

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.



The turkey and the wild fowl, to increase the scanty fare."

"Our husbandry hath prospered, there is corn enough for food.

Through the peace be purchased in blossom, and the grain indifferent good."

Who blessed the loaves and fishes for the feast miraculous.

And filled with all the widow's cruse, He hath remembered us!

"Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by whom we all are fed.

Who granted us our daily prayer: 'Give us our daily bread!'"

By us and by our children let this day be kept for aye.

In memory of His bounty, as the land's Thanksgiving day."

Each brought his share of Indian meal the pious feast to make.

With the fat deer from the forest and the wild-fowl from the brake.

And chanted hymn and prayer were raised—though eyes with tears were dim—

"The Lord He hath remembered us, let us remember Him!"

Then Bradford stood up at their head and lifted up his voice:

"The corn is gathered from the field, I call you to rejoice!"

Thank God for all His mercies, from the greatest to the least;

Together have we fasted, friends, together let us feast.

"The Lord who led forth Israel was with us; sometime in light, sometime in cloud, before us He hath paced."

Now give Him thanks, and pray to Him who holds us in His hand

To prosper us and make of this a strong and mighty land!"

From Plymouth to the Golden Gate, to-day their children tread.

The mercies of that bounteous Hand upon the land are shed.

The "locks are on a thousand hills," the prairies wave with grain.

The cities spring like mushrooms now where once was desert-plain.

Leap high the board with plenteous cheer and gather to the feast.

And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never eases.

Give praise to that All-gracious One by whom their steps were led.

And thanks unto the harvest's Lord who sends our "daily bread."

—Alice Williams Brotherton, in Home Queen.

"There was great store of wilde turkies of which they took many beside verison.

The fowlers had been sent out by the governor that so they might—after a special manner—gather together after they had gathered the fruits of their labors."

—Watney's History of New England.

AUNT SARAH'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

AUNT SARIE! Aunt Sarie! do come quick, the mince pies are burning!"

And a small head with two tight flaxen braids was thrust hastily out of the kitchen window and as precipitately withdrawn.

Aunt Sarah, who was evidently lost in deep thought, gave such a sudden start that the great yellow pumpkin she was lovingly caressing fell from her arm.

"Well, I do declare!" she exclaimed reproachfully, as she hastened to recover her treasure and turn her steps towards the farm house. "If things haven't come to a pretty pass, Sarah Jane Smithers, you a woman of 60, and standing out here dreaming like some young girl, and leaving your mince pies to the mercy of a child. But I guess I ought to be excused this once, things have come so terrible sudden like. This time yesterday I was living my old humdrum life, and not thinking about making a Thanksgiving dinner. I always said I'd have a big one when I got the mortgage paid and not before. But I haven't seen one of my own flesh and blood for 20 years. And to think that Cousin Jim is coming and bringing his wife and children."

By this time she had reached the kitchen; and breathlessly depositing her burden upon the spotless table she proceeded to open the oven door, whence issued a savory odor.

"Just one minute more, Susie Belle, and these mince pies would have been burnt to a crisp."

"Yes'm," replied Susie Belle, respectfully, and with a shade of awe in her tone. "That was the reason why I called you. I thought you had forgotten."

It was such an uncommon event for thorough-going Aunt Sarah to forget anything that the rather timid child felt some hesitancy in alluding to so flagrant a breach of the good woman's strong point. Aunt Sarah colored slightly, but made no reply.

"Now, child, you fall to work on this pumpkin while I dress the turkey. I want to get everything pretty well done up to-morrow so there won't be much on hand when Jim's folks get here."

Aunt Sarah was the last surviving member of a large and prosperous family. She lived alone with the exception of an orphan child of 12 years. As one by one those whom she loved, and for whom she had cheerfully sacrificed her life, passed away, and she had no animate object upon which to

lavish her affection, she turned it all to the old house where her family had lived for two generations. Cousin Jim had spent many years in Missouri, and his wife and children she had never seen.

The one great shadow that darkened Aunt Sarah's life was a mortgage for \$1,000 upon the place, the time for the payment of which was rapidly approaching. Her usually cheerful disposition was so clouded by this trial that for several years she had not been able to find heart for the celebration of any festivities. However, since "Jim's folks," those that really cared for her and were her own, were coming, she must make suitable preparations for their entertainment.

So the morning before Thanksgiving found her up by four o'clock, and bustling about with a brighter face and a brighter step than she had known in years. All day she mixed and stirred and baked and tasted, regardless of the lowering clouds and steady rain without. By three o'clock in the afternoon the last pie, steaming hot, was placed beside many others in neat rows on the pantry shelves, the enormous turkey, brown and crisp, lay in regal state beside a spiced ham. Cakes, snowy loaves of home made bread, jars of preserved fruits, jellies and marmalades and pats of golden butter were arranged in tempting array. Aunt Sarah gave a



"DO COME QUICK, THE MINCE PIES ARE BURNING."

sigh of satisfaction as she surveyed the goodly store.

"Here, Susie Belle," she said, filling the child's hands with some of the choicest cookies. "Take these and eat them. We've got enough for to-morrow. Let me see, Jim has five children. Well, I want those little ones to have a real, old-fashioned dinner for once in their lives. I don't believe they ever had one out there in Missouri. Dear me! how it does rain!" she ejaculated; "but I'm not a mite afraid of its keeping Jim's folks at home. Once Jim sets his head to do a thing, he always would have his way or die."

And she settled back in her armchair by the cozy sitting-room fire "to rest a bit" after her hard day's work.

Just as she was dreaming of a Thanksgiving long ago when she and Jim and her brothers and sisters popped corn and roasted apples before the great open fire, a loud knock caused her to jump to her feet in alarm.

"Who on earth can be coming on such an evening?" she muttered drowsily, as she groped her way through the hall to the door.

"Why, Mr. Stanton! what has brought you up here in such a rain as this!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Come right in."

The cashier of the Newton bank glanced down at his dripping mackintosh and muddy boots, then at the immaculate old lady on the hall floor.

"No, thank you, Miss Sarah," he answered, "I am in a great hurry. Haven't you heard the news? The dam at Watertown has broken; nearly all the place is submerged, especially the poorest quarters near the factories. The people are flocking to Newton in droves. Every hotel, private house and public building is full and yet more are coming. It is pitiable to see them drenched and shivering after walking four miles in this dreadful rain. Many of them have had nothing to eat since early morning. We are trying to find shelter for them in the nearest farm houses, and thought, as you haven't much family and considerable room, you might accommodate a good number."

Aunt Sarah's eyes grew round and her jaw dropped in dismay. At any other time she would have made the poor wanderers welcome enough. But now—and, in imagination, she beheld the groaning pantry shelves, the shining floors and the beds with their fresh lavender-scented sheets.

"Mr. Stanton," she began, faintly, "I never hated so much to refuse anything in all my life. It doesn't hardly look Christian, and under ordinary circumstances I wouldn't think of refusing; but my cousin, that I haven't seen for years, is coming to-morrow. His children never had a real good Thanksgiving, and I can't think of having everything torn up before they get here. I am dreadful sorry."

Mr. Stanton was disappointed, yet he went away glad that such an unexpected pleasure was coming into Aunt Sarah's life. He quite understood her feelings, though when he thought of the miserable unsheltered creatures in the town, he wished it might have been otherwise.

Aunt Sarah turned from the door

with a heavy heart. The brightness and warmth of the sitting-room smote her with a deep sense of guilt. She tried to put the matter from her mind; but every time she looked into the glowing flames she saw a host of cold, haggard faces. Unable to bear it longer, she left the room on the pretext of seeing that all was well upstairs. She passed from one to another of the neat bedrooms. Never before had the old-fashioned, high-posted beds looked so inviting. She paused in deep thought. Suddenly her eyes rested upon a faded sampler she had worked when a child. The long, uneven letters in red, green and purple silk danced before her eyes. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"Done it unto Me," the words echoed in her ears. What if He were out in the rain hungry and cold, would she have treated Him thus?

She sank beside the bed and buried her face in her hands. "Dear Lord," she sobbed, "it is so hard, when it is the only pleasure I've had since mother died, five long years ago. I wasn't expecting it, and it all came so sudden like, and now to have it spoiled. But for Thy sake, Lord, accept the sacrifice!"

"Susie Belle," said Aunt Sarah a few minutes later as she appeared muffled from head to foot, "I'm going down

to the village. I hate to leave you, though there isn't anything to hurt you. I will hurry back as quick as I can, and you kindle a fire in the kitchen stove."

The child, dumb with astonishment, could only gasp: "Yes'm." She stood watching the resolute figure until it was lost to view, and turned away with a shiver as she thought of the distance to the village. She knew nothing of the interview with Mr. Stanton. She understood, however, that only some stern duty or pressing necessity could take Aunt Sarah from home so late and on such a stormy evening.

Notwithstanding her promise to return promptly, it was nearly two hours before Aunt Sarah threw the doors of her sitting-room invitingly open.

"Come right in," she said, cheerily, "every one of you, just as fast as you can."

Susie Belle, who had fallen asleep after a weary watch, started at the sound of Aunt Sarah's voice. She fell back a few steps and began to rub her eyes. What could it mean? She was surely dreaming. Pouring into the room were rough men and miserable, drenched women, many of whom were carrying small children.

"Here, child! These poor people have had their homes washed away. Show the men into the kitchen while I get dry clothes for the women and children."

And Aunt Sarah fell to emptying chests, drawers and wardrobes, utterly regardless of her usually orderly habits. By ten o'clock that night, 20 men, women and children had been warmed, bountifully fed and comfortably bedded.

Aunt Sarah felt a strange lightness of heart as she and Susie Belle sought a hard bed in the attic. True, she was at first unmindful of His command; but had she not made generous atonement? Even the garments of her beloved dead, which she had aired and treasured year after year, were put into use that night. A dry sob arose in her throat as she thought of "Jim's folks." "Never mind," she said to herself, "Perhaps they will stay over Sunday, and I can cook them another Thanksgiving dinner."

Morning dawned clear. Aunt Sarah and her willing little helper were up betimes preparing breakfast for their numerous visitors, and a right comfortable one it was. Many of the wayfarers set out early to return to the doomed town or to seek friends or relatives in the country. Others lingered as though they were too weary and frightened from that terrible day's experience to think of aught else. Most of them were of the poorer class. One among them, however, was a man of kind and gentle manners, who somehow won Aunt Sarah's confidence at once. He did not ask many questions; but before she realized what she was doing, she had told him of the expected guests, the disappointment and even the mortgage.

A little later Aunt Sarah was hovering about her relatives, explaining and apologizing with tears in her eyes. "Wasn't it grand of her to do that?" said Jim's wife, who proved to be a plump, kind little woman. "Don't you

wind a bit, dear Aunt Susan. Of course we'll stay over Sunday, and I will help you cook to-morrow; and Saturday we'll have a big dinner. I am not at all afraid of starving in the meantime."

Although the dinner was two days late, never was a more tempting one placed upon a board nor ever did happier people gather around it. Just as Cousin Jim had finished asking a blessing, his eldest son returned from the village, where he had gone upon an errand.

"Here is a letter for you, Cousin Sarah," he said, handing her a large envelope.

"A letter?" she echoed. "Who can be writing to me?"

She broke the seal and a crisp bank-note fell upon her plate.

"Dear Madam:

"I beg that you will pardon the liberty I take in sending this amount. I shall never miss it, as I am a wealthy man and have no family. One who knows how to make much good use of a home should certainly not lose it. Yours truly,

"ROBERT UPTON."

"Oh, I don't deserve it! I don't deserve to be paid in this way!" and Aunt Sarah buried her face in her apron.—Eleanor Norton Parker, in N. Y. Independent.

ABOUT THANKSGIVING.

How the Proclamation Is Issued by the President—A Boy's Composition.

After Hallowe'en is over, the next thing to look forward to in the way of a fete day is Thanksgiving. A few days before Thanksgiving the president issues his annual proclamation. There is a little form to be observed about this.

It is composed by the president himself, which, you know, is not true of all state papers, and in most instances written out in his own hand. When this is done, the document goes to the state department, where it is carefully copied in ornamental writing that is almost like engraving, on the official blue paper of that department. The next thing needed on the document is the great seal of the government. This seal is kept by the clerk of pardons and commissions, and it is very carefully guarded under lock and key. Its keeper will not get it out without a special warrant signed by the president, and an impression of the seal is quite a ceremony in itself. When the proclamation has been thus duly signed and sealed, many copies are made of it by clerks, and one is sent to the governor of every state in the union. It is also given out then to the press agents, who telegraph it all over the United States, and in this way the day is announced. The governors, as they receive it, issue one themselves for their state.

The first proclamation, issued by President Washington in 1789, was dated early in October. News could not be telegraphed everywhere in an hour then, and the word from the executive mansion had to travel slowly, so it was got out in plenty of time. Washington's example in the way of issuing a proclamation was not followed by all his successors. The practice stopped with him, and was not revived until Lincoln became president. Since then, however, every succeeding president has issued a proclamation.

Here is that funny composition which a boy wrote about Thanksgiving, which is worth repeating, now that it is timely:

"Thanksgiving was brought over from England by the Puritan Fathers in the year 1620. It has staid here ever since. On Thanksgiving everybody goes to church in the morning, so as to have everything out of the way before dinner. Then you come home and hang around a little while and get awful hungry smelling the turkey. After dinner Thanksgiving is over."—N. Y. Times.

VERIFIED.



Oh, we find on glad Thanksgiving. When we've passed beyond the soup, That a bird upon the table Is worth two out in the coop. —N. Y. World.

A Welcome Day.

The setting aside of a day of national thanksgiving is one of the finest customs that could grace the record of a prosperous nation, and no time in the year offers more graceful opportunity for living out the spirit of the day to its most practical extent. All expect a good dinner on Thanksgiving. They don't always get it, to be sure, but the day has so long been associated with the thoughts of an exceptionally good meal that the very name of Thanksgiving day almost smells like turkey and cranberry sauce.—Detroit Free Press.

Each in the Market. "Wasn't it lovely in the Jones' to ask us to eat Thanksgiving dinner with them?"

"I don't know; they waited so late I think they expected us to ask them."—Chicago Daily News.

Spreads Itself. Thanksgiving day makes even the dining-table "turn over a new leaf" and spread itself.—L. A. W. Bobelin.

AT DAWN OF DAY.

Gen. Methuen Attacked the Boers at Belmont.

English Won a Victory—Both Sides Lost Heavily—Reports from the Besieged Towns in South Africa Indicate but Little Change in the Situation.

London, Nov. 23.—Although the situation in Natal is again becoming sufficiently alarming, nothing can be officially ascertained to allay public anxiety regarding the disposition of the reinforcements recently landed at Durban.

London, Nov. 24.—The secretary of war has received the following dispatch through Gen. Walker from Gen. Methuen, dated Belmont, November 23: "Attacked the enemy at daybreak. Was in strong position. Three ridges were carried in succession, the last attack being prepared by shrapnel. Infantry behaved splendidly and received support from the naval brigade and artillery. The enemy fought with courage and skill. Had I attacked later I should have had far heavier loss. Our victory was complete. Have taken 40 prisoners. Am burying a good number of the Boers, but the greater part of the enemy's killed and wounded were removed by their comrades. Have captured a large number of horses and cows and destroyed a large quantity of ammunition.

"Brig. Gen. Fetherstonhaugh was severely wounded in the shoulder and Lieut. Col. Crabbe, of the grenadier guards, is reported wounded. Our other casualties are the following: Grenadier guards: Killed, Lieut. Frye, wounded, one; Second battalion wounded, 4; reported wounded, two; rank and file, killed 26, wounded, 36; missing 13. Coldstream guards: First battalion, wounded 1; Second battalion, wounded 2; rank and file killed 6, wounded 23, missing 5.

"Scots guards: First battalion, wounded 3; rank and file, killed 9, wounded 34. Northumberland fusiliers: First battalion, killed 2, wounded 4; rank and file, killed 12, wounded 32. Northamptonshire regiment: Second battalion, wounded 2. South Yorkshire regiment: Second battalion, rank and file, wounded 3."

An official dispatch from Sir Alfred Milner to Mr. Chamberlain reports that thus far the efforts of the Boers to provoke an uprising among the Basutos or to start a civil war have been unsuccessful.

The situation in Natal remains obscure. Fighting is reported at both Estcourt and Ladysmith. It was at first reported that heavy firing had been heard in the direction of Willow Grange, leading to a belief that Gen. Hildyard had made a sortie. Later dispatches announce that Gen. White sortied from Ladysmith and inflicted a demoralizing defeat upon the Boers.

It would be premature to give full credence to either report. What is quite certain is that Ladysmith, Estcourt and Mooi river station are all isolated and the Boers seem able after detaching enough troops to hold three British forces aggregating 15,000 men, to push on toward Pietermaritzburg with 7,000 men.

The Chronicle says: "We learn that the cabinet has decided that the basis of a settlement in South Africa will be a united South Africa, modelled upon the Canadian plan. The details have not yet been settled, but it is practically certain that no terms of peace will be accepted by the British government short of British occupation of Pretoria and Bloemfontein."

London, Nov. 25.—Thus far the special dispatches describing the battle of Belmont bear a stereotyped character, proving that the hand of the censor has been at work upon them. They are too incoherent to enable the reader to form an accurate idea of the event, or to place a proper estimate upon the value of the victory.

All the accounts agree respecting the splendid fighting qualities exhibited on both sides. Nothing could have exceeded the steady courage of the British infantry in the face of terrific fire; while the Boer guns were splendidly served, the gunners standing to them with dogged determination, exposing themselves until the very last moment, and only becoming wild and inaccurate in their aim during the final, deadly charge of the British infantry.

All admit, however, that the victory could not be properly followed up, owing to the want of sufficient cavalry. While all the correspondents report the capture of Boer guns, Lord Methuen's own report omits any mention of such an achievement.

As all the evidence tends to show that the enemy's retirement was orderly he will doubtless soon be heard of elsewhere.

Dewey to Visit Chicago May 1, 1900.

Washington, Nov. 24.—"Yes," said Admiral Dewey last night to a reporter, "I received the telegram from the mayor of Chicago supplementing the letter of the Dewey committee of that city inviting me to visit that city on May 1, 1900. Barring any unlooked for circumstances I shall accept the invitation to visit the city on May 1. I have been thinking of some place in which to spend that day, the anniversary of the memorable day of two years before and I don't know of any more agreeable city in which to spend it than Chicago."

A Noted Politician Dies.

Philadelphia, Nov. 24.—James McManes, who for many years was the acknowledged republican leader of this city, died Thursday in his 78th year. He organized the People's bank and was its president until its failure nearly two years ago, after its cashier, John Hopkins, had committed suicide. With the affairs of the bank in a very much involved condition, and owing considerable money, Mr. McManes took from his private fortune over \$500,000 and reimbursed the creditors and closed the bank's doors forever without its owing a dollar.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Houser's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY ACHE, President.

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