



# THANKSGIVING FAIRY

The night before Thanksgiving I found mamma sitting alone by the window in the dark, and when I put my cheek against hers it was all wet, and I said out quick:

"Oh, pretty mamma, what is the matter?" and cried, too.  
"I was thinking about your uncle Jefferson," she answered, then she dried her eyes and mine. "He will be the only one who will not be here at our Thanksgiving dinner."  
"But why don't he ever come?" I asked.  
"Three years ago he had a misunderstanding with your father," said mamma.



"MY POOR CHILD, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"No, indeed, Hilda," said mamma. "He is a splendid doctor, and very kind to the poor. He is ready to go and see them any time, day or night. I have often known him to take the ragged little children who were sent for him in his gig."  
Then she said again: "They will all be here but he."  
"Shall I go and ask him to come?" I asked after a while. "I know where he lives."  
"No, Hilda, he would not listen to you," said mamma.  
"If I was a ragged little girl would he come?" I asked.  
"He might," said mamma. Then she sat very quiet and looked out of the window for a long time, and I knew she was thinking about Uncle Jefferson.

Next day every one came—grandma, grandfather and all my aunts, uncles and cousins, big and little. The table in the dining room was bright and glittering with pretty glass, silver and flowers. Every one seemed happy, but I knew just by her face that mamma was still thinking, "They are all here but Uncle Jefferson."  
So I went up to her and said: "Maybe Uncle Jefferson will come after all, mamma," but she shook her head and the tears came into her eyes.  
"Would he come if I was a ragged little girl and asked him?" I said.  
"He might," said mamma. "He is always so very good to poor children."  
"Then I will go and bring him," I said to myself, and ran away. Dinner would not be ready for an hour, so I had plenty of time. I left all my cousins playing and talking together. I was afraid some one would call me back, but I got away without being seen and went into mamma's room and into a closet, where I knew an old coat of papa's hung. I knew no one would mind, so I got the big scissors and cut off some of the sleeves, then I put it on; but it was so long that I could not walk, so I cut off the tail to make it ragged.  
I climbed up on a chair after I was dressed and peeped into the glass. I looked just like a poor, poor little ragged girl. It almost made me cry.  
"I hope I am ragged enough to suit Uncle Jefferson," I said, and I ran down stairs and out of the door. No one heard me.  
When I reached Uncle Jefferson's office his gig was standing at the door, so I waited close by until he came out of the house. I was afraid that after all he would not listen, but the mo-

ment he saw me he stopped and looked at me all over through his glasses.  
"Dear, dear," he said, "my poor child, what do you want?"  
"I want you to come and see mamma," I said.

He answered right away. "Certainly; jump in and tell the boy where to drive."  
When the black boy lifted me into the gig he laughed and said: "Well, little rag-bag, where shall I take you?"  
Just that moment I forgot our number, so I pointed.

Uncle Jefferson sat down on the other side of me, and away we went. Well, before I knew it, the boy drove down the wrong street, but there was a gate into our back garden in this street, and I told him to stop there.  
It was very dark in the garden, but I went straight up to the dining-room door, Uncle Jefferson following close behind. As I ran up the steps I threw away the old coat and handkerchief, for I knew mamma wanted me to look nice.

When I pushed open the door and called out, "Here is Uncle Jefferson," every one stopped talking and turned around.  
Well, I don't know what happened after that, but anyhow in a few moments they were all shaking hands, and mamma was crying, but this time she looked so happy.  
When at last they all sat down, I next to mamma on one side and Uncle Jefferson on the other, she said: "You dear little fairy, how did you manage to make him come?"  
Then I told her about the old coat, and she told everybody else, and they laughed, Uncle Jefferson louder than all the others.  
Mamma said it was the very happiest Thanksgiving Day she had ever known, and all my cousins said it was the very best Thanksgiving dinner ever eaten.



No war within our borders, we can all rejoice to-day:  
At peace with all the nations far beyond the dashing spray!  
Our navy rides in every sea, our honor is as true  
As when was first baptized in blood the old Red, White and Blue.

I seem to catch the echoes of an anthem in the South,  
Where sings the golden oracle in some "neath the sun";  
And the laurel and the cedar and the branching chestnut tree  
Grow side by side, where once were pitched the tents of Grant and Lee.  
I hear no more the battle drums that beat in manhood's day,  
For "stand by side, fore'er at peace, are standing Blue and Gray";  
Together they are marching to the destiny of fame,  
And "each one crowns with deathless wreath our country's noble name."  
I dream of coming ages which our nation loved will crown  
With mighty triumphs which to her shall give a new renown;  
Until in conscious wonder every country  
Shall ring with lofty plaudits for the land of Washington.  
We're marching on to greater things, as vanguard sweep the sea,  
And each Thanksgiving flits our hearts with blessings yet to be,  
America is destined, if to God we're only true,  
To be the favored nation "neath the canopy of blue."  
Then let the bells all ring today throughout our cherished clime;  
Let old and young with pride rejoice this glad Thanksgiving time;  
Let peace rise from morn till eve and nothing come to mar  
The hope that rules our happy land beneath the stripe and star.  
The winds blow through the autumn boughs; methinks I hear a tread,  
A merry laugh and a little hand is laid upon my head;  
And soft lips touch my wrinkled cheek and this is what they say:  
"I've come to kiss you, grandpa, dear, a thankful kiss to-day!"  
My eyes grow misty as my arms about the wee one twine;  
I cannot see the meadow and the wood-land's golden line;  
My old, old heart beats faster, as it bubbles o'er with bliss,  
And silently I'm thankful for the sweet Thanksgiving kiss.

### THE PUMPKIN.

Oh, greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,  
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,  
And the rock and the tree and the cottage unfold,  
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,  
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,  
While we waited to know that his warning was true,  
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain  
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.  
On the banks of the Xenil, the dark Spanish maiden  
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;  
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold  
Through the orange leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;  
Yet with dearest delight from his home in the north,  
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,  
Where the crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,  
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.  
Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from east and from west,  
From north and from south come the pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-worn man seeks his mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,  
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?  
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin-pie?  
Oh, fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling:  
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!  
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!

not entirely clear, inasmuch as she was one of the officers.

"If no one else will do anything, we must," rejoined Mrs. Allen; the various members nodded approval.



"WHAT SHALL WE DO?"  
good time while making the pastor happy. It would be easy to prepare something extra while getting ready for Thanksgiving. It was to be a grand secret; not a soul but members of the society should know a word of it.

At the close of the business meeting of the Young People's League, the president made a close scrutiny to assure himself that all present were members; he then proposed that, as "They would not do anything," the League take up the matter.

"I understand that we have nearly sixty dollars in the treasury; we could pay the pastor \$48.50—bringing the salary up to \$100—and have enough left to pay all bills and begin the new year out of debt. If we do this I suggest that we observe the utmost secrecy and make it a complete surprise." All readily agreed to the plan and pledged the proper reticence in the matter.

Four of the most faithful met after prayer meeting to discuss the situation, and decided that they must at once collect \$248.25, the balance necessary to pay the six months' salary due. This they proceeded to do so quietly that no one surmised a general canvass was being made. Before Sunday the entire amount was secured.

Friday, after school, the Junior League met and decided that inasmuch as the grown up folks would not help in the matter, they would do what they could; so they voted to pay over every bit there was in the treasury. Upon counting \$23.25 was found to be the correct amount.

"Oh, girls!" cried Lottie Newman, as she made some figures in the treasurer's book. "It will make just even \$75 and I hope we can get enough to make it a hundred."  
After the choir had run over the Sunday hymns, someone proposed that they pay the proceeds of the last concert on the salary. The sum of \$30.25, after referring to the margin of his anthem book, the chorister reported that it would make \$82 all told. On Thanksgiving morning they would call at the parsonage and surprise the pastor with a check for this amount. Perhaps it would somewhat atone for the sin of whispering during the sermon.  
Thanksgiving day was a trying time for the Norwoods. The baby was sick the night before and kept them awake; and when they did get to rest, they overslept. What with rushing to get breakfast over and make ready for the service at church, prayers were shortened and the chapter omitted altogether.  
"Oh, Wesley, I am so tired! Everything has gone wrong today," said Mrs. Norwood that afternoon. "The children never were so naughty before. What will people say about Robbie fighting? The flour-barrel is empty, the potatoes are all gone, and we have not a thing in the house for breakfast, only bread and butter; and the grocer sent us word yesterday that we could have another thing until we paid him. What shall we do?" After which lengthy and somewhat incoher-

ent speech, she laid her head on his shoulder and found refuge in tears.  
"Never mind, Dear; the Lord will provide"; then he slowly added, as if in an afterthought, "some way."

A few minutes later Pastor Norwood was bowing to the organist, who slipped a check in his hand and said properly, "With the compliments of the choir." Just as they were seated, the door bell rang again, and this time the Junior League marched en masse and the astonished minister stood speechless with a check in either hand. Then the older League came, and presently the Ladies' Aid, and last of all the trustees, all adding their offerings and crowding the small rooms. Each party looked stiffly askance at the others, wondering by what trickery their secret had become known.

After an hour of discourse and song, the treasurer arose and said: "A few days since our pastor had received but a mere pittance for many months of faithful labor. While he had wrought earnestly for the church and its societies, so that, for the first time in years, all were in a prosperous condition, he unselfishly forgot his own needs. No, no! Brother Norwood, you must permit me to finish. Then one society and another, by some strange coincidence, conceived the thought of giving the pastor a pleasant Thanksgiving surprise. It is needless to say that we have surprised each other quite as well. But best of all, I find that in the few days of unconscious co-operation, we have increased the amount paid on salary to just five hundred dollars. This shows what we can do if we all work together. I move you as a congregation, that we increase our pastor's salary from six hundred to eight hundred dollars a year."

It was carried with a rush, even Brother Cook assenting. Pastor Norwood arose, and with tears of joy trickling down his cheeks, thanked them simply. Some said they sung the doxology as never before; at least there were two voices that rang out with a new inspiration of faith.



They read together.  
wood again took his wife in his arms and opening his Bible at a place much marked and worn, they read together with the guileless faith of children, "And it shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

Days of festival thanksgiving have been celebrated for many centuries. Under the old Mosaic law the Hebrews held an annual harvest festival under the trees and in tents of palm. The German Protestants have an annual "Harvest Home" festival, accompanied by religious services, and this custom was brought to America by the early Dutch immigrants.  
Thanksgiving for us today is a time for rejoicing that life has been spared to us and that we have escaped many dangers, overcome many trials and enjoyed many pleasures during the last year. It is also a time when we should remember kindly those who have been less fortunate and should put forth some special effort to make them happier.

They Call Ade "Ah-Day."  
No writing, it is said, of Mr. George Ade's has so amused his admiring readers as has the pronunciation of his name by the majority of those admiring readers amused Mr. George Ade. How it started no one seems to know, but most persons in this part of the country, the New York Sun says, speak of him as Mr. Ah-day (accent on the day). Call it that in Chicago where he lives, and they wouldn't know whom you were talking about. The author himself pronounces his name as though it were spelled "Aid."

His Wonderful "Potatoes."  
An interesting agricultural item is reprinted in the London Times from its issue of October 10, 1901: "A Mr. Va-her of Heckford farm, near Poole, last year planted one Potatoe, which produced him 335 in number, and there would have been still more had not a boy lost one of the eyes after the Potatoe was cut in pieces. The Farmer having saved the whole of them, had then planted, which he has now dug up, and finds that they have multiplied to the number of 9,236 and weigh 13 cwt., 3 qrs., which certainly is a very great increase from one single root in two years."

Rheumatism and the Eyes.  
Chicago, Ill., Nov. 18th.—Mr. R. A. Wade, the celebrated criminal lawyer of this city whose opinion on legal matters is unquestioned, has recently made public his unqualified opinion on a matter of medicine. Mr. Wade says that Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble affect the eyesight, and further that there is no case of the kind that cannot be cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.  
He has no fear of being set right by any of his medical friends, for both statements have a living and indisputable proof in the person of the great lawyer himself, who as a result of Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble from which he suffered for years, became totally blind.

Physicians, the best in the country, pronounced his case incurable and hopeless, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him, restored his sight, drove away the Kidney Trouble and with it the Rheumatism and made an all-around well man of him.  
Married a Chinaman for Spite.  
A new species of revenge has been discovered in New Jersey. A woman there had trouble with her husband, and ran away from him and married a Chinaman. An obliging minister of New York performed the ceremony. When brought into court the woman set up no defense. "I had no use for the Chink," she said. "I only married him to spite my husband." "There is, then, something new under the sun," remarked the Solomon on the bench.

When You Order Baker's Chocolate or Baker's Cocoa examine the package you receive and make sure that it bears the well known trade-mark of the chocolate girl. There are many imitations of these choice goods on the market. A copy of Miss Parlo's choice recipes will be sent free to any housekeeper. Address Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

A Blackstone Memorial.  
Mrs. T. B. Blackstone, widow of the late president of the Chicago & Alton railroad, has presented the city of Chicago with a library building, to be put up at the intersection of Forty-fifth street and Washington and Lake avenues, as a memorial to Mr. Blackstone. Though it will be a branch of the main public library, the building will have a complete equipment of its own.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5 cents.  
Love never turns its microscopes on our faults.  
Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N.Y., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 4, 1902.  
Time lost in mending nets is saved in catching fish.

IRONING A SHIRT WAIST.  
Not infrequently a young woman finds it necessary to launder a shirt waist at home for some emergency when the laundryman or the home servant cannot do it. Hence these directions for ironing the waist: To iron summer shirt waists so that they will look like new it is needful to have them starched evenly with Defiance starch, then made perfectly smooth and rolled tight in a damp cloth, to be laid away two or three hours. When ironing have a bowl of water and a clean piece of muslin beside the ironing board. Have your iron hot, but not sufficiently so to scorch, and absolutely clean. Begin by ironing the back, then the front, sides and the sleeves, followed by the neckband and the cuffs. When wrinkles appear apply the damp cloth and remove them. Always iron from the top of the waist to the bottom. If there are plaits in the front iron them downward, after first raising each one with a blunt knife, and with the edge of the iron follow every line of stitching to give it distinctness. After the shirt waist is ironed it should be well aired by the fire or in the sun before it is folded and put away, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Edison's "Boo."  
Thomas A. Edison is very deaf. Owing to a playful pleasantry he has invented a sort of shorthand speech, among which is his greeting to the older hands in his shop and laboratory. When he sees one of these men, "Boo!" says Mr. Edison, which has come to mean good morning, or good afternoon, or good night. The laboratory men have picked up the peculiar greeting, so that when the "boss" appears in the morning he is greeted in his own shorthand speech: "Boo, Mr. Edison."

A sensitive conscience never makes a man self-conscious.

## THANKSGIVING AT ELMVILLE

The good people of the church at Elmville had decided that something must be done, and at once. The treasurer, a young man, who had recently come to the village, had made a financial statement that October Sunday morning, upon which certain persons felt very much scandalized. Such a thing had never been done before—not even thought of; then it revealed the fact that the Reverend Wesley Norwood had received but \$51.75 for six months of faithful service.  
"I don't believe in bringing up such matters in the religious services of the church," growled Brother Cook, who always protested that it was a waste of money to pay the minister so much salary.  
"I quite agree with you," responded Mr. Burnes. He was not a member of the church, but attended because it was a respectable thing to do—gave you standing. "If these things must come up every Sunday, I shall attend church elsewhere."  
Notwithstanding this, it was generally agreed that it was a shame, and something must be done. But when things had gone in a haphazard way, it was no easy matter to face the situation. After several weeks of discussion, the necessary something was accomplished as far from accomplishment as it was to be.  
It was too bad that they do not collect the pastor's salary," remarked a member of the Ladies' Aid meeting. "The idea meant by 'they' was