

A THANKSGIVING INSPIRATION

HOW A PASTOR AND HIS YOUNG PEOPLE MADE TWO HUNDRED SOULS HAPPY

By Rev. Ames Taylor



It was in the early winter of '90. I had undertaken the pastorate of a small church in a country town in central New York, and was desirous of revivifying the interest of a young people's club. Thanksgiving was approaching, and I was anxious that a society should undertake something which would promote the spirit of the day. The county house, containing about 200 of the poor and insane, was located two miles from the town, and I conceived the plan of having our society give them a genuine Thanksgiving treat. At the first meeting of the society I made the suggestion. Of course, it interested the young people, but then there came the difficulties. How could twelve or fifteen young people, poor ones at that, with a burden already too heavy to bear, contribute to the happiness of 200? Expense, labor, time—the costly factors in such undertakings, loomed up, and though bright eyes sparkled and cheeks glowed at the thought, the young people sadly shook their heads, fearing the undertaking beyond their ability. I had, however, planned the matter in my own mind, and having faith that we would not be left to our own resources in the matter, I laid bare my plans, and finally, by vote, committed the society to the undertaking.

The first thing we did was to delegate a person to go to the village miller to secure 200 eight-pound paper bags, instructing him to make known to him, in detail our plans and purpose. The miller became interested immediately, and when the pay for the bags was tendered, he refused to accept it, saying: "No! no! I want a share in your work, and if I were a young person I think I would want to associate myself with a society such as yours." Next I went to the publisher of the village newspaper and asked him to print for us 200 slips of paper like this:

The Young People's Society OF THE Helping Hand Church

IS desirous of giving the poor and unfortunate in our County Asylum and Asylum a Thanksgiving treat, and to that end are willing to be the ministers of the gifts of generously disposed persons. If you will kindly fill this bag with confectionery, nuts, foreign and domestic fruit or candies, we will see that they are conveyed to them. The bags and contents will be called for on the evening before Thanksgiving Day.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will keep him alive and he shall be blessed upon the earth. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing. Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."—Ps. 41:1-3.

Of course, the newspaper man was deeply interested and glad to contribute the slips as his share toward the benefaction. The slips were then pasted upon the bags, and by the committee appointed for the distribution, left at the homes of those who had been selected. No consideration was given to either the denominational or the religious character of those solicited. Roman Catholics, Jews and infidels were asked, and responded generously. The entire population of the village felt the generous thrill and the happy glow. Two hundred households were made happy for days in discussing their contributions. When the bags were gathered together it was found that we had nearly half a ton of goodies for the poor people, and not one of the bags was found missing or returned empty. And what a revelation of the generosity and kindly sympathy of the people those bags were. Some of them were estimated as worth not less than \$5. In them were oranges, bananas, apples, malaga grapes, figs, nuts, cakes, boxes of candies,



"THIS WAS A BAD THANKSGIVING FOR ME. BUT THIS BRIGHT RAY OF SUNSHINE MAKES IT LESS DREARY."

cakes of chocolates, cough drops, chewing gum, booklets, fancy pictures and other articles.

These bags were carefully carried to the county house by a committee on Thanksgiving morning, and with the aid of the keeper, his wife, and the domestics, assorted and distributed. First, the bags were placed upon a

large table and the contents assorted into baskets, pails and tubs. There were bushels of oranges and apples, more than a bushel of bananas, pails of grapes, nuts and candies and other things. Then 200 plates were spread along the sides of the long corridor of the hall, and one article from each was placed upon each plate, till the plates were heaping high and lusciously beautiful. Yet one-third only of the contribution had found place.

One hundred of these plates were taken into the dining hall of the institution, placed upon the tables, and then the aged inmates to the same number were invited to be seated. The members of the committee were then invited in and introduced by the keeper and given the opportunity to convey to them the greetings of the loving hearts which had inspired the kindly remembrance. After a few words by the pastor the responses began. One by one, beginning at the head of the table, and passing around it, the whole 100 gave oral testimony to their gratitude for the kindly consideration.

We sometimes say we cannot pray and speak in prayer meeting. If we were incarcerated in the poor house

WITH GRATEFUL HEART

Thanks to Thee, O Father,
for all the good
that Thou hast yet
against the endless sins
that sear the souls of
men as iron would—
Thanks for home,
for love,
for hope, for life.



Sonnet—Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Day! The memory of our
sins
Comes o'er us at the murmur of thy name;
And once again we see them as they came

A Thanksgiving Acrostic.

T's for the turkey so toothsome and good,
H is for holiday, well understood,
A's for the apples which make sauce and
pie,
N's for the nuts of the children knee-high,
K's for the kitchen where good things are
made,
S is for spices and sweet marmalade,
G's for the games which we play until
night,
P's for the peas so cold and so white,
V's for the vines which encircle each plate,
P's for the illness which comes to us late,
N's for the nuts, and the raisins, you
know,
G's for the gratitude we all should show.
—C. B. Jordan.

The Day, the Diet, the Decorations.

The American with "a soul so dead" that he does not feel his patriotism stirred by the memory of Thanksgiving dinners that have "gone before" is a poor sort of an individual.

Indulge in "snacks and bites" as he may and distress his digestion by the torturing process of swallowing his average midday meal in five minutes, there is one day in the year at least when he becomes passive, quiescent and calmly amenable to the seductive effects of a really attractive and properly built up meal.

An essay on the delights of eating, therefore, which would only merit his cynicism or contempt at any other time becomes an attractive subject now, and the idea of festooning his stomach with a melange of succulent dainties becomes a subtle and tenderly fantastic suggestion as Thanksgiving day approaches.

It depends very much upon the exuberance of the fancy, the training of the palate or the depth of the pocket-book how far the course can be stretched out to suit the taste of any particular individual.

But as a sage once said, "Catch your bird first and then eat him." So with your turkey. Get him by all means before anything else, and get the right kind of a bird, if you would have him tender and tasty as he should be if young and properly fed. The best kind of a turkey to buy is a short breasted, plump bird, with a clear skin and short pin feathers, giving the preference to a fowl that is not over large. Long hairs and sharp scales on the legs betray old birds.

The clever housewife needs no telling how to cook the turkey when a nice bird has once been secured and how to garnish the centre piece with appropriate fixings.

One hint only, therefore, to her in regard to the dining-room and table, which may be given a touch of color befitting the occasion without much extra trouble.

The mantel can be very prettily decorated with a bank formed of various kinds of fruits and vegetables appropriately mingled with green leaves.

The chandelier can be draped with ropes of moss intermingled with sprays of bitter sweets.

Be sure not to bring out the ordinary every day dinner service, for this is the one occasion when all the oldest fashioned things should be brought out, the oldest china, the most revered antiques and family heirlooms, not forgetting the old-fashioned brass candlesticks for lighting the dinner table with candles.

For a centerpiece a Jardiniere may be made out of half a pumpkin or a cabbage. The pumpkin should be hollowed out and cut into points at the edge, or the cabbage be stripped of its outer leaves and the centre hollowed out. Into this natural Jardiniere the rosiest of apples and the finest grapes and pears should be piled.

The Spence carbines with which we were armed shot a 50-caliber bullet with a charge of powder much too light for that weight of lead and that kind of game. We went back some 200 yards from the wagons and opened fire. The rear end of the herd had not yet come up over the opposite ridge, so that we were confronted by a mass of buffalo half a mile long on the front and extending at least that far back. The animals were coming toward us at what was only a fast walk until we opened fire, and then broke into a gallop. To stop them was out of the question, for those in front were urged forward by those behind.

I recall distinctly that when I fired my first shot, the front of the line being about 200 yards from us, I thought I had struck a horn, but when I had fired several shots and heard them all strike I knew I was hitting something beside horns. I thought noise might be of benefit at this time, so having good lungs I exerted them to the utmost, joined at once by the rest of the firing party. And my theory worked out all right. The noise of our guns and of our voices, with what execution our bullets were doing, caused the herd to divide and pass to each side of us. But we soon found ourselves in a precarious situation. When the herd was first split, the buffalo could see as well as hear us, and they veered off either way, but those that were following created such a noise themselves and raised such a cloud of dust that they could hardly see or hear us, and soon began to crowd in on us in a way exceedingly disquieting.

SITUATION EXCITING.

The animals were being forced backward and in and upon each other to such an extent that it became doubtful whether we were going to succeed in our effort. If we should fall it meant that we should be trampled under foot and the entire party as well as the outfit wiped off the face of the earth. We had been forced into a solid line and were splitting the herd, because we would not be doubled up or give way on either side. We had been going back foot by foot, had few cartridges left and it was becoming evident that we could not hold out much longer when our backs came in contact with the wagons, and almost at the same instant we saw daylight ahead of us, and there was the end of the herd. The most remarkable thing about the whole affair was that when the herd had passed and the dust had settled there were only two dead buffaloes lying upon the plains, while more than 300 shots had been fired.

"Having a small supply of water in our wagons, we camped at the place where the fight had taken place, but got little sleep, as the herd stopped within a short distance of us. On account of the wounded buffalo and snell of fresh blood, they were in a state of turmoil all night, while the wolves—both coyotes and the large gray animals—kept up an incessant howling all night long. We moved on the next morning in good order with plenty of buffalo meat, the first we had obtained upon the trip.

"The buffalo is, under ordinary circumstances," continued Mr. Richards, "a docile animal, neither aggressive nor combative, but I had some experience with the animal which went to show that when aggravated they are dangerous. I found that ordinarily a buffalo, like any other wild animal with which I have had experience, will run from a hunter when given an opportunity, and that when wounded it will not ordinarily charge a man from a greater distance than about fifty yards. On one occasion I met one which was an exception to this rule, however. I was hunting on foot with a Henry rifle. Buffalo were not plentiful in the locality, but I finally sighted an old bull lying down on the plains. Hunting on foot, I needed react badly, and could not afford to let this old fellow get away. Buffalo are not wary when lying down, and I approached to within 150 yards, when I concluded I was about as close as I cared to be, took aim and fired.

Correct.
Bread and sage and pepper,
Chestnut, thyme and oyster,
Mingled with some sausage balls,
Just to make it moister.
Browned till crisp and fragrant,
Then you strike the grade of stuffing that's the stuffing that
Turkey dreams are made of.
—Judge.



Hunting of the Buffalo

Was Exciting.

A PARTY of fourteen of us were going south from Fort Kearney, Neb., on foot, with two mule teams to haul our camp equipments and supplies," relates Mr. Richards. "One afternoon we were making our way leisurely along a ridge, when we suddenly descried on the summit of another ridge a huge black line at least a half mile in length. Those of us who had not been on the plains before could not make out what this line was, but we were informed by the chief of our party that it was a herd of buffalo.

"We could see plainly enough that with our heavily loaded teams we could not get beyond it. Our chief therefore promptly called a halt, gave orders that the two wagons be brought up close together, one behind the other and directed that the mules be unhitched, placed behind the wagons on the side opposite that from which the buffalo were coming and securely fastened to the wheels. Then one man was detailed to each mule to keep it as quiet as possible, while ten of us were instructed to fill our pockets with cartridges, form a line, go out to meet the buffalo and try to split them and keep them divided until they passed the wagons.

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NEW YORK OF THE FUTURE.

The vast probabilities of the coming population of the Metropolis.

Greater New York will have a population of 6,191,250 in 1920, according to a sober prediction made by an engineer of national reputation. According to the figures on which he bases his estimate this means an increase in the population of the metropolis of 2,357,251 inhabitants. If one can imagine a monster city, as large as London with all its environs, a city capable of containing the combined populations of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Dublin, Butte, Montana, and Paterson, N. J., or, to take another view a city with a population within 100,000 as large as that of the State of Pennsylvania, or one as large as the combined populations of Alabama, Indiana, Wyoming, North Dakota and Hawaii, one may obtain an idea of the immensity expressed in these seven figures. If we add to this the possibilities of a series of wonderful transportation systems, uniting almost within the hour New York and Philadelphia, with its increased population of 2,000,000, into practically one mighty municipality, with a chain of big New Jersey cities like Jersey City with 450,000, Newark with 400,000, Elizabeth with 150,000, and a score of smaller places, we may have a vision of the future more marvelous than the dreams of the most daring romancer.

Yesterday evening, as the shadows had begun to lengthen and indicate the close of another day, a woman, driving a prancing steed hitched to a rubber-tired buggy, came to our office. "I am Mrs. J. B. Snodgrass," she said, "and I notice that you said in your paper that I was posing as a clairvoyant." "Don't remember just what was said," we replied. Picking up the paper, the woman of fast looses and pretty bounds pointed out the article that had made her angry. We had to own up to the corn. "I want you to understand that my husband is a drummer running out of Wichita. He supports me, and I do not have to be a clairvoyant to earn a living. The *Clanute* papers have lied about me repeatedly. I have ridden astride all my life, and I intend to do so in the future. As for my husband, I will say that I have had as many as fifteen at one time, and, furthermore, I race them, and I also race horses. I am a great woman for out-of-door sports."

We told her we thought she drove a nice horse, and she seemed pleased and went away.—Coffeyville (Kan.) Record.

Words Without Rhyme.
Dub has no rhyme. Culp, cusp, recumb, gulf, month, doth, amongst, are other rhymeless words having the sound of us in but. Few patriotic words in the language have this vowel sound, so commonplace and without dignity; hence poets turn to it only for blood, flood, and a few similar turbulent monosyllables. They use it often, however, in forcing the accent from the antepenultimate syllable to the final, where its unpleasant sound is concealed by the softened stress. Thus has many rhymes, such as felicitous, mysterious, inglorious, etc.—London Chronicle.

One on the Sitka Newsboy.
Some time ago there was a good thing upon our newsboy, Clifford. He was seen running at rapid pace down the street followed by an Indian. Upon being questioned as to the cause of his speed he said that the Indian had run against him and said, "What's the matter?" Cliff said, "When, yesterday?" With that the Indian turned and the race took place between them. Our boy was ahead by some rods and the native being asked what the matter was replied that the boy had called him "yesterday." "When did he call you yesterday?" He called me yesterday-to-day.—Sitka Alaskan.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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A New Style of Auto.
In England the self-propelled railway car is coming into extensive use, especially on branch lines where the traffic is so small as not to warrant the operation of steam locomotives or the application of electricity. Recently one of the largest electrical manufacturing firms in America has ordered in England an oil engine for this purpose, which will be used with a dynamo to generate current for ordinary car motors. The advantage of such an installation is that there is no loss of fuel when the car is not in motion and that the motor can be put into operation at an instant's notice. The machinery is placed in a small compartment at the end of the car and requires but little attention. Such cars, driven by various forms of motors, have been found of especial value in England to bring passengers to main electric and steam lines, and it would seem as if there was an equal field of usefulness for them in the United States.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.		
Grain, Flour and Feed.		
Wheat—No. 2 red	81.05	1.09
Rye—No. 2	90	94
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear	65	64
No. 2 yellow, shelled	65	60
Mixed ear	59	60
No. 2 white	84	35
No. 2 white	84	42
Flour—Winter patent	6.90	6.30
Straight winter	5.70	5.85
Hay—No. 1 timothy	12.50	13.00
Clover No. 1	12.00	12.50
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton.	24.50	25.00
Brewing middlings	21	20
Brass, bulk	30.00	30.50
Straw—Wheat	7.00	7.50
Oat	7.85	7.50
Dairy Products.		
Butter—Eggs creamery	48	48
Ohio creamery	48	49
Fancy country roll	14	14
Cheese—Cheddar	11	12
New York, new	11	12
Poultry, Etc.		
Hens—per lb.	12	13
Chickens—dressed	15	17
Turkeys, live	15	16
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh	25	27
Fruits and Vegetables.		
Potatoes—New per bu.	50	55
Cabbage—per bushel	75	1.00
Onions—per barrel	175	185
Apples—per barrel	15.75	2.25
BALTIMORE.		
Flour—Winter Patent	5.55	5.90
Wheat—No. 2 red	1.12	1.13
Corn—mixed	.65	.66
Eggs	.80	.82
Butter—Creamery	.35	.36
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Winter Patent	5.15	5.75
Wheat—No. 2 red	1.11	1.15
Corn—No. 2 mixed	.58	.59
Oats—No. 2 white	.36	.37
Butter—Creamery	.82	.85
Eggs—Pennsylvania fresh	.24	.25
NEW YORK.		
Flour—Patent	4.90	4.90
Wheat—No. 2 red	1.15	1.19
Corn—No. 2 white	.60	.60
Oats—No. 2 white	.36	.37
Butter—Creamery	.85	.85
Eggs	.85	.85
LIVE STOCK.		
Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.		
Cattle.		
Prime heavy, 1400 to 1600 lbs.	5.00	5.70
Prime, 1200 to 1400 lbs.	5.15	5.45
Medium, 1000 to 1200 lbs.	4.65	5.10
Fat heifers	5.00	4.60
Butcher, 900 to 1000 lbs.	3.00	3.25
Cummers to fat	3.00	3.25
Oxen, common to good	2.50	3.00
Common to good fat bulls and cows	2.50	3.00
Milk cows, each	16.31	20.30
Hogs.		
Prime heavy hogs	5.05	5.10
Prime medium weight	5.00	5.05
Best heavy Yorkers and medium	5.00	5.05
Good pigs and high Yorkers	4.75	4.85
Pigs, common to good	3.75	3.85
Roughs	4.00	4.45
Slugs	3.50	4.25
Sheep.		
Extra medium wethers	4.30	4.50
Good to choice	3.95	4.25
Medium	3.40	3.85
Common to fair	3.00	3.50
Spring Lambs	3.50	3.90
Calves.		
Best, extra	5.00	7.50
Real, good to choice	4.50	4.90
Real, common heavy	4.00	4.50