

Thanksgiving Day

THANKSGIVING ECHOES.

The turkey was tender and all in place; I did the carving and ate his grace. Kissed her, too—and she did not grieve: "Lord make us thankful for what we receive!"

Did you ever see a possum wild a hide like that? Why, de grease is jes' a gleamin on de side—so fat. Ask a blessin, Brudder Johnson, 'fo de ceremonies start. En swipe 'im troo de backbone, en carve 'im to de hart!

THAT PUMPKIN PIE.

In a down town restaurant in Chicago John Gilmore sat at dinner. With a very discontented expression of countenance he was "jabbing" with his fork a piece of pumpkin pie which he had just ordered, seemingly determined that that particular piece should never know another victim.

His thoughts ran somewhat on this wise: "Call that pumpkin pie! A yellow skin over a piece of soggy dough!" Then, through the association of ideas, his thoughts turned to that home in Ohio where his mother, at this season of the year, always served daily the luscious pie, rich as new milk, fresh eggs and golden pumpkin could make it.

But that home was broken up, and all its inmates scattered; none of the numerous kinfolk near the old place but Aunt Sally Penrose, while he, after ten years of struggle in the modern Babylon—Chicago—at the age of thirty, was only just beginning to catch a glimpse of the way to fortune. Fame he never expected. Then his mind reverted to the stabbed pie, and he said to himself, for he never condescended to scold waiters about things for which they were not responsible, being a gentleman: "I can't eat this; it's more than human stomach can endure. I believe I will go back to Brooklyn to see the old place and dear old Aunt Sally. Next week is Thanksgiving, and I can manage to get off two or three days. I'll never marry until I can find a woman who can make pumpkin pies as my mother could."

With a final critical glance at the offending food, he took his hat and departed. That evening he wrote to his aunt, telling her of his intended visit, and in due time received a reply so kind and cordial that it warmed his rather lonely heart and touched his conscience for not having gone before.

Thanksgiving morning John Gilmore was awakened by the unaccounted sound of crowing cocks and lowing cows. For a few moments he was dazed; then he remembered that the night before he had reached Brooklyn, had been met at the station by his uncle James and taken to the farm on the edge of the little village, had sat late talking to his aunt, and, finally, when snugly ensconced between the white sheets, had fallen into such a dreamless sleep as he had not known in years.

After breakfast Aunt Sally said: "John, it's your annual service today, and will be held in the Methodist church. Our preacher will preach—the Presbyterian. You'll go, won't you?" John hesitated, and then said "Yes." He had some thought of taking a long walk through the leafless wood, where in boyhood he had known every nook and corner. The day was so bright, the air so crisp that it was a great piece of self denial to give it up. But as he had to stay till the fast express Sunday night he concluded to spend an ordinary Thanksgiving—preaching, dinner and all. He had a ready-made old fashioned preaching talk. To be sure, he had every Sunday heard Professor Rope discuss the questions—political and secular—which had interested the public during the preceding week, but barring the text, it bore very little relation to its antiquated relative, the clergy sermon.

Arrived at the church, he found himself seated well up in front. His aunt bowed and smiled to him; he saw no familiar face. His manhood had been employed in the great struggle for football, so that his old friends had been dropped, and he had not formed many new acquaintances. In this atmosphere of homely, cheery friendliness he felt like an intruder. Just back of the preacher was seated the choir, composed of the members of all the different churches in the village. He was pleased with the sensation of interest the pretty, fresh faces of the girls gave him. He joined in the singing of "Coronation" and other old hymns, and listened to the sermon, apparently interested as any one there. It was a simple effort, suited to the occasion and the hearers, but by its absence of pretension it refreshed him.

At the close a general handshaking was indulged in, and he was introduced to many persons who had known his father and mother.

"John," said Aunt Sally, "it's our turn this year to go to Mrs. Gray's to dinner. We take year about—the Grays, Steels and our folks—so if you will you may just walk over with the other young folks through the meadow and we will take Uncle Billy Gregg home in your place. I was so flurried last night I forgot to tell you."

John, when he found it was an established custom, made no demur, but said: "Certainly, aunt. I would be delighted to walk through the meadow, but you must introduce me to my companions. I don't know them even by sight."

"To be sure you don't!" exclaimed Aunt Sally. "Ruth," she called, and a nice, quiet looking girl stepped forward and said, holding out her hand: "How do you do, Aunt Sally? You are going over to dinner, aren't you? Mother is expecting you."

"Oh, yes, but here, I want to introduce you to my nephew, John Gilmore. John, this is Ruth Gray. It is to her house we are going," she explained to him; "she will take care of you, and make you acquainted with the other young folks."

John, who was unaccustomed to the society of young ladies, instead of making complimentary speeches about her guardianship, bowed gravely and walked by her side across the road, the big gate which led into the meadow. He opened it and let her through, and found himself with her following a small procession, which proved to be the "other young folks."

alous jolly, preserves of every kind and cakes; in fact, all the prodigal profusion of a country Thanksgiving dinner. To John the crowning glory was a goodly array of pumpkin pies which graced the sideboard. Ruth, with two of her young friends, waited on them all, handing the coffee, heating the plates and cutting the pie. This last operation John watched with interest, for pumpkin pie cannot be cut properly by a careless hand. Ruth cut it with two quick strokes, leaving a clean edge of delicious custard and an unbroken crust.

After the repeat John, whose reserve had thawed under the influence of the good things of which he had partaken, said to Mrs. Gray: "You must let me thank you for that delicious pumpkin pie. It was as good as my mother's, and that is the highest praise I could bestow."

"Mrs. Gray looked pleased and said: 'I'm glad you liked it. Ruth made it; she was up at 5 o'clock, so as to have them fresh. She says there is anything delectable it is a pumpkin pie with crust soaked till it is soggy.'"

The older folks had assembled in the parlor, but the younger people who had eaten remained in the dining room for the fun of waiting on the "waiters," which John soon discovered and thought he would like to try. He found his way back, and was soon busy filling the plate of Ruth, whom he had elected to serve, so full that she laughed and said, "Mr. Gilmore, you must have a great opinion of my powers of digestion." He looked a little teased as he contemplated the pyramid he had just constructed, took the vacant seat at her side and said to her: "I thought you might have an appetite. Making pies at 5 o'clock in the morning is hungry work."

"Did mother tell you that?" she asked. "No, I asked her—in a manner."

"I had my breakfast afterward," said Ruth, "but you may bring me a piece of pie now, if you please."

He went to the sideboard to do her bidding. As ill luck would have it there was none cut, so he took the knife in his unskillful hand and held fast to the plate, but not to the pie, which went slipping to the floor, spattering him well in its descent. Ruth, who had been watching him, saw the mishap, which none of the others had noticed, came quickly to the rescue, and soon had the pie deftly cleaned up and in the kitchen, where she indulged in a laugh which her politeness and sympathy for his discomfiture forbade, and no one the wiser.

"You may be a good lawyer, but you are a poor butler," remarked Ruth. The rest of the afternoon was spent in walking about the fields and eating nuts around the fire.

But the best part of the day was the evening, for it was the custom of these good people to stay till 10 o'clock. The long kitchen was cleared, and every one, old and young, played games—"Puss in the Corner," "Blind Man's Buff" and such like. Ruth was blindfolded, such scampering and giggling as she indulged in around the room! With arms outstretched she brought them down on the shoulders of John, who, to tell the truth, made no great effort to escape. With one hand she clasped his neck affectionately, while the other slid down his nose till it struck his mustache.

This settled the question of his identity, as he was the only person present so adorned. With her hand still unconsciously about his neck she took the handkerchief out of her eyes, while he, with an audacious new to him, said softly, "A delightful situation—if it could only last longer."

Ruth, becoming conscious of it, blushed brightly and withdrew her hand.

"Turn around; you are caught; have to be it," quoth Ruth.

"Yes, and by you," he softly answered, as he turned to have the handkerchief blown over his eyes, enjoying the sensation of making a pretty girl blush and his own newly acquired boldness.

The next day, as in duty bound, John called on his late hostess, found Ruth at home and persuaded her to walk with him through the leafless woods, which, to a true lover of nature, are almost as pleasurable as in their early leafing. He showed her where he had played in his boyhood, and, as he talked, she pranked and something of his present mode of life. In the interchange of confidences she told him that she taught in the little white school house at the forks of the Madisonville road; of her experiences at normal school, and of her home life. In that one short afternoon they learned more of each other's tastes and habits than they could have done in a dozen casual meetings.

On their return John had obtained Ruth's promise to go with him to the old red bridge, the scene of many a former fishing bout.

On Sunday John dutifully went to church, where he saw Ruth in the choir, and, as he just back of the preacher, he got great credit for paying strict attention to the sermon. At the close she walked with her through the meadow, and, on parting at her own door, thus addressed her:

THANKSGIVING AT WOLFVILLE.

The War Ax Buried and Red Dog Invited to Help Celebrate the Day.

"Thanksgiving, ain't it?" said the old cotterman, beginning to fill his faithful cob pipe preparatory to a talk. "They have big goings on now at this yer hostelry I abides at. Flour doins an chicken fixin—all the scrowlwork they thinks of, I reckon. I remembers havin' Thanksgiving down in Wolfville once; which it was a success, but differin' plenty from this yer one."

"Gents," says Enright one evening, gathering us into the Red Light, "there's a matter concernin' this yer camp in a body I want to speak of."

"What I'm thinkin' of, gents, is this: I notices tomorry is Thanksgiving by a paper Old Monte brings in from Tucson. Now the simple question is, be we in this; an if so, what form the orny takes?"

"What's the matter hokin' over an shootin' up Red Dog?" says Dan Boggs. "That outfit of tarraipins ain't been shook up none for three months."

"Techn'le speakin' says Doc Peets, which he was shurely the longest headed man I ever sees, 'shootin' up Red Dog, while it's all right as a proposition an highly creditable to Mr. Boggs, is not a Thanksgiving play. The game played strict, confines itself to eatin a drinkin'."

"I assoms it's the will of this yer meetin'," says Enright, "an therefore appints Doc Peets, Cherokee, an Boggs to wait on Miss Rucker at the Garfield restaurant an learn what for a banquet she can rustle up tomorry an to the listin'."

"The committee comes back after a little an allows Miss Rucker reports herself a little shy on viands on account of the freighters not comin in from Tucson."

"But," says Peets, "she's able to make a strong play with salt hoss an baked beans, coffee an biscuits for games on the side."

"That's good enuf," says Jack Booth, "an any man who thinks he wants more is a victim of whims."

"While we was all discussin of the arrangements for the feast we yards a clatter of pony hoofs and a wild yell outside an our door, an the boss in his shaggy lookin vagrant settin on his hoss in front of the Red Light's door."

"Get an ax, somebody," he shouts, "an widen this yer door a lot. I aims to come in on my hoss."

"Hands up thar!" says Jack Booth, on limberin his artillery like a flash; "hands up! I'll jest feel you up about comin in on your hoss. You jest make one wink to many now, an I puts a new hole in your face right over the eye."

"So slow, Jack," says Enright. "Who may you be?" he goes on to the loosed man on the hoss.

"Me? Says the loosed man. 'I'm Red Dog Jim. Tell the son o' a b—, Enright, 'p'intin to Booth, to put down his gun an not offer it at me no more. He's a heap too vivid with that gun, he is. Only I'm a white winged harbinger of peace, I shure ups an makes him eat all the wood offen it.'"

"Well, whatever you be thirsin for anyhow," says Enright. "Come ridin in yer like you aim to get no respect for makin this yer a friendly call, or for you present on a theory you're goin to tree this town?"

"I'm the Red Dog committee on invitations," he says. "Red Dog sends its comps an says you all bury the hatchet for one day in honor of tomorry being Thanksgiving, an come feed with no limit."

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THANKSGIVING FESTIVITIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In a Letter to Her Friend an English Maiden Describes the Holiday in Boston—Incidentally the "Old Story," as Told in 1690.

The following letter was found among the papers in an old country house and copied by the writer:

From Alice Barton to Mistress Olive Kerrison, Thursday, 21st day of November, MDCXC.

SWEETEST OLIVE—It is the close of the first day in this New Boston, and I take this opportunity of telling you how I have fared. The voyage was an exceedingly pleasant one and my heart had not been made heavy with the loss of old friends and I had many apprehensions of evil. My Uncle met me at the port and conveyed me home, where I met my Aunt Faith. I have before told you their story, how my uncle was disinherited because he wedded one of the seditious sect of Lutherans, and how Aunt Faith was disowned because she married out that body, so the twin came to America. I am much affected by her calm sweetness, and there is such apparent love betwixt my uncle and herself that I would fain be loved as she is. But I would not have you, Olive, let others learn what for a banquet she can rustle up tomorry an to the listin'."

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SEAVE TWO DINNERS.

Turkey Does Not Make the Lay Unless the Four Share It.

It is a good word to begin with. An honest, hearty, cheerful, jovial, whole souled straightforward Saxon word with a grateful meaning and an application big enough to go all around the human family.

It is not improbable that the average reader of this good word "thanksgiving" will find the concept of "turkey" spontaneously rising in his mind. This is an agreeable consequence of a national theory. Nobody need be told what a comfortable peace settles down upon the man who confronts the sacrificial fowl of the season—the once proud aristocrat of the flock, now supine and still, with well browned skin, hot and hissing, and with uplifted legs adorned with fillets of parsley. He feeds his sight, his smell and then his yearning sense of taste, and he breaks his way through the crisp groves of the brittle celery, sounds the glowing depths of the cranberry sauce and of the rich dark gravy, dabbles with the modest charms of the humble turnip, the succulent onions and the reliable potato, and works his will upon the nutty sweetness of the fragment stuffing.

And by the time he reaches the pleasant fields of pie, where the golden pumpkin, the well browned apple and the smoking, aromatic mince beguile his jaded palate, the sight for the hunger which but lately spurred him on, and then a calm content steals over him and he is thankful. Fate cannot harm him—he has dined that day.

But we should try to bear in mind that the mere consuming of that noble bird and its attendant delicacies is not in itself an adequate giving of thanks. To congratulate ourselves on being better or better off than our neighbors is not grateful—it is merely pharisaic. Help somebody else to be thankful and you will gain more than you would believe perhaps to be thankful for yourself. Give somebody else a good dinner and you will find that a thanksgiving is never so full and hearty as when accompanied by a thank offering.—New York Sun.

The History of Thanksgiving.

One of the great festive days of old England and the most popular after Christmas and May Day was the Harvest Home, a rural festival held at the close of harvest time. There were sports and gambols on the village green of every hamlet at these times, wrestling matches between the young men, feats of archery and dancing, followed by a bounteous feast, where a good deal of hearty food was consumed and a large quantity of beer was drank after the hearty English fashion.

When we go back to the Sixteenth century it is found to be filled up with fasts and thanksgivings, especially during the time of Queen Elizabeth. Under that gay and pageant loving sovereign it was expressly ordered that on Thanksgiving days no servile labor should be performed, and severe penalties were attached to the violation of this order.

In 1620 Thanksgiving entered into Rogation days, and it was ordered that thanks should then be offered "for the increase and abundance of his fruits upon the face of the earth." Early in the reign of King James the special thanksgivings had been incorporated into the prayer book.

It was natural enough, therefore, that the early settlers should bring with them a traditional respect for days of thanksgiving.—New York Mail and Express.

The King of Pies.

Some pies have the flavor of quince and apples, Pumpkins, peaches and prunes or the pumpkin as well.

The odors they savor the youthful mind grasp. Delighting the senses of taste and of smell.

But the pie that is king is the one that is made of the finest wheat and is topped with the cinnamon stick.

That mystical mixture the doctors are "frail of."

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ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

NOV. 15, 1902.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:10, 8:35, 9:40, 10:41 A. M., 12:25, 1:50, 2:45, 3:50, 4:55, 6:41, 7:12, 8:47 P. M., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazelton.

6:10, 8:40 A. M., 1:30, 3:50 P. M., for March Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York. (8:35 has no connection for New York.)

8:35 A. M. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.

7:28, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 4:50 P. M. (via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:40 A. M. and 3:45 P. M. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazelton.

3:45 P. M. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5:50, 7:40, 8:28, 9:15, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 1:15, 2:38, 4:50, 7:03 and 8:57 P. M. from Hazelton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

7:28, 9:18, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 2:53, 4:50, 7:43 P. M. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).

1:15 and 5:35 P. M. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and March Chunk.

1:48 and 10:56 A. M. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and March Chunk.

9:18, 10:41 A. M., 2:43, 6:41 P. M. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:31 A. M. and 3:31 P. M. from Hazelton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

11:31 A. M. from Delano, Hazelton, Philadelphia and Easton.

3:31 P. M. from Pottsville and Delano.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

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