THANKSGIVING WISHBONE.

Jenny and Johnny, and Albert and Mary,
Sat at the table on Thanksgiving day;
The turkey, all stuffed, and basted, and browned,
Upon a big platter was turned upside down;
With its legs pointing skyward, its wings pinioned back,
As old Farmer Johnson began its attack;
He carved in a side and then passed the dish round,
And passed to his wife—the first piece, and best.
Then said "Now Miss Jennie, what cut do you like?"
"O, please give me just what you happen to strike."
Some white meat, or dark, or a leg, or a wing."
She was a guest, and a sweet pretty thing
Of some fourteen years, and the farmer's boy Johnnie
Thought never a damsel was one-half so bonnie.
The farmer's boy Albert, was equally sure
That Mary Jennie's sister—his heartache could cure.
And so these two sisters, by special request,
Were there to take dinner, dressed up in their best.
Jenny was pretty, and dainty, though vain,
While Mary was more sensible, homely and plain;
"Give Jennie the wishbone," said Johnnie at last;
Accordingly, to her the wishbone was passed.
And all the while that her dinner she ate,
The wishbone was uppermost, close by her plate.
With united action, they all waded in,
'Till their knives and their forks made a regular din.
The turkey, when finally laid on the shelf,
Was only a wreck of its once gorgeous self.
The squash, and potatoes, and cranberry sauce,
And mince pie and pumpkin, with crust all embossed,
Had each done its duty, and every one
Drew back and declared the dinner was done.
"Now then, who will wish?" cried Jennie, the fair,
As high up she held the wishbone in air.
"I will!" said they all, and then came a scuffle
Insomuch that the wishbone was lost in the shuffle.
May was the first one the wishbone to spy,
And pounced by Johnnie, she quickly did fly.
Clear through the sitting-room into the hall,
In chamber; in cellar; in parlor and all,
Then from sheer exhaustion dropped into a chair,
With cheeks all aglow, and tumbled-down hair.
And Johnny rushed up and without more ado
Demanded a kiss on her lips, and I don't know but two
"Let us wish," said May, "for I still have the bone,
It is due you I think, for your chase to atone."
Now, dear reader, we ought to have told you before,
That though May liked Albert, she loved Johnnie more,
And her honest wish, when she pulled on that bone
Was, that some day she might have him all for her own.
They pulled on the wishbone, and May won the toss,
But what was her gain was by no means his loss,
For from that very minute, affairs took a turn,
And Johnnie and May are so friendly, we learn
That when Thanksgiving Day again takes its place,
They'll have hooked up together for life's rugged race.
We know not what Alfred and Jennie will do,
But the neighbors all think they will get married too.
Now May's dearly at all times to own
That there's boundless virtue in a turkey's wishbone.
—J. W. Burgess, in Sunshine.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THANKSGIVING.

"Thanksgiving will be here next week," cried Mabel, dancing into the sunny kitchen, where Prudence Hayes, the "help," was plodding to and fro, as though her feet were shod with lead.

"Why don't you say something, Prue?" she added exclaimed impatient at the stolid expression on Prue's homely face, and raced as she saw it deepen into a frown.

"I don't keer for Thanksgivin', Mabel," snapped Prue, setting down a plate with a bang, and dashing the water from her mop over the floor, which Mabel was executing a pirouette.

"Get out of my way, wont you?"

Mabel retreated to the big Boston rocker, which stood in the south window, and curling herself securely on the cushioned seat, watched Prue's proceedings. The wind was in the east with Prue this morning, decidedly. But why? What was there in the fact of the very pleasantest holiday in the year, when all the clan of the Hillyers would be gathered for the carnival under the old roof-tree, what was there in this to make Prudence mad? That was the word Mabel used to herself as she shot keen glances at Prudence, who was dashing and splashing, with her, black brows bent, her forehead puckered, and her lips grimly set.

"Well, what are you starin' at?" said the girl at last, pausing in her work, and feeling the pitying wonder in the soft, childish eyes.

"I am puzzled, Prudence," answered Mabel, "Everybody is happy at Thanksgiving, and this house will be crammed full of the jolliest people, and we're to have games in the parlor after dinner, and the loveliest times, and the thought of it only makes you look glum and horrid. I think it must be dreadful to have such a bad temper, Prue."

"If you hadn't hardly any folks of your own, Mabel, and when holidays came the only difference was, you had to work harder'n ever, washin', dishes all day long, and stewin', slavin', boilin', so's other folks could dance an' sing an' gallivant in fine clothes, you'd be cross too. Maybe bad temper means bein' perfectly sick of life, and wishin' you was dead, and gone out of the fuss, and good temper's only another name for havin' fun, and pretty dresses, and lots o' friends, and feelin', strong an' well."

And, tired with this outburst, Prue fairly broke down, and began to cry. But the storm was for a moment only. Presently she brushed away the tears, and went on with her work. Mabel, in the meantime, escaped to her own pretty, white-curtained chamber, the wonder still in her blue eyes.

"Nobody over old or so fast as a woman who does housework in an American family." Where had she heard that remark? Ah! she remembers now, the minister's wife had said it in a chat with Aunt Dolson, the other day.

When Mabel began to think of it, Prudence Hayes was no older than Sister Ella or Cousin Kitty, but how she was aging, her skin growing coarse and red, her body losing its spring, her whole form settling down, as if the daily drudgery were loading her with chains.

Mabel ran up the narrow flight of stairs that led to the attic. Prudence slept up there. It was clean and comfortable, notwithstanding that shake-down on the floor, the broken rush-bottomed chair, the cracked basin, the absence of a single pretty ornament, struck suddenly on Mabel's awakened heart. It was so bare, so repulsively plain, so much, now that our fourteen-year-old girl's thought of it like Prue's own life! "Why, I couldn't bear it," thought, pensively.

"Mother," said, a little later, sitting on a hassock at Mrs. Hillyer's feet, "has our Prue nobody belonging to her in the world?"

"So far as I know, my dear, she has no one except a sister, who is a helpless cripple in a house for incurables in Boston. Prue's father was killed in a railroad accident when Prue and this other girl were mere babies, and Eunice, the sister, was injured at the same time. Prue's mother lost her mind. Eunice was born. Prue has had a sad history. The contrast between her lot and yours ought to make you thankful, Mabel !"

"It's easy enough for me to feel thankful, mamma, but it must be terribly hard for Prue," said the child, looking up earnestly.

"Now don't go to putting silly notions into Prue's head," exclaimed Mrs. Hillyer, testily. "The girl is really very well off, not an object of pity. She fell into very good hands when your father picked her out of the Asylum for her bright eyes, red cheeks and merry little round face. She's been trained to be a good, useful woman."

But somehow Mabel felt dissatisfied. The other side of Thanksgiving, Prue's side of the holiday—casting a shadow across her bright anticipations. She began to wonder if there were nothing she could do to help matters to a better footing. The problem had quite blighted with planning, and before sunset it had arrived at a conclusion. If the other girls would help her out, Mabel knew what she would attempt! Now if the boys would lend a hand as well!

There was a train into Boston which left their station at four o'clock P. M. Prue, with a basket packed as full as it would hold with goodies, would take that train on Thanksgiving, spend the rest of the day with Eunice, and be at home again in the evening by ten o'clock. To let her know of the plan, Mabel wrote a letter to Eunice, and before a share of Thanksgiving for herself, the Hillyer and the Loomis girls, half a dozen cousins all told, would go "to take hold" and clear away the great Thanksgiving dinner. More than that, they would have to get the Thanksgiving feast.

Mrs. Hillyer listened quietly, while Mabel, unfolded this plan of operations. She said at last: "Your father expects no such outing, dear, and that the girls are not anticipating an afternoon in the kitchen."

"All the nicer for Prue to have a surprise, then, mamma, and the girls will make a frolic of it. Most likely Ben and Johnny will help us, and Pen will drive Prue to the station and bring her back in the evening. It rests with you, dear, to say yes."

"Yes, then, you persevering child. But remember, if you awaken Prue's hopes, you must not disappoint her. That would be a cruel thing."

True sympathy is always contagious, and a person who is in real earnest never fails to find others willing to be sacred fire. Mabel flew about from cousin to cousin, enlisting the whole coushhood. Secretly, Prue's measure was taken,