

Thanksgiving Day

First among powers, fit and free
We own no nation lord,
First to gain glorious liberty
By each home lover's sword,
Let others pay for martial deed,
Our citizens support our need,
To simple men we give the meed,
On this Thanksgiving Day.

First among nations, land and sea
Pay tribute to our might,
The tireless wheels of industry
Cease neither day nor night,
So we the reins of commerce hold,
From every heart let thanks be trolled,
On this Thanksgiving Day.

First among peoples, while we stand
Simple and true to right,
Last among peoples, if our land
Falls under Mammon's blight,
For all the fruits of honesty,
For all the joys of liberty,
For individuals' majesty,
We thank Thee, Lord, this day.

Francis H. Wheeler.

package were opened they were found to contain the biggest turkey the little town had ever seen, and the following proclamation from the kind governor:

"Having been informed that Maisie Z., of L., was ill on the 28th of November and was thereby prevented from joining in the festivities incident to Thanksgiving day, I, therefore, recommend that at a convenient hour on Monday, December 9, 1905, Mr. and Mrs. Z., together with their family and such young friends as Maisie may choose to invite, assemble in the family dining-room and there, with thankful hearts for country, home and the blessed influence of children, partake of such bounties as are usually served in Christian America on the day appointed for national Thanksgiving, and that special attention shall be given that Maisie shall be bountifully supplied with that portion of the national bird and such other delicacies most congenial to her."

"L. M. SHAW, Governor of Iowa.
Signed at Des Moines, Ia., this 6th day of December, 1905."

It was a most delightful Thanksgiving. Maisie and Uncle John both agreed on that point. For the turkey was delicious, and Maisie was deemed sufficiently well to have a bountiful supply, as the good governor had recommended; and Aunt Ruth was there in her prettiest dress, as smiling and gracious as though she had never held aloof. And Maisie chose the turkey's wishbone, and when it had dried for an hour or two, she brought it to Uncle John.

"Wish with me, Uncle John," she said. Uncle John took hold of the

POPULAR SCENIC ROUTE.

Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad Company.

Condensed Time Table in Effect June 4, 1905.

READ DOWN. READ UP.

Sun-day Only	Week Days.				Daily	Week Days.				
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
	STATIONS.									
5 18	8 18	11 18	5 18	10 13	4 43	8 50				
6 00	9 00	12 00	6 00	9 30	4 09	8 06				
6 14	9 12	12 14	6 14	9 17	3 47	7 53				
6 47	9 47	12 47	6 47	8 41	4 11	7 25				
7 00	10 00	1 00	7 00	8 23	3 59	7 14				
7 40	11 00	5 13	7 08	8 30	4 00	7 07				
8 00	11 20	6 02		7 18	6 02	6 02				
8 20	11 40	6 20		6 56	5 40	5 40				
	12 15			5 09	5 09	5 09				
	12 30			4 52	4 52	4 52				
	1 02			4 08	4 08	4 08				
	1 31			3 42	3 42	3 42				
	2 00			3 33	3 33	3 33				
	2 30			3 00	3 00	3 00				

TIME TABLE No. 1.

BOUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Train runs 1/2 to 7/8, 1905.

RAFFA W. D.

STATIONS.	10	8	6	4	2
Port Allegany, Lv.	8 15	7 04	5 53	4 42	3 31
Oliver, Ar.	8 23	7 12	6 01	4 50	3 39
Burville, Ar.	8 31	7 20	6 09	4 58	3 47
Keokette, Ar.	8 40	7 29	6 18	5 07	3 56
Knowlton, Ar.	8 48	7 37	6 26	5 15	4 04
Oliver, Ar.	8 57	7 46	6 35	5 24	4 13
Oliver, Ar.	9 05	7 54	6 43	5 32	4 21
Mammons, Ar.	9 14	8 03	6 52	5 41	4 30
Boudersport, Lv.	9 22	8 11	7 00	5 49	4 38
North Coudersport, Lv.	9 30	8 19	7 08	5 57	4 46
Frank's, Ar.	9 38	8 27	7 16	6 05	4 54
Colesburg, Ar.	9 46	8 35	7 24	6 13	5 02
Seven Bridges, Ar.	9 54	8 43	7 32	6 21	5 10
Raymond's, Ar.	10 02	8 51	7 40	6 29	5 18
Gold, Ar.	10 10	8 59	7 48	6 37	5 26
Newfield Junction, Ar.	10 18	9 07	7 56	6 45	5 34
Perkins, Ar.	10 26	9 15	8 04	6 53	5 42
Carpenters, Ar.	10 34	9 23	8 12	7 01	5 50
Crowley, Ar.	10 42	9 31	8 20	7 09	5 58
Ulysses, Ar.	10 50	9 39	8 28	7 17	6 06
Port Allegany, Ar.	10 58	9 47	8 36	7 25	6 14

A RECOVERED THANKSGIVING

By BERTHA E. BUSH

UT, Uncle John, I didn't have any Thanksgiving. And now it's all gone by. I feel dreadfully. If I live to be ever so old, I can't make up for this Thanksgiving."

The little voice was very doleful, and the hot little hand that clung to his very small arm softened. The young man longed to comfort this small neighbor of his, who was dearer than the little nieces from whom she had caught this way of addressing him. Perhaps that was because her face against the pillow looked so much like that other face that was the loveliest in the world to him. But how could he be a comforter when he was in need of comfort himself?

"It's too bad, Maisie, but you aren't the only one who has had hard times," he said. "I didn't have any Thanksgiving, either, and I don't feel as if I should ever have one again."

Maisie's brown eyes opened wide.

"Why, Uncle John; you went to the dinner. Mamma said so. And you

Maisie's sofa, Aunt Ruth fled upstairs.

"Isn't it funny?" mused Maisie. "Aunt Ruth used to just like to be where you were, and now she won't come at all. Every time she sees you, seems as if she ran away. I don't like it."

"I don't like it, either," said the young man, in such a strange tone that Maisie looked at him curiously.

"Well, I suppose I'd better go now. What would you like to have me bring you the next time I come?"

"Another Thanksgiving day. That's what I want most," said Maisie, with a wistful smile. "Uncle John," suddenly, "who makes Thanksgiving day?"

"The governor, I suppose," answered Uncle John. "He issues a proclamation every year."

"Oh, then," cried Maisie, "I know what I want you to do. Write to the governor and ask him to make another Thanksgiving day for you and me; won't you, Uncle Tom?"

"I think it would be better for you to write it yourself," answered Uncle John, and he brought her pencil and paper and sat by her to help spell the words until the following bona fide letter was produced in very crooked printing:

"Dear Governor: Please can we have another Thanksgiving day and have it next week. I was sick and could not eat any turkey or any good things. I ain't very big, but I like turkey. Please let us have it."

"Your friend,
"MAISIE Z.—"

Then he put the letter into an envelope, and showed Maisie how to direct it. "But, Uncle John, I forgot to say anything about you," said Maisie.

"Oh, well," answered Uncle John, "I wouldn't have you say anything about me on any account. That's our secret, Maisie. You will keep it, won't you, and not tell anybody?"

"Yes," answered Maisie. "I won't tell anybody."

But alas! Uncle John should have been more careful in specifying what particular point should be kept a secret. Maisie thought only of the letter, and when Aunt Ruth came down as soon as the tall figure was well out of sight, she proceeded to keep the secret after the fashion of little girls.

"Uncle John and I have a secret, Aunt Ruth," she said. Aunt Ruth flushed prettily. She always got red cheeks, somehow, when Uncle John's name was mentioned. But she held her head up proudly.

"I don't want to know it," she said. "You mustn't tell secrets, Maisie."

"Oh, no," answered Maisie. "I wouldn't tell a secret. It's about Thanksgiving. I didn't have any, you know, and Uncle John says he didn't have any, either."

"Why not?" asked Aunt Ruth, with her eyes on the floor.

"I don't know," said Maisie. "I asked him if he had a stomach-ache, and he said no, it was a heart-ache."

"Oh," said Aunt Ruth, softly. "You might have asked him if he didn't think other people had heart-aches, too. You might have asked him why—What else did he say, Maisie?"

"Not much," answered Maisie, cunningly keeping her secret. "He said he didn't feel as if he ever would have a Thanksgiving again. He said he almost cried. Wasn't that funny for a big, grown-up man?"

"Very funny," assented Aunt Ruth, and she must have meant it, for her tone sounded a great deal happier. Then she was perfectly lovely to Maisie for the rest of the afternoon.

When papa came home from town a day or two later, he had a queer look on his face, and a very large and peculiarly shaped express bundle in his arms.

"What in the world?" he said to Maisie's mamma, as he exhibited it to her, along with a large official letter stamped with the governor's seal and addressed to Maisie. And mamma answered: "I can't imagine. I'm afraid to give it to her."

Then Maisie, who had almost recovered, came running up.

"De-a M-a-i-s-i-e," she spelled.

"Why, mamma, that's where I sent my letter to the governor. This must be the answer."

"Sure enough, when the letter and



"I HAVE EVERYTHING I WANT, TOO."

end and glanced at Aunt Ruth. She must have understood his look, for she came softly toward him, with cheeks as pink as her ribbons.

"Oh," cried Maisie, as it snapped. "I have the longest end, and I didn't want to get it. I have everything I want this Thanksgiving. I meant you to get your wish, Uncle John."

"I have everything that I want, too," answered Uncle John, softly, as he looked at Aunt Ruth. "This has been the best Thanksgiving I ever had in my life."

TURKEY GIBLETS

The Season's Travesty.

Mrs. Dorcas—How is it, my poor man, you have no Thanksgiving dinner this year?

Tattered Tom—I followed yer advice, mum. I wuz good dis year, an' didn't do nothin' to git committed to de island.—Judge.

Realism.

Editor—I liked your Thanksgiving jokes, Mr. Scribbs, but you didn't get them in early enough.

Mr. Scribbs—Well, that's it, you see, I can't make 'em, unless I'm full of turkes and cranberry sauce.



NEITHER SORT OF A BIRD.

"I'm very thankful I'm not a turkey," simpered Miss Elder, as Mrs. Small's boarders gathered around the table.

"And no one ever takes you for a spring chicken," replied Miss Flynn.

A Hard Choice.

Jimmy—Wat yer cryin' fer, Johnny? Johnny—I want'er go ter de foot ball game.

Jimmy—Why don't yer sneak away an' see it?

Johnny—I'm afraid I'd git turkey'd be eat up by de time I get back.

On Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. O'Toole—Arrah, Pat, an' how yas fed de goat to-day?

Mr. O'Toole—That Oi have, an' a foine male it was, too. Oi gave him de paper to ate wid de president's Thanksgiving proclamation in it.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PAINT.

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