

A THANKFUL THANKSGIVING

"DON'T feel as if I should enjoy this Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Joel Nisbett, looking down into the basket of glossy, red cheeked Spitzenbergs as if it were a family vault and taking up an apple as if it had been a skull; "no, I don't."

"Then, Sarepta," observed her husband, who had just thrown a huge log on the open fire, "you don't disarrange nothin' to be thankful for! It's as handsome a turkey as ever flapped, and I don't know of a year when I've had nicer pumpkins on that ar' corn lot!"

"Tain't turkey or pumpkin pies or cranberry snss as makes Thanksgiving," sighed Mrs. Nisbett.

"What is it, then? Ef it's cold weather, I should ha' thought the last frost would ha' done the business for you pretty fairly. Them artemisias by the front door is scorched black, and the old maple is losin' its leaves as if they

"Yes, child, yes," said Mrs. Nisbett, subsiding once more into the mournful key from which Lida's sudden appearance had momentarily aroused her. "Joel's got the turkey shut up in a coop, and the bakin' 's done, and I'm just a-fixin' them apples, and—"

"Oh, oh," cried Lida, who had fluttered to the window, "what glorious red leaves speckled over with little drops of gold! May I make some wreaths for the wall? Oh, please say yes!"

Mrs. Nisbett said "yes"—it would have been hard work to say "no" to Lida—and the girl soon came in, her apron full of the sprigs of the old maple tree, whose shadowy boughs kept the window veiled with cool shadows through the glaring summer days and answered fading gold upon the dead grass when the autumn came.

Mrs. Nisbett looked with tenderness upon the graceful little figure seated on the hearth rug, when the shine of the high beaped logs lost itself in her bright hair and made sparkles in her eyes, as the wreaths and trails of autumn leaves grew rapidly beneath her deft fingers.

"Lida," she said softly, "Lida, my dear!" Lida looked up.

"I saw your Aunt Constance yesterday, but there's somethin' reserved about her, and I didn't like to ask about you—whether you had decided to go out as a governess or not; because, my dear, Joel and I were talkin' last night, and we both thought what a comfort it would be to have you here."

"To have me here?"

"We're old and we're alone, and somehow we've both took a fancy to you, my child. So when your Aunt Constance goes back to the city, if you choose to come here—"

Mrs. Nisbett paused abruptly and burst into tears.

"We had a little girl once, my dear, and if she'd lived she would ha' been nigh about your age."

Lida let the leaves drop down on the floor as she sprang up and threw both arms round the old woman's neck.

"Oh, Mrs. Nisbett," she whispered softly, "you are so very, very kind. Believe me, I appreciate it all, but—I hardly know how to tell you."

Mrs. Nisbett listened intently. Lida smiled and cried a little and then whispered so low it was scarcely audible.

"I am going to be married."

"Married!" ejaculated Mrs. Nisbett, with all a woman's interest in this important piece of information. "And who to?"

"Your son lives in Iowa—in Parlington?"

"Yes."

"Well, did he ever mention the name of—"

Lida paused, her cheeks glowing roses. Old Nisbett had come in with an armful of wood, bringing a gale with him from the frosty outer world.

"I'll tell you by and by," whispered Lida as she went back to her work.

"Joel'll go out again arter awhile," thought Mrs. Nisbett, "and then I'll hear about Lida's beau."

But Joel sat down before the fire with a complacent satisfaction which boded ill for the gratification of his wife's curiosity, and finally accompanied Lida home, thus frustrating all his wife's designs and cutting off her chance of hearing Lida's story.

"Dear me!" thought she. "I don't believe the man was ever born who knewed when he wasn't wanted! How lonesome it seems when Lida's gone! What does the girl want to get married for when I could ha' took such a sight o' comfort with her? Oh, dear, dear! It does seem as if the world was all askew!"

The next day, in spite of the weather prophet's prediction of snow, dawned clear and brilliant as the dying smile of Indian summer. By 11 o'clock Mrs. Nisbett was dressed in her best silk and cap, with the turkey browning beautifully in the oven and the cranberry tarts doing credit to themselves as well as to their maker, the table set, the fire high heaped with crackling logs, and the plates dressed with coronals of autumn leaves. Aunt Constance, a tall, prim maiden lady of uncertain age, stood before the bedroom looking glass arranging her coiffure.

Lida, in a blue dress with a late autumn rose in her hair, was tripping hither and thither as light footed and helpful as half a dozen household fairies merged into one, while Mrs. Nisbett stood regarding her with a loving eye, murmuring to herself:

"Well, well, it seems like it was the Lord's will to deny us of just what we most want, but if I had a daughter I could wish she was like Lida."

As the old kitchen clock struck 1 Mrs. Nisbett, looking from the window, gave a little cry.

"There he comes—there comes Joel, and, as I live, there's the boy with him!"

Lida ran into the bedroom.

When she returned, Mrs. Nisbett was clasped in the arms of a tall, handsome man of four or five and twenty.

"Lida," said the proud matron, striving to disengage herself from the affectionate clasp, "this is my son Stephen, and—why, what's the matter?"

For Stephen had dropped her hands with an exclamation of surprise and amazement, and Lida stood there glowing crimson.

"Lida! Why, mother, this is a surprise indeed that you have prepared for me!"

"I prepared!" echoed the astonished old lady. "Well, that's a good un, when I'm ten times as much surprised as you be! Lida, what does this mean?"

"It means," said Lida, with a demure smile—she was beginning to recover her scattered self-possession—"it means that this is the gentleman I am to be married to!"

"Stephen!" cried Mrs. Nisbett, "is Lida to be your wife?"

"She has given me her promise to that effect, at least," said Stephen,

looking proudly down upon his lovely little fiancée.

"Well, if it don't beat all how queer things do happen!" said Mrs. Nisbett, her face radiant. "And you've been livin' neighbor to me these six weeks and I never knowed it. Lida, why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I never dreamed that Stephen Risingham, my betrothed western lover, was anything to Mrs. Nisbett," said Lida, laughing.

"There 'tis, now!" ejaculated the farmer. "How was she to know that he was only my nephew, adopted when his parents died, twenty good years ago. We've always called him son, and he's always been a son to us. But Lida didn't know. Old woman, what do you say to Stephen's wife?"

Mrs. Nisbett clasped Lida to her heart.

"I do say," she ejaculated, "this is the thankfulest Thanksgiving I ever lived to see!"—New York Daily News.

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THE INDIANS' THANKSGIVING

THE interest in Thanksgiving day and its observance is just as intense these days among the reservation Indians as in college towns where great football games are scheduled to occur, says the New York Times. Especially is this true in the southwest, where the Indians have had an opportunity to become thoroughly civilized of late years. The white people find no more enjoyment in this day of universal good cheer than do these same dusky Redskins.

It is a day of feasting, playing and gambling, with a big dance at night. Such sport only comes once a year to them nowadays, when they have had to forsake the scalping knife for the plow. Their wild nature rebelled at the idea of work, and it has been with much difficulty that the government agents have made farmers out of the young braves. A day of rest and amusement is considered good for their better nature, and the government authorities are willing that Thanksgiving day shall become a festival time for the reservation wards of the nation.

The Kiowas and Comanches, who have but recently been placed on allotments, will have forsaken many of their wild plans of amusement this Thanksgiving, owing to the fact that they have been cut off the free list of beef issues. They have arranged to draw grass money on Thanksgiving, and a goodly portion of this will be spent in purchasing food for a grand feast. At night they will take part in a green corn dance, at which prayers will be offered to the Great Spirit for the good crops which they have had the past season. The spirit of thankfulness pervades the Indian celebrations.

The Osages hold a big feast at Pawhuska, their capital city. All members of the tribe are invited to take part in the festivities. At the beginning and end of each meal—and there are many—the aged missionary who lives among them is invited to deliver a short prayer, thanking the Great Spirit for the good things which the agent has sent to them. The food is cooked by the squaws, and, while it could be prepared in a much cleaner and more tasteful manner, the cooking is an improvement over that of a few years gone.

The Apaches and Cheyennes are in the habit of holding a pony smoke. Often the Osages indulge in this expensive festival. A pony smoke is a friendly meeting of two tribes and is especially appropriate for the occasion. The tribe giving the smoke is supposed to bear all of the expenses. They provide the best game and vegetables in the market for their guests, and at the end of the first day's meeting they present a good pony to the head of each family visiting them. As a tribe consists of from 300 to 500 families, the expenses soon mount high. The Osages, being the richest reservation Indians there are today, can better afford to hold pony smokes, and, combined with their best day, they generally invite several hundred guests from the Poncas, Tonkawas and surrounding tribes. Those accepting the ponies are supposed to return the gift with equally expensive ones later on, but few of them can do so.

The Poncas hold every Thanksgiving as a beef issue day. If the agent does not come forward and present them with a herd of cattle for this occasion, they mortgage their property and buy cattle of some neighboring ranchmen. A beef issue is the most typical of the Redskins and also the most picturesque of Indian Thanksgiving celebrations. For years the government has forbidden the issue of beef after the manner of an old time issue, but on special occasions they are allowed the amusement of killing their own meat. It is said by the government officers who succeeded in having the practice stopped that beef issue tends to make the Indian wilder and more difficult to civilize.

A hundred cattle are turned loose in a large pasture. The young men of the tribe are mounted on mustangs and have shining field guns. With the good wishes of the squaws and medicine men ringing in their ears they ride out to kill the cattle. The beasts have no chance for life whatever. The chase is accompanied by an undim amount of wild yelling, while excitement grows intense in the camp. The smell of fresh blood makes the squaws wild, as it were. After all of the cattle have been shot down then the killers give a signal which means that all of the tribe are at liberty to rush forth and secure their portion. A half beef is awarded to each squaw. The beef is cleaned and cooked on a fire on the open plain, while the medicine men dance their approval and the warriors sing in their glee. The feast follows, with more dancing, and the whole day is thus spent, ending late at night with a final gorge.

False Faces.

Thanksgiving time is the busiest season for the manufacturers of and dealers in masks and false faces. The fantastical costume parades and the old custom of masking and dressing for amusement on Thanksgiving day keep up from year to year in many parts of the country, so that the quantity of false faces sold at this season is enormous. The manufacturers make it a point to get up new styles, and this year's browlees, "yaller kids," parrot visages and many other novelties will be on sale. Masks of prominent men and the foremost political leaders are made by some manufacturers, and large sized false hands, noses, ears, etc., are also new and amusing.—Selected.

THANKSGIVING ... POETRY

BACK to the home of childhood, Though scattered far and wide, Back to the dear old kitchen— Yes, back to your mother's side. Come, kiss her wrinkled forehead, Her hair, as white as snow, And sit down on her footstool, As in the long ago.

While father bends above you Weak with the weight of years, His trembling voice with gladness, His dim eyes filled with tears, To both the greatest pleasure The year brings on its way Is this: the glad homecoming Upon Thanksgiving day.

Once more the rooms re-echo From kitchen, stairs and hall, The sound of old time voices And merry dinner call, While many sweet grandchildren, With laughter light and gay, Come pressing round the table This glad Thanksgiving day.



THE GLAD HOMECOMING.

So come, ye sons and daughters, Forget that ye are matrons Or business loving men, And if your eyes grow misty Rejoice that it is so; A heart sincerely tender Is the purest one to know.

Remember, with your loved ones Life's lamp doth feebly burn; Your parents may not linger To greet a late return. Forget them not, though patient; Oh, come now while you may! Praise God; rejoice together On this Thanksgiving day.

—Good Housekeeping.

Soliloquy of a Turkey.

I know that Thanksgiving day's most here, And it makes me long to fly, For I've reached my prima, and it's mighty clear That it's time for me to die.

I saw the head of the house come out, And he smiled as he gazed at me, And he cried aloud that there was no doubt What a comfortable meal I'd be.

Oh, I've got to go! And it gives me a fit, Though it isn't so much for my life That I care about, but he can't carve a bit, And I've got to be hacked by his wife.

—New York Herald.

Sad Time For Them.

Oh what are the turkeys thinking 'Out yonder in the yard, With their red eyes sadly blinking? Do they think their fate is hard? Are they on life reflecting, And to hear their final call Each moment now expecting? No; turkeys don't think at all.

Thanksgiving Trist.

Lord, I give thanks! Last year, though, my best ambitions failed; My back with scourgings of defeat was bailed; My eyes felt oft the sharp salt wash of tears; No guerdon blessed the tireless toil of years; Fast in the snares my helpless feet were tied; Yet in my woes thou didst with me abide, Lord, I give thanks! —Susie M. Best in Lippincott's.

His Preference.

"What portion of the fowl do you prefer?" "Oh, anything but the Napoleon, sir!" "What do you mean?" asked Carver, with a start. "I mean I do not want the bony part." —Detroit Free Press.

An Unknown Quantity.

She searched through the lexicon once and again, And her face wore sad lines of misgiving. "I was seeking," she said, with an accent "The Spanish for our word 'Thanksgiving.'" —Boston Journal.

Not In a Good Set.

"No," exclaimed the mother turkey, "I would prefer my children not to associate with those incubator chicks." "Because they are so headless and don't know how to feather their own nests?" inquired the duck. "No, it isn't that so much I have brooded over," replied the turkey, "but there's something so artificial about them." However, when the incubator chicks heard this they thought of the funeral baked meats of Thanksgiving and remarked significantly, "Death levels all sins." —New York Journal.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
In effect on and after Nov. 24, 1902.

VIA TYROSE—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:10 a. m., arrive at Tyrose 11:05 a. m., at Altoona, 1:00 p. m.; at Pittsburg 5:50 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m.; arrive at Tyrose 2:20 p. m.; at Altoona 3:10 p. m.; at Pittsburg 6:55 p. m.

VIA TYROSE—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Tyrose 11:05 a. m.; at Harrisburg 6:45 p. m.; at Philadelphia 10:25 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrose 6:00 a. m.; at Harrisburg at 9:45 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10:30 a. m.; leave Williamsport, 12:40 p. m.; arrive at Harrisburg, 3:15 p. m.; at Philadelphia at 6:20 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:10 p. m.; at Williamsport 2:45 p. m.; Harrisburg, 5:00 p. m.; Philadelphia at 7:35 p. m. and Buffalo 7:40 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8:10 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9:15 p. m.; Williamsport, 10:35 a. m., arrive Harrisburg, 4:15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 7:22 a. m.

VIA HARRISBURG.
Leave Bellefonte 6:40 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9:05 a. m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3:17 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 2:15 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:42 a. m., Harrisburg, 6:50 p. m., Philadelphia at 10:25 p. m.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD. EASTWARD.

Nov. 24, 1902.

STATION	WESTWARD	EASTWARD
ARRIVE	5:55	5:50
DEPART	5:51	5:54
P.M.		
6:00	2:20	11:05
6:10	2:30	11:15
6:20	2:40	11:25
6:30	2:50	11:35
6:40	3:00	11:45
6:50	3:10	11:55
7:00	3:20	12:05
7:10	3:30	12:15
7:20	3:40	12:25
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7:50	4:10	12:55
8:00	4:20	1:05
8:10	4:30	1:15
8:20	4:40	1:25
8:30	4:50	1:35
8:40	5:00	1:45
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9:00	5:20	2:05
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