

Georgie's Thanksgiving

By Sarah De Wolf Gamwell.

Being the True Story That Grandmother Gibbons Told Her Grandchildren Every Thanksgiving and Birthday.

"I was eight and your great-aunt Virginia ten when we had the Thanksgiving and birthday in one, which we never forgot. Our mother was a Southern woman. She gave to her first child the name of her beloved State. If Virginia had been a boy his name would have been George Washington. When I was born two years later to a day I was named George Washington. Your great-grandfather died three months before I was born. Our birthday came the 20th of November, so near to Thanksgiving that mother always celebrated the two days in one.

"This that I am going to tell happened long before the Civil War; for the first time in our lives the Thanksgiving Day for Massachusetts was appointed on the 20th day of November. We all went early to the meeting-house the Sunday before, for we knew we were going to hear the Thanksgiving proclamation. All the children in the meeting-house kept wide awake that morning, and Virgie and I nudged each other when the minister opened the proclamation with a rattle and spread it on the desk.

"We knew what was coming. We could repeat the conclusion word for word. 'Given at the Council chamber in Boston this day . . . by His Excellency the Governor, George N. Briggs, and by the advice and consent of the Council.' That sounded great, and when the minister repeated slowly, 'God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,' it was grand! I felt as if I filled the meeting-house, because if George Washington had not been the 'father of his country,' where would Massachusetts be?

"The night before the great day we were standing at the kitchen table, watching mother unjoint the boiled chickens for the chicken pie, when the clock struck 8. She lighted a tallow candle and gave it to Virgie. It was our bedtime. 'Oh,' said I, as I dumped down in the feather bed, 'isn't it beautiful, Virgie, to have birthdays and Thanksgiving all together? And isn't mother kind? I'm just as happy!'

"So am I," said Virgie, giving me a hug. 'I know something.'

"What is it, Virgie?" I asked in a whisper.

"Then she told me that she was going to get up before anybody else in the house and steal out softly, and go to the north pasture and get some red berries to hang over George Washington's portrait in the front room, to please mother, and because it would be appropriate to my birthday.

"Let's," said I. 'It will be splendid,' and then I told her, what was true, that she was always thinking of something to please somebody, and then we said our prayers and cuddled down to sleep.

"It didn't seem but a minute after that when I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Virgie was already tying her leathershoestrings. 'George Washington Howe, get up this minute; it's as light as a cork,' she said. 'I'm not going to put up my hair, it will take too much time, and it will keep me warm,' and she let fall a cloud of gold over her shoulders." Grandmother Gibbons' voice always trembled a little here. "You've seen the portrait of your great-aunt Virginia, children. It's true what I told you. She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw; her hair was like spun gold.

"We put our surtouts over our thick woolen dresses, tied on our warm woolen hoods and tiptoed out for fear of waking Ponto in the shed. Virgie asked me to wait on the stone step while she brought a bowl of mother's chicken broth. It was thick and nourishing. It tasted good.

"We drove the cows to the north pasture every summer morning; we knew every nook and corner of it, but we didn't know the difference between broad daylight and moonlight, and great was our surprise when we reached the pasture bars, to see the moon going down, and no sign of morning, but Virgie kept hold of my hand and said, 'Never mind, Georgie Washington, we can find the path, and the flat rock by the black walnut tree, if the moon doesn't shine.'

"Yes," I said, 'but how can we find the berries if it's pitch dark, Virgie?'

"Oh," she said, 'it won't be dark long; it can't, because everybody

"We may be a little out of the path, Georgie Washington," she said bravely, 'but anyway, we are in the right pasture, and here's a rock with a back to it, so let's sit down and wait,' and she put her arm in a motherly way around me, and pillowed my red hooded head upon her shoulder. 'I'm glad I didn't put up my hair.'

"So'm I, Virgie," said I, as I nestled against the soft cushion. 'Your hair is the loveliest I ever saw, Virgie, and mine is short and stiff like bristles. I hate it.'

"But you're real good, Georgie Washington, and as soon as ever we get home, I'm going to give you a real boughten doll," she said, 'to have for your very own birthday, and to keep always.'

Grandmother Gibbons did not need to tell the children that she had kept the "boughten doll;" they had all seen it.

"Well, children, the next thing, it seemed the stars all faded, and the darkness deepened around us. I don't know how long we waited, while I lay with my head pressed against your great-aunt Virginia's shoulder, but I heard her calling to me, 'Georgie Washington, this will never do.

me as if all at once I grew to be a woman. It seemed to me as if God had given Virgie's life into my keeping. I kept calling down to her, telling her that it would soon be lighter, and that I felt sure that some way, somehow, I could save her.

"At last it came, children, the first streak of the morning! I stooped over, and looked down that awful abyss, but the sight only gave me courage. 'Virgie,' I cried, and my teeth didn't chatter this time, for when God wants us to do anything, children, no matter how difficult, He will give us the will and the strength to do it. 'Virgie, I can see you, you are not half way down, but keep still a few minutes, and I can save you.'

"How did you do it, grandma?" always asked the children.

"I didn't know how I was going to do it, at first, but I began, very slowly, to make my way, not straight, but in a zigzag fashion, slowly and carefully down to the shelf over which Virgie hung. There was a little platform of rock, on which I stopped. It was growing lighter every minute, as I reached up to the twisted tree branch. Then God let me see how I was going to be able to save my sister. You know how I did it, children."

"You untwisted her hair," from the children in chorus.

"Yes, those beautiful, strong locks of hair, all kinked and snarled and held as in a vise, partly with my teeth, partly with my fingers, I loosened every golden thread.

"Now," I said, 'Virgie, you are free! Catch hold of this limb that I

THE TURKEY'S DREAM

BY EMMA A. LENTE

LAST NIGHT I had a fearful dream; I tremble even yet! I saw a table long and wide, with many dishes set; And at one end I seemed to lie, helpless, and fat, and hot, And could not move a foot or wing to hasten from the spot!

My stomach was uncomfortable; I could not draw my breath, Nor make a sound, how'er I tried; I really felt like death! I couldn't seem to find my head; my heart was out of place, And somehow I had sadly lost my dignity and grace!

Then such a racket arose, and scurrying through the hall, And then a lot of people came—master, and wife, and all The children who had been so kind and given me loads to eat— They danced around my prostrate form; my downfall was complete!

Deceitful creatures! that they are; for in my dream they said, "Ha, ha, Old Turkey! Where's your pride now you have lost your head?" I quivered with my burning wrongs, but no one seemed to care. For all sat down around the board and bowed their heads in prayer.

And then my master, that good man, took up a dented knife, And held it slantwise over me; I trembled for my life! But when a great fork pierced my breast, I gave a jump and scream, And nearly tumbled off my perch in walking from my dream!

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TOMMY AND THE DONKEY.

"I don't know which to do," pouted Tommy. "I have been invited to sail and to ride, and I can't decide."

"Which do you like the best?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Why, I like both alike. It is a jolly day for sailing, but the driving party is going through a new country, and I'd like to go with them."

"Then go, by all means," said his uncle.

"But I like sailing too much to miss it."

"You remind me of a donkey," said Uncle Jack, solemnly.

"Of a donkey I heard about," went on Uncle Jack. "He was well fed—too well fed, I suspect, or he wouldn't have been such a donkey. One day his master turned him into a field in which there were two large stacks of hay, one at either end. Plenty of dinner either way he turned. In fact, he turned first one way and then the other, trying to decide which haystack looked the more luscious and inviting. There did not seem to be a pin to choose between them, however, and the poor donkey despaired of being able to decide which would make the better dinner, and which he ought to tackle first.

"When he got tired of standing up to think about it, he lay down and wagged his head. 'I like both,' he said to himself. 'If I choose one, I feel sure I shall be sorry I haven't chosen the other.'

"I don't think there ever was such a donkey," cried Tom, getting red.

"Oh, yes, there was," replied Uncle Jack. "There are lots of just such donkeys."

"Well, what did this one do?" asked the boy.

"He went first one way and then the other, turning round and round and back and forth, until he dropped from sheer exhaustion.

"And then he laid down because he had to, still trying to think which haystack he had better try to crawl toward first. By this time, of course, he was very hungry, but yet it seemed to him very foolish to take the haystack which might, after all, be not so good as the other one.

"And finally this donkey of donkeys actually lay there and starved to death for no other reason on earth than because he could not decide what to eat first. It was a hard fate, indeed, to be unable to choose between them. Terrible, indeed!"

"It must have been pretty rough on the donkey, Uncle Jack," commented Tom, with a terrible look in his eyes. "But if you'll excuse me, uncle, I won't stop to talk about it now. I must run down to the river. The fellows will be gone, and I want dreadfully to go sailing this morning!"—New Haven Register.

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HIS REPENTANCE.

By Laura E. Richards

Billy went to dinner
On Thanksgiving day
With his Uncle Jonas
Just across the way.

When the midnight hour struck,
Billy boy was ill,
Had to take a bitter draft
And a brownish pill.

Sat him down at two o'clock,
Didn't rise till five,
Never stopped eating all the time,
Sure as I'm alive.

"Mother, a mistake I made!
Sighed the little sinner,
"Cause I thought that I was
Bigger than the dinner!"

You must not go to sleep; we must get up and walk around."

"I don't want to walk around, Virgie," I said. "I want to go home, that's what I want."

"We'll walk toward home," said Virgie, taking hold of my hand, and starting up. "We're not in the path, but we can't be far from it, and we must keep walking, for you must not go to sleep. Here's the black walnut tree."

"Virgie gave a sudden spring forward, and fell. She told your great-grandmother Howe, after it was all over, that it seemed as if she fell miles and miles. Then it came over her like a flash, we had come through the wrong bars, and were over the gorge! That dreadful gorge where we were never allowed in broad daylight! Virgie fell till she stopped on a ledge not larger than her two feet, but her hair had been caught by an out-reaching tree branch, and it held her. True to her nature, her first thought, even then, was for me.

"Georgie Washington, are you up there?" she called. Her voice sounded through the darkness far away.

"Yes, Virgie, I am here!" I think my teeth chattered. "Where are you?"

"Stand still! Don't stir a step! Don't go to sleep, we're over the gorge. I'm caught by the hair and we must wait!"

"No one will ever know, children, how long we waited. It seemed to

swing down to you! Catch hold and climb!"

"Oh, Georgie Washington," she cried. "I can't! I'm dizzy! I shall faint!"

"I could see that her strength was failing, but I wouldn't give up that I could save her; so I put all of myself into my voice, and I may have prayed, but I didn't know it, then.

"No, you won't faint, Virgie," I called. "You won't faint; you won't fall! You can't; you've got the limb. Now here's my hand; let's climb! We can see every step now, Virgie."

"We climbed slowly, step by step, zigzagging, picking our way up, and gaining courage till at last we fell in each other's arms, on to the level at the top, and that is the way I met an emergency, the Thanksgiving and birthday we never forgot. And that is the way I saved your great-aunt Virginia."—From Good Housekeeping.

Be Not Ungrateful.

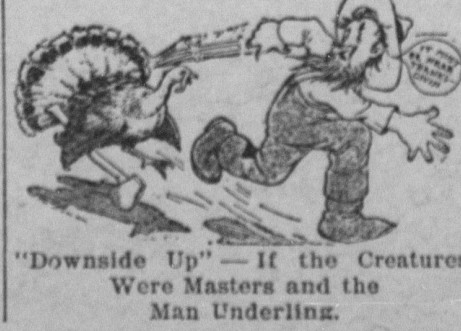
At the bottom of prosperity there is the "bountiful harvest," of which the old Thanksgiving proclamations made such account—the tremendous cereal crops which enable us to give bread to all the world. As for the individual, he is ungrateful indeed who does not give thanks for the privilege of living in this age of the world and in such a land as ours. The simple fact of existence is cause for thanksgiving. And he will get the true thanksgiving flavor in his celebration to-day who has done something, much or little, to make a happier holiday for his less fortunate neighbor.

Monkeys are remarkably keen of sight, but . . . lent in sense of smell.

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knows it's time for the sun to rise when the moon goes down; and lots of times I've seen the sun and moon shining both together in the sky, haven't you, Georgie Washington?"

"Yes," I said, stumbling into a thorn bush and beginning to cry, "but, Virgie, this doesn't seem like the path; where's the black walnut tree, and flat rock? They ought to be here, but they aren't here!"