

The Pumpkin

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITIER

At Thanksgiving Day, when from
East and from West,
From North and from South come the
pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander
sits round his board
(The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his
mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the
girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens
the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich
Pumpkin pie?

"ONE EGG CAKE."

A Thanksgiving Sketch.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Considering the hard times, Madam Chairman, I move that the society study economy in entertainments the coming winter. The Ladies' Aid is about to give a church sociable the first of the season. I suppose there will be others later on; we have always had refreshments, and should we dispense with them altogether I am afraid we would have a lot of empty benches.

The speaker paused, glanced around the circle of matrons, observed expectation in their faces and went firmly on.

"I won't make a motion," she added, "at least not yet. But with the permission of the Chair, can we not discuss this practical matter at this meeting? In view of the price of eggs and butter, of sugar and spice, of flour and milk and everything else that goes into cake, can we afford to serve rich cakes at our receptions? Shall we not decide to offer our friends one-egg cake and omit strong coffee? Weak coffee is better for the nerves anyway."

"One-egg cake is very plain and the men will stay away if we give them poor coffee. Can we not have the same grade of cake as formerly and make the coffee after the same recipe, for economy's sake cutting the cake thinner and pouring the coffee into smaller cups?" This was the suggestion of a woman who had long been a social engineer in church matters.

as suitable refreshments in a hard-time year, and whose will and influence were usually paramount in the councils of the sisterhood, was a woman of large wealth and an income so safely bestowed by the forethought of her deceased father and sagacity of her husband, that she ought always to have been distinguished by an open hand, yet this year of all years she had set an example of scant expenditure all along the line. She had been in the habit of keeping three maids; she had dismissed two and was managing her home with a single domestic. She had bought no new gowns this year and was proudly wearing her last year's bonnet. She it was whose proposition of one-egg cake and weak coffee had been thrown as a projectile into the quiet camp of the Ladies' Aid. What they would have done about it had a motion been made and the question put to vote, nobody can tell, but as Mrs. Arkright took her seat a modest little lady at the other side of the room rose. She addressed the Chair, as everybody has learned to do by this time, and then in a low but distinct voice declared that for one she disagreed with the previous speaker. "If we must economize," she said, "and probably the majority will be compelled to, let us not begin in the church. Suppose we begin at home. The children will thrive and flourish on bread and molasses, and we may, if we like, omit cake from the home

The little lady had finished her speech and resumed her place at the back of the room. Others followed her and the question was tossed back and forth like a ball from hand to hand. Finally, the decision reached was that where sacrifices must be made they should be made at home and that church gatherings should be as affluent of good cheer, as overflowing of bounty, as ever before. One-egg cake was not to be accepted as the symbol of Centreville Church hospitality.

To one listener it seemed as if the Ladies' Aid had been guided to the wisest conclusion. Retrenchment is often advisable, and superfluities may be cut off, but hard times are made harder when those who can afford to do otherwise reduce their expenses simply because the spirit of economy is in the air. Economy in its root meaning signifies government and successful management, not merely the reduction to the minimum of every cent expended. The woman who in lavish times runs her house on lavish lines, should not be suddenly meagre because her neighbors have. Her own exchequer having suffered no reduction, it is no credit to her to wear old clothes when she can afford new ones, thus limiting the revenues of the dressmaker and the milliner, nor to set her servants adrift while she can as well as ever before keep them and pay them wages. People who begin their economy, so to speak, at the church door, curtailing their donations, taking sittings instead of a pew and halving their contributions instead of doubling them, almost tempt Providence by an attitude full of insult to the Divine goodness.—The Christian Herald.

A THANKSGIVING.

"So many gifts to thank Him for,"
I said.
"His life and His arising from the dead."
The days of sun and calm accorded me,
And, best of all, the hope of life to be.
So fair and smooth the way that I have come,
I fain would thank Him, but my lips are dumb."



Then all at once the outdoor stillness broke,
A childish voice beneath my window spoke;
I saw November snowflakes flash and shine,
Upon a small, wan face upturned to mine.
I drew the little stranger in to rest,



EMBROIDERED GIFTS.
Some towels that are being embroidered for gifts will have, besides the monogram of the recipient, the small initials of the giver worked in cross stitch in one corner. A set of embroidered table linen received by a bride was worked by her college chum and every piece had not only her monogram but the initials of her friend inconspicuously placed.—New York Sun.

REMOVING STAINS.
It is not generally known, but peroxide of hydrogen is invaluable for removing perspiration stains from white satin coat sleeve linings, but great care must be taken that it does not touch the cloth part. No rim is left when dry to show that anything has been used, and there is absolutely no after odor. This same fluid is also invaluable to remove the discoloration that linen collars leave on the neck, and it does not irritate the skin.—Baltimore Star.

TO LAUNDER MOHAIR.
You can launder shepherd's plaid mohair, if you like, and without hurting it in the least. There are only two little tricks of the trade to be mastered. The first lies in the quality of the soap, and the second in the heating of the iron. Get some white soap of a good quality; it contains borax, which is cleansing, and which adds cleanness to woolen materials, and it will not fade the color.

When ironing mohair a very even heat is required; hot irons, while they may not appear to scorch the fabric, will rot it, so that it will split or crook on the first wearing.—Boston Herald.

YOUR TABLE LINEN.
The careful keeping of table linen will mean more toward a perfect table than perhaps the quality of the linen itself. The most exquisite table linen will look no better than the poorest quality if it be thrown into a too small drawer or closet.

Just a pair of tablecloths will go further if they are kept well flattened or, better still, rolled on a pastboard or wooden roller than a dozen ill-kept ones.

All centerpieces, if not rolled, should be spread flat, in a full-sized box or a linen-covered portfolio. The portfolio is a reliable addition to the dining room or pantry, and it may be made at home by covering two pieces of pastboard with tan-colored linen or crash, hinging them together with coarse linen thread or with narrow ribbon strips an inch in length, so that the portfolio will hold more flat linen pieces. This, when filled, is tied together with ribbons and kept in a napkin drawer, where even the sudden rush for napkins can no longer wrinkle the embroidered linens.—New York Press.

TO KEEP MILK.
This week's bulletin of the department of health gives much useful advice to mothers and to householders generally regarding the best methods of keeping milk pure. The director writes:

"Cleanliness and cold are necessary in the preservation of wholesome milk. Germs, entering milk from dirty vessels and the air of the room are increased but slowly when the milk is under a temperature of 45 degrees Fahrenheit, but increases with great rapidity when the milk is warm.

"Do not allow the bottle or pitcher containing the milk to remain for hours upon the front door step before it is taken into the house.

"Those not owning refrigerators can easily improvise one for a few cents by taking a small packing box putting two inches of sawdust upon the bottom, upon which is placed a tin can sufficiently large to hold the milk bottle or pitcher, around which sawdust is packed to the top. Pack ice around milk vessel and cover the box with a wooden top.

"Take from your milk receptacle only enough milk for one feeding of the baby. Never pour back into this vessel milk left over from the feeding.

"All utensils in connection with milk should be boiled in clean water and set away, unwiped, bottom up ward to dry.

"Do not buy milk from the grocery store or bakery, where it is kept in a can open much of the time."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

RECIPES.
Hot Milk Sponge Cake—Place upon the stove 1-2 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter. Beat 2 eggs together with 1 cup sugar, stir in 1 cup flour, 1 tea spoon of baking powder, then add hot milk and butter, 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Beat thoroughly. This makes a fine grained cake and is inexpensive.

Potato Salad—One medium sized Bermuda or silver onion, chopped very fine; five or six potatoes cut into dice, three hard boiled eggs. Chop two of the eggs and mix well with the onion and potato. Mix into this salad dressing (mayonnaise). Line a platter with crisp lettuce leaves. Put salad on this. Dip on a little dressing and slice the third egg on top.

Paris has a cat exchange, a "bourse aux chats." This establishment is situated in a big chamber at the rear of a wineshop.

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WHY HE DIDN'T RUN.

"Nobility blinds to noble conduct," says the old French proverb, Noblesse oblige. "My boy," answered Senator and Colonel Baker, at Ball's Bluff when called upon to obey his own order and lie down upon the ground "my boy, a Senator of the United States can't afford to lie down in the presence of the enemy!" He was shot a moment later. A writer in the Chicago Times-Herald reports how Lieut. tenant Guy Preston saved his men at the fight at Wounded Knee, by thinking of the sentiment of the old proverb.

"He was holding his men there in the line before the Indians fired," said the narrator. "We were all looking for trouble of some kind, but it was the unexpected that happened.

"The Indians were around them, and their moccasined feet, pointing toe in, as usual, when the signal was given by one of them, and in an instant every buck threw away his blanket, and there he stood revealed with a gun in his hands.

"And they fired. They had every advantage of the soldiers, even without counting the surprise. And of course we ran. It was only a short distance, in any case—till some sort of cover could be secured.

"But Preston, looking back over his shoulder to see if the Indians were following—or for whatever purpose one looks back at a dangerous foe—saw a strap on his shoulder, and experienced a shock.

"It occurred to him at the instant that he was running away with the insignia of rank which his Government had conferred upon him; that he was in a way a representative of a great Nation, and that he ought not to run.

"And right there he stopped, and didn't run any farther. Of course there was no well-defined object in his stopping, but when the rest of the men saw him standing there without cover and returning the fire of the bucks, they turned back, and in five minutes it was all over and the Indians were beaten.

"It could have been nothing more of a slaughter if Preston had gone with the rest, for there was no cover till the top of the hill was reached and that was so far that the Indians would have had a nice time picking off soldiers—their favorite occupation. Preston's queer idea of his duty no doubt saved us many men."

Mr. Preston wears a medal that testifies to his courage.

LOST AT SEA.

An illustration of life on the huge ocean-going ships is given in the following story from a Philadelphia exchange:

On one of the voyages of a great steamship from Hamburg to New York, a little seven-year-old immigrant boy was lost for three days. He left his mother and started in quest of adventure about the big ship, but upon growing tired was unable to find his way back to her. Instead of asking some one where to go, or telling that he was lost, the young truant decided to continue his explorations indefinitely.

When found, he was sleeping in an empty coal box down among the engines. One of the crew took him to the captain, who detailed two stewards to search for his mother.

They found her with some difficulty, and discovered that she, too, had been lost. She had started out to look for her son and had not been able to get back to her own part of the ship again.

The Plain Facts.

"You appear to have every confidence in your husband."
"Well, he is very truthful. For instance, he sent word yesterday that he was detained downtown."
"By business, hey?"
"No; by baseball."—Washington Herald.

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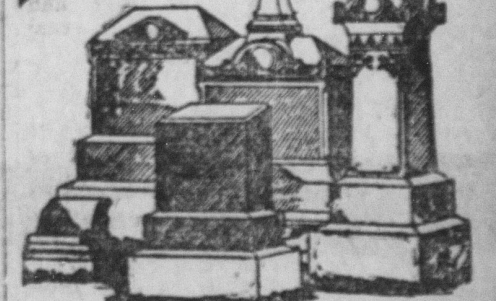
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THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.

(Reproduced From an Old and Rare Print.)

The Ladies' Aid Society of Centreville had for years done much of the self-denying work that is part of the province of women in most of our churches. When the church needed a new carpet or cushions or renovation inside or out, when a floating debt was to be raised or a mortgage decreased, the women went to work with a will, had fairs and bazaars, suppers and concerts, and in one way or another managed to augment the treasury by goodly sums of money. Centreville was famous for notable housekeepers and good home cooking, but when the periodical return of hard times swept the land over like a chilling frost, the need of frugality sternly impressed on the poor man closed down with iron hold on the consciences and impulses of the richer neighbor who just then should have been spending instead of saving money.

Mrs. Foster Arkright, who had proposed one-egg cake and weak coffee

bill of fare; but when we are making an offering in the Lord's cause, don't let us set a fashion of being close-fisted and mean. I, for one, would greatly prefer serving no refreshments at our sociable to serving poor ones, nor do I believe in cutting the slices too thin or in using the smaller cups. Think of the young men and young women whose only experience of church hospitality is at our receptions. Some of them are away from home. Most of them are working very hard all the week. On Sunday they come to the church and the Christian Endeavor and meet sympathy and fellowship, and are invited on Wednesday evening to come to the church home and have a happy time. Part of this happy time culminates in the breaking of bread together. I think the bread and the cake and whatever we give, let the times be what they may outside the church, should be of the finest of the wheat and the choicest of flavoring."

And smoothed her tumbled hair upon my breast;
"Dear child," I said, "God's kingdom is of such."
And then I heard a whisper—"Inasmuch as thou hast made this little child to be
Less sad and wayworn thou hast gladdened Me!"
The evening shades grew long and deepened, but
I held her fast and sung her eyelids shut.
Within my arms she nestled close and warm,
And as I closer clasped her sleeping form
I knew the little child of God became
The thankful prayer my lips had tried to frame.

The total continental area of the United States including Alaska is about equal to that of all Europe.