our cities, Walter Allison had been thrown out of employment. Then came the illness and death of the baby, quickly followed by the long tedious fever which had brought the husband and father almost to the verge of the grave, and though now convalescent he was still weak and helpless. Under the constant drain their slender means had become painfully less, necessities were sadly needed, and debts were calling loudly for payment.

As soon as her husband needed less of her constant care, Bessie Allison had courageously tried to assume the place of "bread winner." She and her husband had both relatives of wealth and position, but the poor and struggling easily fall out of notice; and the Allison had a full measure of pride, and called on none for assistance. Bessie considered herself fortunate to obtain sewing and fancy work from several ladies, and, as she said, her work received good prices. But there was so much needed, though she trimmed the little household strictly to the needful; and so many bills caused by that long illness, that, strive bravely as she would, a weary look had crept into those soft brown eyes, and lines of care were gathering around that sweet mouth, that yet had always hopeful words for the invalid.

"I must pay one of those bills," said Bessie, as she passed along the busy street. "I think Mr. Morris will wait awhile, but I am not sure of White & Co. Twelve dollars out of my twenty go to the grocers; they have waited so

long on us. I shall have to see what I can get on my watch."

She pressed her hand upon it as she thought of the wedding day when Walter gave it to her. The postoffice had to be passed ere the pawnbrokers shop was reached. Almost mechanically she stopped in and inquired for letters. One was handed her. Bessie almost shrank from the sight of the blue business-looking envelope. Oh, surely it was not another dun! It was addressed to "Walter R. Allison."

But I will open it. He must not be so troubled again to-day," said the true wife, as her trembling fingers slowly tore aside the envelope.

Was she mistaken? Surely it was a check on—bank, and for three hundred dollars. Three hundred dollars! How it would lighten their burdens, how it already lightened the poor little wife's heart! Bessie wondered how she transacted her business with Mrs. Wilton; how she could listen and answer intelligibly as to box-plaiting and tailor-finish, or decided between the merits of plush bands or satin pipings, when she was so eager to rush home and tell Walter of the good news. And once or twice she was obliged to look again at the check to convince herself it was not "fairy gold." But before she had reached the door she was calm enough to enter quietly as usual. She went up to Walter's chair, kissed him, and put the envelope in his hands. He opened it, looked at the check, then at his wife, and said:

"You are right, my Bessie. 'Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' I feel as if this must be for Ethel and you; I do not deserve it."

"From sister Catherine, too," he added, pointing to the postmark which Bessie, in her excitement, had not noticed.

Such a warm, cozy room as it was! The autumn sunshine came in through the east and south windows, dancing over the soft, gay carpet, as if to test its brightness with the glowing flame in the great old-fashioned Franklin stove. Perhaps the chairs and tables stood a trifle primly in their places, but not a speck or spot was to be found on their polished surfaces; and you might have turned every picture on the wall and searched in every corner, but neither dust nor cobweb would have met your inquisitive eye. A pleasant, sunny room was Mrs. Catherine Allison's sitting room. But that small, old lady, who lay on the sofa in the warmest corner of the room, had little of sunshine about her.

A fretful experience shone in her sharp, dark eyes and the lines about her thin lips were not pleasant. The other lady, also elderly, who sat opposite Mrs. Allison, seemed more in keeping with the surroundings. Peace was written all over the fair placid face, in the kindly eyes, the firm, sweet mouth, the faded, wrinkled hands, now knitting with the unharmed grace which belongs only to the aged. Mrs. Eunice Foster seemed an impersonation of the calm autumn day without.

"It's a week to Thanksgiving," she said as she counted the stitches on her seam needle.

Mrs. Foster made this brief remark in a half apologetic tone, as if she rather expected to be contradicted, or called to account in some way for her statement; for Mrs. Allison was in the habit of differing from other people at first, whether she was of their opinion or not. But at present she was too much occupied with her own grievances to dissent as she usually did.

"Well, I must say I don't feel specially thankful," said Mrs. Allison, drawing the Afghan over her knees. "I've just had one trouble after another all this year. There was that cheating tenant on the upper place; and then he laid flat o' my back in the very hottest of the summer; and what with the drought and poor season the crops are a failure. Now, here I am with a sprained ankle, and nobody knows when I can put foot to the ground—if ever I can—and all my business, and the whole place going to rack for need of some one to look after things." And Mrs. Allison drew a long sigh of self-pity, and wiped her eyes upon a very fine linen-cambic handkerchief.

Mrs. Foster glanced around the bright room, so full of comforts, and even luxuries; then out upon the trim, well-kept grounds, and beyond to the wide fields where the stacked corn was standing in low rows. She thought of the stores of untouched provisions in the great, neat, house, and how easy it was for the thin, withered hands near her to trace a few words upon paper which would turn that paper into money value. She thought how a little spared from Mrs. Allison's abundance would bring pleasure and thankfulness into less favored homes; she thought how her friend had it in her power to uplift some bowed with toil, to add comfort to some sick chamber, and sparse larder, and thinking thus, Mrs. Foster sighed, too.

"And what are you sighing for, Eunice?" said Mrs. Allison, sharply. "If I am not thankful, I'll own to it; and you need not sit there looking like a funeral."

"Was I looking gloomy?" said Mrs. Foster, with a little laugh, for she understood Mrs. Allison's moods too well to be offended at her plainness of speech. "I'm sorry you have so much trouble. Catherine, but things will mend after awhile."

"It is to be hoped they will. But my foot and ankle don't seem to improve at all, and I am almost sure I'm going to have a spell of rheumatism. My back and shoulders are so stiff. I hardly closed my eyes last night."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Foster, sympathetically. "Now, did you ever try turpentine liniment? Just the yolk of an egg well beaten, two wine-glasses of turpentine, and a wine-glass of strong cider vinegar; when they're well mixed three wine-glasses of water stirred in a little at a time. It's just a splendid liniment. Father thinks there's nothing like it. It's too bad about your ankle, but as I was telling father, it's a mercy you didn't break your leg."

"Humph!" was Mrs. Allison's sole and ungracious rejoinder.

"Yes, we all have our troubles," continued Mrs. Foster, wiping first one and then the other of her glasses, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. "Some of us have one kind, and some another; but the Lord generally deals out to us just the kind He sees fit for us. For a good many years He saw best to give me poor health, but then a woman never had a kinder, more attentive husband than I had to care for me, and the children, too. I worried a good deal about them, but they got along about as well as if I had been around. Now the Lord's given you a few troubles—"

"A few!" groaned Mrs. Allison.

"Well, He's given you a sprained ankle, but He's given you a rep-covered sofa to lie on. You want to be around, and looking after things, to be sure; but think how much better off you are than poor Mrs. Vaughn, lying where she knows she'll never get up, and all her poor children needing a mother so sadly. The Lord sent the drought on your land, too, but all your crops are not spoiled, like Mr. Wheeler's, by that dreadful hailstorm; and then his house burnt to the ground. Ah, Catherine, your back may ache, but the Lord has given you very soft pillows to rest on; some folks haven't even straw."

"Oh, yes, Eunice," said Mrs. Allison, moving uneasily. "You always see the best side of every thing. It is very easy for you to talk, but you don't know the half of the care I have. You know Mr. Allison's affairs had all to be straightened out by me (this a little triumphantly, for Mrs. Allison knew she was a good business woman), and I have to look after everything, no one seems to manage properly. This is a world of trouble."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Foster, "but you know we 'desire a better country, that is a heavenly.' If we only reach that world, these troubles will seem very small. But, Catherine, I'll tell you a good thing to do, if you don't feel specially thankful yourself—but I know you will after you think quietly awhile—see if you cannot make somebody else thankful. Try it, and see if you don't grow thankful yourself. Now I must be going, or father'll think I'm going to stay all night. But will you try the liniment? I'll make some, and send it over the first thing in the morning."

"If you please," was Mrs. Allison's reply, in a strangely softened voice. And good Mrs. Foster, having endeavored to give medicine to soul and body, bade her friend a blythe good evening and departed.

"I wonder if I spoke too plain," she said, as an hour two later she talked over the afternoon's visit with "father."

"Not a bit, not a bit," said Mr. Foster, heartily. "Folks can generally take your plain talk better'n most people's soft talk; and Catherine Allison ought to hear plain talking once in awhile. She's plain enough herself, I'll be bound."

Whether Mrs. Foster was too plain or not, Mrs. Allison could not forget her words; and when the old lady was finally helped to her room, and to bed, she could not sleep, but began to think over her old friend's suggestion, that she make somebody else thankful. And Catherine Allison was a Christian, albeit she confessed herself an unthankful one. She was a Bible reader, and Bible words intermingled with Mrs. Foster's "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: Thou will make all his bed in sickness."

"I have not sufficiently considered the poor, therefore perhaps the Lord has withheld His strength from me. Make some one else thankful!—where shall I begin?"

To be sure, there was her poor neighbor, Mrs. Vaughn, wasting away with an incurable disease, and her poverty did not admit of procuring delicacies which might tempt the fiftful appetite. Mrs. Allison bethought her of the many jelly glasses and the canned fruit in her closets, and mentally set apart a portion for the invalid. There, too, was the Wheeler family, who had lost their home by fire, and who were now receiving the half-welcome shelter of a brother's overcrowded house. The tenant house on her own upper place was empty; why should she not offer it rent free to honest John Wheeler for the winter?

"And Walter—my poor Walter!" and now tears, not entirely for herself, came into Mrs. Allison's sleepless eyes. If any one ever crept into the tenderest corner of Catherine Allison's heart it was her young brother Walter. She had married a cousin, and had not changed her maiden name; indeed, she delighted to say she had "always been an Allison." Walter, many years younger than herself had been left to her care by their dying mother, and Catherine had given the boy all a mother's care, if she could not give motherly tenderness. He never knew how dear he was to his fault-finding sister, and when come to man's estate he could no longer endure the incessant contradiction and fault-finding of her home, so he sought another home and employment in the

city. Then he added to his offense by taking to himself a wife without confiding in the least in his sister. For a while he and his young wife endeavored to keep up the family intercourse by letters, but Mrs. Allison grew cooler and cooler, and at last all communication ceased between them. But no one knew how Mrs. Allison's heart yearned after Walter, and to-night it ached for "her boy."

She had heard some way that he was in straitened circumstances, that sickness had entered his home. Was it the oldest or youngest child that had died? Some one had said Walter himself had been sick—what he might have expected going to live in a city—and his wife had been doing sewing for people. It was a good thing she knew how, but—but—she was an Allison. They must be helped some way. And the next morning Mrs. Allison found a way, as the reader has already been told. And by the time Thanksgiving came it was surprising how many ways she found in which to make others thankful.

When Thanksgiving came bright and clear she was amazed to see her sitting-room door open, and in came Walter and Bessie and Ethel, and Walter's arms were about her, and Bessie's kisses on her cheek.

"We thought we must come to tell you how you had helped us, how thankful you have made us," said Bessie. "And oh, it was so kind of you, dear sister Catherine."

Before they had fairly got their wrappings off Mrs. Foster came in, her face beaming with joy.

"And oh, Catherine," she said, after warmly greeting Walter and his wife. "I wish you could see how comfortable the Wheelers are in the house you let them have, and Mrs. Vaughn says that last jelly helped her to sit up nearly all day."

"I'm sure I am thankful I could help them both," said Mrs. Allison, but her lips trembled.

Then Mrs. Foster laughed such a clear, ringing laugh that little Ethel had to join in too.

"So you are going to have a thanksgiving, after all? I told you, you remember, it would pay you to make some one else thankful."

"Yes, you did, Eunice, and I'm thankful to you, too."

"And," said Bessie Allison, softly, "we will all thank God for this dear Thanksgiving day."

The Rise of a French Marshal.

From the Family Herald.

Andoche Junot was a Burgundian by birth, born in 1771, and in his youth, after a preparatory schooling, he studied law, but never practiced. When he was 21 years of age he enlisted in the army as a volunteer; it was in the height of the revolution, a few months previous to the execution of the King, Louis XVI. In September, 1793, when Paris had become comparatively quiet under the rule of the Constituent Assembly. Napoleon Bonaparte, then scarcely known beyond the old convention and his own section of the army, was sent to wrest Toulon from the English and Spanish; and among the men under his command was young Junot. During the siege that followed Napoleon had occasion one day to send a dispatch to a distant point. He was in the saddle, halted before the company to which Junot belonged, and, running his eyes along the line, he asked if there was one of them that could write. Junot raised his cap and bowed upon which he was conducted to the right of the line, where the musicians were; and here a large drum was set on end, paper, pen and ink furnished, and the youthful soldier was directed to write. He took the pen and dashed off the dispatch in a clear, round, handsome hand, and was just beginning to write the closing signature when a cannon ball—a 45 pound round shot—tore up the earth close to his left foot, covering him and the drum-head with dirt. Without so much as the quiver of a finger, without a perceptible hesitation, the writer gave the paper a flirt to throw off the gravel and then finished the message, laughingly saying as he did so, "That dirt is rather too coarse for blotting sand, but it has done no damage." And he folded the missive and directed it, after which he handed it up to his commander, who had been all the while narrowly watching him.

"Young man," said Napoleon bluntly, "you are cool-headed and brave. What can I do for you?" "I know nothing, General, unless you cause these worsted epaulettes to be taken from my shoulders, and a pair of silver ones put in their place." "Very well," answered the commander, with a pleasant nod. "You can ride?" "Anything that can be ridden by man, I think." "Then find a horse and carry this message, to its destination. My orderly will furnish you. Bear the message, and then report to me." On the following day Junot was made a Lieutenant, and he was a Captain at the end of the month, having, on account of his daring courage, won the sobriquet of "The Tempest." In the campaign of 1797 he was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and in Egypt he was a Brigadier General. After this he became Governor of Paris, then Lieutenant General, then Marshal, and in the end he was made Duke of Abrantes.

"Thank God and be content," was the advice Sir Moses Montefiore received from his wife when, in 1825, he asked her whether he should retire from money-making or continue in business. He followed it.

A MARRIAGE OUTRAGE.

Armenian Ecclesiastics Force a Girl to Wed a Brute.

A Constantinople letter dated Oct. 4, says: The Armenian population, both here and at Adana, are in a great state of excitement, owing to a most dastardly outrage lately perpetrated in the name of religion upon the person of a young girl living at Hadjin, a small town of Cilicia in Asia Minor. The circumstances well illustrate the double standard which the eastern Christians live—that of the Turks and of their own bishops—and shows up in dark colors the tyranny so often exercised by the latter, which has done more to swell the ranks of the Armenian Protestants than all the exhortations of the American missionaries. A certain Miss Nareis Kirkyacharian, belonging to a well-known family of Hadjin, was affianced at a very tender age, according to the barbarous custom of the country, to a son of a neighbor. From the age of six she was placed at the mission school, where her great intelligence and beauty made her a favorite, and she became a most accomplished young lady.

Naturally enough she learned to despise the ignorance around her and to form other ideas of marriage from what she saw among her teachers, and when on leaving school, at the beginning of the present summer, she found her hand claimed by a loutish individual with the manner of a pig she strongly objected to ratify the promise made for her by her parents when she was only 5 years old. Her tears and supplications prevailed, and the first engagement having been broken off, later on a second was formed with a young fellow living at Adana, and they were about to be married. The family priest, however, made his appearance one day, declaring that he could not marry them, that the first betrothal held good, and that the young girl had better make her peace with her discarded fiance, as the "Tchorhajees," (the elders of the community) were determined that she should take him for a husband and no other. In vain the father besought these people not to interfere. The father then telegraphed to the Catholics of Sis, the great Armenian prelate who wields papal authority over half the Armenians of Asia Minor.

This enlightened ecclesiastic, when he made his appearance, not only sided with the tchorhajees, but arranged with them a plan for carrying out the marriage and consummating it in the teeth of all opposition. Pending the negotiations the poor girl had fled for refuge to the house of the missionary, trusting in the protection of the foreign flag. The Turkish authorities of whom she was demanded by the bishop and his vile crew in the name of the community, refusing to take steps in the matter, a lot of ruffians were hired to attack the place and carry her off by force. Immured in a convent cell, she was submitted to the most rigorous treatment, with the hope of overcoming her resistance. She continued, however, to manifest her repugnance to the union, declaring that she would rather die than marry the brute who was the cause of such persecution. Spurred on by the evil counsels of the tchorhajees and the desire to strike a blow at the influence of the American missionaries, the bishop finally decided to conduct the marriage ceremony by force. Proceeding to her prison cell with all the necessaries, accompanied by the animal, burning with his vile desire to possess her, and the tchorhajees bought with his gold, this ignoble prelate commenced to read the service. At sight of the leering crowd the poor girl fainted. Brought to again, she fell at the knees of the bishop and, with tears, implored him to desist. In vain she struggled to escape. Held fast by two of the ruffians as she lay upon the floor, for she could not be kept upon her feet, the horrid sacrilege was completed by the nuptial benediction being pronounced, while she loudly protested against it. The matter did not end here. The so-called husband left with the young girl, in order that by the consummation of the marriage all opposition might cease, found the strength of the unwilling bride too much for him, and so the tchorhajees had to come to his assistance. Some six hours afterward the poor victim, more dead than alive, was carried off to her brutal master's residence. Seeing the stir the matter has created—for it has now reached the foreign embassy—the British and French consuls at Adana have sent reports on the subject to Constantinople confirming all that has just been related. The father's life has even been threatened, as well as that of the girl, if an end be not put at once to the measures that are being taken to bring about an official inquiry, and Mr. Kirkyacharian has thought it necessary to fly to Adana. The key to the conduct of the bishop is no doubt to be found in the jealousy with which the progress made by the American missionaries in that part of Asia Minor is regarded by the Armenian clergy.

The farmer can better afford to raise potatoes for 25 cents per bushel than to grow wheat for \$1. Two hundred bushels per acre is not a large average yield. This would give \$50 per acre. Fifteen bushels is an average yield of an acre of wheat. The potato crop will require a little more labor, but with the late improved machinery the cost of cultivating and harvesting an acre of potatoes has been very much reduced.