

A THANKSGIVING TALE.

"Par, have you decided on buying the meadow? I've given you time enough to think about it," and Mrs. Greenleaf laid an unusually liberal supply of buckwheat cakes on her husband's plate.

"No, Lisbeth, I haven't," he replied, quietly. "I've decided on Bessie's music."

"Par! you haven't thought seriously on the crazy plan of the professor's?"

"Yes, I've decided that Bessie shall begin the first of January, and see if she can make anything out of the fiddle," and he cut generously into his hot cakes, that the syrup might go through every part. Mrs. Greenleaf stirred her coffee and waxed wroth.

"All I have to say, Silas, is, you will regret it. It seems to me a clear waste of money. I want that meadow for Bessie. Colonel Laurence will have lots of offers."

"Well, don't worry, Lisbeth. If Bessie thinks she'd like to be a fiddler, well, I say let her have her way. She's all we have, and I guess if we let her have a little pleasure now she can carry along later on without the meadow," and he laughed good-naturedly.

"She's all we have, and we are all she's got and by-and-by fiddling won't run a farm, and you know it, Silas. There's Tom Owens, as good a fellow as ever stepped. He's of my opinion about the fiddling business. He'd be after our Bessie if she'd settle down and be like other girls around here. He doesn't believe in fiddling! accomplishments for farmers' wives," grumbled Mrs. Greenleaf, as she sipped her coffee.

"Well, ma, if he says anything more you tell him, for me, that Silas Greenleaf is paying for the accomplishments. It's Bessie's prospects he's after. I know that chap. He's kinder holding off to see if I'll buy the meadow. Well, I won't. My Bessie isn't going around with Tom Owens any more. Understand that, Lisbeth?"

and he brought his fist down on the table with a force that made the dishes rattle.

"Don't get riled at poor Tom, Silas. He's a good, steady young man. I am afraid it isn't Bessie's luck to get him. Three hundred dollars for fiddling! Good land!" and Mrs. Greenleaf gathered the breakfast dishes, and carried them to the pantry.

Her husband wiped his hands on the kitchen roller, and he gave his old hat a vigorous shake, two arms were clasped tightly around his neck, and a cold, rosy cheek was pressed close to his own.

"My dear, old, beautiful daddy. I listened at the kitchen door. Am I really and truly going to the Conservatory?" and two blue eyes looked at him entreatingly.

"Really and truly, sure," he answered, as he leaved his hold. "I've the letter in my pocket agreeing to all the professor says. The three hundred dollars is yours, dearie, and your ignorant old father doesn't begrudge it you a penny of it. Get all the music you can out of the old fiddle, and if they find out that you can do anything, I'll get you a new one."

"I'm afraid ma won't be won over to our side. It seems sinful to risk the money," sighed Bessie, as her father buttoned his ulster.

"When she begins to argue, slip out," and he winked at her significantly as her mother approached.

"Was there anything at the Post Office, Bessie?" asked Mrs. Greenleaf, as the girl hung her cloak on the peg.

"A postal from Mr. Jones. He wants more turkeys. There's your paper, two letters and my music," Bessie answered, as she sorted the mail.

Bessie's heart beat joyfully as she helped her mother to dress the turkeys for market. Her mother was unusually silent, and restrained from the customary remarks, when Bessie stole upstairs to look over her new music.

Mrs. Greenleaf did not regard the fiddle favorably, but Bessie loved it dearly. It had been the property of Paul Laurence, the colonel's nephew, and Bessie's life-long friend and companion. Paul bought the old violin at auction for five dollars, and he and Bessie took lessons surreptitiously. When he went to study medicine he gave Bessie the treasured violin, and extracted a solemn promise from his teacher to give her lessons at half price.

Bessie worked hard and faithfully, and finally the old professor called on her father and laid before him plans for a glorious future for the little country girl. She had ability, may more, she had talent—talent which must be fostered. He recommended a course of instruction at the Conservatory, and volunteered to pay the girl's expenses, he was so positive of her success.

"How shall I ever repay you for all your loving help and kindness?" asked Bessie, tearfully.

"By keeping the contract we made in our childhood, to play for one another. Are you willing Bessie?" and Paul's voice lost its teasing.

Bessie's answer must have been favorable, for Paul went home and planned the journey abroad, which he and his uncle had deferred until Bessie would consent to accompany them.

"Lisbeth, I guess I'll go down to Hayne's to-night," chuckled Silas Greenleaf, as he finished his supper. "Tom Owens will be there, and I want to see how he looks when I tell him that Bessie's got the education, the meadow, the doctor, and the trip abroad. Thought a fiddling girl wouldn't make a good wife, did he?"

"I wouldn't, Silas. It is Thanksgiving, and I'd have some Christian charity about me," reproved Mrs. Greenleaf.

"Guess you're about right, Lisbeth. It will leak out soon enough," and he filled his pipe, and drawing his chair nearer to the open fire picked out the pictures therein, and the best and dearest picture was Bessie Greenleaf's Fiddle.

De Bill had a Bully Time.

Mme. De Bill, wife of the Danish ambassador to the court of St. James, is an American by birth. Her father was Chancellor Zabriskie, of New Jersey, and before her marriage she was noted, not only for her beauty, but for her vivacity and wit. Many stories illustrating her love of fun are told of her. One of them relates to her first meeting with her husband.

It was at a great reception, at the close of which Mr. De Bill, who had been in the country only a short time, came up to her, and asked her what was the conventionally

"It's clear, downright squander," grumbled Tom Owens, as a group gathered about him in Hayne's store to hear the particulars. "Her mother's heart was set on that meadow, and I know the new railroad is coming that way."

"Did you hear what the old colonel did?" inquired the Lawrence coachman, as he warmed his hands.

"What did he do?" Tom asked eagerly.

"He went up to the city, bought one of those famous violins, and took it to the farmhouse himself, as a gift to Miss Bessie. He seems to think as much of her as if she was his own child."

"Well, a fiddling woman won't make a good wife," replied Tom, sulkily, as the men gathered around the coachman for all particulars, to relate to the women folks at home, who were deeply interested, and could extract no information from Lisbeth Greenleaf.

It was a bright, cold Thanksgiving eve, and the opening night of the C—concerts. The hall was crowded, and those who had not succeeded in obtaining seats stood grumblingly at the door, and looked, at intervals, at a young man playing an overture.

The languid waverings of fans and the murmurings at the door ceased, as a young girl approached the footlights. All eyes were fastened on her as she bowed and lifted her violin. She forgot the fashionable audience, the critics on all sides, the whispering in the wings, and leaned lovingly on her violin.

There was not a sound until the piece was finished, then a storm of applause brought the bright color to her cheeks, and the tears to her eyes. She smiled her thanks in her winning, girlish way and withdrew, but the audience insisted on her reappearance, and the conductor led her to the footlights again.

Glancing across the sea of faces she saw Colonel Laurence standing at the door, with Paul, his nephew, beside him.

The girl said something to the pianist, then, lifting her violin, played "Home, Sweet Home" with a pathos that filled every heart.

The old man near the door turned to his companion and said, huskily, "There, Lisbeth Greenleaf! what do you think now? Isn't that better than all the meadows in Milton? She knew we couldn't appreciate the way-up airs, but that hit us. Oh, bless her!"

"Oh, father! Oh, Paul! Did I do it well?" cried Bessie, as they gathered around her.

"First-rate, little one, first-rate. Come now and let me tuck you into the carriage. We mustn't miss our train, and have to keep Thanksgiving away from home," and her father enveloped her in a heavy woolen shawl.

Paul's answer to her question was a warm, close hand-clasp, but Bessie understood. "Hurry, Bessie! You will be late for church, and you have much to be thankful for today," called out Bessie's mother the next morning.

"And your poor old daddy is on the verge of starvation, and your mother refuses to give him even a cup of coffee until the fiddler appears," added her father. "There's a document of some kind here on the table for you. The colonel's man brought it. It looks like a summons to court."

Bessie laughingly joined her parents, and eagerly opened the envelope.

"Why, father! what can it mean?" and she passed the paper to her father.

"It means"—and her father wiped his glasses, stood up and wiped them more vigorously—"It means—why, Bessie, the colonel has given you the meadow!"

"Silas!" cried Mrs. Greenleaf.

"I ain't deaf, Lisbeth. There's no need of hollering at me. Well, I yum!" and he placed the paper beside Bessie's plate.

Bessie joined the throng of church-goers and listened to the Thanksgiving sermon, but her heart was too full to put her prayers into words.

"I knew it all along," said Paul, nonchalantly, as he walked home with her.

"Judge! Miller is going to make you an offer in behalf of the railroad to-morrow, and I advise you to accept it," and Paul named a sum which far exceeded the original price.

"Your old friend, Tom Owens, has made him several offers, and each refusal made him more anxious to possess the meadow."

"And what shall I do with all the money?" faltered Bessie.

"Pay off the mortgage on the farm. Your father has scrimped and saved to give you these two extra years of study. Now that you have made a successful debut, and have been flattered by an offer from the Ideal manager you will not need our efforts to help you up the ladder of fame. Uncle is quite proud of us—a rising physician and a successful violinist," smiled Paul, teasingly.

"How shall I ever repay you for all your loving help and kindness?" asked Bessie, tearfully.

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proper thing for him to say to his hostess on bidding her adieu. With a perfectly sober face, though her eyes sparkled with merriment, she replied that in this democratic land the only proper thing to say was—"Madame, by golly, I have had a bully time." Believing that this was a "straight tip," he thus delivered himself. The only chronicles of Jersey City say that when he first discovered the joke he was furious, but his fury was short-lived, and he married the beautiful belle.

IDEAS GIVEN TO SOCIETY.

The Unique Scheme of a New York Girl in Regard to Social "Functions."

"My dear," says Mr. Charlton Judd, "we really ought to give a card party or a reception, or something. We've been going and going ever since we moved here, and it's time we returned some of the courtesies we have received."

"Yes, of course, we must," agrees the feminine dear appealed to. "I feel that we can't put it off any longer, but I dread it. There's so much to think of and arrange, if the entertainment is to be an entire success. There are the table decorations, the china, the flowers, and the menu. If we have dancing, there are the favors to be arranged, or else we must have somebody to sing or read or do something to entertain the guests. Then I must have a new gown, and the girls too. It seems a terrible undertaking, but I suppose I must go through with it," and the prospective hostess sighs as she thinks of her many responsibilities.

The time has come when Mrs. Charlton Judd or Mrs. Anybody Else who wishes to entertain may do so without giving herself the slightest trouble. She has simply to apply to the "Bureau of Social Requirements," put the affair in the hands of its managers, and the dinner, tea, cotillon, or reception will come off without further effort on her part. In starting this bureau Miss Ella Garrison entered a new field in the range of occupation for women. There are caterers, of course, and scores of florists ready to do their part toward the success of a private entertainment; but never before in New York has a hostess been able to resign to a bureau the entire management of a party, from the composition of the menu and the design for the cards of invitation, to suggestions as to her own toilet. Miss Garrison has at her command a staff of chefs ready to concoct dainty dishes, and butlers whose dignified deportment will add splendor to any entertainment. She proposes to furnish unique designs for the arrangements at weddings and to show blushing brides how to advance gracefully to the altar. She will devise ideas for children's parties and she will invent new favors for cotillions. She will furnish artists to sing, play, read, or recite for the entertainment of guests, and will undertake to think for the lady of the house regarding every detail about which the slightest concern might be felt. In short, she will take all care off the hostess's shoulders and enable her to mingle with her guests with a light heart.

There is another branch of the Bureau of Social Requirements which will tend to relieve the mistress of many a handsome home of worry and responsibility. This department is described in the dainty little lavender pamphlet which the bureau sends out as "the dismantling and rearrangement of houses." When a family is to be absent from the city during the summer months or wishes to put aside the many articles that make the indoor life of winter so attractive, the manager of the bureau will send work-women and go herself to superintend the swathing of the furniture in linen. In the autumn it will be her province to take off the wrappings and restore the various articles to their places.

Another department that receives the bureau's attention is "Information on all points of social life." Many subtle problems that are as a sealed book to the uninitiated will be made plain on application to the manager. These include such questions as "How long a time should or should not elapse before paying a first call?" and "What should determine precedence in the matter of seats at dinner?" Perhaps even the kinds of forks and spoons to be used or certain courses may puzzle one who had never paid much attention to such matters. The bureau will solve all such problems.

"What first suggested such a business to you?" asked a reporter who found Miss Garrison duly installed at her desk.

"I have been doing this sort of thing unconsciously all my life," was the reply. "My friends have always come to me for ideas and suggestions when they wanted to decorate a table prettily, get new hangings for a room, give a card party, or anything of the kind. If one of the family was to be married my invention was taxed to get up something distinctive and new, either for the wedding raiment or the fashion in which the ceremony should be conducted. I have often been called on to give a suggestion as to the color, material, and style of making most likely to suit certain of my friends who were in doubt of a new dress, and now the timing, it seems to me that I had better make a business of what has always been a pleasure. I know more about texture and colors, house decorations, social forms and customs than I know about anything else, so I have determined to make my capital of that."

Miss Garrison is a sweet-faced young woman with the air and manner of a person accustomed to mingle with the world. The oldest daughter in a home where entertainments were frequently given, she learned in her father's house the art of conducting social affairs gracefully and successfully; and on account of financial difficulties she now proposes to put her knowledge to practical use. Everything about the bureau is in lavender—that is the "note" that permeates the place—and the young lady's desk has fresh flowers on it constantly the tribute of friends who appreciate the manner in which she has met misfortune which would make most girls lean upon the first strong arm that offered. Miss Garrison is a disciple of Ruskin and believes in the dignity of labor.

"There are those in my family who would gladly relieve me of care, but I prefer to be independent," she says, simply, and then she adds that she is enjoying her new and engrossing occupation very much.

They Could Spare Him.

The Aston, England, guardians of the poor require that all paupers who desire to leave "the house" in search of work should make personal application to the board. Some amusing reasons for getting out for a day's pleasure are often heard, but are

seldom successful. A good laugh was occasioned at the board meeting on Tuesday last, when an insignificant little man, in pauper's clothes, poked his head round the door of the meeting-room and, in a timid voice, inquired, "Gentlemen, I want to know if you can spare me for a day?" When the laughter had subsided, he was told his services could be dispensed with altogether if he could get employment.

BORN.

Hantsport, Nov. 3, to the wife of Orls Eagles, a son. Halifax, Oct. 28, to the wife of H. E. Dowell, a son. Hantsport, Nov. 8, to the wife of Orls Eagles, a son. Moncton, Nov. 10, to the wife of H. Girouard, a son. Halifax, Nov. 3, to the wife of H. Woolley, a son. Kentville, Nov. 1, to the wife of Joseph R. Lyons, a son. Dartmouth, Oct. 7, to the wife of Hugh Mallon, a son. Danvers, Nov. 3, to the wife of Nathan I. Crosby, a son. Annapolis, Nov. 2, to the wife of James Upham, a son. Kentville, Nov. 7, to the wife of J. P. Chapman, a son. Halifax, Nov. 10, to the wife of James T. Burgess, a son. Dalhousie, Nov. 5, to the wife of Amos Hannan, a son. Nash's Creek, Nov. 3, to the wife of Thomas Hayes, a daughter. Kilburn, Oct. 31, to the wife of B. Kilburn, a daughter. Cheverie, N. S., Nov. 4, to the wife of Albert Parr, a daughter. Hantsport, Oct. 27, to the wife of William Coon, a daughter. Cheverie, Nov. 4, to the wife of Albert Parr, a daughter. Moncton, Nov. 4, to the wife of Samuel Gordon, a daughter. Moncton, Nov. 3, to the wife of George J. Robb, a daughter. Halifax, Nov. 6, to the wife of Dr. A. F. Whitford, a daughter. Halifax, Nov. 6, to the wife of William J. McDonald, a daughter. Musquodoboit, Nov. 5, to the wife of Norman Deal, a daughter. Spa Springs, Nov. 1, to the wife of Havelock Jacques, a son. Port Williams, N. S., Nov. 11, to the wife of Robert W. Phillips, a daughter. Quoddy, N. S., Oct. 27, to the wife of Joseph Worthen, a daughter. New Glasgow, Nov. 2, to the wife of Rev. W. T. Stackhouse, a son. Clarence, N. S., Oct. 27, to the wife of Herbert Pherson, a daughter. Riversdale, Nov. 4, to the wife of Leonard McLaughlin, a daughter. Cumberland Bay, Nov. 3, to the wife of Captain Duncan Wason, a daughter.

Williamston, Oct. 31, O. Bishop to Ida Taylor. Moncton, Nov. 6, Herbert Arnold to Maud Brown. Calais, Nov. 1, William McPherson to Hannah Taite. Middleton, Oct. 31, by Rev. M. Young, Amos Lewis to Lennie Sabean. Halifax, Nov. 8, by Rev. C. Borden, John S. Hawkins to Isabelle A. Shaw. Westville, Nov. 13, by Rev. R. Cumming, Edward Staples to Eunice Carter. Halifax, Nov. 8, by Rev. John McMillan, Creighton A. Logan to Elsie Milne. Bridgetown, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Arthur Lewis to Lenne Sabean. Milford, Nov. 7, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Douglas Rutherford to Edith Keay. Middleton, Nov. 3, by Rev. F. M. Young, James McLean to Eunice Carter. Annapolis, Nov. 3, by Rev. H. How, William K. Reed to Florence M. Hoyt. Greenville, Nov. 1, by Rev. Calvin Currie, Burnham Grant to Josephine Yerra. Fredericton, Nov. 5, by Rev. Canon Roberts, A. B. Brown to Eunice Carter. Wakefield, Nov. 2, by Rev. A. G. Downey, William P. Kimball to Jessie Miller. Berwick, Nov. 1, by Rev. E. O. Read, Henry Cornwall to Jennie O. Clark. Windsor, Nov. 7, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Arthur Lewis to Lenne Sabean. Mal one Bay, Oct. 31, by Rev. Mr. Shaw, B. K. Pettigall to Jean McDiarmid. Westport, Nov. 9, by Rev. C. C. Burgess, Leslie Westport to Eunice Carter. Stellarton, Nov. 1, by Rev. W. Nightingale, George R. Bain to Elizabeth Madden. Kingston, N. B., by Rev. D. Fraser, James McLean to Agnes R. Purves. Onslow, Oct. 30, by Rev. J. H. Chase, David Chapin to Eunice Carter. Basswood Ridge, Nov. 1, by Rev. A. C. Bell, Elmer C. Moulton to Mary J. Evans. Truro, Nov. 6, by Rev. Mr. McCollough, John R. McLean to Margaret Jodrey. St. John, Nov. 7, by Rev. F. A. Wightman, Joseph Brown to Mrs. Hattie Murray. Halifax, Nov. 7, by Rev. Father Forbes, Patrick J. Doyle to Florence M. Howard. Thorburn, Nov. 1, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Edward Melane to Minnie McKernan. Campbellton, Oct. 28, by Rev. W. H. Street, Ira J. Cowell to Leonie T. Thurber. Chatham, Nov. 1, by Rev. George Steele, Oiaf D. Hansen to Elizabeth Jane Wager. Freeport, N. S., Oct. 28, by Rev. C. C. Burgess, St. Mary's, Oct. 29, by Rev. F. Keirman, David Henry Crowley to Julia Gallagher. Basswood Ridge, Nov. 1, by Rev. A. C. Bell, Elmer C. Moulton to Mary J. Evans. Advocate, Oct. 31, by Rev. F. W. Desbawres, Frank P. Hamilton to Elizabeth E. Dean. 773 Halifax, Nov. 7, by Rev. N. LeNoine, assisted by Rev. A. Currie, Andrew Cochran to Maggie Kenny. New Glasgow, Nov. 3, by Rev. James Carruthers, assisted by Rev. A. W. Mahon, James W. Patrick to Margaret McDougall.

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