

BILLY DICK'S THANKSGIVING.

BY K. THARINE EYBOLD BIRDSALL.

"Thanksgiving coming again, Flopsy," said Billy Dick. "But I forgot, you don't know Thanksgiving, do you? You were only the ragman's dog then. You ought to have been here. Why, do you know what I did last year? An auto and I ran away together! And I remembered, of course, that a boy whose name is Milton Montgomery Morton can't disobey. But now, Flopsy, a telegram has just come to say that Uncle Jack and Aunt Dot will get here on Thanksgiving Day. It's lovely to have them—but—but—oh, Flopsy, it spoils our trip to the navy yard to see Dad. Mother and Rosy Posy and I were going, with a

shoulder as he answered: "Why, of course. That would be jolly, except for you and Rosy Posy." So Billy Dick started that afternoon, with a dollar in his trousers' pocket, and his ticket carefully stowed away in an inside pocket. It was a three hours' journey, and he had to change cars twice. It was so nice to travel alone—one felt so grown up, and so many interesting things whizzed by the windows that the trip was very exciting. The first change of cars was easy enough, and the friendly conductor was not a bit nasty about being afraid that you did not know how to take care of

the old gentleman laughed and enjoyed the jokes, and in turn told Billy Dick what he did years and years ago when he was a boy.

So the time passed away quickly, till word was brought to them that there had been a wreck on the road, and that no train could run through to Norfolk that night.

"But I must go," said Billy Dick. "My father is waiting for me. I'll give them a dollar if they can let me through."

A dollar was a large sum to Billy Dick, and as it was all he had it was a valuable offer.

The colored waiter showed his teeth pleasantly. "Sho, dey ain' gwine let 'em de President troo," he said. "Sorry, sah."

Billy Dick looked frightened. "But—but," he said, "my father was to meet me and telegraph to mother that I got there all right, and mother'll be so worried. And father says it is cowardly to worry a lady."



"Well, well, it is too bad," said the old gentleman. "Your father won't worry because he knows I am here, and we'll telegraph to your mother if you like."

The old gentleman chuckled and nodded.

Then there was nothing else to do but spend the night in Richmond with the new-found uncle, and such fun it was to stay at a hotel.



Early in the morning Billy Dick and his great uncle took the train for Norfolk, and soon the engine was puffing into the station. And—Oh, joy!—there was Dad anxiously peering through the window for his boy. He had jumped on the train before it stopped and had Billy Dick in his arms.

In fact, Billy Dick forgot all about his new-found uncle, for his father was so glad to see him safe and sound. "I must telegraph your mother at once, Billy Dick," said his father. "She has been almost worried to death about you when I could not telegraph her that you had arrived."

"But Great Uncle Howell telegraphed, didn't you?" asked Billy Dick, turning to the old gentleman, who was greeting some friends.

"Who?" asked Captain Morton.

"Why," began Billy Dick, and as he noticed that his father didn't shake hands with the old gentleman, and that the old gentleman apparently didn't know his father, he introduced them.

"This is my father. Don't you remember him?" he said.

"Your father!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Your father is my nephew, William Waters."

There surely was some mistake somewhere, or was he dreaming? "Aren't you Billy Waters, William Walton Waters?" asked the old gentleman.

"I am William Montgomery Morton, sir," said Billy Dick.

"You said your name was Billy," said the old man.

"Billy Dick," explained Captain Morton. "He's always been called that because his name is so long."

Then the old gentleman began to laugh, and Billy Dick laughed, too, as did Captain Morton and the other friends that came up. And the whole thing was explained when one lady said: "Why, Billy Waters's mother telegraphed that he was sick and couldn't come."

"And—and the telegram?" gasped Billy Dick.

"Went to Billy Waters's mother—with your love in it," laughed the old gentleman. "She must have been surprised to get it, with her own Billy right at home."

Billy Dick's own mother was notified at once, and his "Great Uncle Howell" helped him and his father to eat the goodies she had packed in the bag.

Thanksgiving.

Governor Chester B. Jordan, of New Hampshire, in his proclamation appointing Thursday, November 28, as a day of thanksgiving in his State, says: "Ever since the golden autumn of 1621 dawned upon our forefathers at Plymouth for various reasons and at sunny times thanksgiving days have



Turkey Dressing.

been observed. Fast and thanksgiving days from time to time were appointed as waves of sorrow or streams of joy broke over our ancestors. The annual harvest festival, so beautifully inaugurated and long kept, first by the Colonies and long afterward by the State, was most appropriately nationalized by the immortal Lincoln in November, 1863. This day, more than any other, takes strong hold upon our hearts, our affections, our souls. Around it cluster tenderest memories of father, mother, brother, sister and friend, as all were once together about the home fireside and set up their household penates. In our visions, dreams and recollections these home ties, home scenes, some of them too sacred to tell to the world, come thronging in upon us to make both us and the day better. A day dedicated to so much that is dear, so enshrined in heart and home, should be worthily, tenderly and patriotically kept."

HOUSEHOLD.

CHESTNUT CUSTARD.

For a chestnut custard buy the large Spanish chestnuts, which are now grown successfully on the nut farms of New Jersey, blanch, boil until soft, and mash through a colander. To one cupful of the chestnut pulp allow three eggs, one cupful of milk, sugar to taste—the custard should not be too sweet—and a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. Mix the yolks of the eggs and the white of one of them to the chestnut pulp, stirring them in gradually, afterwards adding the sugar, vanilla and milk. Bake slowly in a buttered dish. Make a meringue of the remaining whites and some sugar and spread it over the custard, returning to the oven long enough to brown. Garnish with candied cherries.

TO STEW STEAK.

Stewed steak requires to be very slowly cooked. For this reason put it in a covered jar, in the oven or in a saucepan of boiling water. Do not let the water boil fast after the first twenty minutes, for the contents of the jar must only simmer. Take a good steak for the purpose, cut it into convenient sized pieces and fry in hot butter to a good brown. Set in the jar; fry an onion, herbs and a tomato in the butter, dredge flour in thickly, and add sufficiently cold water or stock for the gravy. Stir with a wooden spoon while all boils. Season to taste; color the gravy and then strain it into the jar. Cook for two hours.—Gentlewoman.

CREAM PUFFS.

In a saucepan put half a cup of butter and a cup of boiling water. When the butter is melted add one cup of flour. Stir till the mixture boils. When somewhat cold break in four unbeaten eggs, one at a time. Drop the mixture on buttered paper in a large pan, making the dots some distance apart. Brush the tops with white of egg and bake thirty-five minutes in a slow oven. When cool, fill with sweetened whipped cream; or make a cream filling as follows: Seven-eighths of a cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of flour, a pinch of salt, two eggs and two cups of rich milk. Mix the dry ingredients, add the eggs, slightly beaten, then the milk, and cook fifteen minutes, stirring often. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and let cool before filling the puffs.—Farm and Fireside.

LARDED BEEF.

A bit of shoulder or some other inexpensive piece of beef makes an excellent larded pot roast, and when properly prepared it is almost equal to a good rib roast. A lean cut which would otherwise lack fat is most suitable for larding, and pork which is firm and young is the best. The strips should be cut about as thick as a lead pencil and three and a half inches long. Draw about two dozen lardons through the beef with a larding needle and insert, if desired, strips of carrot and onion, using the fingers and a small sharp knife. Meat treated with vegetables in this way is said to be daubed, and larding and "daubing" are characteristic of the French la mode, which is generally made of a piece of plain round of beef and roasted in the pot until it is almost as tender as a fillet of beef. A larding needle costs only ten or twelve cents, and should be a part of the outfit of every housekeeper.—New York Tribune.

JELLIED BANANA HEARTS.

Jellied banana hearts are pretty for a children's party. Make a pink gelatine and stir into it bananas pared and sliced crosswise. These slices should be quite thick and the bananas rather under-ripe. With a heart-shaped vegetable cutter cut the slices of banana into tiny hearts; arrange the hearts in the bottom of sherbet cups, and commence to pour in the slightly warm gelatine, which should have commenced to harden. As it is poured into the cups, arrange little hearts around the sides of the cup in any pretty fashion. A rim of hearts can be placed around the cups just below the tops and covered with gelatine. If they are to be served in the cups, place a heart in the centre of each one on the top. If the gelatine hardens nicely they can be turned out of the cups and served with a ring of whipped cream around each one.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you have old cans with imperfect tops you can use them without rubbers, if you will run sealing wax around the seam. To remove blood stains, use clear, cold water at first, then soap and water. It is just the right thing to have an embroidered bag to put one's night dress in. Use a pancake lifter to place cookies on the tin, and to remove them when they are baked. Cold boiled potatoes are more appetizing if a little flour is sprinkled over them while frying. If your washtub leaks, turn the bottom side up and fill the leaky place with good hard soap. When making soups or broths, put the meat or bones into cold water to draw out the juices. Leather goods can be freshened up by rubbing them well with a piece of cloth dipped in the white of an egg. To keep irons from sticking to starched pieces, lay a little fine salt on a flat surface and rub them well over it.

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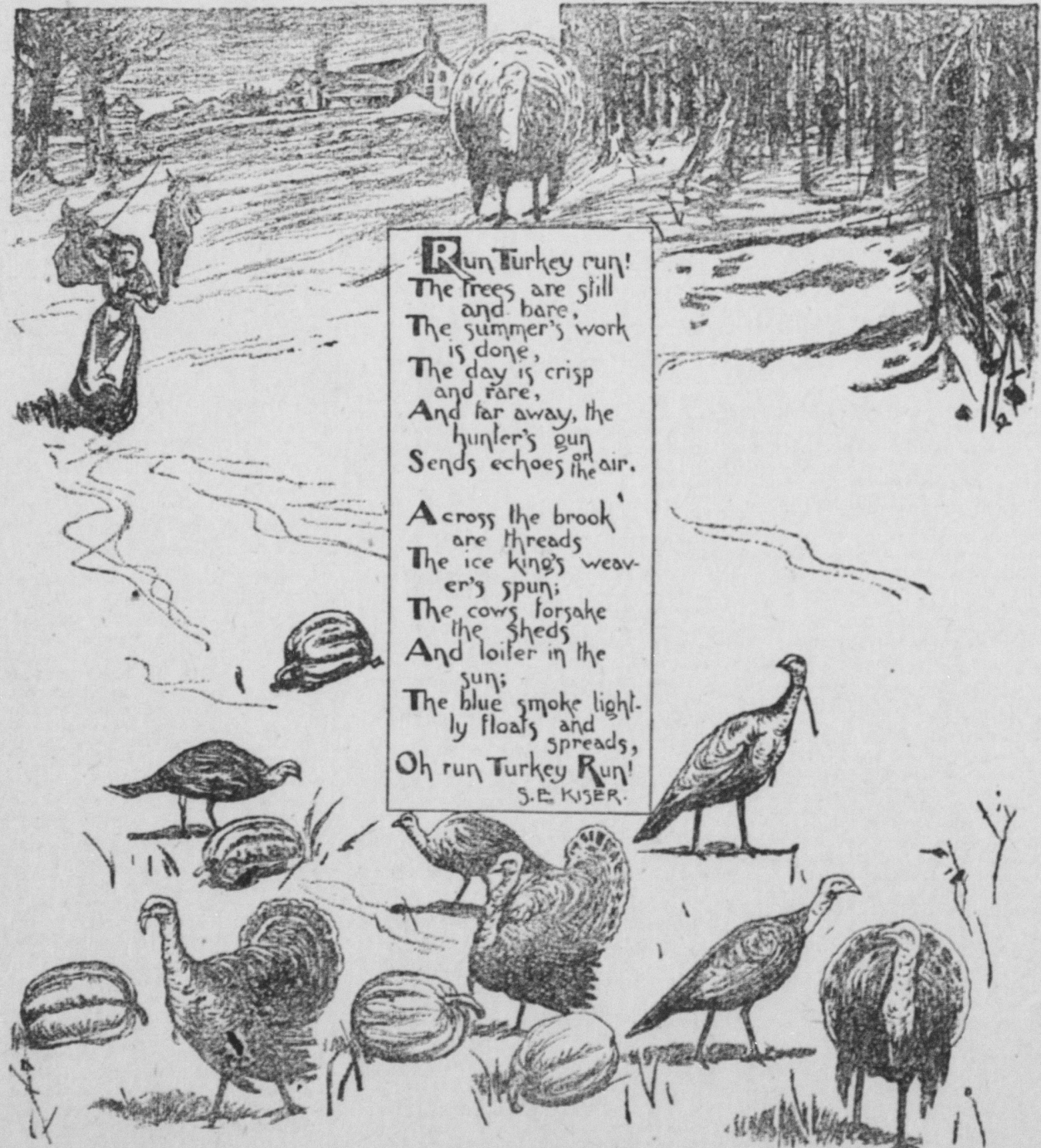
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BARGAINS!

The readers of this paper are constantly upon the alert to ascertain where goods can be purchased at the lowest prices, and if a merchant does not advertise and keep the buyer conversant with his line of goods, how can he expect to sell them?

THINK OVER THIS!



Run Turkey run!
The trees are still and bare,
The summer's work is done,
The day is crisp and rare,
And far away, the hunter's gun
Sends echoes in the air.
Across the brook are threads
The ice king's weaver's spun;
The cows forsake the sheds
And loiter in the sun;
The blue smoke lightly floats
And spreads,
Oh run Turkey Run!
S. E. KUSER.

big, big basket of Thanksgiving goodies—and now—now we can't go. Oh, Jeriminy Ann—there's something the matter with my two eyes, and I've got kind of a pain somewhere in my stomach, I guess, and—"

The door opened and Mrs. Morton came briskly out.

"I have it, Billy Dick, I have another plan. We mustn't disappoint your father entirely. You and the goodies shall go to Norfolk, while Rosy Posy and I stay at home and re-

course. The next change of cars was at Richmond, but the other car for Norfolk would be an hour late.

As he stepped off the train a little old man with white hair and a jolly smile came up to him.

"Well, well, well!" he said, "how you have grown! This is Billy, isn't it? Yes, Well, I declare—come right along with me. The train is late and we'd better get some supper here."

Billy Dick wasn't quite sure who the old gentleman was, but as he seemed familiar with him, why, of course, it was all right. It would not be polite to ask him who he was, and a Morton is always polite, you know. Probably it was Great Uncle Howell, whom he had seen years ago. Yes, it must be, thought Billy Dick, though he did not know that he lived in Richmond.

So the two went off together across the street and around the corner to a hotel.

Billy Dick had never been in a hotel before, and before he was half through supper he made up his mind that as soon as he was big enough he would persuade the family to come there—it was so nice to have hundreds of things to eat all written out so you might choose as many as you wished.

The two sat there, the very old man and the little boy, having the best of times. Billy Dick told the new-found great uncle all about home and Rosy Posy and Flopsy and Miss Elsie, who was his Sunday school teacher and his very best girl, and the fun he and Flopsy had last year earning their Christmas from Mr. Minders. And

So Billy Dick ate the rest of the supper, convinced that a small boy couldn't do much to clear the railroad if they would not even do it for the President himself.

After the ice cream was finished they went to the telegraph office and sent the telegram.

"Can you give mother my love?" asked Billy Dick.

The Day After Thanksgiving.



Mr. Gobber—Are you the fellow that had my wife for dinner yesterday?—Truth.

ceive Uncle Jack and Aunt Dot. Could you go alone?"

Billy Dick began to grow tall. He felt on a level with his pretty mother's