

PEGGY'S THANKSGIVING

BY MRS. A. M. COPELAND.



It was a dilapidated hovel, situated on a rear street on the edge of a bare common, where unsightly heaps of rubbish were deposited. A little, low, tumbled-down affair, with mossy eaves, under which the swallows build their nests, and over the roof of which a tall spruce, with brown and dry branches, towered.

The chill November wind whistled about it, sighing down the chimney, and ingress by many a crack around window and door. There dwelt Mrs. Grant and her little granddaughter, Peggy. Mrs. G. was a little, withered old lady, with a placid face and kindly smile. She was very poor, partly supported by the town, and eking out her slender income by means of knitting, braiding mats, and sewing carpet rags, for the busy housewives of the village.

Peggy was a bright, little girl of eight summers, much attached to her grandmother, and a favorite at the village school, notwithstanding her patched dress, dilapidated shoes and faded hood. Everyone had a kind word for her, and many a rosy-cheeked apple or crisp cookie was slipped into her basket, to eke out her dinner of cold johnny-cake, by her more favored companions.

School was out, and a merry group were putting on their wraps in the hallway, and discussing the coming festival, so dear to every New England child.

"I think Thanksgiving is just one of the best times of the year, don't you, Peggy?" asked a little, roly-poly girl about her own age, as she tied her red hood about her rosy face.

"I don't know; we never had Thanksgiving at our house," replied the little girl, who had been listening with wide-open eyes to the tales of roast turkey, chicken pies and frosted cake.

"Never had Thanksgiving, Peggy—why don't you?"

"Granny's too poor, she can't afford it."

"Sure enough. I didn't think about that," and Hattie Miller turned homeward with a thoughtful face and preoccupied air.

All the evening she seemed to be engaged in studying some problem, and said good-night very gravely. But the next morning she came bounding into the dining room with a radiant face.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "do you know Peggy Grant says they never have Thanksgiving at her house, her grandma is so poor. Isn't it too bad?"

"I never thought of it before, dear. I'm sorry."

"But mamma, I've got a plan in my head."

"I'm afraid this curly pate cannot keep it long," returned her mother, affectionately smoothing her hair.

"Well, you see, we school children all love Peggy, and I'm going to ask them all to give their pocket money, and we'll buy her a new dress and shoes for a Thanksgiving present; then we can each spare a few of our toys, for I don't s'pose she has any; and if you grown folks would only make a little feast for them, they

turn. The air was keen, and penetrated their thin garments, but the church would be warm—they could take seats near the stove—and as Parson Harvey's sermons were lengthy, they would have two good hours of warmth.

As the little black bonnet passed on its way, it was watched by a score of bright eyes; and as it disappeared through the church door, there was a general donning of hoods and cloaks, and a bevy of young girls came out of the different houses, bearing baskets, pails and bundles, and took their way to the dilapidated hovel.

A load of wood, that had been waiting on the outskirts of the village, was driven to the door and unloaded, and half a dozen young men with saws and axes began to demolish it, while a corps of little boys packed it neatly under a tumble-down shed in the rear.

Meanwhile, within doors, the girls were busy transforming the cheerless apartment into one of comfort. The bare floor was partly covered with some strips of half-worn carpet—two or three cheap prints in rustic frames, with some wreaths of evergreen, gave the dingy walls a homelike look. Opposite the door the door the word "Thanksgiving," in evergreen, was placed. A bright fire was burning in the little stove, and the teakettle singing away as if it entered into the spirit of the occasion. The old table was drawn into the middle of the room, covered with a snowy cloth, and the widow's scanty array of crockery arranged to the best advantage upon it, while baskets, pails and bundles gave up their store of goodies to fill it.

As the time for the close of service drew near, they finished their work and left for their respective homes, watching with dancing eyes, Mrs. Grant and Peggy as they trudged demurely homeward.

As they reached their little domicile and opened the door of the kitchen, both uttered an exclamation of astonishment. The old lady sank into a chair and rubbed her eyes, can have a nice Thanksgiving."

Mrs. Miller smiled as she kissed the little, earnest face upturned to her.

"I'll do my part, and thank my little girl for giving me a hint. I think if you get your schoolmates interested in your plan, their papas and mammas will be glad to help, and we will make Peggy and her grandmother happy for one day at least."

"Oh, thank you, mamma," and Hattie sat down to her breakfast with a very happy face.

She hastened early to school, calling on the way upon several of her schoolmates, and enlisted them in her plan. She met with good success in all her appeals, even the

scholars promised to help the matter along, and a sum of money was raised far exceeding Hattie's most sanguine expectations.

This was judiciously expended at the village store by Mrs. Miller, who enlisted the sympathies of the merchant in the scheme, and materials for several serviceable garments were purchased, the garments cut out, and some young ladies offered to make them up.

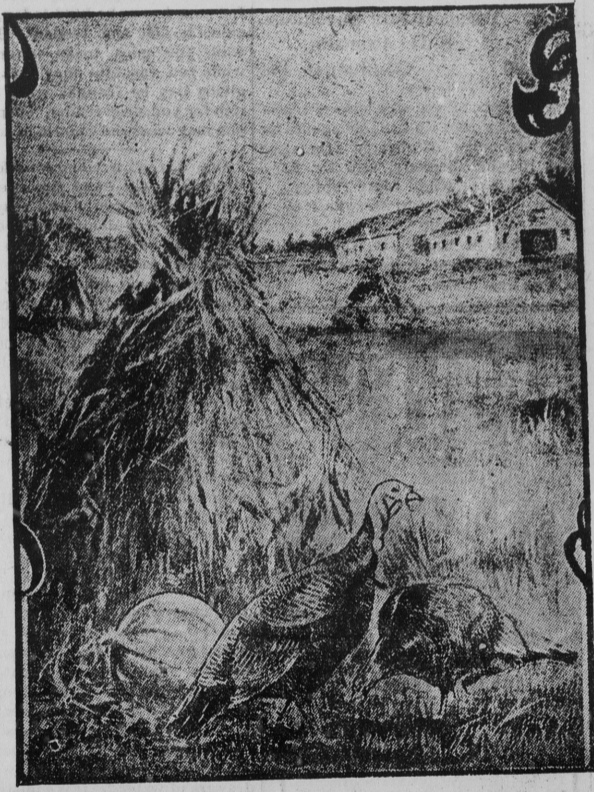
Poor Peggy looked sorrowful at the happy faces of her schoolmates during the week, thinking it was the anticipated enjoyment of the coming Thanksgiving that made them so gleeful, and she wondered why they became so silent when she approached a group of them chatting away in the corner.

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and cold. Mrs. Grant and Peggy ate their frugal breakfast, and with a sigh the elder lady put away the remnants, thinking of the many happy circles that would assemble around festive boards, and she could not afford an extra article of food that day.

When the church bell sounded she laid aside her knitting, donned her old, rusty, bombazine dress and crape bonnet, that had served her many a year, and taking Peggy's hand set out for church; first covering the fire to save the little fuel in the stove until their delicious odor.

"Oh, granny, is it all a dream, and shall I wake-up soon?" asked Peggy, her eyes swimming with tears.

THANKSGIVING DAY



"I don't know, dearie, what it all means; but here's a note," and taking a folded paper from the table, she read:

"A Thanksgiving dinner for Mrs. Grant and Peggy, from their numerous friends."

"Thank the Lord for such friends who remember the widow and orphan," said Mrs. Grant, wiping her eyes.

"Oh, granny, see here!" shouted Peggy, pointing to the bureau, on which was arranged an assortment of toys and picture-books, a crimson merino dress, sack and hood, with a neat pair of gaiters. A card, with this inscription, lay by her side:

"Peggy Grant, from her schoolmates."

We must not dwell upon the pleasures of that day; it was the richest in Peggy's experience, and in after years, when she moved in the best circles in society, she looked back with a warm feeling at her heart to that Thanksgiving Day.—New York Weekly.

Cranberry Hints.

In cooking cranberries avoid cooking them in tin, which gives them a purple hue. Use granite or porcelain, and to each quart of cranberries measure out a pint of sugar and a cup and a half of water. Put the berries into a pan first, on the top of them the sugar, and over all the cold water. Cover closely and cook for ten minutes without stirring. Watch that they do not boil over, shaking and turning the pan from time to time. Then take off the lid, skim with a silver spoon, push back and let simmer a few moments longer, then turn into a dish to cool. The skins, cooked in this way, will be soft and tender, the berries nearly whole and the juice clear and almost a jelly.

A Noble Bird Sighted.

An Englishman in Paris asked Franklin why his countrymen selected a stupid, unattractive eagle as their emblem, when they had supplied them with such a noble bird as the turkey.

thinking they were playing her some trick, while Peggy cried:

"Oh, granny, the fairy folks have been here!"

The table was set for two. A roast turkey occupied the place of honor, flanked by a chicken pie and a dish of scalloped oysters, while vegetables, bread and butter, pies and cakes of various kinds, and dishes of fruit filled the board, and a pot of coffee



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hissing on the stove sent forth a delicious odor.

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The Turkey's Revenge.

TOMMY'S THANKSGIVING.

I'm thankful for a lot of things: I'm thankful I'm alive. I'm thankful that I'm six years old. I'm thankful for my tops and toys. I'm thankful for my Kitty Gray; I'm thankful for the big outdoors. Where I can run and play. I'm thankful for the things that grow. The apples, aren't they good? That corn where we played hid and seek. As in a little wood.

I'm thankful for the pumpkins round, just like a golden ball. And jack-o'-lanterns, big and queer, they don't scare me at all. I'm thankful for Thanksgiving Day. For pies all in a row; I'm thankful grandma made them sweet—She knows I like them so. I'm thankful for the turkey, too. How brown it is and nice! And I'd be very thankful, please, —Elizabeth H. Thomas, in Youth's Companion.

A Turkey Anecdote.

The famous French authority, Brillat Savarin, who visited this country more than one hundred years ago, left an account of his experience in hunting wild turkeys. On his return from this expedition some famous man was telling him stories of Washington. The Frenchman's attention wandered, but he, by a marked effort, recovered himself and said: "I beg a thousand pardons, but I was thinking how to dress my wild turkey." Another story of Savarin was told by Talleyrand. Passing through Sens on the way to Lyons, he sent for the cook, according to his custom, and asked what he could have for dinner. The report was discouraging, for although four turkeys were roasting in the kitchen, they were all for one guest. "I should like to meet the man who orders four turkeys for his own eating," said Savarin, and he went to pay his respects to the stranger, who turned out to be his own son.

"What, you rogue, four turkeys, all for yourself?"

"Yes, sir; you know whenever I dine with you, you eat up the whole of les-sots-les-laissez," the tidbit known as the oyster. "I was resolved to enjoy myself for once in my life, and here I am, ready to begin, although I did not expect the honor of your company."

Secret of a Successful Dinner.

A housekeeper should never get so thoroughly tired out beforehand that she will have to sit like a death's head at the feast. There will be no pleasure in that for her or her family and guests. She should begin her preparations in time, counting the cost in money and strength, so that neither balance will be overdrawn.

The secret of successfully serving a Thanksgiving dinner is to have the greater part of it in readiness before the day itself dawns. The turkey and vegetables need to be cooked on Thanksgiving Day, and the pumpkin pie should be baked fresh that morning, but only the finishing touches need be given to the other dishes. Have the necessary sweeping and garnishing done earlier in the week—the silver polished, and the old family china or precious bits of pewter that make their annual obeisance on this day released from their wrappings.

Selecting the Bird.

In selecting turkey bear in mind that a fine, plump hen turkey is to be preferred to a male bird. Select one that is smooth and fair, with short, plump breast and a scarcity of pin feathers. Beware of long hairs or scaly legs, which betoken turkey senility. If only Hobson's choice is left, and it is a veteran or nothing, do not despair, as an hour's preliminary steaming will plump him up and make him tender.

An Epicure at Wholesale.

There is an old story of an epicure, who said: "We have just been dined on a superb turkey, tender and delicate; we left nothing but the bones." Being asked how many were included in the "we," he replied, "Two; the turkey and myself."

Millions of Turkeys.

It is estimated that six million turkeys are required to furnish the Thanksgiving dinner tables each year. That means over fifty million pounds of meat, worth \$7,500,000. Of this sum the smallest State, Rhode Island, receives the largest share.



THANKSGIVING DINNER

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

An alloy of sixty parts copper, one part tin and thirty-nine parts zinc is found to offer great resistance to the action of sea water and has been largely used in naval construction.

A transporter bridge, the first of its kind in England, was ordered September 12. It spans the River Esk, and consists of a car, suspended by cables from rails worked by electric motors, in towers on each side of the river.

A pocket telephone is used by the Vienna police. In every street of importance in the city special call boxes have been placed, and every officer on duty having occasion to communicate with his station has only to pull out his pocket apparatus, adjust it to the wire in the box, and communication at once is established.

An automobilist of great experience suggests that it is a good idea for the driver of a car to show his companion on the front seat how to switch off the ignition current in case the driver suddenly became incapacitated. By this simple operation the car can quickly be stopped, and the damage it is liable to do if it runs wild will be reduced.

Gregorio Lecca, of Villadama, Nuevo Leon, has invented a new machine for the extraction of fibre from plants which, according to Modern Mexico, is said to be very successful and economical in its operation. A model machine at work at the Golondrina hacienda is said to have demonstrated with magney fibre, that while it is considered one of the most difficult fibres to extract, the machine handles it with ease.

When the whole of the twenty-one new lines now proposed are complete, Londoners will be able to make journeys from twenty to forty miles entirely by light railway and tramcar, traversing the metropolis from north to south and from east to west, without using either train, omnibus or cab for assistance. The London Express makes this claim with satisfaction, and adds the statement that the total length of line that will ultimately become available to the Londoner with a desire for travel will be at least 400 miles.

Richard Weinberg takes up once more, in the "Biologisches Centralblatt," the question of the origin of various pygmy races of mankind, and their relation to the earliest representatives of the human species. Because the dwarfs of Africa appear to be superior in intelligence to surrounding negro races of greater stature, some have argued that they represent the primitive type of human differentiation. Weinberg thinks it more probable that the pygmies are simply a variety, and that they no more represent the original type of man than do the taller races. Even yet it is found that the human stature is subject to notable variations, and that these variations have an effect upon heredity.

Ball Player's Finish.

The ending of a ball player's career has in it much the same tragedy that accompanies the loss of voice by the singer. At one fell swoop the player and his family drop from comparative luxury, ease and ability to have all the ordinary pleasures of life and fall to something like actual poverty. Oftentimes poverty is encountered before the end of the struggle is reached. The still young couple, after several years of good living, traveling, seeing the world, enjoying all the fun in sight, suddenly come with a splash to the icy water of poor living, poor clothes, inability to pay for theatre tickets and trips about, and inability perhaps to much more than pay the rent of a small flat—for the ball player who has never done anything but play ball and who has now saved his money is against a hard proposition before he can learn a trade or find something to carry him safely along.—Brockton Enterprise.

As Many as He Could Get.

Mr. Carnegie has a story of an old Dunfriesshire farmer who was the guest of a lady in that country. When the tea was served the hostess observed that his was gone before she had poured out tea for the others. He passed his cup up frequently, and at the ninth cup the lady, becoming uneasy as to the supply on hand, ventured to ask: "How many cups of tea do you take, John?" "How many do ye gie?" asked John, warily.—St. James' Gazette.

One Satisfied Man in Every Hamlet.

"Do you think that people will ever be able to secure a perfectly satisfactory government?"

"I doubt it," said Senator Sargent. "History shows that no government has been perfectly satisfactory to more than one person at a time, and he was the one who happened to be the boss."—Washington Star.

Joke on Bill.

"Who said 'rather here the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of?'" asked the ill-informed person.

"I don't know exactly," answered the man whose mind is always on the tariff, "but it was some one or another of those stand patters."—Washington Star.

One Way to Get Money.

At a recent church fair in England one of the means used for increasing the receipts was a guessing contest as to the weight of the pastor.

BABY'S AWFUL ECZEMA.

Skin Peeled Off Hands and Face—Eradicated Torture—Cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

"I can truthfully say that just two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent surprised me, as the skin was peeling off my baby's hands and face, and he was suffering awfully. When the eczema first appeared, he was very healthy, but as soon as he was covered with it he lost flesh rapidly. But as soon as I commenced to use the Cuticura Remedies he started to mend. I keep on using the Cuticura Soap, as I think it is an indispensable article around the house. As my baby weighs thirty-seven pounds and is only sixteen months old, you can imagine the torture he endured. My neighbors can touch for this statement as being correct. Mrs. Alex. Weeks, Jr., 208 North Water St., Newburgh, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1905."

The best gold pens are tipped with an alloy of osmium and iridium. Gold pens are alloyed with silver to about 16 karat fineness.

The Original Porous Plaster.

It's Alcock's, first introduced to the people sixty years ago, and to-day undoubtedly has the largest sale of any external remedy—millions being sold annually throughout the whole civilized world. There have been imitations, to be sure, but never has there been one to even compare with Alcock's—the world's standard external remedy.

For a weak back, cold on the chest or any local pain, the result of taking cold or over-strain, there's nothing we know of to compare with this famous plaster.

French Birth Rate Lower.

Public attention again has been drawn to the constantly diminishing birth rate by the publication of the vital statistics for 1905. The births for this year numbered 807,232, a decrease of 10,937 from 1904. A slight increase in the number of marriages over 1904 is shown.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Care of Habitual Criminals.

The New Zealand Minister for Justice has introduced the habitual criminals and offenders bill, which provides that where a person has been twice convicted of a criminal assault or four times of wounding, robbery or burglary he may be regarded as an habitual criminal and at the expiration of his sentence detained in a reformatory. After six convictions for vagrancy a man may be treated in the same way. Discharge from the reformatory will be secured only on the recommendation of the court, while the detained offenders will be made to work and wages will be placed to their credit or toward the support of their dependents.—British Australasian.

Indian Railway President.

An Indian chieftain as a railroad president is a rare thing, but that is what Pleasant Porter, chief of Creeks, is. His railroad is the Indian Central. It filed its charter at Guthrie. It is capitalized at \$15,000,000 and contemplates the construction of 460 miles of railroad in Indian Territory and Oklahoma within the next two years. The road begins at Ponca City and runs southeast to Paris, Tex., with a branch line running from the Red river northwest to Oklahoma City.—Kansas City Star.

A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as a savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with overwork. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress, "small of back," gnawing or distressed feelings, or risings in the stomach after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more thoroughly than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and all biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to it until you are vigorous and strong.

The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-alcoholic, is a glyceric extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the age and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised. Don't accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret medicine of known composition.