



THANKSGIVING

REJOICE, O, ye poor, that an occasional day in the year hath significance sufficient to temper the thoughts of the rich to your nakedness.

Rejoice, O, ye rich, that the spirit of charity is still alive in your hearts that you may enjoy the pleasures of giving.

Thanksgiving day is indeed a peace-maker. In a few short hours it sweeps away the barriers that months of pride, selfishness and enmity on the one hand, and improvidence, dissipation, neglect and want on the other, have been building between classes.

Thanksgiving day has grown far beyond what it was originally intended to signify or represent because of this very religious quality. From giving thanks to God for gifts to themselves, men came to desire to be more like that merciful Being, and so in turn became benefactors.

SUM OF ALL HOLIDAYS

That is Why Thanksgiving Should Be the Happiest of All. We could not ask a more suggestive title or one which makes sweeter music in an American's ear.

"It's true, mother," he said. "I have a vaccination mark on my arm and a scar on my head made by a broomstick fifteen years ago to show for it. I'm the same boy. I have been almost over the whole world, and I am sorry to say, mother," he added, with a sigh, "that I've come back without the hen."

"The tall, angular, red-haired woman resumed her seat in the Andrew Jackson rocking-chair, rubbed her nose thoughtfully, and gazed into the fire. "Never mind, Hiram," she said, slowly. "The speckled hen is still alive. You will find her in the chicken-house. Go and cut her head off, my son, and I'll cook her for your Thanksgiving dinner."

"Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart, Talking the old times over, the parents sat apart."

And what times they were, famous for corn huskings unknown to this degenerate age, for moonlight straw rides across the glistening snow and hoary ghost legends of Hessian troopers. Hence, Thanksgiving comes with recollections of past joys, blended into the best and purest moments of American life, its homes and its hearts.

Let fair summer's robes pale and die, and the frosted leaves rustle beneath the tread. What cares Thanksgiving day for winter's stern heralds? In fact, we welcome a good November day that the cold without may form a contrast for the warmth within.

It would disturb the eternal fitness of things to eat the time-honored bird and the national pie in the long, bright days of leafy June.

THAT SPECKLED HEN.

A Thrilling Account of Mrs. Pancksley's Thanksgiving Dinner.

Time, Thanksgiving day, eighteen hundred and what's-the-difference. Place, the sitting-room of a snug little dwelling in an interior village far enough from the maddening crowd to be free from gas bills, anarchists and aldermen.

Fiery raged the storm outside. The wild November blasts howled and shrieked through the tree-tops, the overhanging boughs rasped the side of the house as if filling notice of an intention to take a lien on the premises, and on the rug before the ample fireplace the yellow dog that saved the household the bother and expense of a garbage barrel moaned and grumbled in his sleep as if something he had eaten lay heavily on his conscience.

In an ample rocking chair of the Andrew Jackson period sat bolt upright an elderly, hard-featured, silent woman with iron-rimmed spectacles and red hair. With her hands clasped over one knee and her lips drawn tightly together she gazed motionless into the fire, whose fitful glow strove faintly to lighten the gloom of the dreary day now drawing rapidly to its close.



gathering she gazed motionless into the fire, whose fitful glow strove faintly to lighten the gloom of the dreary day now drawing rapidly to its close. Who can fathom the mystery of a tall, angular woman with red hair? Who can interpret the stony silence that veils her past? Who shall say what tempests of passion have swept over her when not a soul was at hand to incur the weird horror of their reflex action?

And the storm raged on. Amid the uproar of the elements she became suddenly conscious of a loud, imperious knocking at the door. She went and opened it and a large, raven-haired, shaggy-haired man with red whiskers stepped inside.

"Shaking the rain from his garments, he inquired: "Does Mrs. Pancksley live here?" "She does."

"How changed! Do you remember," he went on, with a tremor in his voice, "that on a stormy Thanksgiving day twenty years ago you sent a little boy out to kill a speckled hen for dinner?" "Yes! Hiram, my boy, is it?"

"Wait a minute. Did you tell him that if he didn't find that hen and chop her head off in five minutes you would skin him alive?" "Perhaps I did. But—"

"He didn't come back, did he?" "O no! No!" "Well, he's come back now. \* \* \* That will do, mother. Give me a chance to breathe. Are you glad to see me?"

"O, Hiram! Hiram! To think that my long lost son, that I'd given up all idea of ever seeing again in this world, has come back to me! It's too good to be true!"

"It's true, mother," he said. "I have a vaccination mark on my arm and a scar on my head made by a broomstick fifteen years ago to show for it. I'm the same boy. I have been almost over the whole world, and I am sorry to say, mother," he added, with a sigh, "that I've come back without the hen."

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No! The wise gobbler may contemplate a perch upon the crescent of the moon if he thinks fit, but he must needs die, and, flanked by cranberry sauce and the constant pumpkin pie, present himself to our view on the last Thursday in November, and not a day earlier, please.

Then, as we cluster around the fire and bid defiance to the elements, let us remember to make Thanksgiving a home-day, where all the dear ones will gather, and eyes look love to eyes which speak again.

What He Never Saw.

Inquiring Boy—And have you seen avalanches in the Alps? Great Traveler—Yes, my son. "And elephants in Asia?" "Yes." "And tigers in Africa?" "Plenty of them." "Ever seen a polar bear?" "Several." "Ever seen any wild monkeys?" "Thousands."

"Did you ever see a polar bear chasing an elephant with a tiger on his back and a lot of monkeys laughing to see an avalanche comin' after 'em?"—Good News.

The Real and Ideal. The man represented himself as a French music teacher, but he looked more like a tramp.

"I don't know about his musical ability," said the lady of the house when he had gone, "but I don't believe he is a real Frenchman."

"He must be mamma," dissented the daughter, "for anybody could see he was not an ideal Frenchman."—Detroit Free Press.

In Chicago, of Course. Guest—Call the patrol wagon and have that waiter taken charge of. Proprietor—Why? "He is crazy—stark, staring crazy." "Oh, I guess not. What makes you think so?" "He refused to take a tip."

"You're right. I'll ring for the patrol myself."—Texas Siftings.

As to His Record. "I have not seen you at church for a long time, Brother Negson," remonstrated the pastor, mildly. "I fear you are not making a good record as a Christian these days."

"No," said Brother Negson, apologetically. "I don't seem to be in 'm—in my usual form this season, elder."—Chicago Tribune.

An Expert. Reporter—The stringency in the money market is due solely to— Banker—Don't talk nonsense! What do you know about the financial question?

Reporter—Maybe not much; but when it comes to scarcity of money I know a great deal more about it than you do.—Hullo.

Following Out the Prescription. Mr. Bingo—Didn't the doctor tell you it would be death for you to take another drink of whisky? Bingo—I believe he did.

Mrs. Bingo—Then what are you doing in that cupboard? Bingo—I am dying an instantaneous death.—Judge.

Another Case of Switch. "Aren't you ready yet?" "I couldn't find my hair!" "We'll miss the train. Switches always seem to delay traffic!"—Music and Drama.

To Be Congratulated. Willis—Borrowwit has removed to Kansas. He says his nearest neighbor is thirty miles away.

Wallace—Lucky neighbor.—Brooklyn Life.

An Aggravated Offense. He loved a young lady from Me. Who looked upon him with disdain. "What, you for my beau?" "I don't think you kneau. Enough to come out of the re."—Chicago Record.

A KNIGHT OF LABOR. "HOME SWEET HOME"

"Truth. Little rays of moonlight Streaming down above her, Make a girl so pretty You cannot help but love her. —Detroit Free Press.

Could Count on the Choir. A peppery parson down east, who was disturbed by his choir during prayer time, got even with them when he gave out the closing hymn by adding: "I hope the entire congregation will join in singing this grand old hymn, and I know the choir will, for I heard them humming it during the prayer."

So Kind of Him. "Who is your physician, Mrs. Nervous?" "Dr. Killum." "Do you like him?" "Oh, so much. He always lets me have the diseases that I prefer."—Chicago Record.

And He Overheard It. Portia—Here's Dick Roller with his million-dollar fiancée. Helen—He looks like a martyr, doesn't he? Portia—Yes; bound to the stake.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

A Needed Warning. Brace—I wish my creditors could have that sign before them on the 1st of every month. Bagley—What sign? Brace—Post no bills.—Puck.

Sure It Wasn't His. "Lend me that umbrella, please." "Do you think I'd lend you my umbrella?" "Didn't ask you to lend me yours."—Brooklyn Life.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE LACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

Table with columns for STATIONS, NORTH, and SOUTH. Lists stations like NORFOLK, CAMERON, CHILMARK, etc., with corresponding times.

Table with columns for STATIONS, NORTH, and SOUTH. Lists stations like SCRANTON, BELLEVUE, TAYLORVILLE, etc., with corresponding times.

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tammer, Rahaqa, W. Hamont, Scranton, Pottsville, etc.

W. P. HALLSTAD, Gen. Man., Scranton, Pa.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

P. & E. R. R. DIV. N. & C. RY.

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WESTWARD.

3:04 a. m.—Train 9 (Daily except Sunday) for Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with Pullman sleeping cars to Buffalo and passenger coaches to Rochester.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15—Leaves New York 12:15 night, Philadelphia 4:00 a. m., Baltimore 4:45 a. m., Harrisburg, 6:15 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:56 a. m.

SUNBURY HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday) Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10:00 a. m., arriving at Hazleton 12:15 p. m., Pottsville 1:25 p. m., through Coach Williamsport to Wilkes-Barre. Train 11 leaves Sunbury 5:25 p. m., arriving at Hazleton 7:55 p. m., Pottsville 9:05 p. m., through Coach Williamsport to Wilkes-Barre.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10:00 a. m., arriving at Hazleton 12:15 p. m., Wilkes-Barre 1:10 p. m., Pottsville 1:25 p. m., arriving at Sunbury 4:15 p. m., through Coach Williamsport to Wilkes-Barre.

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