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### Chrysanthemums

A Thanksgiving Story.

By Manda L. Crocker.

PEOPLE said they were "a pair of precious fools to give such a mite of a baby that horrid long name."

"As if it were going to make her better than we common folks," said Belle Wickert, with her nose in the air, or that "she would be any better looking, either," added Merry Jaxon, who was a recognized beauty from her birth.

Nevertheless the Kimballs did name the dot of humanity that horrid, long name in spite of the comment and adverse opinion of a dozen exceedingly interested neighbors.

Whether it was because there was a bank of the beautiful blossoms in the sunny south room where she was born on that Thanksgiving day, they having been hustled in from the un congenial November air outside a few hours before her coming, or not, was never explained.

No matter; Chrysanthea was now the belle of Roserock, notwithstanding her horrid, long name.

Eighteen serene Thanksgiving suns had run the glowing day-rim, setting in a halo of memories sweet for Kimball's daughter, and we find her fair and pure as the flowers for which she was named.

To-morrow would be her nineteenth birthday, and Mr. and Mrs. Kimball meant to have a lovely surprise on Chrysanthea. And this special November was behaving itself in a special way with reference to the parental plans under way.

To-day the pleasant, deep dining-room was banked with snow-white and creamy blossoms on three sides, a beautiful wainscoting, truly.

Mrs. Kimball gave the same reason to Chrysanthea for the indoor bloom that she had given to her husband just 19 years ago. "These bleak nights," she said, "and chrysanthemums were never made for each other." But her room and her heart were always congenial for them. And Mr. Kimball smiled in a proud, contented way as he carried in the blooming bank nearly two decades ago.

To-day the stately daughter smiled the same proud, glad smile while bending over



CHRYSANTHEA AND HER PROTEGE.

the rich beauty about her. "Our dining-room will be magnificently yet simply decorated for to-morrow," she said, her fine eyes taking in the wealth of bloom at one appreciative sweep.

She was her mother's daughter; the blossoms were her soul's delight. But Chrysanthea had a leaf in her heart chapter which, in some way, had been left out or turned over a blank in the bosom of her fond mamma. She had a penchant for looking after the poor; and her father gave her a beautiful compliment when he said that "his daughter was just like all other flowers, as ready to bloom for the poor as for the wealthy."

Nothing was ever any truer than this; and as Chrysanthea drank in the quiet, rich beauty of the blossom bank, a thought of the bare cheerless cellar room on Brisbane street, where, day after day, a child toiled from one side to the other with the pain and restlessness of a long illness, came to her and she said: "O, mamma, I must take some of this beauty and comfort to poor little Janet when I go with the Thanksgiving basket in the morning."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kimball, intent on train-

ing a vine over a picture in the next room, "but pick them out here and there, so the effect will not be spoiled."

"O, mamma, certainly; but you are so careful of to-morrow's effect. I wonder at it a little, seeing only we are to be the observers." And the fair girl looked a little puzzled.

"Well, well!" exclaimed her mother, coming forward with a smile more puzzling than circumstance or desire, "are we only not as appreciative as any company, dear? Your papa and mamma love chrysanthemums; one, especially, with all our heart, and she kissed the inquiring face turned toward her.

"Yes, mamma," and Chrysanthea smiled again; "but the effect at Kimball's would not, could not, be as beautiful as in Janet's cold, cheerless cellar room."

"No, daughter, I know; and yet—there are surprises everywhere." Mrs. Kimball looked beyond Chrysanthea and seemed to see a vision of beauty.

"True," answered the girl, meditatively, "so you will let me take a surprise with the expected dinner?"

"Certainly." The mother's gaze came back to the daughter's face. "Will you bring one back with you, dear? If not we will be obliged to scare up one here, won't we? To-morrow is your birthday."

"A surprise?" and the girl's face assumed a puzzled look again. "I do not know of any to bring," she said, slowly; "but these would keep me in mind of the day, even though I tried to forget," waving her jeweled hand around the room like a fairy wand. "As to the surprises, mamma, I mean to be equal to any of them."

She spoke like a prophet, but without a prophet's knowledge, yet her prophecy came true.

Two years before, when Chrysanthea graduated at Berea, she left behind her more than college life, although she often declared: "No one ever had six as sweet and bright companions in a graduating class as she had."

And Mme. Moreau declared, facetiously, that she was "graduating an exquisite bouquet" that year, there being two Roses, one Lily, one Pansy, one Althea and a Chrysantheum.

Beyond this desirable companionship, as we have intimated, Chrysanthea's heart warmed happily toward another not of the feminine persuasion.

Studying medicine in her uncle's office, Jack Beverly had met her at her uncle's home frequently and while in Berea their lives ran sweetly on and on together.

But since then she had not seen or heard aught of Jack, save when her Uncle Kimball wrote that "Young Beverly had set up shop on his own hook now."

Chrysanthea remembered one Thanksgiving night, as she and Jack were returning from a party, that he had held her hand longer than usual and said, softly: "I am so glad to have known you, Miss Kimball. You are my incentive for all things good!"

And in the half-frightened glance she gave him, she saw something beyond friendship in his eloquent eyes.

Weeks afterward it all flashed upon her with a sudden revelation that made her heart beat faster and warmer than ever before; and she knew that Jack Beverly was in love with her, and she with him, though no further confession had been made.

In the hurry and bustle of getting ready to go home, she failed to see Jack, and she came away from Berea without even so much as a "good-by" to him.

And then chrysanthemums! How Jack loved them. She remembered that. How he would enjoy this profusion, this elaborate Thanksgiving border while he ate his turkey.

But no danger of such a happening. He was now "no longer in Berea," Uncle Kimball said, and she had no idea where he was.

A breath of college days stole over the fair girl as she gathered the blossoms "here and there one," as Mamma Kimball had directed, "so the effect would be intact."

O, if the girls could only sit down with her to dinner to-day! Rose Eying and Lily Davenport did so love turkey, she remembered, and Althea Harlan "just adored cranberry sauce."

But, of course, "this could not be either," with a sigh; though something a great deal more profitable could be and would be accomplished this morning, than to build air castles and pull them down again. She would make little Janet happy; and "inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these," etc.

That was reward enough, happiness enough for one Thanksgiving day, and she would not occupy herself with selfish bests. Doubtless the girls were butterflying it around the social circle—she had heard as much—and Jack? Well, he, most likely,

was beginning to be a staid physician whose mind was taken up with pills and potions, and the aches and pains of his patients; while she, Chrysanthea, had her lovely home and loving parents as of old, and plenty of poor people to comfort and help. And plenty to help with! What a blessing to be thankful for this cheery, Thanksgiving morning.

"I will be back in time to help with the dinner," said Chrysanthea, her face a-beam with the love of doing good, as she posed between a basket of dainties on the one hand and a basket of Chrysanthemums on the other, destined for Janet's comfortless sick-room.

"O, that doesn't matter," her mother hastened to say; "Jane has everything well in hand, and I shall be at the helm. Don't cut your visit short, dear; make it pleasant for the poor thing, as only you can. I wish I had your faculty for making people happy!"

Mrs. Kimball sighed, as if her daughter's faculty for brightening the lives of people was uppermost in her mind. But she was thinking of something else more akin to the "butterfly" idea.

Five young ladies in different parts of the state had received invitations to a "surprise on Chrysanthea" at Thanksgiving time. In two hours the ten o'clock train would be in and two Roses, a Lily, a Pansy and an Althea were expected.

"It is Chrysanthea's birthday, you all remember, of course, and don't fail me," ran the invitation, and each flower graduate determined, let come what would, they would be a part of the Kimball surprise.

"O, Miss Kimball, how perfectly lovely!" Little Janet fell to caressing the flowers, while the girl lighted up her pale face. "I am so much better this morning," she said, "and it really is Thanksgiving, with restoration to health in prospect. That bit of heavenly sunshine streaming in at my one little window, these beautiful blossoms and you, Miss Kimball—I am so glad for you, here."

Chrysanthea knelt beside the couch, burying her face in the coarse pillow. She wanted to be as thankful as Janet; she had so much more to enjoy, Heaven knew!

Some one came in quietly and stood on the other side of the bed. One of the neighbors, doubtless full of curiosity to find out what she had brought this time.

But no. "O, doctor, see what Miss Kimball brought me!" giving the flowers another caress; "you mind I told you of her often? She's just an angel, doctor!"

"I remember," answered the physician, "and these are superb, my favorite flowers; always lighting up the dark places and break days."

It was not the voice of a curious neighbor. Not that voice was familiar; where had she heard it?

A thin, white hand stole over Chrysanthea's bowed head, and Janet whispered: "Look up; here's the doctor. He loves flowers, too, especially chrysanthemums."

Chrysanthea rose at the child's artless introduction.

"Chrysanthea Kimball!" That was all the physician said, but he came around and took two willing hands in his own. A leaf of the old college chapter fluttered back from past to present and both read together a joyous Thanksgiving psalm.

Meanwhile the all important "ten o'clock" had come and a bevy of finely dressed young ladies alighted from the one city bus of Roserock at Kimball's door, and was made



GUY BEVERLY WAS SAYING.

welcome by the genial presence of Mr. and Mrs. Kimball. And ten neighbors peeped out from behind ten curtains and ejaculated: "My! they have Thanksgiving company."

But Mrs. Kimball hustled these flowers into the parlor something after the fashion of an a-tore-time occasion, saying as she did so: "Chrysanthea will be here shortly, and I want this surprise to be complete."

And Jack Beverly was saying as he walked home with Chrysanthea: "This is such a sweet surprise; and to-morrow is your birthday! Could anything be completer?"

"And I promised to bring mamma a surprise if I could find one," said Chrysanthea, as she opened the hall door a few minutes later.

"Mamma!" she called, opening the parlor door, "I brought you a surprise; come and see it."

"You come here a moment first, dear," came the reply. "I also have a surprise; come and see; then I will enjoy your surprise."

Jack motioned her to go in, while he waited in the hall.

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Chrysanthea, as her classmates rose to greet her, "I've wanted to see you so much!" and they laughed and cried together.

After greetings had been exchanged in genuine schoolgirl fashion and Papa and Mamma Kimball had reached the seventh heaven of delight, Chrysanthea said: "Wait a minute; I'll bring my surprise right in."

"Mamma," she said, as she presented the radiant Jack, "here is the biggest and nicest surprise I could find, Mr. Jack Beverly, physician and surgeon of this city, and your prospective son-in-law."

"And girls," she added, shyly, her face shining with an inner thanksgiving, "you all knew Jack in Berea."

"O, yes, yes," they exclaimed in happy chorus, "but, Chrysanthea, dear, it seems you knew him best."

Thus in a glad, impromptu manner Jack Beverly was presented to his friends and prospective relations and the stately Miss Kimball proved herself to be equal to sweet surprises at least.

And it is safe to say that no happier dinner party could have been found in all Roserock that lovely November day than that one which sat down to dinner at the Kimball home, hedged in by a bank of cream and white chrysanthemums.

Thanksgiving Time.  
The Wife—Well, my dear, shall we have turkey for Christmas, too?  
The Brute—Yes, I suppose that's when we'll be making our last meal off this one.—  
N. Y. World.

### THE DEACON'S RUNAWAY.

A Thanksgiving Comedy With a Moral and Several Episodes.

NOW be careful, deacon," said Mrs. Dawson, when her husband came out of the stable yard with the dun mare harnessed to the light wagon and dressed in his best clothes. It was Thanksgiving morning, and the skies were as bright as they could be, and Deacon Dawson was feeling good, which was his usual way, and, whip in hand, he gave the dun a light tip and off they went.

"Keep her in the road, too," shouted his better half after him, as in a cloud of dust the outfit vanished. "Don't go near Sam Turner's. You know how you stand, and I don't want you to have anything to do with that man."

But the dun was already out of sight with her precious load, and the deacon was thinking of his last horse trade which had netted him a neat little sum by his sagacity.

Now, the Turners and Dawsons were not on good terms and had not been for years. Their farms almost joined and a little trade had turned the men against one another, although it was said that Sam Turner was willing to forgive his enemy, but had never made any advances in that direction.

Deacon Dawson had not thought of forgiveness at any time, for he maintained that he had nothing to forgive, but said at times that there would always be an inseparable gulf between him and his neighbor.

All at once the deacon thought of his old enemy and smiled as he said to himself: "It will be a cold day when I make up with Sam Turner. I don't see what he has to be thankful for to-day unless it is for the manner in which he got ahead of the Baxter boys the other day in that little wheat deal. I'll see him in Halifax before I make any overtures to him, that I will!"

Everything went pleasantly for some time. The dun was a little more mettlesome than usual that morning, as she had not been on the road for a few days, but that suited her master, who was confident that he could control her under any and all circumstances.

Suddenly the mare shied at something along the road and the next moment, showing a little more of her mettle than the deacon liked, was careering onward at dangerous speed. The good old deacon braced himself in an effort to check the speed of the animal, but found at once that he had his hands full.

In a little while the mare was plunging along in a cloud of dust, having taken the bit in her teeth, and Deacon Dawson, having lost his hat in his vain efforts to curb her, presented anything but a pleasing spectacle.

"I'm in for it, I guess, and on Thanksgiving day, too," wailed from the deacon's



SPILLED IN THE TURNER DOORYARD.

throat, as the mare increased her speed, while the wagon rocked in the mad race. "I'll steer her clear of Sam Turner's gate if it is open, as it generally is, for what would Sarah say if she knew I fell into the hands of that mountebank. Whoa, Emma! Hang it all! there's the gate open now. Just as I thought."

The deacon was now putting forth his best efforts to stay the catastrophe; but the chances looked bleak, and when the mare came to the gate leading into the Turner farm she made straight for it, to the old man's horror.

Vainly did Deacon Dawson try to stem the tide; he did all he could, but with a madness which he could not control the animal plunged into the opening and in another moment was careering wildly up the lane.

As well might the doomed man have tried to arrest the onset of a cyclone; he could not stop the dun, who seemed determined to land her master on the very steps of his enemy's home.

Suddenly the front wheel struck an unforeseen obstruction and in another moment the wagon was overturned and the deacon, still holding onto the lines, was being dragged forward over the rough road.

Everything pointed to a mournful Thanksgiving for the good old deacon, when the whole wagon seemed to collapse, and the next second the whole outfit was piled in a promiscuous heap right in the Turner dooryard.

The dun, finally kicking loose from the debris, vanished through another gate which led toward a pasture, while the deacon, almost buried in a heap of wreckage, vainly tried to extricate himself.

"Well, deacon, how are you this morning?" suddenly exclaimed a voice, and in another moment a pair of strong arms were extricating the unfortunate man from his dilemma.

When the deacon gained his feet he was horrified to look into the placid face of his enemy, who was offering his condolences in good faith.

"You appear to have met with an accident, deacon," continued Turner. "Let me help you out, and, by the way, stay for dinner."

"What! with you, Sam Turner?"

"Why not? I've been expecting company that did not come, and, by the way, I've got a new horse I'd like to have you look at."

Looking at himself the good old deacon concluded that he needed a little brushing up, and when Turner had helped him into the house, where his wife took care of him, and the runaway dun had been caught, the deacon sat down to one of the best dinners he ever enjoyed.

"Come again, deacon," said Turner, on parting from his involuntary guest. "Say next Thanksgiving."

"But not behind a nag like the dun," growled Deacon Dawson. "I guess, after all, this is the best Thanksgiving I've ever had. Say, Brother Turner, there never was much between us, anyhow?"


"Not much, deacon. There's nothing now." And the Turners watched their guest out of sight, and the following Thanksgiving there was a great dinner at the Dawson's and Brother Turner and his wife were the "guests of honor."

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