

# AN IMPROMPTU THANKSGIVING.

By Peter McArthur.

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In the mixed multitude that followed John Galt, the novelist, when he established the Canada company in 1825, there were representatives of every walk in life. But on the shore of Lake Huron a stern equality was maintained. The weaver turned farmer was the equal of the adventurous son of the laird, and, taking these things into consideration, Magistrate Phelan had no cause to wonder at the tumult created in the settlement when he banqueted the chief men on turkey in his dining room and fed the ordinary people on boiled pork in his barn.

Chief among the stall fed guests was Gideon McPherson, a man who was in no sense of the word "ordinar." On the previous year he had been overlooked by Tom McNulty and had broken the spell of the evil eyes by blacking them. In consequence he considered himself the equal of all men and the superior of most and resented savagely the slight that had been put upon him. To all his friends he told the story of his wrongs in guttural Gaelic or broken English and swore a great oath to be revenged on his enemy.

A couple of weeks after this irritating occurrence Tiger Dunlop, that glorious literary rowdy who had been punchmaker for Christopher North and the heroes of the "Noctes Ambrosianae," arrived in the neighborhood and heard of the trouble. He immediately visited Gideon and learned the story from his own lips.



"STOP, MON," CRIED THE TIGER TO GIDEON, "OR YE'LL BURST!"

"An fa vas Malster Phalan?" Gideon roared in his strange dialect, for he had learned English from his lowland Scotch neighbors. "Fan he kem to se bush he stood in a tub to shop, he vas so feared of nicking his shanks," and he laughed at the absurd picture conjured up by his wild exaggeration. "It was oor dochter Betsy that learned him to swing his ax. Put we'll be revenged on se secondel some day."

"Ah approve of yer speerit, mon," said Dunlop, who could never miss a chance to play a practical joke. "But fyv dyv ye no get yer weesh of him by fasting?"

Gideon pricked up his ears, and Dunlop explained in Scotch that the man who fasts for three days can get his wish on his enemy. It was a plan well known in Scotland, where the general poverty made it easier to practice than any other kind of revenge. Of course the scheme appealed to the superstitious and thrifty Gideon, and he resolved to act on it at once. After the whole matter was settled Dr. Dunlop's parting injunction was:

"Ye must sit i' the boose an no taste a bite for three days, or ye will lose yer weesh."

Betsy followed the doctor to where his horse was tied and when she was out of her father's hearing exclaimed angrily:

"I tak' shame of ye, Dr. Dunlop, that ye sud fill the auld mon's heid wi' sic trash."

"Tut, Betsy!" he replied, with a good natured laugh and paying her the compliment of speaking in plain English. "You do not understand your father as I do. If he went on hating Phelan as he has started, he would soon be so bilious he would be sick on your hands. This is my prescription for him, and I'll guarantee that within three days he will not want to hate any one again or to be revenged on them, and you must help the good work by cooking all the best dishes your house can afford, so as to whet his appetite."

Betsy laughed when she understood the doctor's drift and promised to do her part. Then she inquired seriously:

"Div yeh know fat day will be set apart for Thanksgiving? Oor fathier will be wantin to know."

The doctor was on the point of replying that Gideon was in no condition to offer thanks, but an idea occurred to him, and with a characteristic chuckle he said instead:

"I will find out when I am in Galt if the governor has made his proclamation, and I will send you word."

Gideon's fast began on the moment he resolved to act on the Tiger's suggestion, but as he had eaten a hearty supper nothing worth recording happened until the next day. On the following morning he wakened with the birds, but he immediately thought of his enemy and did not get up. Instead he lay where he was and meditated on the wish he would make against Phelan. His appetite was sharp, and he thought it would be a sweet revenge to see his insulter at his door begging for a bite to eat. While he was revolving this delightful prospect in his mind his daughters were preparing the breakfast. He heard Betsy raking the ashes for live coals. Then he heard her blowing on them while the fire crackled in the kindling, and presently a delightful odor began to penetrate the rickety partition that separated his bedroom from the kitchen.

They were having fried ham for breakfast, with buckwheat pancakes and gravy!

Gideon clasped his hands over his complaining stomach and with Scotch stubbornness suppressed a groan. His wide nostrils drew in the delicious odor with every breath and drove him frantic. It was impossible to lie in bed and endure it, so he jumped up and began to dress so as to have something to occupy his mind. After a time he appeared in the kitchen, where Betsy was cleaning the breakfast dishes.

Betsy bade him good morning, and

he replied with a surly nod. The odor of the ham was still in the air, and he was beginning to feel weak from hunger. Though he would have refused anything to eat, he was unreasonably angry because she offered him none. But he refrained from scolding, and as he could not go out he sought forgetfulness in reading. Because of the evil nature of his fast he could not read his Gaelic Bible, so he ferreted up a bundle of Dr. Dunlop's political pamphlets and slowly spelled out as much of their meaning as he could. Betsy in the meantime dressed a chicken for dinner. She put it on to stew over the open fireplace and made a light batter for doughboys. Gideon talked constantly and watched every movement with wolfish eyes. The odor from the bubbling pot set every nerve in his rebellious digestive system quivering, and when Ann and Sarah came home for their dinner it was a torture to see their enjoyment of the meal. He never realized before what ravenous and expensive eaters they were. Finally his anger broke loose, and as he scolded in Gaelic his iron gray whiskers bristled with rage.

"Doughboys with saleratus in them, and saleratus costing \$1 a pound! Is it any wonder I haven't been able to make the last payments on the farm with such extravagant goings on? You used to be satisfied to cook with corn-cob ashes, but now nothing but saleratus will suit your appetites—saleratus! And you're eating white bread as if wheat wasn't worth \$3 a bushel and salt-salt with every mouthful, though it costs \$20 a barrel."

"We all work hard enough, fathier, to get our board," said Betsy, "and if your heart was not full of foolish anger you would be glad to see us eating."

"Silence!" he commanded in a voice that made them all tremble, for he was a true Scotch father, and his word was law. Then, feeling ashamed of himself, he set them the example of being silent.

For supper the irritating Betsy cooked potato cakes, Gideon's favorite dish, and as they browned in the oven pan-

before the fire the smell of them made him pace up and down the room like a madman. Betsy and her sisters were truly sorry for him, but he was bringing it all on himself, and their sympathies were not as deep as they might have been. They ate their potato cakes and cold ham without undue ostentation, however, for they really feared their father's temper. When they had finished their supper, they stole away to bed, and Gideon did the same.

It was in vain that he tried to take his mind from the gnawing in his stomach, and his sleep was broken by wild dreams, for a starving man will see visions, be he fool or a mahatma. At first he dreamed over the wild voyage of 40 days that brought him from Scotland to the wilderness. The waves were tossing about him wearily, and then came the terrible news that cholera had broken out among the passengers. Horror piled upon horror until at last a huge ship bore down upon them, cut their schooner in two and impaled Gideon through the stomach with its bowsprit. He awakened with a scream that brought his daughters to his side, but he sternly bade them return to bed. After this he slept from sheer exhaustion and did not waken again until the ham was being fried for breakfast. The savory odor of it was a hundredfold more maddening than on the previous morning. He stuffed the coverlet in his mouth to keep himself from groaning aloud and meditated on his wish against Phelan. By this time he was beginning to doubt his ability to think of anything savage enough to do the wretch justice.

In the early morning Tiger Dunlop's servant appeared with a huge basket.

"My master sent me," he said, "to tell you that he has just learned that today is the day appointed for Thanksgiving by the governor and that he is coming to dinner and will bring a few friends to see Mr. McPherson, and he wants you to have this cooked for him."

So saying he laid on the table a dressed sucking pig, with a loaf of dry bread, a bundle of onions, a bunch of sage, a little roll of fresh butter and a peck of apples.

What a sucking pig it was! Its little back was so broad you could have poured a cup of water in the hollow of it without spilling a drop, but it was by no means all fat. When Betsy had admired the peerless suckling and her father had dilated on the honor that was being done to them by the Tiger and his friends in coming to have their Thanksgiving dinner with him, the other two girls were called from the field to help prepare for the visitors. The compliment implied by the dinner diverted Gideon's mind from his relentless hunger and kept him from noticing too painfully the hurried lunch that was taken by his daughters.

But his peace was short lived. Betsy crumbled the loaf of dry bread, peeled and chopped the onions, powdered the sage leaves, and then with the fresh butter mixed the dressing. When the little cherub was filled to his utmost capacity, they hung him before a great fire in the open fireplace over the dripping pan.

"Come," said Betsy to her father. "Won't you help us by keeping the pig turning?"

It was cruel, but Gideon could not resist. The crackling was already beginning to give its smell a right, and, though he would fain fly, he was attracted toward the chimney. Presently the onions penetrated the broiling sides and added their powerful odor to the torture. Then the daughters, as cruel as those of old Lear, hung a pot of apples on the crane to make apple sauce and put a great loaf of bread into the Dutch oven.

What a revel of odors now filled the old house! The appetite of an anchorite would have been tempted, so what must it have been to the starving Gideon, who was at all times a hearty feeder? He had to put forth a great effort of will to keep his under jaw snapped up and to avoid drooling. Then his wretched daughters capped the climax by putting a score or two of fine potatoes to bake in the coals. By this time Phelan and the wish were forgotten. Gideon could think of nothing but the crackling pig, the potatoes and the hot bread, and he was almost wandering in his mind. The table was loaded with a feast that was plentiful even for those lavish days. Everything was done to a turn, he had an appetite sharpened by two days' hunger, and at last he jumped from his stool with a cry like a famished wild animal.

"Bring me the butcher knife," he shouted, "and the big brown spoon!"

With one slash and a savage twist he wrenched a ham from the suckling and with another stroke disemboweled it of its rich dressing.

It was in vain that his daughters told him that the Tiger was coming up the lane with his friends, Colonel Van Edmond, Captain Dunlop, Colonel Prince, Sheriff Hyndman and half a dozen others of equal note in the province. He was deaf to everything except the Macedonian cry of his stomach, and when they arrived they were convulsed with laughter, for the Tiger had induced them to come by telling of his trick, and they were ready for a Thanksgiving dinner, even though the authenticity of the proclamation was open to grave doubts.

"Stop, mon," cried the Tiger to Gideon, "or ye'll burst! Here, take some fuskey to tone yer stammach."

After dinner the refreshed Gideon told them of his prowess in overcoming the spell of the evil eye, and before they left he was so proud of having entertained such notable guests and being complimented by them that his heart was full of thankfulness, and he had nothing but good wishes for all men, and particularly for such inferior people as Phelan and his aristocrats. As the news of the real Thanksgiving day never reached him when it was proclaimed, he never had cause to doubt the sincerity of his humorous friend, the Tiger.

## DRESS AND FASHION.

### FLUFFINESS AND FRIVOLITY RULE IN LATEST GOWNS.

#### White Taffeta in High Favor—Newest Garnitures of Threaded Velvet and Ribbons—Shoulder Draperies, Scarfs and Fichus.

Beauty and elegance have become common things where fashion congregates. The proof of this lies in the fact that gowns pass our notice now without so much as leaving an impression which formerly we would have thought models of luxury, and it requires something quite out of the



SUMMER FANCIES.

common to arrest attention and excite comment. The present season is quickly fretting out its little hour and has reached the period where little that is new is to be noted in the kingdom of fashion; what is, and few changes occur worth noting.

White taffeta, indeed, is high in the regard of the leaders of dress at present; tunic and polonaises of taffeta are much worn over underskirts and bodices of lace, caught at the waist by a clasp or button, and they are minutely tucked all over till the silk looks as if corded. On bodices this tucking is often advantageous, for the present close fitting, unadorned style does not suit to slender figures, and the tucking gives roundness without taking away from the fit.

A touch of black is the acme of smartness on light gowns, but another idea is a chou of shaded pearly velvet, from light to dark, on the left side of the bodice, or a yellow chou, from delicate maize to rich orange. The idea is to give a strong dash of color somewhere.

Sleeves are being made with a band of three tucks round the armhole, so as to keep them quite flat and yet give a little relief to the severe outlines which not every shoulder can do with. A sloping shoulder line is once more an accepted standard of beauty.

One of the latest forms of trimming resolves itself into a threading of black velvet or ribbon, through the material itself or the embroidery. This may be gathered from the accompanying sketches, the first two gowns both being threaded in this manner. The one on the left has a tunic of mauve taffeta, completely covered with narrow tucks, fastened with large strass buttons. The revers and underskirt, of ecru guipure, are slashed with black velvet. The other gown is in pastel rose voile, the tunic having a large semiloose double plat of cream lace, with black ribbon passed in and out. Narrow tucks edge the tunic, which is fringed with black silk.

The second group of sketches consists of a dress of ecru guipure over white voile, the tunic fastening down the right side with a laced ribbon velvet. The yoke is draped round the shoulders fichu fashion with black mousseline de soie. The overdress in the second figure is laced



NEW PARISIAN MODELS.

down with silk cord and edged with fringe. The shoulder drapery is in two shades of silk muslin.

Many Parisian models have a long, fluffy scarf or shoulder drapery in chiffon or mousseline, even cloth gowns being treated with this fichu-like style. Formerly we should have considered such a mixture of the severe and the frivolous, the thick and the thin, as incongruous and out of keeping, but incongruity is not now in the dictionary of fashion.

Already the tide of the red skin skirts is turning, and a refreshing fullness appears on many of the leading Parisian models. Many bear witness to actual falling at the back. Some have little tucks about 3 inches in length in the center of the back, from which the skirt sets out in graceful folds. Having assisted joyfully at the birth of the tight skirt, the Parisians are now prepared to do equal honor to its obsequies. Soft black flowing skirts, with blouses, are extremely fashionable.

## THE DOOR THAT OPENS.

### Times When It Sends the Cold Shivers Down Your Back.

"Ever sit," said Mr. Goblinton, "late at night alone in a room, reading or studying, everybody gone to bed long ago, the house, the whole city, quiet, and see presently across the table on the other side of the room a door opening slowly? That's a hair raising experience. You don't know by what means the knowledge that it was opening was first conveyed to you, but you see it now, opening slowly and steadily and silently, and you get up and grasp the chair in which you have been sitting and stand up, with the table between you and him for further protection, and wait for him, but he doesn't come."

"Then you go around to the door. It has stopped now and is standing dead. It yields with no resistance except that of its own weight when you open it wider, and, holding to it, you look around the door jamb into the hall. Silence there, perfect and complete; nobody there; those were ghostly fingers, if any, that turned the knob. And so you shut the door securely and go back to your reading."

"Presently you find the door open again, but this time there is an air of vacancy about it, and now you realize what it all means. The back of the catch bolt that you turn with a knob is worn off a little, rounded, or the metal frame around the socket into which the bolt enters may be worn, or both. Or it may be the door has shrunk or the jamb has drawn away from it, so that only the tip end of the bolt catches in the socket and has a constant tendency to work free. The slightest shaking or jarring starts it, and gradually it works itself clear of the socket, and then, if it happens to be hung just so, the door slowly opens. "And there you are, and it is all very simple when you come to know about it, but it's never altogether agreeable. You never really get used to the door that opens."—New York Sun.

## THE HEATHEN CAN WAIT.

### A Squatter's Idea of Where Charity Should Begin.

The other day an old squatter came to the city and attended divine services at a fashionable church. The old fellow listened with rapt attention to the sermon, occasionally nodding in approval or shaking his head in uncertainty. When a man with the contribution box approached, the squatter asked:

"What's up?"

"We are taking up a collection for the heathen, and as you seemed to be so much interested in the sermon I didn't know but you would like to give a few dimes."

"What's the matter with the heathen?"

"Why, he doesn't know anything about the gospel, and we want to raise money enough to send it to him."

"Wall, I tell yer, I don't think he'll spile afore mornin'. I've got a hoss swap on han, an ef I ken get 'nuff boot come aroun an we'll sorter look inter the matter."

"But, my friend, the heathen children need clothes."

"So does mine, by jingo. Bill ain't worn nuthin but a shirt for six months an haster stay outen perllite society. Ike's got a vacancy in his britches big-gern yer hat, an Jack haster stay under the house when a stranger comes, 'case he got his clothes scorched durin bog killin. Come aroun arter the swap, fur I don't think the heathen will spile afore mornin'."—Arkansas Traveler.

## Fishing For a Drink.

A guide who has done more or less plug fishing on Mooselookmeguntic lake says he can get a drink of nice, cold water when he is anchored on a lake, provided the water is deep enough. For deep fishing it is customary to sound for a clay bottom before casting anchor, and our informant claims that he can sound to secure a cool drink. He ties a weight to the bottom of his coffee bottle, and with

the string tied also to the cork he drops it to the bottom; then by a quick jerk pulls the cork, the bottle fills with cold, clear water, and he has only to pull it in.—Phillips Phonograph.

## To Get a Vacuum.

Professor Dewar's achievement in liquefying hydrogen has led to the discovery of an easy method for obtaining an almost perfect vacuum, and that in a single minute. When a glass tube, filled with air and closed at one end, has its open end dipped into a cup of liquid hydrogen, the intense cold condenses the air into a kind of snow which settles to the bottom. If, then, the upper part of the tube, from which the solidified air has fallen, is removed by heating and sealing it off, it becomes a vacuum chamber so free from air that it is difficult to force an electric current through it.

## Strong Bank Notes.

So firm is the texture of a genuine Bank of England note that burning an hardly destroy it. The authorities have in a little glazed frame the remains of a note which was in the great fire of Chicago. Though completely charred and black, the note is sufficiently legible to establish its genuineness and be cashed.

## TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

The Straits of Belle Isle are closed for the winter.

Indianapolis will have no May music festival next year.

Receivers were appointed Monday for the Mercantile Co-operative bank of New York.

Fifteen trades unions, embracing all of the building trades, at Pittsburg, with a combined membership of 15,000, have decided to make a demand on January 1 next for an eight hour work day.

T. D. Tanner, one of the best known members of the Improved Order of Red Men in the United States, was Monday sentenced to serve 30 days in jail for embezzling funds from Eaton (Pa.) tribe.

Clarence Williams, colored, was hanged in the jailyard at Park Ky., Monday. On March 26 last Williams, while intoxicated, shot and killed Josie Tillman, a woman with whom he quarreled.

While skating on Cannon river, near Northfield, Minn., Monday, Mark Chamberlain and Andrew Stevens, high school students, broke through the ice and were drowned. The bodies were recovered.

The annual ice blockade of the northern coast of Newfoundland has begun. Vessels now arriving report innumerable icebergs and impassable floes, drifting in a southerly direction, choking the bays and threatening to close navigation with the present week.

## No Action in McGiffert Case.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—The New York presbytery took no action yesterday in the case of Rev. Dr. Arthur C. McGiffert, charged with teaching doctrines not in accord with the position of the church. The matter was postponed to a special meeting, to be held next Monday. The general impression among the members of the New York presbytery is that body will vote to drop the charges, as it did in the case of Dr. Briggs. This will probably not end the matter, as a minority can appeal to the general assembly, as was also done in the case of Dr. Briggs.

## Testimony Against Mrs. Sanderson.

DETROIT, Dec. 12.—A Free Press special says yesterday's proceedings in the Sanderson attempted murder case at Marshall, Mich.: Mario Robertson, the chief witness of the prosecution, was on the stand and testified to having seen Mrs. Sanderson grind glass in a spice mill and place it in her husband's food. She swore that Mrs. Sanderson said to her while she was grinding the glass: "Marie, you think this is awful, but I do not think any more of doing this than eating my breakfast."

## Eight Firemen Injured.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Dec. 12.—Fire broke out this morning in the fruit store of Cassimus Brothers, in the heart of the city. Eight members of the fire department were injured by a gasoline explosion. Chief Browder and Captain Griffin were fatally hurt and Pipeman Hinder was severely injured internally.

## Surprised Her Husband.

"I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription two years ago," writes Mrs. Alfred Clark, of Hite-man, Monroe Co., Iowa, "and the result was a fine baby girl of eleven or twelve pounds. I am about to become a mother again, and I have been troubled with morning sickness and vomiting. I could not eat any breakfast, but two days ago I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' twice a day, a teaspoonful at a time, and I am pleased to say that I have not had a vomiting spell for two mornings, and I had not been free from these for four months, and I can eat a hearty breakfast with the rest of the family. My husband is surprised at the change in me. It would be a blessing if more poor broken-down women knew of the 'Favorite Prescription.' It would save them hours of misery. I could write more about my suffering but I don't need to now for all my aches and pains are gone."

## Worth \$100.

"I received both of your letters," writes Mrs. Eva Vedder, of Oneida, Lenawee Co., Mich., "and would say I do not know what my trouble was, unless it was a misplacement of some organ in the abdomen. I was so weak I did not have strength enough to stand on my feet long at a time, neither could I sit up very long. There was a sore spot on the left side of my abdomen which pained me very much when I walked. I lost my appetite, had a severe pain in the pit of my stomach which was worse when lying down. I commenced with your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' taking the two kinds alternately, and when I had the two bottles half taken I was much improved. I took four bottles, and to-day am just as well and strong as anybody could ask to be. My husband says 'Dr. Pierce's medicines have been worth one hundred dollars to us.' We cannot say enough for the good I have received from your medicines. 'I thank you for your kind and quick replies to my letters.'"

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free of charge. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION**

IS A FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH FOR WEAK AND NERVOUS WOMEN.