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Why the United States Should Feel Thankful. By COL. HARRY SKINNER.

THE United States is working out on the largest scale the most remarkable experiment in government the world ever witnessed, and the result of the past half decade mark this experiment a phenomenal success. Our progress has been such in every field of thought and action, that we compare the United States no longer with other nations but with all the rest of the world combined. We are equal industrially to half the remainder of man kind. We furnish three-fifths of the total food, agricultural and manufactured products of the world. We own one third the wealth of the world, and the people of the United States are destined within the lives of those now living to surpass in production, consumption and wealth the people of the rest of the world combined. We are a great and a growing nation with a humane, Christian mission to perform on earth, and we should all feel thankful that we all have been impressed by a high sense of patriotic, Christian duty to bear faithfully our part in this high mission.

The people of every state, and of every section of all the states of the Union, have abundant reasons to be thankful to a favoring kind Providence for the bestowal of manifold blessings during the current year. The harvest of the spring, summer and fall have been bountiful, the demand of "the home market" enlarged and made active by freely employed and well paid labor, and active and increasing foreign demand created by new markets have given to the producer remunerative prices which have returned more comforts, contentment and happiness to the planter's household than was ever experienced before, and aroused and inspired him with new life, hope, ambition and courage for the future.

We should all feel thankful "that hope at last sings in the heart of the farmer and laborer above the task of the hands" and so long as the farmer is blessed with fair yields and he can market it at reasonable prices, and the laborer has something to do at reasonable wages, they will have comforts, happiness and contentment, and this assures what we can be thankful for today, a prosperous country.

We should all be charitable and be thankful that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing better off. When times are good they are good for everybody, and when they are good for individuals they are good for combinations of individuals.

We should be thankful that we are buying less and selling more abroad than ever before; that we are buying more and selling more at home than ever before, because, thanks to Providence, we have something to sell and something to buy with. The more there is sold at home and abroad, the more labor employed at home; the more labor employed at home, the more wages spent at home; the more wages spent at home, the more enlightenment, the more civilization, the more comforts and the more Christianity at home.

We should feel thankful that the American workman, as compared with the balance of the world, works less and earns more money for himself and for his employer. Well-paid and contented labor, creating good returns to capital, make the ideal community, where both labor and capital work together in unison to the advantage of each other and to the advancement and blessing of the community.

We should feel thankful for our trade and territorial expansion. Here between the Atlantic and the Pacific we have a population of nearly eighty millions, every man, woman and child of whom is a storage battery of condensed energy. We are constantly making, growing and producing something, with thousands of enterprising business men seeking new fields, with millions of laboring men as producers, with millions of capital seeking investment, and what we want is more markets. We should, therefore, be thankful that manifest destiny directed the fleet of Dewey to Manila and established this American Gibraltar, as a guarantee of the open door to the East.

We should be thankful that our financial standard is settled and out of the realm of politics, and is as unequivocal as our flag, and both command respect at home and abroad.

Surely we could not be otherwise than thankful when we contemplate that our trade balance in the past three years equals the sum total of all the gold in all the banks and treasuries of Europe; that we have more money in circulation than ever before, more money per capita than ever before; the way has been blazed for business enterprise by the restoration of business confidence, and the ships of every business venture come to port laden with better returns than ever before.

We should feel thankful that American genius, enterprise and pluck have given us the harvester for the sickle, the threshing machine for the flail, the power loom for hand spinning, railroads for stage lines, and that time and distance have been annihilated by the telegraph and telephone. We live in an age of wheels, shafts, steam, electricity, compressed and liquid air, and every material and physical agency make for unity and the betterment of the brotherhood of man.

All these results should admonish us, individually and as a union of states, of our obligations to the kind Providence that has favored us with these blessings, and with them has given us a just ruler, our sincere, brave and honest public servant, the President, who knows and will ever maintain the right, as between sections, as between races, as between capital and labor, or between political parties and the clans of such parties.

A THANKFUL HEART. By Edith M. Thomas.

Thou art not rich, thou art not poor,
Thy fortune keeps the middle way;
No ill thy strength cannot endure,
Apportioned to the passing day.
Thou art not young, thou art not old,
Yet calm thou seest thy years depart.
And joys are thine, a thousandfold,
Because thou hast the thankful heart.

Where staunchly thou dost bear thy part;
For solace here and hope beyond,
For all thou hast the thankful heart.

So to this day of crowning cheer
By easy course thy steps did tend,
Since with each day of all the year
Some grateful leaven thou didst blend.
No chance they prize from thee can wrest;
While life shall last thou shall not part
With that good gift (of all the best,)
The treasure of a thankful heart.

A thankful heart for life alone,
For beauty in the earth and skies,
(And for such share as thou dost own
By happy gift of seeing eyes.)
For human love's endearing bond,

Why North Carolina Should Feel Thankful. By EX-GOV. THOS. J. JARVIS.

TO answer this question fully would require line upon line and page upon page, for there are many, many things for which the people of this state should render thanks to an All Wise and Bountiful Giver. We have had a year of peace and prosperity. The earth has responded liberally to the touch of man. Labor has found ready employment and the products of labor, in farm, field and factory, have commanded profitable remuneration. There has been activity in all departments of industries, without any conflicts between capital and labor, employer and employees. The laws have been wisely and humanely administered and obedience to law has been the rule of action among the people in all sections of the State. No unusual disease or disaster has come within our borders. Good health and good government has blessed and protected us everywhere. Surely the contemplation of any or all these blessings should fill the heart with gratitude and joy. So great and numerous are they that page upon page might be written of them with pleasure and profit in thanksgiving song and praise. It is my purpose, however, to write of another cause for Thanksgiving. In doing so I do not mean to undervalue these blessings, or others of which we have been the happy recipients. But I do mean to emphasize our gratitude for the

SPIRIT OF LOVE THAT HAS BEEN SHED ABROAD IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE CHILDREN OF THE STATE.

The cause of universal education has a hold upon the people of North Carolina that it never had before. The year 1902 marks a wonderful progress in that direction. The great mass of people have manifested a deep, earnest and active interest in this sacred cause. Men and women of all classes and conditions have assembled together to discuss and hear discussed the best means of advancing the cause of universal education and improving the common school, in which the great majority of the children of the State must be taught, if they are taught anywhere. The State has never before witnessed such great assemblages of people in behalf of the children. It marks a new era and means much. It means that the people are preparing to wage war against ignorance and to rescue their children from its enslaving bondage. It means no more X marks, but intelligent, readable signatures. It means ability to read the Bible and to learn from the highest and best source man's duty to his fellow man and to his God. It means a strong, intelligent, virtuous citizenship. It means multiplied school houses and churches and an ever increasing attendance upon them. It means new avenues of industry and wealth and a more intelligent use of time and labor. It means a better return for the energy and labor of those who toil and spin, for that energy and force will be much more intelligently expended. It means to exchange ignorance for knowledge, darkness for light, bondage for freedom, weakness for strength. In short it means that North Carolina is to forge rapidly ahead and take her place abreast the foremost of the States of this Union in the mighty march for high ideals and noble achievements, which shall mark the wonderful progress of the twentieth century. It is meet and proper that the people everywhere return heart-felt thanks for this educational spirit which is abroad in the land for the redemption of the children. The footsteps of the teachers are heard in the city and town, in village and hamlet, and in country place. They are welcomed to the hearts and homes of the people. They come to enlighten, to uplift and bless. They come not like an army with banners, but they come with a great army of happy children singing the songs of gratitude and praise. It must indeed be a little soul that cannot rejoice with them.

While much has been done for these children in the year 1902 much more yet remains to be done. The coming year invites us to renewed energy, and the spirit of the Master bids us go forward. With grateful hearts and fixed purpose let us continue the work till there shall not be left, anywhere in North Carolina, a child who cannot read and write.

Why Tobacco Men Should Feel Thankful. By O. L. JOYNER.

ASKED to say something in token of our gratitude to Almighty God for the manifold blessings and privileges which have been vouchsafed to us since our last day of annual thanksgiving, I feel that from so many sources have our blessings flowed, it were difficult to enumerate or name the principal causes that have produced or contributed to our well-being.

Taken as a whole, the tobaccoist, whether he be engaged in raising, buying or selling the product, has especial reasons for thankfulness, for in the general prosperity of the whole country, of all the people he has been a very liberal share of all that has contributed to the peace and tranquility that reigns in our land. As a general thing the tobacco man is not disturbed by political strife. He is generally contented in well doing and satisfied with his surroundings. Ambition he has, but it is of such a nature that the passions are not inflamed, and envy and malice are strangers to his nature. For this tobaccoist should feel profoundly grateful and return thanks for this blessed benefaction, that comes not to all classes. The warehouseman has especial reason for feeling thankful for the past year. Compared with previous years it has been one of unity and tranquility, something to which the average warehouseman is unaccustomed. He is profoundly grateful, and right here I want to say that with the average warehouseman gratitude, like his heart, is the biggest thing about him, while selfishness, like his pocket book, is about the smallest. The trials of the warehousemen this year have been comparatively few and the business has

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

Why Greenville Should Feel Thankful. By COL. I. A. SUGG.

THE question is an assumed declaration that Greenville should be thankful, and in treating it from a strictly orthodox standpoint, as is commonly applied to Thanksgiving day, there are many whyfores and wherefores. Greenville is a very wonderful town—yes, wonderful—and having stood the blasts of one hundred and thirty winters, and gone through the many ups and downs encompassed in this more than a century's period, isn't it exceedingly wonderful that it has so much to be thankful for? The first act of its life was to rob old Martinsburg of its good name, and still it is here, right here where it was and has been all these cycles of time, enjoying blessing and receiving punishment, and though many, very many, of the landmarks of ye olden time have disappeared and gone forever, still the old town, with some of its ancient trees, its narrow streets, some few old buildings, the rolling Tar, is still in prominent evidence, as can be testified to by the more modern generations and progress. Whether the sin committed in the moment of its birth has ever been condoned or repented of, tradition nor history does not furnish any evidence. For a century there was very little growth or progress, but the "Iron Age" of the nineteenth century did not escape the attention of this now great metropolis, and the last quarter of the past century has witnessed a shaking up of the dry bones, a jingle, and a rush that has startled civilization. And Greenville is thankful that it can boast of being the capitol of the greatest commonwealth of any nation this side of sun down.

Yes, Greenville is thankful that it came so near having the best system of water works and electric lights, street improvements and graded schools of any city or town in the whole catalogue of thankful cities and towns, and it is still thankful that these things are so near in sight the heart pulsations grow faster—faster—and the forecast is beautiful, like the blush of a maiden's cheeks, when her lover plucks the first virgin kiss from her ruby lips, and Greenville is in a halo of dazzling glory, of rapturous delight with the thrilling thought of the beautiful and gorgeous garments so soon to be donned, and for this many turkeys will pay the penalty in this year of grace, November 27th, 1902.

Greenville should be profoundly thankful for the many magnificent church edifices within its gates, whose lofty steeples, always pointing Heavenward, giving glory to the Great I Am, with its numerous church going peoples, &c.

Not only thankful, but proud of its splendid city government (?) with its ponderous, handsome, active and splendid mayor, surrounded by a wise, generous and liberal board of councilmen working in perfect harmony for the great good of a unified citizenship—Yes, very thankful.

In its primeval days Greenville was modestly content with the stage coach and flat boat as means of transporting passengers and freight, with only one mail per week, but now after more than a hundred years the iron horse competes with the water course and mails go and come nearly every hour in the day, Sundays excepted. These things come along of their own free will and accord, simply grew just so, and for these things Greenville should be, and is thankful.

Greenville should be thankful that there is but one Dickinson Avenue with its costly pavements and broad gauge leading to the busiest mart in this wide domain, the very heart and center of the success that has been so richly achieved, to the credit of its citizenship—the great tobacco market.

Greenville should be thankful that there is a decrease in bar rooms in proportion to population, compared with a few years past, there being only an even dozen now, when there was a "baker's dozen when the citizenship was only half so great; and no prospect of any more, except now and then a "blind tiger," subject to being caught by an ever watchful and vigilant police force.

Greenville should be grateful that our beautiful streets are not infested with automobiles—endangering the lives of our public officials, the beautiful women, gallant men, boys and dogs. Greenville should be thankful for the splendid mail facilities—a magnificent postoffice arrangement presided over by a venerable native to the manor born, and a sparkling genii, who so gracefully and kindly greets everyone in search of messages of business or love. Greenville should be thankful for the splendid wet market that is booming up in the distance of the 20th century, when thanksgiving days will be bountifully supplied within its doors.

Greenville should be thankful for the opera house splendors—where dancing lessons can be so gracefully learned and the "Deestriek Skule" when old maids and bachelors can reminiscence with an alkaline zephyr to refresh on a moonlight summer eve.

Greenville should be thankful that a citizenship of young men and boys are being reared who do not smoke cigarettes, drink beer or stay out late of nights, and for the most beautiful and charming women and girls that ever set to musical rhythm or shield a shot from cupid's quiver—all in all, widows, maidens and sweet sixteen lassies, girls in short skirts and girl babies too numerous to mention, etcetera.

Greenville should be thankful that it is not afflicted with smallpox, mad dogs or a standing army.

Greenville is the greatest town in Christendom and we can lick the man that says it ain't, because nobody is going to say so.

A special thankfulness is felt for the splendid efficiency of the fire department that guarantees absolute security to the property interest of the town, and to the sanitary condition, a perfect safeguard to health; the police regulation being also a course of gratefulness and thanksgiving.

But taking it all in all when you come to think sciatum there is a big lot to be thankful for, not the least of which is, that things are no worse than they are and Greenville is without criticism. No department could be adversely criticised, either by the citizens, visitors or strangers who come within the gates, and for this happiness Greenville gives thanks.

Dining from 2:30 p. m. to 6 p. m. SELAH.

The Poet's Plaint.

I can't see why Thanksgiving day
All other days outranks;
For almost any time of year,
I get, "Returned with thanks."

Labor Under a Delusion.

The turkey is a foolish bird,
Despite his great renown;
He thinks that all is up with him,
When really it is down.

DOROTHY'S THANKSGIVING

BY J. H. CONNELLY

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MISTRESS DOROTHY TREDWELL was a very angry old lady and looked it. Red spots glowed in her cheeks, that usually were nearly as white as her silvery hair, her thin lips were drawn in a pale straight line, and her eyes flashed fire, yet pride and conscious obligation to ancestry, breeding and social position forbade sacrifice of her dignity by free expression of her feeling.

"So," she said, with painful suppression of her wrath, "your wish to spend the day with Mary Wallace was a deliberate falsehood, uttered for betrayal of my confidence, to make opportunity for your doing this shameful thing!"

"It is not a shameful thing for a girl to marry the man she loves," protested the handsome, tearful young woman kneeling before her. "I did not want to deceive you, but you made me do so, you were so unreasonable and unsympathetic."

"Unreasonable because I knew best what was for your good; unsympathetic because I did not want my child to throw herself away on a nobody."

"Pardon me, Mistress Tredwell," spoke up a tall, good looking young man who had until now kept silent in the background since his introduction by Priscilla as my husband, Nathan Gordon.

And, though the lady quite ignored him, he continued, "The Gordons are as old and good a family as the Tredwells, and I'm sure I have brought no disgrace on the name."

Priscilla resumed: "You wanted me to marry Abner Parker, though I told you I hated him, and forbade my even seeing Nathan, whom I loved. Don't be unkind, mother, dear. I love you none the less for loving Nathan. You married the man of your choice, and I have done the same; that is all. Will you not forgive me?"

"No, I will not. Go your ways and let me see you no more. As you have made your bed, so you shall lie. Priscilla Tredwell is no more for me, and I do not wish to know Mistress Nathan Gordon."

"Come, wife," said the young man, with a touch of brusqueness in his manner. "Demean yourself no more. We are only wasting time here. We will be happy despite her." And, masterfully drawing her arm within his, he led her out, with no backward look or word of farewell.

"Oh, Sister Dorothy," wailed a quavering voice as a woman several years older than Mistress Tredwell came from the dark corner where she had been silently weeping. "We'll never see Priscilla any more! And she was the best. How can we two old women keep Thanksgiving alone tomorrow?"

"Sister Sally, don't be a fool!" snapped Dorothy.

Truly it was a mockery of a Thanksgiving dinner to which the old ladies sat down the next day. A heavy snow-storm during the preceding night served as an excuse for Mistress Tredwell remaining home from church service.

The almost round table bore substantial and dainty viands enough to feed a dozen, but the two old women sat down to it alone. They bowed their heads while Mistress Dorothy said grace, inaudibly and briefly. Then Jane, the "hired help," brought in the soup.

"Oh, Sister Dorothy," exclaimed Sally tearfully. "I can't eat! I don't see how you can have the heart to, I'm sure I don't!"

"I don't care what you say now, Dorothy. I just must speak. I'm heartbroken. Five years ago there were four leaves more in this table. Reuben was with us then, dear boy! Oh, God knows where he is now! And so was Rebecca—and, oh, the house has never been the same since she went away!"

Mistress Tredwell, with a fine affectation of placid unconcern, went on taking her soup, but the hand that held the spoon would tremble.

Sally went on: "You set your face like a flint against Reuben marrying the girl he loved, and she was as good a girl as ever was, only you must needs try to compel him to take another. Manlike, he did as he was a mind to, and you lost him. Only three extra leaves were wanted in the table the next two Thanksgivings. Then the same thing happened with Rebecca. You tried to make her marry David Purcell, who hadn't a thing but his money to recommend him, and, having, like you, an iron will that would rather break than bend, she went off, and you've never heard of her since."

"You have," interrupted Dorothy, with a sudden flush of color and a flash in her eyes.

"Yes, thank God, I have! The dear girl has written to me again and again, but she made me promise on the Bible that I'd never tell you a word about her until you asked, and have you ever asked?"

Dorothy closed her lips tightly. "No, you haven't, and for all you know she may have starved or gone wrong."

"And I do not ask now," firmly replied the obdurate mother.

"Then two extra leaves were more than enough, for only Priscilla was left. And now she's gone. Oh, you unhappy woman, can you not see that because they are your children you cannot drive them?"

"May I help you to some of the turkey?"

"No, Dorothy; I can't eat!" cried Sally, bursting into tears and making a precipitate retreat from the table.

Mistress Tredwell kept her seat, took a slice of the turkey's breast, helped herself to the cranberry jelly and nibbled a stalk of celery, but her eating was only a pretense—pride's bluff against loneliness and misery. For a long time she sat motionless, staring at vacancy until her eyes filled with tears, which she dashed angrily away, as if ashamed of them.

Two Thanksgivings went by upon which there was no commemorative dinner in the Tredwell mansion, and a third dawned with no happier promise. As upon the morning after Priscilla achieved her independence, the ground was covered deeply by new fallen snow, but this time it did not prevent Mistress Dorothy Tredwell going to church. Warmly wrapped, she went in the cutter, driven by the hired man John.

Perhaps something in the sermon touched the hard old woman's heart; possibly the sight of the happy families filling the church—families swollen at this season to abnormal size by the annual gathering of loved ones from far and near—brought home to her a new realization of the miserable loneliness of her old age. At all events, she was conscious of suffering mentally as she never had before, for at last the doubt had risen in her mind whether her unhappy condition was not of her own making instead of a mysterious dispensation of Providence which had afflicted her with exceptionally disobedient and unfeeling children, the latter being the view she had long cultivated. "Pardon and forgive me, O God, if the fault has been mine," she moaned while walking slowly from the gate to her gloomy and cheerless home. Sighing, she opened the front door; then stood transfixed by astonishment. It seemed to her that she heard echoing in the hall—usual peals of childish laughter. She stood listening in doubting wonder. Yes, the laughter was real, and with it mingled Sister Sally's aged treble, prattling baby talk in the parlor. Cautiously she glided to and peered through the door, which stood a little ajar.

Sally sat upon the floor, embracing a sturdy golden haired little child that was putting with its fat hands her withered cheeks and laughing loudly.

"Children always loved her better than me. Even my own did so, I believe," jealously thought the hungry hearted woman at the door.

Then a fresh, melodious voice full of a mother's tenderness called from the unseen part of the room behind the door: "Come, pet; back to mamma, Ransom. Come now."

"Sally, don't be a fool," retorted Dorothy sharply. But that habitual injunction for once failed of its usually repressive effect upon Sally's demonstrations of emotion.

"I don't care what you say now, Dorothy. I just must speak. I'm heartbroken. Five years ago there were four leaves more in this table. Reuben was with us then, dear boy! Oh, God knows where he is now! And so was Rebecca—and, oh, the house has never been the same since she went away!"

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Mistress Tredwell kept her seat, took a slice of the turkey's breast, helped herself to the cranberry jelly and nibbled a stalk of celery, but her eating was only a pretense—pride's bluff against loneliness and misery. For a long time she sat motionless, staring at vacancy until her eyes filled with tears, which she dashed angrily away, as if ashamed of them.

Two Thanksgivings went by upon which there was no commemorative dinner in the Tredwell mansion, and a third dawned with no happier promise. As upon the morning after Priscilla achieved her independence, the ground was covered deeply by new fallen snow, but this time it did not prevent Mistress Dorothy Tredwell going to church. Warmly wrapped, she went in the cutter, driven by the hired man John.

Perhaps something in the sermon touched the hard old woman's heart; possibly the sight of the happy families filling the church—families swollen at this season to abnormal size by the annual gathering of loved ones from far and near—brought home to her a new realization of the miserable loneliness of her old age. At all events, she was conscious of suffering mentally as she never had before, for at last the doubt had risen in her mind whether her unhappy condition was not of her own making instead of a mysterious dispensation of Providence which had afflicted her with exceptionally disobedient and unfeeling children, the latter being the view she had long cultivated. "Pardon and forgive me, O God, if the fault has been mine," she moaned while walking slowly from the gate to her gloomy and cheerless home. Sighing, she opened the front door; then stood transfixed by astonishment. It seemed to her that she heard echoing in the hall—usual peals of childish laughter. She stood listening in doubting wonder. Yes, the laughter was real, and with it mingled Sister Sally's aged treble, prattling baby talk in the parlor. Cautiously she glided to and peered through the door, which stood a little ajar.

Sally sat upon the floor, embracing a sturdy golden haired little child that was putting with its fat hands her withered cheeks and laughing loudly.

"Children always loved her better than me. Even my own did so, I believe," jealously thought the hungry hearted woman at the door.

Then a fresh, melodious voice full of a mother's tenderness called from the unseen part of the room behind the door: "Come, pet; back to mamma, Ransom. Come now."

"Sally, don't be a fool," retorted Dorothy sharply. But that habitual injunction for once failed of its usually repressive effect upon Sally's demonstrations of emotion.

"I don't care what you say now, Dorothy. I just must speak. I'm heartbroken. Five years ago there were four leaves more in this table. Reuben was with us then, dear boy! Oh, God knows where he is now! And so was Rebecca—and, oh, the house has never been the same since she went away!"

Mistress Tredwell, with a fine affectation of placid unconcern, went on taking her soup, but the hand that held the spoon would tremble.

Sally went on: "You set your face like a flint against Reuben marrying the girl he loved, and she was as good a girl as ever was, only you must needs try to compel him to take another. Manlike, he did as he was a mind to, and you lost him. Only three extra leaves were wanted in the table the next two Thanksgivings. Then the same thing happened with Rebecca. You tried to make her marry David Purcell, who hadn't a thing but his money to recommend him, and, having, like you, an iron will that would rather break than bend, she went off, and you've never heard of her since."

"You have," interrupted Dorothy, with a sudden flush of color and a flash in her eyes.

"Yes, thank God, I have! The dear girl has written to me again and again, but she made me promise on the Bible that I'd never tell you a word about her until you asked, and have you ever asked?"

Dorothy closed her lips tightly. "No, you haven't, and for all you know she may have starved or gone wrong."

"And I do not ask now," firmly replied the obdurate mother.

"Then two extra leaves were more than enough, for only Priscilla was left. And now she's gone. Oh, you unhappy woman, can you not see that because they are your children you cannot drive them?"

Mistress Tredwell gasped and pressed a hand upon her heart at the hearing of that voice, and something dimmed her sight so that she could hardly see the baby, with anxiety in his blue eyes and laughter still wreathing his cherry lips, swaying, balancing, venturing slowly step by step his great feat of toddling across the floor. The old lady threw open the door, and with steps almost as unsteady as the child's tottered to the little fellow, fell upon her knees and clasped him to her breast, sobbing, "God has forgiven me!"

"Oh, mother, mother! I'm so glad!" cried the young woman, Priscilla herself, kneeling to embrace her two dear ones, while Ransom, evidently thinking it all excellent play, crowed with delight and cuddled close to the elder woman, making believe to escape capture by mamma.

"I was just determined, mamma, that you should see baby. I didn't believe you could stay angry with me," said Priscilla when the excitement of greeting was a little calmed.

"You have named him after your father?"

"Yes, mamma. Nathan wanted to as much as I did. Nathan is real good, mamma. Indeed he is. And I want you to forgive him too."

"Gladly, my child! I wish he were here."

"He will be in a minute. He's sitting in the barn waiting for his welcome."

"Let him wait no longer."

Aunt Sally, dumbly almost as in the days of her youth, ran out to call him.

When he was brought and his welcome assured, Sally asked, "Now, Dorothy, wouldn't you like to know about the others?"

"Yes, Sally, I would."

"Thank God, it has come to you at last! Here are letters and Thanksgiving greetings from both. They're too far off to come, but send their love. And there's a picture of Rebecca's two children. They do look sort of shameless, but her husband is consul in a hot country, where, she says, the children all go around that way, even in November."

"Oh, Priscilla!" exclaimed her mother, "if I had only known you were coming! We have got out of the way of having Thanksgivings, and there isn't a bite in the house fit to eat today."

"I'll see if I can't scare up something," said Sally hopefully, going out to see, and presently, when she called them into the dining room, the big table, with all its four extra leaves, was seen to be none too large for the dinner she had "scared up." There were a splendid salmon and a magnificent turkey, so big, brown and fragrant that the mouth watered at the sight, and there were mince and pumpkin pies and what not else that is sacred to New England's happiest festal occasion. And when Mistress Dorothy saw it all, she cried to Sally: "Oh, you old conspirator! Of course you knew in advance, and this explains why you've been over at Mrs. Green's nearly all the time for three days. But I forgive you."



There is praise among the people, there is song in burg and town,
For another year of plenty, pride and honor and renown;
And it's time the eery eagle
That we happened to inveigle
For a banner bird should fold his wings and pray.
But he can't. I'll tell you why—
In an hour he has to die,
For the eagle is a turkey today.



There are days of bitter battle, days of pride in deed and man,
When we love to hear the eagle scream as loudly as he can;
When the eagle of the mountain
And his mold on tomb and fountain
Have a chance to flap their wings and have their say.
But the emblem and the power
Are abolished for an hour,
For the eagle is a turkey today.



Where he wore a feather collar he has donned a fringe of dye,
And a pink and purple wattle droops across his eagle eye;
And his heaven reaching pinions
Trail the ground among the minions
Of the barnyard and the coop and country way,
While he bids his friends goodbye
Ere he lays him down to die,
For the eagle is a turkey today.



Oh, I would not dim or tarnish aught of glory I have heard
Of our good old Uncle Sammy or the glory of his bird;
But when block and ax inveigle
To decapitate the eagle
Then I wonder why we let them have their way,
Till I learn the reason why—
Once a year the bird must die,
For the eagle is a turkey that day.



Thanksgiving Proclamations.

Carefully preserved in the state department at Washington are all of the proclamations ever issued by the presidents of the United States. They are kept in large brown envelopes and carefully filed away in series for each year. Among them are the Thanksgiving proclamations issued by our presidents and include one dated Jan. 1, 1795, and signed by George Washington, while another bears the signature of James Madison.

The issuing of a Thanksgiving proclamation by the president of the United States is a more complicated affair than most people imagine. It is a serious duty for him to write this proclamation with his own hand and to put into it as much of the spirit of the day as possible. President Harrison used to take a pencil and a little pad of paper and write out the proclamation in full. Then he would turn it over to one of the executive clerks to be copied. Mr. Harrison preferred to use his pencil rather than to dictate. President Cleveland also wrote some things with his own hand, but he used a stenographer, too, a great deal.

The president in writing a Thanksgiving proclamation makes a draft of what he wishes to say. Such a high official as he is cannot afford the time

One thousand styles and sizes.
For cooking and heating.
Prices from \$5 to \$50.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES

The World's Best

The genuine all bear the above Trade-Mark and are sold with a written guarantee. Awarded First Prize Paris Exposition 1900 OVER ALL THE WORLD. Sold by First-Class Stove Merchants everywhere. Made by The Michigan Stove Company, Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World.

FOR SALE BY BAKER & HART.

In addition to the best stoves in the world we carry everything you may expect to find in a hardware store.

RUBBERBESTOS

Packing for Steam and Water Pipes is decidedly the best thing of the kind we have ever handled. Call and examine it.

WANTED! You to come to the Racket Store

And examine the remarkable bargains being offered there for the next ten days. Here are a few.

<p>Nice, good sized Bowls and Pitchers, Extra values for 69c.</p>	<p>Just a sample lot of Men's Extra Heavy Weight Fleeced Underwear. And these goods are surprisingly big bargains. As long as they last we make the price per</p>
<p>We have a limited number of Men's Heavy Black Socks, good value at 15c. pr. going while they last two pair for 15c.</p>	<p>Fine Damask Towels, 18x36 inches, colored borders, a big bargain. For the next 10 days only they will be sold for 25c. per pair.</p>
<p>Also a few pair of Ladies' extra heavy Hose, exceptional 15 cent value. If you come quick we will let you have a pair 9c. for only</p>	

We have just received a small quantity of fine table Glassware, such as covered sugar dishes, butter dishes, cream pitchers, spoon holders, pickle dishes, etc. While it lasts it must go at a sacrifice. Come quick if you need anything in that line before it's gone. Everything below the usual market

THE DAY AFTER THANKSGIVING

You will be tired of turkey and will want a change of food. And of course you will want Groceries from a large, fresh, well-selected stock, such as we keep on hand. No matter what you buy here it's of the right kind every time—clean, pure, fresh

Groceries, Provisions and Confectioneries.

LAUGHINGHOUSE & SON, FIVE POINTS.

Phone 81 Goods Delivered Free.

STORE CLOSED ALL DAY TODAY.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

SCHEDULES

AUGUST 14th, 1902.

No. 58	Daily Except Sunday	No. 59
7:30 a m	Lv Kinston Ar	6:45 p m
8:30 a m	" Greenville "	5:47 p m
9:05 a m	" Parmele "	5:07 p m
10:00 a m	" Hobgood "	4:27 p m
11:00 a m	Ar Pender Lv	3:35 p m
11:20 a m	" Weldon "	3:15 p m
1:00 p m	Ar Norfolk Lv	9:00 a m
6:44 p m	Ar Petersburg Lv	7:47 a m
7:45 p m	" Richmond "	9:05 a m
11:40 p m	" Washington "	4:30 a m
7:15 a m	" New York "	9:25 p m

FLORIDA.

	35	23
Lv Rocky Mount	10:37 p m	1:05 p m
Ar Columbia		10:55 p m
" Augusta	8:25 a m	
" Charleston	8:17 a m	11:15 p m
" Savannah	8:32 a m	3:00 a m
" Jacksonville	1:15 p m	8:30 a m
" Tampa	10:00 p m	7:10 a m
" Thomasville		10:50 a m
" Montgomery		6:20 p m

Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars on Nos. 35 and 23 to Tampa and Jacksonville, Fla.
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 Wilmington, N. C.

That Suit

Would look better and last longer if you bring it down and have it

Cleaned and Pressed.

The work that I do speaks for itself, and I am ready to serve you promptly at all times.

PAUL METRICK

The Tailor.

The WILMINGTON STEAM LAUN DRY will do your work to perfection. No breaking or cracking of collars and cuffs. Once tried, forever satisfied.
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S. M. Schultz.

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Complete in every line
 Best and largest line of Side Boards on the market.
 Prettiest line of Suits in town.
 Hall Racks at prices
 Best line of Chairs ever offered on this market.
 Big line of Matting just arrived.
 Lace Curtains all prices.
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 We sell the Celebrated
Buck Stoves and Ranges.
 Best Made. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Call on us for any of the above and we will please you.

A. H. TAFT & CO.

Stepped Against a Hot Stove

A child of Mrs. Geo. T. Benson, when getting his usual Saturday night bath, stepped back against a hot stove which burned him severely. The child was in great agony and his mother could do nothing to pacify him. Remembering that she had a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the house, she thought she would try it. In less than half an hour after applying it the child was quiet and asleep, and in less than two weeks was well. Mrs. Benson is a well known resident of Kellar, Va. Pain balm is an anti-epileptic and especially valuable for burps, cuts, bruises and sprains. For sale by Wooten's Drug Store, Greenville, Farmville Pharmacy, Farmville.

Strange but true that hurry makes worry, and haste makes waste.

The Best Remedy For Croup.

[From the Atchison, Kan., Daily Globe.]

This is the season when the woman who knows the best remedies for croup is in demand in every neighborhood. One of the most terrible things in the world is to be awakened in the middle of the night by a whoop from one of the children. The croup remedies are almost as sure to be lost, in case of croup, as a revolver is sure to be lost in case of burglars. There used to be an old-fashioned remedy for croup, known as hive syrup and tolu, but some modern mothers say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is better and does not cost so much. It causes the patient to "throw up the phlegm" quicker, and gives relief in a shorter time. Give this remedy as soon as the croupy cough appears and it will prevent the attack. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Wooten's Drug Store, Greenville, Farmville Pharmacy, Farmville.

Blows are not always exchanged when you strike an acquaintance.

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

Heavy eating is usually the first cause of indigestion. Repeated attacks inflame the mucous membranes lining the stomach, exposes the nerves of the stomach, producing a swelling after eating, heartburn, headache, sour risings and finally catarrh of the stomach. Kodol relieves the inflammation, protects the nerves and cures the catarrh. Kodol cures indigestion, dyspepsia, all stomach troubles by cleansing and sweetening the glands of the stomach. Jno. L. Wooten.

A man with money is generally a capital fellow.

For a Bad Cold.

If you have a bad cold you need a good reliable medicine like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to loosen and relieve it, and to allay the irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs. For sale by Wooten's Drug Store, Greenville, Farmville Pharmacy, Farmville.

A pattern maker is a model person.

One Minute Cough Cure.

Is the only harmless cough cure that gives quick relief. Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Pneumonia, Asthma, LaGrippe and all Throat, Chest and Lung troubles. "I got soaked by rain," says Gertrude E. Fenner, Muncie, Ind., "and contracted a severe cough and cold. I failed rapidly; lost 48 pounds. My druggist recommended One Minute Cough Cure. The first bottle brought relief; several cured me. I am back to my old weight, 148 pounds. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, relieves the cough at once, draws out inflammation, cures croup. An ideal remedy for children. Jno. L. Wooten.

Armor plates are probably the best on which to serve hot cannon balls.

If you are bilious and seeking advisors, Take DeWitt's Little Early Risers Just before going to bed. You will find on the morrow You are rid of your sorrow— That's all; just enough said. These famous pills do not gripe, but move the bowels gently and easily, cleansing the liver. Their tonic effect gives strength to the glands, preventing a return of the disorder. Jno. L. Wooten.

Polliteness is that precious wreath of lovely flowers which adorns a perfect gentleman.

THANKSGIVING DAY.



THIS national day for giving thanks to the Giver of all Good Things finds us ready to join in the spirit of the occasion and express our thanks for the many benefits which have come to us during the past year. Our business has prospered and we have felt the influence of Divine Providence in many ways.

To our friends and customers we render our sincere thanks for their good will and patronage, and assure them that we will always give as good service as we have in the past.

A happy Thanksgiving to you, one and all.

Yours truly,

Bryan & Nichols

DRUGGISTS,
 GREENVILLE, - - NORTH CAROLINA.

Too Much Turkey?

If you eat too much turkey today the pleasures of the occasion will be spoiled by indigestion. You won't feel that you have anything to be thankful for, and you will be sour and disagreeable. Do you want to feel happy and bright, have a sunny disposition, laugh with the world? It's easy. Drink

"Digestine"

It's liquid sunshine--a glassful of good nature. 5c. at our fountain.

BRYAN & NICHOLS.

This Thanksgiving

Is a reminder that the holiday season is here. I am ready for it with an attractive line of

HOLIDAY GOODS

The very handsomest assortment to be found has been selected especially for my holiday trade.

Pictures are prettier than ever and I have an almost endless assortment of them, suitable for parlor, bed room, dining room, hall, library or cozy corner.

China and Bisque Ware Hundreds of new designs that are both ornamental and serviceable. You will like these.

Cut Glass, Silver and Jewelry,

Our magnificent line from H. Mablee's Sons, Raleigh, whose fame for Cut Glass, Silverware and Jewelry extends throughout the State. You will see nothing prettier.

Taken all through I have never had a better holiday stock that can be found at my store this season. Come early and make your selection.

Mrs M. D. HIGGS

Only one kind of PRINTING---the Best--- at

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CAREFUL attention to details in our Job Department is shown in the high class of work we are turning out. We have the best equipped office and do a class of printing hardly equalled in this section. If you are particular as to the quality of your printing, we want your work. We give you the best.

THANKSGIVING ON A PILOT BOAT

BY OSBORN SPENCER

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BY C. B. ETHERINGTON



"THANKSGIVING day ten or twelve years ago," said a bronzed Sandy Hook pilot, "was altogether the most exciting twenty-four hours of my life, though it promised to be dull enough in the morning. It was before the New York pilots had combined with us and built the steam pilotboat New York, and we used to cruise about for vessels in small schooners.

"Such a cruise in a pilotboat would be tiresome to any one at any time; just then it was doubly so to me. For a couple of years I had been mightily interested in a good looking young woman. So far as I could see, the interest was mutual, and I had long had in mind suggesting to her a voyage on the sea of matrimony, with myself as pilot. I hadn't done it before because the girl's parents didn't seem to take kindly to a seafaring son-in-law. They allowed me to call upon their daughter once in awhile, but the air about the house when I was there made me think of storms till one evening early in November, just before I went out on this cruise. That evening, to my surprise, the mother invited me to eat Thanksgiving dinner with the family.

"There was a look in the girl's eyes that made me take courage when the mother gave the invitation, and I determined to settle the whole question on Thanksgiving day. The moral certainty of settling it the way I wished made me so happy at the beginning of the cruise that my pilot mates all noticed it. Our boat carried seven pilots, and I was fifth on the list, but I never dreamed there would be any trouble getting a ship in time to be ashore for Thanksgiving dinner.

"We had bad luck from the beginning. On the second day but there was a big blow, and we had to run before the wind to save ourselves. It was three or four days, and we were 400 miles offshore at least, away out of the track of incoming vessels, before we dared put about. It was a full week before we were in position to look for ships, and even then we remained unlucky. There were plenty of ships coming in, but somehow they had nearly all picked up pilots before we sighted them. At the end of the second week only two of our men had left us. I was then third on the list, but I didn't worry as yet. By the day before Thanksgiving I was as sour as a spoiled pudding, and I couldn't crack a smile to save me. That afternoon two more of my mates got ships, so that I was next man to go, but as we were quite 200 miles out there wasn't a ghost of a show for me to get ashore in time for the dinner, even if I got a vessel early the next morning.

"Curiously enough, I felt a little better after I knew that I couldn't keep my engagement, and I began to take a lively interest in the steward's preparations for a Thanksgiving dinner at sea. He was a good cook and always prided himself on giving us something extra on holidays. This time he said he was going to furnish real green turtle soup to begin with and all the genuine Thanksgiving fixtures to follow.

"But just after midnight on Thanksgiving morning the sea suddenly stirred itself up rather worse than I have ever seen it before or since. In fact, our boat pitched so badly that we all awoke and couldn't go to sleep again. "Sail ahead! Full rigged ship on the weather bow!"

"That was my chance. I'd have preferred a steamer to a sailing vessel, of course, for there was no telling how long it would require to take a windjammer in. The signals showed that a pilot was wanted, and the crew made ready to put a small boat overboard. "Just as the oarsmen were carefully working up toward the big vessel so that I could grasp the swinging ladder and climb on board a big wave came along and dashed the boat against the ship's side. In an instant the boat was crushed like an eggshell and we were

all in the water. I thought I was going straight to Davy Jones, and I swallowed about a barrel of brine. Suddenly I came to the surface. A line had been thrown and was just in front of me. I grasped it and was hauled aboard more dead than alive.

"I took the ship in all right in spite of my mishap, and when I got to New York found the girl's father waiting at the pilots' office for news of me. Then I knew what the answer to my delayed question would be. It hadn't been a bad Thanksgiving after all."

BILL'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

He was called "Bill the Eater" in the east, in the west was known as "the man with the appetite," and the north and south agreed that "Hungry Bill" was a name that fitted him down to the ground. Bill cared very little, however, what he was called so long as he got a call to dinner occasionally. On his tramps through the country he had eaten at many a farmer's table, but on only one occasion had his appetite been satisfied. As he was sitting down to the table with a family one day the house took fire, and there was a rush for outdoors—that is, all fled except Bill. It was the opportunity of his life. He realized it, and when he was carried from the burning building an hour later half suffocated and with hair and whiskers burned off he had no complaint to make. For once in his life he had eaten what he called a square meal.

As a rule Bill avoided the large cities, but he always made it a point to be in one of them on Thanksgiving in order to take advantage of the free dinners usually provided for the poor. Year before last he ate his turkey in Boston, but last year he decided to feast in New York. Bill was seated in City Hall park when Charity came along and invited him to a free Thanksgiving dinner, and he was fit and ready to eat the meal of his life. He did not accept the invitation with undue haste, however, and thus give himself away. He permitted himself to be urged a little and conveyed the impression that one helping would fill him up and send him away to make room for another.

It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon when the festive board and the un-festive Bill squared off at each other. If Charity expected him to rush things, then Charity was disappointed. He had all the time there was, and he was aware that Thanksgiving only comes once a year. When urged to eat all he wanted, he replied that he would pick a bone or two, thank you, and merely toyed with the food before him. At 2 o'clock, however, Bill was still there, and as he began to strike his gait there were some whispered remarks about the danger of overeating. At 3 o'clock the tramp had taken the edge off his appetite, and at 4 he was eating in earnest.

Then a mild attempt was made to choke him off or to get him to choke himself to death, but Bill had decided to have some dinner. At 5 o'clock it was necessary to close the hall. The idea was to close Bill and the hall simultaneously, but he said he had dropped in to get a mouthful to eat, and they gave him half an hour's grace. He wanted more, but the committee was firm, even drawing him away from the board and escorting him to the door. Then, as Bill looked back with longing eyes at a mince pie he had been obliged to leave behind, he sighed and observed:

"I was told that this was to be a Thanksgiving spread to make us all thankful. I was given to understand there would be something to eat and drink and that no one would be turned away hungry. It is needless to say that I believe you acted from proper motives, but you can see for yourselves that you have made a sad failure of it. I will now walk up Fifth avenue and try to beg enough food to keep me from starving. Good day to you! I'll see you again next Thanksgiving."

"Not if I see you first!" replied Charity when she could get her breath.

A. B. LEWIS.



The Daily Reflector.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor.
W. A. B. HEARNE, Associate Editor.

EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Entered at the post office at Greenville, N. C., as second class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, \$3.00
One month, .25
One week, .10
Delivered in town by carriers without extra cost.

Advertising rates are liberal and can be had on application to the editor or at the office.

We desire a live correspondent at every post office in the county, who will send in brief items of news as it occurs in each neighborhood. Write plainly and only on one side of the paper.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1902.

THE REFLECTOR'S

THANKSGIVING.

D. J. WHICHARD.

Has THE REFLECTOR cause for gratitude to God on this Thanksgiving day? Yea, verily. And not today only, for every day from its very beginning down to the present hour there have been such manifestations of Divine blessings as to daily renew its obligation to the Giver.

The custom of setting apart one day in each year, by proclamation of the President of our Nation and the Governor of our State, for public acknowledgement to God for His favor to us as a Nation, a State and a people, is a beautiful one, and THE REFLECTOR has failed in no year of its existence to heed the request of our executive rulers for a suspension of business and observance of the day in an expression of thanksgiving. Yet, while this is proper from a public standpoint, there come daily individual obligations of no less importance. That day is improperly spent which fails to begin with a petition to God for His care and the guidance of the Holy Spirit in performing the duties before us, and to close with a returning of thanks for such care and guidance. Every day we should be mindful of our obligation to God.

The career of THE REFLECTOR bears evidence of its cause for thanksgiving. Its success is not the work of a day, but the result of years of incessant, patient toil, and while its progress has been slow it has been sure. In all its history the paper has never made a backward step, but has gone steadily forward, even though often confronted by hardships and trials that were seemingly insurmountable.

Yet with all this success, the writer vaunteth not in self praise. Another in his place might have done just as well—even better. We took up this labor as a life-purpose, believing that the Divine hand led us, resolved to do as He gave us strength and guidance, and to await with patience the reward He saw best to bestow. Hence to God is due the honor and thanksgiving.

THE REFLECTOR is thankful that it has accomplished something in its mission, thankful that it has been of some benefit to mankind and helpful in advancing its community. It is thankful that it enjoys the confidence and respect of the people, and that they have given it a liberal patronage. It is thankful that gathered about it is a company of faithful employees who are ever ready to do their utmost to advance its interest. It is thankful that those dependent upon it for support have been provided for. It is thankful that many true friends have been won while the enemies made are few. For these and many other blessings it enters this Thanksgiving day with feelings of deepest gratitude to God.

"A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day."

A THANKSGIVING STUDY.

W. A. B. HEARNE.

Our annual Thanksgiving, commemorated by stuffed turkey and cranberry sauce, ranks well today among national celebrations. It is not so generally observed as Christmas, nor marked with such violence of demonstration as the 4th of July; but in purpose and intent it presents as broad a claim to recognition as either of these.

An interruption of the chase after the almighty dollar with a 12 hour intermission for refreshments may not accord with personal preference in every case; but principle and custom are probably entitled to as much consideration once a year as personal disposition and convenience are accorded ordinarily. To have one day with time to spare in which to say grace over meals breaks monotony, at least; and if desert be taken without serious reflection upon the day's sermon one may reasonably hope to survive the occasion undisturbed by the regulation nightmare attachment to the afternoon nap.

Ingratitude is hateful, in man or beast. The smile and eye-twinkle of the infant and the appreciative wag of the dog's tail make the one a joy forever and the other a companion to monarchs, in spite of grave and multifarious deterrents. Thanksgiving is beautiful to God and man. It introduces a psychological study as fascinating as any phase of human nature known of among mortals.

What is the mysterious connection between the well-springs of gratitude and the stomach? Glance over the menu of today and that of yesterday and tomorrow. The keen observer's discovery that the road to a man's heart follows the course of the alimentary canal antedates profane history. The slight reference to it in Biblical records is significant if not comprehensive. Passing that apple around implies a deal more than observance of garden-party etiquette. The wily Eve's ostensible purpose was to advance her lordship's knowledge; which was commendable enough, considering that her opportunities for intellectual refreshment were limited to the resources of a narrow circle of acquaintances (without library). To suppose, however, that this was her only motive, or, indeed, the principal one, is to evince but an indifferent appreciation of subsequent events, if not a woeful misconception of feminine character.

That extremes of emotion are attended by immediate solicitude for the inner man is matter of common knowledge. Making merry has great concern with meat and drink; despondency not infrequently resorts to the jug. The promoter of enterprises involving the destiny of nations is on good terms with expert chefs, can deliver a dissertation on the choicest blends, and has the secrets of the King's wine-cellar at his tongue's end. More of man's life is spent in eating than in watching or praying; and a full stomach is the foundation of much unction in supplication. With the mouth we thank Him for "what we are about to receive;" with the heart, for a "square meal" where it is doing the most good. A clever ancient located the soul in the region of the solar-plexus. The line of communication between the "principal organ of digestion" and the "seat of the affections" is short and largely dependent in its efficiency of service to the individual and to society upon material for the operation of the gastric juice.

"Night's candles are burnt out,"
A Voice which shakes the foundations of Eternity commands the birth of another day. "Let there be light—And there was light," whose rays, kissing the dancing billows of eastward oceans, hurry to an affectionate caress of Mt. Mitchell's placid summit, and on to other peaks, and to other worlds. It is day—a day for giving thanks. The table is ready. Come. Let us eat.

He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks.—Rom. 14:6.

C. T. Munford's Big Store,

242 and 244 W. Main St., Greenville, N. C.

Thanksgiving

Store Closed all Day Today.

We close our store today to join with you in giving thanks for the blessings of the year. To all our friends, far and wide, we say, a happy thanksgiving to you.

C. T. Munford's  The Big Store

242 and 244 W. Main St., Greenville, N. C.

PSALMS OF THANKSGIVING

REV. W. E. COX, Rector Episcopal Church.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."—Psalm 103:1-5.

Such is the song that goes up this day to the God and Father of us all, for the innumerable blessings he has so bountifully showered upon us. No note of sadness mingles with the sweetness of its music. Amid many Psalms of mingled pain and trust this is one of unalloyed gladness, as untouched by sorrow as if sung by spirits in heaven. Truly, it should express the thankful joy of our hearts in this year uncheckered by aught of adversity or sorrow.

It is needless, if it were possible, to recount the manifold blessings which a loving Father has bestowed upon this land of ours during the past year. They are legion. Our great nation is expanding and spreading her wings, not only in territory, but in influence and inherent power that gives her a commanding position and makes her voice heard among the nations of the world. Her material progress and prosperity are indeed phenomenal. Never in her history has seed-time and harvest brought her people more abundant stores of all good things produced in this commonwealth. Education is rapidly advancing along all lines, and let us hope that a similarly strong impetus has been given to things moral and spiritual.

For these, exceedingly great blessings it becomes us well to be thankful. And, indeed, we are thankful.

Be it far from me to cast any shadow upon the sunny landscape before us, or sound any unnecessary cry of alarm on this happy day. Let us rejoice and give thanks. But let us not forget that hand in hand with material prosperity goes a danger to which frail human beings are peculiarly subject. So strong is the "lust of the flesh" and the "pride of life" in us, we stand in grave danger of becoming so absorbed in material things that we forget higher and better things. We do not consciously throw ourselves into the world of sense and become deliberately and avowedly worldly and sen-

sual, but unconsciously and unintentionally, nevertheless truly, we are swallowed up in it. Unconsciously, I repeat, in times of great prosperity, a wave of materialism sweeps over us and our hold upon God relaxes. In that state of mind and heart may it not be—is it not true—that our so-called gratitude is little more than gratification? Is it not a sort of carnal satisfaction we give expression to, rather than a sincere outpouring of soul in tender and affectionate joy and thanksgiving to the "Author and Giver of all good things?"

There is a sharp and clear distinction between these two kinds of thanksgiving. One is of the flesh; the other is of the spirit. One is the attitude of a son who takes, as it were in triumph, a gift from his father's hand, and says "thank you," with but little appreciation of the giver. His heart and mind are centered on the gift, and beyond that he sees nothing. He is gratified. The other is the attitude of a son who receives "his portion" and prizes it, not so much for its intrinsic value, but as an evidence of his father's love. Behind the gift he sees that love looming up like a mountain in the background, and the gift itself, though great, becomes a mere speck in comparison. That son is truly grateful.

We are enjoying unprecedented prosperity. Our Father's gifts are more than we desire or deserve. Let us soberly, seriously and honestly ask ourselves this question, is my thanksgiving a sense of gratification, or is it real gratitude? Is it a mere expression of satisfaction at my material gain, or is it a spontaneous outburst of filial affection in response to the tender love of the father who gave these blessings?

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me—my understanding, will, memory, judgment, affections, desires and every faculty of my soul and body—bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits—the abundance of good things for my body; the blessings of health and long life; but most especially, his forgiveness of my iniquities, among which are my ingratitude and forgetfulness; the healing of my sinful soul; the redemption of my life from destruction; all his loving kindness and tender mercies; and that perpetual youth, in spirit if not in body, which is the portion of all who love and serve Him.

REV. J. N. BOOTH, Pastor Baptist Church.

"In everything give thanks." 1st Thessalonians 5:18.

The custom of setting apart one day in the year as an annual Thanksgiving day is purely American. True it is that special days may be and often are appointed by the rulers of other countries in acknowledgement of some special favor, as exemption from plague, victory in arms, abundant harvest, etc.; but to have a certain day in the year known as Thanksgiving day is peculiarly an American institution.

The effect this custom has had and shall yet have upon our people will be hard to estimate. Rome of old stood for law and order, while Greece stood for beauty and grace. Throughout all their language and literature, their poetry and art, marked traces of their national ideals can be found. If it should be that the American people, trained by our national day of Thanksgiving, shall have their ideals shaped into gratitude instead of sordid selfishness, into recognition of God as the bountiful giver of all things instead of presumptuous self-reliance, who can tell what effect such a day may have in the shaping of our national ideals? That people are attracted toward their ideals, that

they develop in line with their thoughts, is evident from all history and personal observation, hence it behooves all right thinking men to make this day to mean all that it can for us and our people.

STOCK TAKING.

No merchant allows himself to become too busy to close his doors when inventory of stock is to be taken. He feels that it is a necessity in his business. Just so it should be with individuals and a nation. In the busy rush of trade, the absorbing cares of life, the exacting demands of society, and the chilling blasts of adversity, an individual or a nation is in danger of forgetting to look up to God, the hill from whence all help cometh.

We should take stock, should see what we have that is good. In this stock taking we can see what we have not—what we have been shielded from.

"In all things give thanks." We may not see the good in some things, but while they may not be good in themselves they are doubtless good in their design, coming from the Fountain of every blessing. Let us magnify God by looking at him through what he has done for us as individuals and as a people.

REV. H. M. EURE, Pastor Methodist Church.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me; bless His holy name."—Psalms 103:1-5.

Mr. Clark says, "the inscription in the Hebrew, and in all the versions, gives this Psalm to David, yet many of the ancients believed it referred to the time of the captivity, or rather to its conclusion, in which the redeemed Jews gave thanks to God for their restoration."

It is a Psalm of rare sweetness and eloquence. It contains the most affectionate sentiments of gratitude to God for His mercies, and the most consoling motives to continue to trust in God and to be obedient to Him.

In the opening sentence of the text the Psalmist calls upon his soul within him to bless the Lord. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Let us this day imitate the author of this Psalm, by thinking on the benefits we have received from Him from whom all blessings flow. If we would spend more of our time in contemplating God's goodness to us, and had a deeper consciousness of His real value to us, the sentiment and desire to bless and praise our Heavenly Benefactor would be more universal.

Let the soul join in this work of thanksgiving. Let it be heartily, in deep sincerity. Lip service is good, if it is from the great deep of the soul, but lip service cannot satisfy Him who is so abundant in His mercies to us. But "let all that is within me bless His holy name." Every faculty of our being may join in this service of thanksgiving and praising the name of the Lord. The understanding, the will, the memory, the judgment, the affections, the desires, and "all that is within me" may be employed in this delightful service.

There are so many things for which we ought to feel profoundly thankful, I can only refer briefly to a few of them.

Let us notice, first of all, our temporal benefits. Life is from God, and yet He has prolonged our lives to see this good day. While some of our friends and loved ones have passed into eternity during this thanksgiving year, we are spared for some purpose known to Him who doeth all things well. Let us thank God for our lives and covenant with Him this day to use them for His glory in the future.

Our food is God-given. "He satisfieth thy mouth with good things." No famine or pestilence of any kind has invaded our land. We are in the midst of plenty, and

the hand of prosperity is seen everywhere. We have not only enough for our great nation, but quite a surplus to send abroad to satisfy the mouths of other nations as well. New enterprises are constantly springing up, which furnish employment to the unemployed, and through the various enterprises and agencies God is "satisfying the mouths of all with good things." For these things we may exclaim with the Psalmist: "We thank Thee and praise Thy glorious name." We might add to this the peace of our nation. We are not only at peace with ourselves at home, but practically at peace with the whole world. No war clouds are gathering to threaten us at home or abroad. So we can stay at home with our wives and children, and enjoy the bounteous blessings the Lord has given us.

In the next place, let us notice the spiritual benefits we have received. First of these to be mentioned is the Bible. What would we be today had the Lord never given us this old Book? Underlying all the unprecedented strides of the Christian nations of the earth today are the great principles of God's Word. Its principles have furnished the key that unlocks the hidden treasures of nature that make the world rich in material wealth. But greater still is the power of this old Book, through the power and influence of the Holy Spirit, to lift up fallen humanity and develop noble manhood and womanhood.

Many can rejoice today in the fact that "the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." If any who may chance to read these lines have not had their hearts strangely warmed by the presence of the Spirit, you may rejoice and thank God that for you His Son hath died; and that no blessing has been bestowed upon any life that may not be given unto you, if you desire and seek after it.

We have reason to be thankful for the general prosperity of Zion—the Church of God. This has been a year of steady progress in the churches throughout our land. The church is not dead, nor is it going to die. Its influence is mighty in the world today. In our own town there have been more conversions and accessions to the various churches than for several years past. Let us break forth in the language of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me; bless His holy name."

Why Tobacco Men Should Feel Thankful.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

moved along quietly, smoothly and pleasantly. For all these rare blessings we are profoundly grateful and inexpressibly thankful. May they continue.

The dealers in tobacco have secured out of the present crop a larger per cent. of good, desirable tobacco, at prices that have suited them, than in several years. They have managed their business satisfactorily to themselves and have succeeded in establishing their brands in foreign lands. Their conquests in this line have been marvelous, and taken all in all, they are, we presume, well satisfied with the present state of affairs, and everybody should join with them in feeling thankful for the large trade they have built up and developed for our products so far away from home.

Every tobacco man engaged in any way in the business in the whole land should feel thankful for the numerous and untold blessings that almost each and every one has enjoyed for the last twelve months. It has been a year of special privileges and pleasures and profit to almost every farmer in the whole land. It has been a year full of anxious, hopeful expectations, which to most of them have culminated in a splendid reality, equal almost to their fondest dreams. Good prices have prevailed and the merry laughter of the sun-browned cheeks of these heirs to the Lord Almighty's field and forest speaks louder, plainer, clearer than ten thousand tongues could speak of the happiness, comfort and contentment of these people in getting the money's value for the products of their toil. They should—they do feel thankful, grateful for these blessings, and my earnest, sincere hope is that they may be continued upon them.

Don't be too late for the Christmas Number of the Daily Reflector,--out December 18.

THE BIRTH OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

To properly appreciate the spirit of the American institution known as Thanksgiving day, it were well that we go back to its origin among the granite hills of New England, in the dark days of colonial settlement.

Thanksgiving day was literally born of man's recognition of the necessity of divine protection and mercy. Who can imagine the prosperous, golden American of today originating such a ceremony as thanksgiving to God?

Surrounded by treacherous, savage foes, exiled in the primeval wilderness of a foreign land, the New Englander of the colonial period was made to feel his dependence upon divine Providence in a way that we of civilization cannot know except in special instances. The pilgrim saw himself "cut off from the land that bore him, betrayed by the land he found." He slept in the fear of death, and prayed devoutly while he expected to feel the sting of the savage arrow. He went to church with his Bible in one hand and his gun in the other, and generally found it healthy to shoot first and preach afterwards. Amid such hardships as we can scarcely conceive, his dependence upon the mercy of God was borne upon him in a way that for such mercies as we would consider misfortunes he gave thanks to God.

The first Thanksgiving day which was observed in America was after the first harvest in the colony of Plymouth, in November, 1621. Governor Bradford issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation, after having sent men out to hunt wild fowls for the feast. From this time until shortly after the revolution there was annual observance of the day in the colonies. At the close of the war the custom seems to have fallen into disuse, probably owing to the wave of skepticism which swept over the country about this time. The custom was revived, however, in 1789, when President Washington recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the federal constitution. Since then the annual observance of the last Thursday in November as a National Thanksgiving day has become an established custom, and will probably last as long as the nation itself—certainly until we forget the God who made us great.

PAUL R. OUTLAW.

Digestine is invigorating and refreshing, at soda fountains, 5c.

LEFT! That's what you'll be if you don't get your copy for ads in the Christmas Number of the Daily Reflector in this office by Wednesday, December 10th. Come on, now; don't be like the cow's tail.

W. L. BEST, REPAIRER OF Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of all kinds

YOU can bring your work in this line to me under a positive guarantee that it will be done properly and promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Give me a trial.

GREENVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

HESITATION.

BY ZENO MOORE.

I'd long been a waitin' on Susan, She seemed sorter shy towards me, She didn't quite 'pear to dislike me, But still I warn't sure you see.

Last, we'd been to theatre, 'N' goin' on back it seemed somehow My shoes was a squeakin' an' sayin' 'Say it now! Say it now! Say it now!

We was jis passing 'roun' a dark corner She, in all expectation, I—fear. I twisted my nerves and my mustache, An' I croaked out: "I love you so dear!"

She stopped 'n looked up in surprise like 'N she put up her lips in er pout. I felt her warm breath on my cheek, an'— The street lamp 'd done an burnt out.

Next Sund' night I wuz darin' ast 'er, Should we go hear de new Bishop preach? She looked kinder scant at t' window, Er way beyond, clear out o' reach. Her mother said "Sue, has you 'cided?" She answered up glibly, "Not yit!" Then to me, and her eyes kinder melted, "Do yer know if the street lamp is lit?"

Services in the Churches Today.

Thanksgiving service at the Baptist church at 11 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. J. N. Booth. Collection for Thomasville orphanage.

Services with appropriate services for Thanksgiving at the Episcopal church on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

Thanksgiving service at the Methodist church at 11 o'clock. At the conclusion a thank offering collection for the Orphanage at Raleigh will be taken.

Our Claim.

We claim a greater variety of useful and ornamental goods than any store in the state of the same floor space. It will be to your interest to visit our store frequently—look over our 5 and 10 cts. counter—it will entertain you and it will pay you.

Our sales have nearly doubled in the last year and its all because we keep the goods at the price. Don't finish shopping till you see ZENO MOORE & BRO.

A business getter for the holidays--Christmas Number of the Daily Reflector, out Dec. 18.

Short Local Items.

For Sale.—Two feather beds. See J. N. Booth, Greenville, N. C.

Digestine relieves indigestion, try it, at all soda fountains, 5c.

Frank Wilson, The King Clothier, invites your attention to his special ad. for this issue of THE REFLECTOR.

Get your Thanksgiving cranberries, currants, seeded raisins, citron, pickles, fruits, candies, &c, at Johnston Bros.

New Goods, Citron, Seeded Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Chestnuts, Pulverized Sugar, at Sam'l. M. Schultz.

Take Digestine after supper for your "stomach's sake," at soda fountains, 5c.

Enough chairs will be provided, in addition to the original reserved seats to accommodate all who wish them, for the Deestrick Skule Thursday night. You can get a good seat.

You should be thankful that right here in Greenville, at Reflector Book Store, you can get the famous Parker Fountain Pen, the best made and greatest success of fountain pen inventions.

Zeno Moore & Bro., elsewhere in this issue, claim that they have the greatest variety, for the same amount of floor space, of any store in the state. All who visit this store will be convinced of this. Have you read it?

The Creightons are not fictitious. They are professional entertainers. They will be in on Wednesday evening's train and will be seen with the Deestrick Skule Thursday night. Reserved seats for sale at J. B. White's.

The mountaineer always takes a peak when he wants to obtain a good view.

THE INDIANS' THANKSGIVING

THE interest in Thanksgiving day and its observance is just as intense these days among the reservation Indians as in college towns where great football games are scheduled to occur, says the New York Times. Especially is this true in the southwest, where the Indians have had an opportunity to become thoroughly civilized of late years. The white people find no more enjoyment in this day of universal good cheer than do these same dusky redskins.

It is a day of feasting, playing and gambling, with a big dance at night. Such sport only comes once a year to them nowadays, when they have had to forsake the scalping knife for the plow. Their wild nature rebelled at the idea of work, and it has been with much difficulty that the government agents have made farmers out of the young braves. A day of rest and amusement is considered good for their better nature, and the government authorities are willing that Thanksgiving day shall become a festival time for the reservation wards of the nation.

The Kiowas and Comanches, who have but recently been placed on allotments, will have forsaken many of their wild plans of amusement this Thanksgiving, owing to the fact that they have been cut off the free list of beef issues. They have arranged to draw grass money on Thanksgiving, and a goodly portion of this will be spent in purchasing food for a grand feast. At night they will take part in a green corn dance, at which prayers will be offered to the Great Spirit for the good crops which they have had the past season. The spirit of thankfulness pervades the Indian celebrations.

The Osages hold a big feast at Pawhuska, their capital city. All members of the tribe are invited to take part in the festivities. At the beginning and end of each meal—and there are many—the aged missionary who lives among them is invited to deliver a short prayer thanking the Great Spirit for the good things which the agent has sent to them. The food is cooked by the squaws, and, while it could be prepared in a much cleaner and more tasteful manner, the cooking is an improvement over that of a few years gone.

The Apaches and Cherokees are in the habit of holding a pony smoke. Often the Osages indulge in this expensive festival. A pony smoke is a friendly meeting of two tribes and is especially appropriate for the occasion. The tribe giving the smoke is supposed to bear all of the expenses. They provide the best game and vegetables in the market for their guests, and at the end of the first day's meeting they present a good pony to the head of each family visiting them. As a tribe consists of from 300 to 500 families, the expenses soon mount high. The Osages, being the richest reservation Indians there are today, can better afford to hold pony smokes, and, combined with their feast day, they generally invite several hundred guests from the Poncas, Tonkawas and surrounding tribes. Those accepting the ponies are supposed to return the gift with equally expensive ones later on, but few of them can do so.

The Poncas hold every Thanksgiving as a beef issue day. If the agent does not come forward and present them with a herd of cattle for this occasion, they mortgage their property and buy cattle of some neighboring ranchmen. A beef issue is the most typical of the redskin and also the most picturesque of Indian Thanksgiving celebrations. For years the government has forbidden the issue of beef after the manner of an old time issue, but on special occasions they are allowed the amusement of killing their own meat. It is said by the government officers who succeeded in having the practice stopped that beef issue tends to make the Indian wilder and more difficult to civilize.

A hundred cattle are turned loose in a large pasture. The young men of the tribe are mounted on mustangs and have shining field guns. With the good wishes of the squaws and medicine men ringing in their ears they ride out to kill the cattle. The beasts have no chance for life whatever. The chase is accompanied by an undue amount of wild yelling, while excitement grows intense in the camp. The smell of fresh blood makes the squaws wild, as it were. After all of the cattle have been shot down then the killers give a signal which means that all of the tribe are at liberty to rush forth and secure their portion. A half beef is awarded to each squaw. The beef is cleaned and cooked on a fire on the open plain, while the medicine men dance their approval and the warriors sing in their glee. The feast follows, with more dancing, and the whole day is thus spent, ending late at night with a final gorge.

False Faces.

Thanksgiving time is the busiest season for the manufacturers of and dealers in masks and false faces. The fantastical costume parades and the old custom of masking and dressing for amusement on Thanksgiving day keep up from year to year in many parts of the country, so that the quantity of false faces sold at this season is enormous. The manufacturers make it a point to get up new styles, and this year brownies, "yaller kids," parrot visages and many other novelties will be on sale. Masks of prominent men and the foremost political leaders are made by some manufacturers, and large sized false hands, noses, ears, etc., are also new and amusing.—Selected.

TURKEY A LA PURITAINE.

A Novel Way of Preparing the Bird For His Doom.

Anent the subject of turkeys, one of the dealers in the great national feast bird asked a reporter, says the Florida Times-Union, if he knew how to prepare and cook a turkey properly. The scribe confessed ignorance.

"Get you a half pint of good old whisky."

"What's that got to do with the preparation of a turkey?"

"Everything. Saturate enough corn in the whisky to soak up all the spirits. Feed that to your gobbler. The old fellow will like it. First thing you know he feels his oats, or, more properly, his corn. He will spread his tail to the breeze, trail his wings on the ground and map off circles under the impression that he owns the earth and is the boss of everything on it. He will stuff up his feathers, wrinkle his neck and look intensely serious, all the while splitting the atmosphere into small chunks. By and by the old boy gets to staggering, his gobbling is more frequent, but less coherent, he gives a lurch backward and another forward, jabs his bill in the ground, reels and falls.

"Now for the ax. His head is off; he is bled and hung up for twenty-four hours in a cool place. Make your stuffing to suit your own taste. Put him in the baking pan breast downward. Only idiots cook fowls breast up. You want all the succulent juices to run into the breast. A juicy breast is the perfection of cooking. He comes to the table smoking hot and breathing an aroma like zephyrs which have sougled through gardens of roses and fields of ripe corn. Then lay to."

"Yes," commented the reporter, "but the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would be horror struck."

"Not at all. The bird has got to die, so let him die happy."

"How about the very good people?"

"Why, bless your soul, man, that way of cooking a turkey is an invention of the Puritans!"

SPOILED HIS DINNER.

An Unpleasant Thanksgiving Day For a Politician.

"Bluest Thanksgiving I ever spent!" mused the fine old gentleman who has an unconquerable antipathy to practical politics. "It stands out in my memory like an obelisk on a plain, and it was not so very long ago, either.

"I had been induced that fall to run for an important public office. It was done against my better judgment and under great pressure, but when a man enters such a fight he wants to win. I was in a close district and determined to put up the very best fight that the circumstances would permit. I advertised at once for an extra stenographer, and from the many who responded selected a beautiful, bright and dashing young woman who justified my immediate faith in her ability. She did all my private correspondence, knew as much about the inside of the campaign as I did, worked day and night with a willingness that was surprising, and even took from one of my shrewdest advisers the list of voters in the strongest section with which I had to contend, with full instructions as to how the most influential persons among them could be won to my cause. It was great work, and yet I fell several hundred short of the normal party vote.

"My successful opponent lived in a neighboring town and graciously invited me to be his guest on the following Thanksgiving. It would have looked surly to refuse, and I went. It was really an admirable social function, but the few hours I put in there were torture. The host met me with a hearty handclasp. Turning, he said, 'My wife.' Resplendent in satin and jewels, I saw my stenographer. 'Love and war,' she murmured. 'He thinks I was visiting my old home in New England.' I held my peace, but that fatted turkey tasted like cork."—Detroit Free Press.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

A Cotemporary Account of the Pioneer Feast in 1621.

The first Thanksgiving day was celebrated in the autumn of 1621.

An account of the pioneer of all these feasts has been presented in a letter by Edward Winslow written in the same year:

"You shall understand that in this little time that few of us have been here we have built seven dwelling houses and four for the use of the plantation and have made preparations for eleven others. We set the last spring some twenty acres of corn and sowed some six acres of barley and peas. Our corn did prove well, God be praised, and our barley indifferent good, but our peas not worth harvesting. Our harvest being got in, our governor sent four men out fowling, so that we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the whole company almost a week, at which time among other recreations we exercised our arms, many of the Indians arriving among us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted. And, although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty."

Thus Thanksgiving was born. It continued to be celebrated, though not with any regularity, for about sixty years, after which it was annually ordered by the general court, not always in November, but generally after the harvests were gathered.

THANKSGIVING POETRY

BACK to the home of childhood,
Though scattered far and wide,
Back to the dear old kitchen—
Yes, back to your mother's side.
Come, kiss her wrinkled forehead,
Her hair, as white as snow,
And sit down on her footstool,
As in the long ago.

While father bends above you
Weak with the weight of years,
His trembling voice with gladness,
His dim eyes filled with tears,
To both the greatest pleasure
The year brings on its way
Is this: The glad, homescoming
Upon Thanksgiving day.

Once more the rooms re-echo
From kitchen, stairs and hall,
The sound of old time voices
And merry dinner call,
While many sweet grandchildren,
With laughter light and gay,
Come pressing round the table
This glad Thanksgiving day.



THE GLAD HOMECOMING.

So come, ye sons and daughters,
From restless city strife;
Come ere you lose your relish
For the quiet joys of life;
Come back, ye roving children,
From prairies far and wide
And cluster round the hearthstone
Once more at eventide.

Take up your song of childhood
And sing it o'er again;
Forget that ye are matrons
Or business loving men,
And if your eyes grow misty
Rejoice that it is so;
A heart sincerely tender
Is the purest one to know.

Remember, with your loved ones
Life's lamp doth feebly burn;
Your parents may not linger
To greet a late return.
Forget them not, though patient;
Oh, come now while you may!
Praise God; rejoice together
On this Thanksgiving day.
—Good Housekeeping.

Soliloquy of a Turkey.

I know that Thanksgiving day's most here,
And it makes me long to fly,
For I've reached my prime, and it's mighty clear
That it's time for me to die.

I saw the head of the house come out,
And he smiled as he gazed at me,
And he cried aloud that there was no doubt
What a comfortable meal I'd be.

Oh, I've got to go! And it gives me a fit,
Though it isn't so much for my life
That I care about, but he can't carve a bit,
And I've got to be hacked by his wife.
—New York Herald.

Sad Time For Them.

Of what are the turkeys thinking
Out yonder in the yard,
With their red eyes sadly blinking?
Do they think their fate is hard?
Are they on life reflecting
And to hear their final call
Each moment now expecting?
No; turkeys don't think at all.

Thanksgiving Trust.

Lord, I give thanks!
Last year, thou knowest, my best ambitions failed;
My back with scourgings of defeat was flailed;
My eyes felt oft the sharp salt wash of tears;
No guardian blessed the tireless toil of years;
Fast in the snares my helpless feet were tied,
Yet in my woes thou didst with me abide.
Lord, I give thanks!
—Susie M. Best in Lippincott's.

His Preference.

"What portion of the fowl do you prefer?"
"Oh, anything but the Napoleon, sir!"
"What do you mean?" asked Carver, with a start.
"I mean I do not want the bony part."
—Detroit Free Press.

An Unknown Quantity.

She searched through the lexicon once and again,
And her face wore sad lines of misgiving.
"I was seeking," she said, with an accent of pain,
"The Spanish for our word 'Thanksgiving.'"
—Boston Journal.

Not In a Good Set.

"No," exclaimed the mother turkey,
"I would prefer my children not to associate with those incubator chicks."
"Because they are so heedless and don't know how to feather their own nests?" inquired the duck.

"No, it isn't that so much I have brooded over," replied the turkey, "but there's something so artificial about them."

However, when the incubator chicks heard this they thought of the funeral baked meats of Thanksgiving and remarked significantly, "Death levels all ranks."—New York Journal.

THE

Thanksgiving STORE

The people of Pitt County ought to be thankful that there is such a store as

J. B. Cherry & Co's.,

where they can get exactly what they want. We have the reputation of carrying the very best goods that are to be bought for the money, and we try to live up to our reputation.

We wish to assure the public that we are very thankful for their liberal patronage during the past year, and hope, by fair dealings and giving honest goods; to merit a continuance of your support.

We have the most complete Department Store in Greenville, and think we can supply all your wants. We have recently added a stock of Fancy Groceries, containing everything necessary for the most fastidious palate. Fancy Cakes, Candies, Nuts, Oranges, Cocoanuts, Figs, Raisins, &c., all new and fresh.

Our holiday goods are now in stock ready for your inspection. It is a most superb collection of useful and ornamental novelties.

Do you want a nice, easy, comfortable Rooking Chair? If so, just come in and look through our Furniture Department on our two second story floors, which are now full to overflowing with nice, neat, new, nobby Furniture in Bedsteads, Bureaus, Chairs, Sideboards, Safes, Lounges, Hall Racks, &c. Our White Enamel Iron Bedsteads are beauties. So is that White Enamel Chamber Suite. Our Velour and Pantasote covered Lounges are the very thing for comfort.

Don't let the weather fool you into thinking there is going to be no winter's chilling blast, but buy one of our "Dawn" Heaters and be ready when the cold wave comes. If you can't get wood our "Perfection" Oil Heater is at your service. It is perfection in quality as well as in name.

Don't you be running around barefooted when that snow storm comes, (and it is coming) but but come in and let us fit you with a good pair of Boots or Shoes. We have them all sizes, all weights, all shapes and all right.

Your mother, wife, sister or daughter needs one of our Wraps, Cloaks, or Jackets. You had better get one while you have a large stock to select from. Ladies' Fur Sets, Muffs, Collar-ettes, Boas, Dress Goods and Trimmings of every conceivable style you will find in our Magnificent Dry Goods Department.

J. B. CHERRY and Co.

GREENVILLE'S GREAT DEPARTMENT STORE.

A. H. Taft & Co.

are going to make the people of Pitt and surrounding counties feel thankful for bargains given in their

Fifth Annual Ten Day SPECIAL SALE

which will begin in a few days.

Watch for
their advertisement
next Monday.

A. H. Taft & Co.

Don't Treat Symptoms

Go after the cause. Stimulants and cathartics will never cure indigestion. They may temporarily relieve the system but the next meal clogs it again. The food should be digested. The nourishment—health—strength it contains should be appropriated—absorbed by the system.

Children Thrive on Kodol

KODOL purifies, cleanses, strengthens and sweetens the stomach. This new discovery digests all classes of food and assists the stomach and digestive organs in assimilating and transforming it into the kind of nourishment that is taken up by the blood and fed to the tissues throughout the various organs of the body. Kodol cures indigestion and dyspepsia, thus removing the cause of all stomach troubles. Kodol gives such strength to the body that it is invaluable in all wasting diseases.

"I wish to thank you for what Kodol has done for me," writes Clifton Girton, Collett, Ind. "It cured me of dyspepsia after everything else had failed. When I tried Kodol it helped me right away. I cheerfully recommend it."

Kodol Digests What You Eat. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The 5¢ bottle contains 3 1/2 times as much (by actual measurement) as the trial size which sells for 50¢.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers the famous little liver pills for biliousness or constipation. Safe, thorough. They never grip.

Printing==

Have it done quick

at

Reflector Printing House.

Only one kind of PRINTING---the Best--- at

THE REFLECTOR Printing House, Greenville.

CAREFUL attention to details in our Job Department is shown in the high class of work we are turning out. We have the best equipped office and do a class of printing hardly equalled in this section. If you are particular as to the quality of your printing, we want your work. We give you the best.

Cured of Piles After 40 Years.

Mr. C. Haney, of Geneva, Ohio, had the piles for 40 years. Doctors and dollars could do him no lasting good. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured him permanently. Invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, lacerations, eczema, tetter, salt rheum and all other skin diseases. Look for the name DeWitt on the package; all others are cheap, worthless counterfeits. Jno. L. Wooten.

You can get the New York Herald every day at Reflector Book Store.

JUST WHAT YOU NEED.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

When you feel dull after eating. When you have no appetite. When you have a bad taste in the mouth. When your liver is torpid. When your bowels are constipated. When you have a headache. When you feel bilious. They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach, and regulate your liver and bowels. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Wooten's Drug Store, Greenville, Farmville Pharmacy, Farmville.

CAROLINA & VIRGINIA Telephone Company, Henderson N. C.

The following toll rates will be in effect on and after May 1st, 1902, subject to change and correction: From Greenville to

1. Ayden	10 21	Louisburg	40
2. Beaufort	50 22	Morehead City	45
3. Boynton	50 24	Nashville	80
4. Buffalo Springs	50 24	New Bern	30
5. Burlington	65 25	Newport	40
6. Chapel Hill	50 26	Oxford	45
7. Chase City	55 27	Plymouth	30
8. Clarksville	50 28	Raleigh	45
9. Dunn	45 29	Roanoke Rapids	10
10. Durham	50 30	Rocky Mount	35
11. Enfield	30 31	Scotland Neck	35
12. Franklinton	45 32	Selma	40
13. Greensboro	75 33	Smithfield	40
14. Goldsboro	30 34	Spring Hope	35
15. Hamilton	25 35	Tarboro	25
16. Haw River	65 36	Wake Forest	45
17. Henderson	45 37	Warrenton	45
18. High Point	30 38	Weldon	40
19. Kinston	25 39	Wilson	40
20. Littleton	40 40	Winston	40

F. C. TOEPLERMAN, Gen. Supt.

THE UP-TO-DATE BARBER SHOP

as moved near Five Points and located in the new brick building. Come give us a call, we think we can please you. J. H. DAVIS.

B. J. NOBLES, FASHIONABLE BARBER.

On Main street, Opposite J. B. Cherry & Co. Good clean work guaranteed.

CENTRAL BARBER SHOP have moved my Barber Shop to the shop in front of Manford's new big store. I have also associated with me Julius Fleming, who has been working with me for a long time. We have fitted up for the handsome shop in the town, and offer the public the best service ever offered here. We appreciate highly the liberal patronage we have received in the past. We cordially invite all of our past customers and all others who desire first-class service to come to see us in our new shop. We intend to please you and will do so regardless of expense or labor. We are ready at all times to accommodate you with first-class shave or hair cut. EDWARDS & FLEMING Opposite Manford's Big Store.

W. R. WHICHARD

DEALER IN
General Merchandise
Whichard, N. C.

The Stock complete in every department and prices as low as the lowest. Highest market prices paid for country produce.

GOBB BROS. & CO.

Norfolk, Va.
Cotton Buyers and Brokers in Stocks, Cotton, Grain and Provisions. Private Wires to New York, Chicago and New Orleans.

The WILMINGTON STEAM LAUNDRY will do your work to perfection. No breaking or cracking of collars and cuffs. Once tried, forever satisfied. CARL PARKER, Resident Agent.

Polliteness is that precious wreath of lovely flowers which adorns a perfect gentleman.

A THANKFUL THANKSGIVING

"DON'T feel as if I should enjoy this Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Joel Nisbett, looking down into the basket of glossy, red cheeked Spitzenbergs as if it were a family vault and taking up an apple as if it had been a skull; "no, I don't."

"Then, Sarcopa," observed her husband, who had just thrown a huge log on the open fire, "you don't disarrange nothin' to be thankful for! It's as handsome a turkey as ever flapped, and I don't know of a year when I've had nicer pumpkins on that ar' corn lot!"

"Tain't turkey or pumpkin pies or cranberry sass as makes Thanksgiving," sighed Mrs. Nisbett. "What is it, then? Ef it's cold weather, I should ha' thought the last frost would ha' done the business for you pretty fairly. Them artemisias by the front door is scorched black, and the old maple is losin' its leaves as if they



"I AM GOING TO BE MARRIED."

was rainin' down. Parson Jarvis is comin' all the way from Sloatesville to preach tomorrow, and the quire's larned a bran' new anthem just a-purpose, about bein' thankful for harvest and all that sort of thing. I'm sure I don't know what else you'd have."

Mrs. Nisbett only answered by a sigh. "I wonder if 'tain't possible Stephen 'll be hum tonight," she said after a pause.

"He writ not. He thought he'd drop in arly tomorrow mornin' if he caught the train he expected. Only think, old woman; it's five years since Stephen was hum to Thanksgiving!"

Old Nisbett rubbed his horny hands, with a chuckle, adding: "And I s'pose, if all accounts is true, he's gettin' to be a great man out in that western country. It was kind of a hard pull when he went off and left us, but maybe the boy was in the right."

"Yes," said Mrs. Nisbett dolorously, "but somehow I can't get reconciled to the idea of his marryin' a strange gal out there."

Joel scratched his head. This was a phase of the subject that he scarcely felt competent to discuss. "Maybe you'll like her. Stephen says she's a nice gal."

"Stephen says! As if a man over head and ears in love wouldn't say anything."

"I wish he'd told us who she was."

Mrs. Nisbett groaned again. Joel went out to the woodpile, the everyday shrine whence he generally derived what little of philosophic inspiration he had.

"Mrs. Nisbett!" It was a soft little voice, and the old lady's face relaxed instinctively as it sounded on her ears.

"Why, Lida Tremaine—'tain't you!" "It is. I've done everything that Aunt Constance wanted, and now I've just run over to see if you don't need a bit of help."

She stood in the doorway, a fair little apparition, all flushed and rosy with the November wind, while her blue eyes sparkled as if they were twin sapphires hidden away under her long, dark lashes. She was neither blond nor brunette, but a fresh cheeked girl, with nut brown hair, skin like the leaf of a damask rose, a straight, refined nose and lips as ripe as a red crabapple, though by no means so sour. Generally she had a demure sort of gravity lingering about her face, but when she did laugh a dimple came out upon her cheek and a rosy of pearls teeth glimmered instantaneously.

In one hand she carried a bunch of late autumn flowers. "See!" she cried, holding them up. "I ransacked Aunt Constance's garden for these. I knew that big vase on the mantel needed something, and, with a branch or so of scarlet leaves, I'll have a royal bouquet to help you keep Thanksgiving."

Mrs. Nisbett took the fair oval face between her two hands and kissed the fresh little mouth.

"Set down, Lida," she said. "I wasn't a-calculatin' to have no seeh fixin's up, but you've seeh a way, child, I can't never say no to you."

"But you're going to keep Thanksgiving," cried Lida, throwing off her outer wrappings and dancing up to the looking glass like a little gale of wind, "because you invited Aunt Constance and me to dinner and because your son is comin' home."

"Yes, child, yes," said Mrs. Nisbett subsiding once more into the mournful key from which Lida's sudden appearance had momentarily aroused her. "Joel's got the turkey shut up in a coop, and the bakin' 's done, and I'm just a-fixin' them apples, and—"

"Oh, oh," cried Lida, who had fluttered to the window, "what glorious red leaves speckled over with little drops of gold! May I make some wreaths for the wall? Oh, please say yes!"

Mrs. Nisbett said "yes"—It would have been hard work to say "no" to Lida—and the girl soon came in, her apron full of the sprigs of the old maple tree, whose shadowy boughs kept the window veiled with cool shadows through the glaring summer days and showered falling gold upon the dead grass when the autumn came.

Mrs. Nisbett looked with tenderness upon the graceful little figure seated on the hearth rug, when the shine of the high heaped logs lost itself in her bright hair and made sparkles in her eyes, as the wreaths and trails of autumn leaves grew rapidly beneath her deft fingers.

"Lida," she said softly, "Lida, my dear!" Lida looked up.

"I saw your Aunt Constance yesterday, but there's somethin' reserved about her, and I didn't like to ask about you—whether you had decided to go out as a governess or not; because, my dear, Joel and I were talkin' last night, and we both thought what a comfort it would be to have you here."

"To have me here?" "We're old and we're alone, and somehow we've both took a fancy to you, my child. So when your Aunt Constance goes back to the city, if you choose to come here—"

Mrs. Nisbett paused abruptly and burst into tears. "We had a little girl once, my dear, and if she'd lived she would ha' been nigh about your age."

Lida let the leaves drop down on the floor as she sprang up and threw both arms round the old woman's neck. "Oh, Mrs. Nisbett," she whispered softly, "you are so very, very kind. Believe me, I appreciate it all, but—I hardly know how to tell you."

Mrs. Nisbett listened intently. Lida smiled and cried a little and then whispered so low it was scarcely audible. "I am going to be married."

"Married!" ejaculated Mrs. Nisbett, with all a woman's interest in this important piece of information. "And who to?"

"Your son lives in Iowa—in Parlington?" "Yes."

"Well, did he ever mention the name of?"

Lida paused, her cheeks glowing rosy. Old Nisbett had come in with an armful of wood, bringing a gale with him from the frosty outer world.

"I'll tell you by and by," whispered Lida as she went back to her work. "Joel 'll go out again arter awhile," thought Mrs. Nisbett, "and then I'll hear about Lida's beau."

But Joel sat down before the fire with a complacent satisfaction which boded ill for the gratification of his wife's curiosity, and finally accompanied Lida home, thus frustrating all his wife's designs and cutting off her chance of hearing Lida's story.

"Dear me!" thought she. "I don't believe the man was ever born who knew when he wasn't wanted! How lonesome it seems when Lida's gone! What does the girl want to get married for when I could ha' took such a sight o' comfort with her? Oh, dear, dear! It does seem as if the world was all askew!"

The next day, in spite of the weather prophet's prediction of snow, dawned clear and brilliant as the dying smile of Indian summer. By 11 o'clock Mrs. Nisbett was dressed in her best silk and cap, with the turkey browning beautifully in the oven and the cranberry tarts doing credit to themselves as well as to their maker, the table set, the fire high heaped with crackling logs and the plates dressed with coronals of autumn leaves. Aunt Constance, a tall, prim maiden lady of uncertain age, stood before the bedroom looking glass arranging her coiffure.

Lida, in a blue dress with a late autumn rose in her hair, was tripping lither and thither as light footed and helpful as half a dozen household fairies merged into one, while Mrs. Nisbett stood regarding her with a loving eye, murmuring to herself:

"Well, well, it seems like it was the Lord's will to deny us of just what we most want, but if I had a daughter I could wish she was like Lida."

As the old kitchen clock struck 1 Mrs. Nisbett, looking from the window, gave a little cry.

"There he comes—there comes Joel, and, as I live, there's the boy with him!"

Lida ran into the bedroom. When she returned, Mrs. Nisbett was clasped in the arms of a tall, handsome man of four or five and twenty.

"Lida," said the proud matron, striving to disengage herself from the affectionate clasp, "this is my son Stephen, and—why, what's the matter?"

For Stephen had dropped her hands with an exclamation of surprise and amazement, and Lida stood there glowing crimson.

"Lida! Why, mother, this is a surprise indeed that you have prepared for me!"

"I prepared!" echoed the astonished old lady. "Well, that's a good un, when I'm ten times as much surprised as you be! Lida, what does this mean?"

"It means," said Lida, with a demure smile—she was beginning to recover her centered self possession—"it means that this is the gentleman I am to be married to!"

"Stephen!" cried Mrs. Nisbett, "is Lida to be your wife?" "She has given me her promise to that effect, at least," said Stephen,

looking proudly down upon his lovely little fiancee.

"Well, if it don't beat all how queer things do happen!" said Mrs. Nisbett, her face radiant. "And you've been livin' neighbor to me these six weeks and I never knowed St. Lida, why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I never dreamed that Stephen Risingham, my betrothed western lover, was anything to Mrs. Nisbett," said Lida, laughing.

"There 'tis, now!" ejaculated the farmer. "How was she to know that he was only my nephew, adopted when his parents died, twenty good years ago. We've always called him son, and he's always been a son to us. But Lida didn't know. Old woman, what do you say to Stephen's wife?"

Mrs. Nisbett clasped Lida to her heart. "I do say," she ejaculated, "this is the thankfulest Thanksgiving I ever lived to see!"—New York Daily News.

RULES FOR THE FEAST.

A Thanksgiving Menu, With Suggestions About the Turkey.

It is not only Thanksgiving dinner that Lady Bountiful is expected to provide for, says the Chicago Record, but she has the men of the family home for at least the day, and in many cases a household of company to look after. With all of this in view a few suggestions are offered for various goodies and savories, both hot and cold, suitable to the season.

- Oysters on the Half Shell.
- Oxtail Soup.
- Salmon Cutlets, Capor Sauce.
- Curried Kidney (or Escaloped Sweetbread).
- Roast Turkey.
- Cranberry Sauce or Jelly.
- Mashed Potatoes.
- Stewed Celery with White Sauce.
- Spinach or Peas.
- Pumpkin and Mince Pies.
- Quaking Pudding with Soft Custard.
- Cheese Souffle.
- Fruit, Nuts, Coffee.

For the piece de resistance it is well to go to market prepared to buy the best, which is always a young, medium sized hen turkey. Mind that your purchase is a thorough "black leg." If the legs incline to paleness, Father Time has been at work. The breast must be broad and fat, the skin very white and the neck short. If the legs are red and adorned with long spurs, these are sure signs of an old gobbler. Nothing will so improve a turkey and give it



PIECE DE RESISTANCE.



PIECE DE RESISTANCE.

the desired holiday flavor as a stuffing of mushrooms, and, as these are raised in such quantities for the market nowadays, they are no longer an extravagance. The stuffing is made in this way: A pound of rice, tender ham cut in dice. When hot, add two pounds of mushrooms, a little grated nutmeg, white pepper to taste and a bay leaf (the ham supplies enough salt). Blend all together in the saucapan over a moderate fire until the ham is cooked; then put aside to cool. Stuff the crop out well, and if any remains put it in the body of the turkey; then sew both neatly.

A BARNYARD DRAMA.

The Victim's Dream of a Horrible Revenge.

Rooster—So you will steal my corn, will you? Oh, you needn't strut around here as though you were the only one in this menagerie.

Turkey—Oh, I don't know. You're not in it with me just now. I'm the most popular thing on the walk at present.

Rooster—Well, madam, stretch your rubber neck up over my head all you want today, but just you wait till tomorrow! When your skinny legs are being dragged to the execution block, I will look on at your gory expiration and from the bottom of my lungs will crow for victory!

Turkey (taking two struts coopward and landing in the center of the stage)—Aye, aye, sir! But listen. Death bath its rewards, and to sacrifice myself at the altar of revenge is more glorious than life. What if my beautiful wings shall switch the dust from out the cracks of the kitchen stove? Wait till my nude and helpless form lies stretched upon the platter of the feast! Then shall revenge come to me, for never yet was one of our tribe sacrificed at the altar of Thanksgiving that the merciless gourmands did not so o'erstuff themselves that nothing in all the world was worth the having for three days in advance.

Revenge! My friends, revenge indeed is sweet!—Detroit Free Press.



Thanksgiving



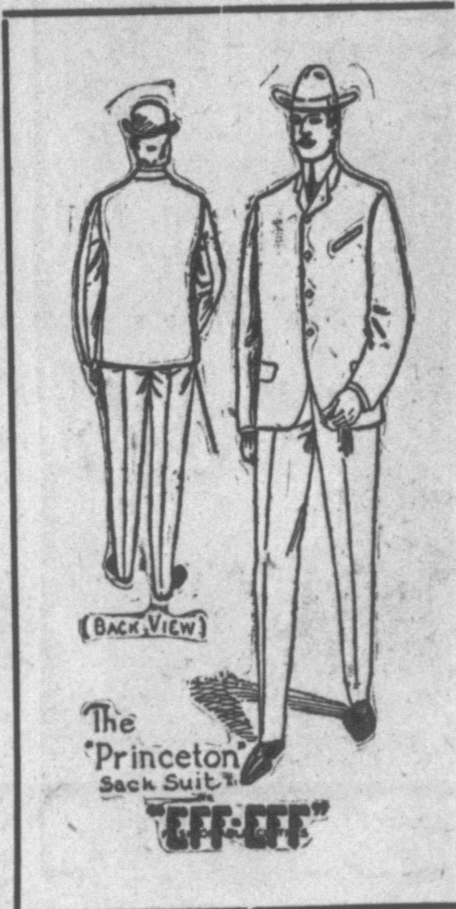
OUR National Feast Day is at hand. The day when re-united families and friends gather round the festal board in joyous and thankful mood.

For ourselves we have every reason to be thankful. The gifts of Providence demand our gratitude, and we profoundly share in the common expression of that gratitude on this occasion. It is fitting that the day should be devoted to thoughts that are in harmony with Thanksgiving Day, and in accordance with that spirit

our store will be closed. Friday we shall invite your attention to our bargains in Clothing, Hats and Furnishings.

In the meantime we desire to express our thankfulness to the public for their kind appreciation of our efforts to provide for their wants, which has been evinced by their liberal patronage.

May our friends and patrons find the extreme of satisfaction in the pursuit of their Thanksgiving pleasures.



FRANK WILSON,

The King Clothier.

Ricks & Wilkinson.



WE extend sincere thanks to our friends for the very liberal patronage with which they have favored us this year. That we appreciate your custom is shown every time you visit our store. Two years ago this month we launched out in business, with one aim and one purpose. That purpose was, honest dealing, fair treatment and the very best values for the money. Our aim was, success. Not boastfully do we say it, but success has crowned our efforts since the first morning our doors were opened to the public, for which we heartily thank you, each and all, who have in any way contributed to the realization of our hopes. With the encouragement you have given us our efforts to give you faithful service shall, if possible, be greater in the future than they have in the past.

Now that you are in your homes giving thanks for the blessings of the year 1902, we close our store to join you. May each year bring you an abundant prosperity.

Again acknowledging your many favors, we are,

Your friends,

RICKS & WILKINSON.

PULLEY & BOWEN.

Special offerings in every department of our store.

The season is well under way and the weather has been too mild. Our stock is larger than it should be, and to relieve this we are offering special inducements in the substantial form of clipping off a nice portion of the selling price. Remember our guarantee—if for any reason your purchase don't suit, we cheerfully refund your money.

36-inch Taffeta Silk, every yard guaranteed. You can't get anything better in silk, no matter what the price **1.25**

22-inch Taffeta Silk. We are making a leader of this, and want you to compare it with other \$1.60 silks; you will find it as good and the price only **75c.**

1 1/2 yard wide Heavy Skirting, all wool, in tan, oxford and light gray; we have the very best that can be had to sell at **1.00**

Ladies' Kid Gloves, black, white, tan, mode, gray, in fact all shades. We take special pains in selecting these and give you great values in every pair at **1.00**

64-inch all linen full bleached Table Tamask, fine and heavy and fully worth 75 cents, our price **50c.**

Ladies Vest, full size, all seams covered; they are the very best to be had at **25c.**

Ladies Wool White Vests, fine and soft; if you are looking for something good and cheap it is here at **1.85 pair**

One lot of Ladies' fash; black Hose, seamless, that sold for 15c.; our price now **10c.**

Boys' Fleece-Lined Undershirts, all sizes, don't fail to see these at **25c.**

Infants' Woolen Shirts from 25c. to 50c.

Men's extra heavy Fleece Lined Undershirts, gray, blue and cream at 45c. a piece. See them before buying.

One lot Linen Collars to close out; former price, 10 and 15 cents; now **5c. each**

One lot of Ladies' Button Shoes, prices from 1.00 to 1.50; to close out at **95c. pair**

One lot of Men's Top Shirts, some worth 75 and some 50 cents; just an odd lot and must be sold. The price is **35c.**

We have the nicest line of Ladies' and Men's Shoes to be found anywhere. Our 1.50 shoe is made of high grade dongola and is guaranteed to be the best for the price that can be had.

Our 2.00 and 2.50 Shoes can't be beaten anywhere. Be sure to see our Shoes before you buy.

Lot of Children's and Misses' Button Shoes, worth 1.50; to close out **1.00**

Our line of Children's Shoes is attractive and of the latest designs; prices are right.

Hats. A big line of men's and boys' hats in all the latest shapes. Prices that will suit you.

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

We have a very strong line and in order to close the entire stock of Clothing out we are offering it at 25 per cent. lower than former prices, as we are going out of the Clothing business.

We have always endeavored to sell the best goods, rather than the cheapest. Isn't it worth a great deal to know that whatever you buy here will be sold to you for just what it really is? That's the kind of people we are, and that is the kind of store we are keeping. Come to see us and examine our stock.

Queen Quality
Queen Quality

Thanksgiving

only comes once a year and everyone should be thankful. I come before you every day in the year, and have reasons to be thankful to my friends and customers for their liberal patronage for the year of 1902. My business has increased 70 per cent. since last Thanksgiving, and I am sure the increase is due to giving you "Better values for same money, or same values for less money."

In the future, as I have in the past, I will endeavor to carry the strongest line of merchandise that money can buy.

Thanking you for past favors, and at the same time wishing you a big appetite for today's feast, I am yours for good goods at moderate prices.

C. S. Forbes.



Queen Quality