



**THE PUMPKIN.**

Oh, greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,  
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon  
On run,  
And the rock and the tree and the cottage  
enfold,  
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 be-  
hold  
Through the orange leaves shining the  
broad spheres of gold;  
Yet with dearer delight from his home in  
the north,  
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee  
looks forth,  
Where the crook-necks are colling 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 pil-  
grim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New-Englander  
sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restor-  
ed,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his  
mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the  
girl smiled before,  
What moistens the lip and what bright-  
ens 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  
side,  
Gazing out through the dark with a  
candle within!



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 re-  
cently 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 be-  
fore—not even thought of; then it re-  
vealed the fact that the Reverend Wes-  
ley 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. Barnes. He was not a member of  
the church, but attended because it  
was a respectable thing to do—give  
you standing. "If these things must  
come up every Sunday, I shall attend  
church elsewhere."  
Notwithstanding this, it was gener-  
ally agreed that it was a shame, and  
something must be done. But when  
things had gone in a haphazard way  
so long it was no easy matter to face  
right about. After several weeks of  
deliberation, the necessary something  
seemed as far from accomplishment as  
ever.  
"It is too bad that they do not col-  
lect the pastor's salary," remarked  
Mrs. Hunter at the Ladies' Aid meet-  
ing. Who she meant by "they" was

not entirely clear, inasmuch as she  
was one of the officers.  
"If no one else will do anything, we  
must," rejoined Mrs. Allen; the vari-  
ous members nodded approval.  
It was soon planned. The pastor  
had received \$51.75; they would pay  
him \$98.25—make it even \$150—and  
have enough left in the treasury for  
incidental matters. On Thursday  
evening of next week, which was  
Thanksgiving, they would invite them-  
selves to the parsonage, and have a



"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 meet-  
ing of the Young People's League, the  
president made a close scrutiny to as-  
sure 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—bring the sal-  
ary 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 situa-  
tion, and decided that they must at  
once collect \$248.25, the balance neces-  
sary to pay the six months' salary  
due. This they proceeded to do so  
quietly that no one surmised a gen-  
eral canvass was being made. Before  
Sunday the entire amount was secured.  
Friday, after school, the Junior  
Leaguers met and decided that inas-  
much 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 treas-  
ury. Upon counting \$23.25 was  
found to be the correct amount.  
"Oh, girls!" cried Lottie Newman,  
as she made some figures in the treas-  
urer'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 con-  
cert 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 ser-  
mon.  
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, pray-  
ers were shortened and the chapter  
omitted altogether.  
"Oh, Wesley, I am so tired! Every-  
thing 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  
not 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 prop-  
erly, "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 speech-  
less with a check in either hand. Then  
the older League came, and present-  
ly 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 Nor-  
wood, you must permit me to finish.  
Then one society and another, by some  
strange coincidence, conceived the  
thought of giving the pastor a pleas-  
ant Thanksgiving surprise. It is need-  
less to say that we have surprised each  
other quite as well. But best of all, I  
find that in the few days of uncon-  
scious 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 Nor-  
wood 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.  
When they were once more at home,  
and the children in bed, Wesley Nor-

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."  
Centuries Old.  
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 en-  
joyed 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.



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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 mat-  
ter?" 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  
said.  
"Three years ago he had a misun-  
derstanding with your father," said  
mamma.  
"That means a quarrel," I said.  
"What did he quarrel about?"  
"The pronunciation of a word," said  
mamma.  
"The way a word ought to be spok-  
en?" I asked.  
"Yes," said mamma.  
I thought that such a queer thing



"MY POOR CHILD, WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?"  
to quarrel about, but I did not say  
anything, for, of course, big folks  
know best.  
"It was on Thanksgiving Day three  
years ago," said mamma, "and he has  
never been in the house since."  
"He must be very cross and bad,"  
I said.  
"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 said 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—grand-  
ma, 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 chil-  
dren."  
"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 beg-  
gar 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 mam-  
ma," 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 num-  
ber, 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 mo-  
ments 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 man-  
age 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 hap-  
piest Thanksgiving Day she had ever  
known, and all my cousins said it was  
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ever eaten.  
Well, after that day Uncle Jefferson,  
and I were the best of friends, and  
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**THE OLD MAN'S  
THANKSGIVING**  
I move my arm-chair to the door that  
fronts the autumn world,  
And gaze upon the stately trees, proud  
in their garb of gold;  
The quail her brood is calling where the  
brooklet runs away  
To find the sea, and Nature smiles this  
glad Thanksgiving day.  
The years have touched my hair with  
gray, but still above me flies  
The fairest flag that flaunts its folds  
against the azure skies.  
I watch it in its beauty as it floats 'twixt  
sea and sea,  
From every lofty mountain top o'er peo-  
ple truly free.  
No war within our borders, we can all  
rejoice to-day:  
At peace with all the nations far beyond  
the dashing spray;  
Our navies ride in every sea, our honor  
is as true  
As when was first baptized in blood the  
old Red, White and Blue.  
I thank the loving Father, He who  
watches over all,  
For blessings on our land bestowed from  
mountain wall to wall;  
For harvests that were bountiful from  
far Dakota's plain  
To where the old Penobscot rushes 'neath  
the pines of Maine.  
I seem to catch the echoes of an anthem  
in the South,  
Where sings the golden oriole in some  
grim canon's mouth;  
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 side by side, forever at peace, are  
standing Blue and Gray;  
Together they are marching to the des-  
tiny of fame,  
And each one crowns with deathless  
wreath our country's noble name.  
I dream of coming ages which our na-  
tion loved will crown  
With mighty triumphs which to her shall  
give a new renown:  
Until in conscious wonder every country  
'neath the sun  
Shall ring with lofty plaudits for the land  
of Washington.  
We're marching on to greater things, as  
vessels sweep the sea;  
And each Thanksgiving fills our hearts  
with blessings yet to be,  
America is destined, if to God we're only  
true, of fame,  
To be the favored nation 'neath the can-  
opy of blue.  
Then let the bells all ring today through-  
out our cherished clime:  
Let old and young with pride rejoice this  
glad Thanksgiving time;  
Let peans rise from morn till eve and  
nothing come to mar  
The hope that rules our happy land be-  
neath 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,  
'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 but-  
bles o'er with bliss,  
and silently I'm thankful for the sweet  
Thanksgiving kiss.

**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 talk-  
ing about. The author himself pro-  
nounces him name as though it were  
spelled "Aid."

**His Wonderful "Potatoe."**  
An interesting agricultural item is  
reprinted in the London Times from  
its issue of October 10, 1801: "A Mr.  
Vaher 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 sin-  
gle 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 can  
not 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 indis-  
putable proof in the person of the  
great lawyer himself, who as a result  
of Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble  
from which he suffered for years, be-  
came 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 Chi-  
cago with a library building, to be put  
up at the intersection of Forty-fifth  
street and Washington and Lake ave-  
nues, as a memorial to Mr. Black-  
stone. 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., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

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 ser-  
vant cannot do it. Hence these direc-  
tions 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 iron-  
ing board. Have your iron hot, but  
not sufficiently so to scorch, and abso-  
lutely clean. Begin by ironing the  
back, then the front, sides and the  
sleeves, followed by the neckband and  
the cuffs. When wrinkles appear ap-  
ply 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. Ow-  
ing to a playful pleasantry he has in-  
vented a sort of shorthand speech,  
among which is his greeting to the  
older hands in his shop and labora-  
tory. 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 labor-  
atory men have picked up the peculiar  
greeting, so that when the "boss" ap-  
pears in the morning he is greeted in  
his own shorthand speech: "Boo, Mr.  
Edison."  
A sensitive conscience never makes  
a man self-conscious.