

1903 Thanksgiving Number 1903

A Thanksgiving Ghost

Rodrigues Ottolengui

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I HAD not intended to call upon Dr. Rawson when I left my home; my destination, if indeed I had any, being one of my clubs, but it began to rain suddenly, and, being without an umbrella, I welcomed the light in the doctor's study as I chanced to pass his house. When I was ushered into his cozy little den I was rather surprised to find the doctor sitting in a large Turkish chair and gazing into a bright log fire which blazed most invitingly in the big chimney place. I say I was surprised, because this was the first time I had ever found him alone without a great leather covered tome or some kind in his hand.

"My dear doctor," said I, "why so pensive? You look as though your best patient had just died—your best paying patient, I mean, for, of course, doctors are not expected to mourn over every death."

"Your guess is a good one," replied the doctor quietly. "A very good patient of mine died an hour ago—a very good patient, a very good friend."

"Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it," said I, putting off my bantering tone. "Was there anything special about his case? Your diagnosis was correct, of course?"

"I am pondering over his case, and I am not sure about my diagnosis."

"You don't mean that you have made any mistake?"

"Perhaps, but not as you mean it. My friend was troubled with angina pectoris and had suffered a long time. I knew that he could not live long, and so did he. He had no fear of death, and consequently I was perfectly frank with him from the outset. His death tonight was even sooner than we had anticipated, but of course in such cases the exact duration of life cannot be prognosticated."

"How, then, was there a mistake in your diagnosis?" I was puzzled.

"I did not say that there was. I do not know, and that is the trouble."

"Explain, please."

"My friend was a spiritualist. On all other subjects he was certainly as rational as any man. Indeed he was educated far beyond the average of even college bred men. Still he believed in spirits—believed that the dead return to this world, I mean."

"There are lots of such people in the world," said I. "But what about your mistake in the diagnosis?" I was thus persistent because I had come to believe the doctor infallible as a diagnostician.

"Oh, that was but a figure of speech," he replied, smiling. "I alluded to my general opinion of the man. I thought as you do—that he was a mild sort of monomaniac simply because he held to his spiritualistic views."

"Cause enough," said I. "Surely no sane man could believe that spirits walk the earth."

"That has been my view also. Still just before his death tonight he broached this subject. He declared that he would yet convince me and that he would do it by returning to visit me after death."

"Ah, so that is it! You were looking into the fire just now and waiting for your friend's ghost to appear. Well, well! You astonish me." I laughed aloud. "Come, come, doctor. I am glad I dropped in to cheer you up. I tell you what; ghosts, they say, do not get out much before 12, and it is not yet 9. If you'll mix me a punch I'll stay with you till the witching hour and stand by you in your encounter with the specter."

"He did not say that he would come tonight," said the doctor, with a smile, taking my chaffing good naturedly.

"Well, I imagine not. He was smart enough not to fix the hour, not knowing what engagements might be waiting for him after he had 'passed over,' eh? I think that's the lingo, is it not? But, I say, did this friend of yours believe in ghosts theoretically or practically? Did he just prove the thing to himself by the Scriptures or philosophy or something of that sort, or had he ever seen a real live ghost? A real live ghost is rather good, eh?"

"He claimed to have seen a great many materialized spirits."

"The deuce he did! Why, then, look here. How is it, if he was so intimate with ghosts—on visiting terms, as it were—how was it that he never introduced you to one of his celestial visitors?"

"He did once."

"What's that?" I hardly thought I could have heard aright.

"Would you like me to tell you of my experience?" asked the doctor. Of course I accepted, but before he began the story he went to his cupboard and brought forward the ingredients with which to brew a punch of his own concoction, of which he knew that I was very fond.

"The incident occurred only last November," began the doctor. "Just before Thanksgiving day I received a letter from my friend insisting that I should go out to his house in the country. It is a place not fifty miles from New York, but I shall not tell you exactly where because—well, for reasons. He had only been there himself for a few weeks, but was enchanted with his new home, which was in a sort of park—one of those private parks containing a number of residences. He was very urgent about my going and explained that if I would only give him the time from Thanksgiving to the next Monday morning he would undertake to dispel my doubts as to materialization. In short, he promised to show me a spirit returned to earth. And he added rather mysteriously, 'The character of this manifestation is such that even you will not charge fraud.' I had been working pretty hard, and the temptation was great to have a few days in the country. Strange to say, the hope of seeing my friend's ghost repelled rather than attracted me. I was satisfied that there was trickery of some kind and felt reasonably certain that I should discover the truth. I was equally sure that my friend was honest, and I was loath to be a party to his discomfiture when I should have shown up his ghost in its true colors."

"I reached the station about noon on Thanksgiving day. My friend met me and took great delight in showing me over his new home. The family, of course, were cordial, as I had long been on closely intimate terms with them—in fact, I called his wife and two girls by their names. The wife, Margaret, was one of those hero worshipers, her husband being the hero. She saw everything as he saw it and, of course, was as firmly fixed in spiritualistic theories as he. The eldest daughter, Stephanie, was college bred, a Vassar graduate, and not only believed in spiritualism, but could prove it, or thought she could, mathematically, logically, psychologically and philosophically. She was the pride of her father and his mainstay in an argument. The other girl, Fanny, was my favorite, and if she believed in ghosts I am sure it was only because of her environment. She had no fixed ideas of her own. Then there was the youngest child, Charlie, the Satan of the family, a boy of fifteen. This young rascal openly avowed a firm belief in ghosts within earshot of his parents; but, while vouching for the accuracy of his father's many tales of visiting specters, not infrequently Charlie would slyly wink one eye at me. Here I may as well say frankly that I associated my friend's latest ghost with Charlie. I expected that, should I discover the secret strings which moved the specter, I would likewise find that Charlie was pulling them. In this connection I was destined to meet my first mystification."

"To my surprise, my friend said nothing about the ghostly visitation from the moment of my arrival up to the time when I was shown to my room to make my toilet for dinner. I attributed this to his innate courtesy and natural diffidence. He evidently hesitated to bore me too soon with his theories, or, as I had often called it, his fad. While I was washing there was a light rap on my door, and Charlie walked in."

"Say, doctor," said he, getting at his topic without delay, "I suppose dad's told you about our spook, and you've come up to see her, haven't you?"

"Yes," I replied. "But I did not know it was a female. Have you seen her yourself?" I thought I might as well pump the youngster at once.

"Have I seen her?" said he. "Well, I guess yes. Say, doctor, I can trust you, can't I?"

"Why, certainly," said I. "It seemed that my discoveries were to be all too easy. But I was mistaken."

"Well," continued Charlie, "you must know then that I never took any stock in dad's ghosts—that is, not in any of the others. Of course I've seen a lot of them, and then, again, there's been a lot more that dad said he saw, but I didn't see, though I've agreed with him, because—well, just to make him happy. A boy must do that, eh, doctor?"

"You sly young rascal!" thought I, but I merely answered with a nod, and he went on:

"You see, all the other ghosts and ghostesses were just common everyday sort of spooks, things with sheets round them, and they most generally came in the dark, when there was little chance to tell much about their looks. They might have been the mediums, you know, at least some of them. But it's different with this ghost we've got now. She's a beauty, and there doesn't seem any chance for a humbug about it."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, in the first place, it's such a little bit of a ghost. She must have died when she was not more than seven or eight years old. I should think. Anyway, she's only so high, indicating with his hand held above the floor. You would hardly expect a medium to make up for a little one like that, now, would you? It's easier to believe in the ghost notion."

"A grown person could hardly make up for so small a ghost, I must admit," said I. "But how do you know it is not a child who does this trick?"

"What child, doctor? I know all the youngsters that live around here, and, anyhow, why should a kid eight years old wait up till 12 or 1 o'clock every night just to take a walk through our hall and make believe she's a ghost? A kid might do that once, but not every night for more than a month. No, I guess we've got a real spook this time. You wait till you see her. I didn't believe in it myself, you know, but this spook knocks me. Well, I've got to dress, too, so goodbye."

"I descended to the dining room in a most thoughtful mood. The subject of ghosts or materialization came up but once during the dinner, and then in a most incidental way. One of the guests, an elderly man, speaking to Margaret, said:

"Did you know when you took this house that it is supposed to be haunted? I hope you have never been troubled by the ghost."

whether the humbug were not going on at the very moment.

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SLOWLY THE EYES OPENED.

"No, we have had no trouble whatever with any ghost," said Margaret, and then she added, "May I have another ice brought for you?"

"This indicated to me at once that my friends, because of their sensitiveness to criticism, had carefully concealed their spiritualistic beliefs. Consequently it would appear to be a most singular coincidence that any of their new neighbors should have inaugurated a practical joke and should have so persistently kept it up as to have the spurious specter appear for so many nights consecutively. I began to find myself wishing for the moment when I might see the visitation with my own eyes and judge for myself. It was after 11 o'clock when all the guests had departed and I found myself alone with my friends, and now the subject which seemed to have been so long tabooed was at once broached."

"The hour approaches, doctor," said my friend, "when we may expect our visitor. Do not imagine that I mean midnight. I hope you credit me with more intelligence than to suppose I countenance the fanciful notion that the dead leave their shrouds at the stroke of 12 and return to their graves at cock crow."

"I hope so," said I, with a smile. "Nevertheless it is true that our little friend has never come before 12. That, of course, is a mere coincidence. Sometimes it may be within half an hour after the great town clock chimes the hour, and again she has been as late as 1 or even 2 o'clock."

"Do you mean that she comes every night and that you wait up to see her?"

"We do now. At first we did not realize that her visits were to be so regular, and several times we retired without seeing her. One night, however, I happened to get up again, and, coming through the hall, I met the dear one just departing. Since then we have always awaited her coming and have never been disappointed."

"You mean that you form a circle and sit in the usual way?"

"Not at all. This is not a seance."

That is the wonderful part of it. There is no medium connected with this. The spirit, though a young one, must have great power to be thus able to manifest unaided."

"Am I to understand that this manifestation, as you call it, has been seen by all of you?"

"By all of us, and, moreover, she comes right into this room, where all the lights are burning, a thing heretofore supposed to be impossible. Thus you see, we have all had ample opportunity to see her."

"Have you ever spoken to this visitor?"

"Many times, but thus far we have been unable to obtain any reply. Ah! there go the midnight chimes."

"We listened to the beautiful bells, which sounded loudly in the stillness of the night, till the last peal had died away. Then it was Stephanie who spoke:

"Doctor," said she, "you are a skeptic, are you not?"

"No," said I, with a smile. "Let me rather claim to be an agnostic."

"Very good. After tonight you will be a believer. But you have not heard Fanny sing lately. Her voice has greatly improved. Fanny, will you sing something?"

"The girls moved over to the piano. I noted that Charlie was near the door leading into the hall and that he was intently gazing out into the dimly lighted passage. Was he brewing mischief? I went over to him and, taking him by the arm, said:

"Never mind the spook, Charlie."

"Well, doctor," said she, "what do you think?"

"I think I would like to go to bed at once," said I, not daring to discuss the subject without leaving time to think it over."

"Well, that was certainly a wonderful experience, doctor," said I, interrupting the narrative. "But, of course, it was some kind of a trick."

"You would not have thought so had you been present. There were several exceedingly strange features of this matter which occurred to me during the sleepless hours which I passed. I say sleepless for my conviction of the fact that there are no ghosts had been sadly shattered by what I had seen, and I struggled to regain my mental equilibrium. In a sense I still believed there could be no such things as ghosts, but there was a disturbing doubt engendered by that dainty little being, ghost or whatever she might have been. The angelic face, the prayerful attitude, made it impossible to think she was alive and playing a trick. Never once did she take note of the persons present. It did not seem possible that one so young could play such a part night after night and never show consciousness of the presence of those whom she was trying to deceive. Unlike traditional ghosts, on the other hand, she was fully dressed in a dainty white muslin, tricked out with tiny pink ribbon bows—a most unghostly costume."

"Tired out at last, I must have slept, for I awoke suddenly in the morning an hour past my usual time for arising and was dazed at my strange surroundings, the sun streaming in through the window making me aware of the lateness of the hour. In the breakfast room I found the family assembled and was painfully aware of the fact that I was expected to either explain the mystery of the apparition or else to admit myself converted to their views. Still for some time the subject was not brought up, Charlie at last being unable to keep still any longer."

"Doctor," said he, "what do you think of the little ghost lady?"

"The whole affair seems quite mysterious to me," said I. "I am afraid I ate too much Thanksgiving dinner to be a competent witness."

"Oh, you mean," said Stephanie, "that this was only a Thanksgiving ghost, or, rather, a ghost resulting from too much Thanksgiving dinner?"

"The girl's tone irritated me, already annoyed as I was because I had no explanation of what I had seen ready to offer. So I said testily:

"I certainly would like to see the apparition again when I had eaten less, although, of course, Margaret, I added, turning to my hostess, 'the dinner was beyond all doubt the best I have ever eaten. But too full a stomach makes the mind slow.'"

"Then you doubt the genuineness of the manifestation?" my friend asked.

"I certainly do not doubt you, my friend," I hastily replied, "but I cannot under the circumstances so quickly give up my own views. In spite of the warning that she was to come, the little lady rather took me by surprise, and I was hardly in the condition to consider what I saw from a scientific standpoint."

"Ah! But science," said Stephanie, "can but support the theory of spiritualism. There are three great entities in the universe, each imperishable in itself—matter, force and spirit. Science must recognize this trinity and that all forms are but the union of the three in varying proportions. The highest form—man—is the highest simply because of the preponderance of the spirit (which is in the combination. This preponderance is so great that whereas the destruction of any other form, such as a mineral, resolves the components into separate particles, which, by attraction, rush back into the parent source and are lost, in man the spiritual portion is great enough to resist this attraction after death and to continue as a separate entity. By appropriating to itself a portion of the superabundant matter and force which is everywhere in ether, it is possible for this spirit to appear to mortals as a re-embodied being."

"This girl Vassar college girl's explanation of spiritualism made me lose my temper, and I replied, with little courtesy:

"And when these spirits re-embodied I suppose it is quite natural that they should find clothes and dress themselves before appearing to us poor mortals. The little girl last night had on a party dress, with ribbon bows on it. Why did she bother about all that? Why do not spirits come without clothing?"

"I do not know," replied Stephanie, without losing her self control for a moment. "I do not pretend to know everything. The spirits think it well to conform to earthly customs, I suppose, or, perhaps, it is merely the result of past habits while in the flesh."

"My friend saw that I was in an ill humor and hastened to smooth the troubled atmosphere:

"Doctor," said he, "you said just now that you were not in a condition last night to investigate the manifestation in a scientific manner. Nothing would please us all better than to have you test this matter scientifically if you can."

"Like an inspiration an idea crossed

my mind, and without hesitation I answered:

"I will agree to try a scientific experiment tonight if you will permit it without interference."

"I would not like to make so rash a promise without knowing what your purpose."

"Let me explain, then. I have been as much interested in hypnotism as you have been in spiritualism. You know enough of that to recognize the fact that hypnotism is an influence over the mind rather than over the body. Any effects upon the body are operations through the mind. To make my meaning plainer, you would consider it folly were I to undertake to hypnotize a dead body?"

"I should think you insane."

"And rightly. But—I hesitated to make my proposition, thinking that it would be unwelcome. But would it be insanity to endeavor to hypnotize a disembodied spirit? The result was quite astonishing to me."

"I see what you mean to do," cried Stephanie enthusiastically. "It is a grand experiment. You will try to hypnotize the spirit which appears here. Agree to the doctor's proposal, father. It will be a great scientific achievement."

"Why, certainly, I agree," said my friend, with equal enthusiasm. "I can imagine great results. If the disembodied spirit could be hypnotized, it might be compelled to reveal what up to now all materialized spirits have declined to tell."

"That day was a long one for us all, for every one impatiently awaited the hour for the experiment, and I may at once come to that. This time I was not taken by surprise, but saw the apparition when she first came into the room. I was not so much astonished as on the night before, yet I must confess that for a moment I was tempted to abandon my experiment. For one instant I felt that it would be sacrilegious to interfere with what, after all, might be supernatural. What if it were a spirit? I could not positively know to the contrary. Suppose my hypnotic experiment should succeed, and that some great secret of the universe should by this means be revealed. Was I prepared to endure the consequences to suffer the displeasure of my Maker? Thus, with all our vaunted faith in scientific knowledge, our firmest beliefs may be shaken in a moment for, after all, belief is not knowledge."

"I waited till the pantomimic prayer was over and the little girl was walking toward the door; then I intercepted her path and stood perfectly still until she came quite close to me. She did not appear to notice me until she had come close enough so that her outstretched little hand touched me. Then she stopped and stood still. I gently took her hand, whispering, 'Be not afraid.'"

"As I touched her she started and trembled violently, but as I spoke she as quickly became quiet. I recognized at once that my experiment was to succeed and so proceeded with regained confidence."

"Sleep," said I. "Sleep deeply. More deeply still." I touched her eyes lightly with the tips of my fingers, and they closed. "Do as I bid you," I continued. "Come; follow me." I walked across the room, and the girl followed. Stephanie uttered a cry of astonishment mingled with pleasure, but at a sign from me she became silent again. The girl sat down in a chair, and I stood in front of her."

"You are asleep," I said. "You are asleep, but you are awake. You see me. Open your eyes and look at me closely." Slowly the eyes opened, and the little one gazed at me. "So. Look at me well. Will you know me again? Speak! Answer! You can speak!"

"I fancied I could hear the heart-beats of those in the room as they waited breathlessly for their ghost to speak. At first the girl merely looked long and earnestly into my face, but presently the lips trembled, and I saw that there was an effort to speak."

"Speak! Answer!" I said again, more commandingly. "You see me! Will you always know me again?"

"Yes."

"She spoke. It was but one word, but to my auditors a hypnotized materialized spirit had been compelled to speak. You may imagine their interest in what I should say or do next."

"You know how you came here?" said I.

"Yes."

"You can come again?"

"Yes."

"You will come again if I wish?"

"Yes."

"Then listen. Listen and remember. Remember and do. Come again. Come tomorrow. When the clock chimes 12 come again. But come at the chiming of the bell in the daytime—not in the night. You are not afraid of the light?"

"No."

"Then you will come? This time there was no answer. I touched the eyelids again, and they drooped and closed. "So. Sleep," said I. "Sleep deeply. Now you are asleep. Listen! Listen and obey! Come tomorrow when the clock chimes 12 in the daytime. Come! Now, answer. Will you come?"

"Yes."

"That will do. Now that you are asleep, I will tell you what you came. Immediately after you came, I immediately

she turned and glided away out of our sight. I was at once surrounded by my friends, congratulated on my success and at the same time criticised because I had not asked more important questions. In answer to this I declared that we should treat this spirit as we would any hypnotic subject. At the first experiment too much should not be expected. Monosyllables were all that we had been able to obtain by way of speech, but we had charged this spirit to appear to us in broad daylight. A hypnotized living person would obey such an injunction. It would be a great achievement to compel a ghost to do so. To this they agreed and went off to bed satisfied that the experiment promised to be a great success.

"At the noon hour on the next day we were all assembled, impatient for the denouement. The town clock had scarcely chimed before our little maiden appeared. She came into the room with apparent nervousness and glanced timidly about. Finally her eyes rested on me, and instantly she ran lightly to me, jumped into my lap and cried:

"I know you. You told me to come, and so I came."

"Just then another person entered the room, a young woman in the garb of a trained nurse.

"I am so glad I have found you, Rosie," said she, taking the child off my knee. "What made you run away?"

"The mystery was solved. We were dealing not with a ghost, but with a child who was an invalid because of a nervous disease from which she suffered. She was a little somnambulist. During the previous year she and her parents had lived in the house now occupied by my friends, and it had been her nightly habit to come into the room where we had seen her and to kneel at her mother's side to say her prayers. One night there had been a party, and while dressed in the pretty little frock in which she had visited us she had suffered from her first seizure. To indicate to you how deep an impression upon the mind may be, I have no doubt that it was because on that night, being taken away from the room while ill, she had not, as usual, said her prayers; that during her somnambulist walks she dressed herself in her party frock again and came over to say her prayers. This is especially plausible because about the same time the mother had been taken ill and for some months had been in a sanitarium, so that after that party night, the little one had never knelt at her mother's side."

"But why did she come only at night?" I asked.

"In the first place, it was only at night that she could evade the vigilance of her nurse, and, what is equally important, it would be only at night that the idea of saying her prayers would recur to her mind. You note that when she came in the daytime, in obedience to hypnotic suggestion, her nurse was close behind her."

"What did your friends say when they found that their ghost was alive?"

"Just what all spiritualists say when a 'manifestation' is exposed—that the explanation covers only that one instance and that they have had other experiences that leave their faith unshaken."

"Well, doctor," said I, "my experience with spirits leaves my faith unshaken in those of your mixing. Here's your good health, and may the spirit of your departed friend come not back to trouble you. Pleasant dreams and good night."

"That's right," said Aunt Sally Tannup, "your city boys is all right. They wears Sunday go to meetin' close the hull week long, parts their hair in the middle like girls and is bothered considerable by canes and chrysanthemums, but when it comes to gittin' thar on all fours the country boy with the freckled hands and the sunburnt neck is the boy that makes hay."

"That's right. There was St Clover-top's boy Zeke, fur example. He was the greenest lookin' critter that ever drawed breath er milk cang to the cheese factory. He looked like a spindle shanked calf looks jest after its ma has been comfined into shape to receive calves. He was that homely his face ached so he couldn't sleep nights. He was so dull, accordin' to some o' the neyburns, that a gold brick even wouldn't interest him in the least unless the feller throwed it at his head, and ez fur tryin' to locate the pea under the right shell, he knowed he couldn't do it and didn't never attempt to."

"That's right. He wasn't very promisin' college timber, but St sent him to Yalevard college, with a trunk full o' books and b'iled shirts. He was the greenest lookin' critter thar, but he was a hard workin' country boy, and he caught on jest great. He went in fur football playin' and—"

"Got there, did he? Made the team?"

"That's right," said Aunt Sally. "He got thar. He was jest the makin' o' the team, I hear. Why, say," she cried impressively, "that green country boy today is actually playin' way back in all the big games."

EARLE HOOKER EATON.

Thanksgiving Fantasticals.

Fifty years ago the children of New York city upon Thanksgiving day paraded with toy guns, swords and drums, while the young men formed themselves into clubs which dressed in fantastic fashion, parading on horseback from a rendezvous to some park, country resort or turkey shoot. Their favorite guise was that of the redskin. The civil war gave an increased military character to the Thanksgiving actors, and target companies became numerous. Later bouffies and potato and corn roasts came to be features of the celebrations. The mounted bands became ragamuffins pure and simple, and the hideous fish horn took the place of drums and guns.

FEASTING AND FASTING.

Prosperous Americans Draw the Line at Keeping Fast Day.

The changing attitude of the American is shown in his increasing willingness to have Thanksgiving come around every few weeks and his reluctance to have a fast day. Up in New England even, where fast day was as regular as feed day, it became in the last few years an occasion for military reviews and firemen's parades and picnics and doings like that rather than for prayer and mortification of the flesh and the devil. It's a long time since the church bells have rung the people together to sustain one another through a day of short rations. Why, do you know, there are Americans who can eat at Delmonico's every day in the year except Sunday and have turkey at every meal! Compare our condition, then, with that of the Frenchman who breakfasts on water and wine and bread, has a turnip for lunch and bouillabaise or some such mess for dinner, or with the Scotchman existing on oatmeal, whisky, onions and pipes, or with the poor Englishman, who finds nothing on his table but Montana beef, Canada mutton, Massachusetts plum pudding, California oranges, Connecticut tobacco and Michigan celery, or the sad German, who must sit down to Philadelphia sauerkraut, Hoboken frankfurters, Brooklyn beer and bretzels made of Minnesota flour.

And so, comparing our lot with a lot of other people's lots, we take pride to ourselves and satisfaction and eat our annual bird with a light heart, and a gravid stomach and are at peace with all the world, for we are feeding a good deal of that world as well as ourselves and therefore ought to have its friendship and its money, if there is any money left outside of the United States.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE TURK'S SOLILOQUY.

What the Luckless Bird Thinks of the Annual Killing Carnival.

This Thanksgiving business! It makes me wish I had never been hatched. I wonder who started it, anyway? And how in common sense did turkeys get into it? In my mind Thanksgiving means giving thanks for something, and what thanks are there in eating turkey? I suppose the people who started it must have declared that henceforth once a year everybody shall assemble and eat turkey until they can eat no more. That's what they do, for I saw our folks last year. How happy our race would be if we didn't have to be thinking of the time when we should be killed and stripped of our feathers. Ugh! What a ghastly sight a roast turkey is!

This business must be stopped. I declare it must. I have an idea too. I'll tell my children to instruct all turkeys from henceforth to lay away all the corn they can in the summer and as soon as the frost comes to go under the ground and stay until the ground hog comes out. 'Twill be hard living, I know, but any kind of living is better than dying. If I were as spry as I used to be, they'd not catch me today. Don't I remember how I fooled them last year. I just waited until they thought they had me, and then, whiff, I was in a tree! They did chase me from tree to shed, to barn, to the woods, and there I stayed for three days. I've a notion to go to the woods now, although my limbs are stiff, and I know I'll catch cold, but—gobble, gobble, gobble! Here is Marthy.—Gertrude Jefferson in Howard Spectator.

THE WHITE HOUSE TURKEY

It Is Sent Every Thanksgiving From a Rhode Island Turkey Farm.

Two days before Thanksgiving, for the last thirty years, a neat wooden box has been placed on board the train at the Westerly (R. I.) station bearing the printed direction, "To the President, Washington, D. C." In the upper left hand corner is more printed information to the effect that the box is sent by "Horace Vose, Dealer in Horses, Hogs and Poultry."

In November, 1873, when the first box was sent on its way from the Westerly station, Ulysses S. Grant was in the White House, and that box contained the turkey which graced the presidential table at the Thanksgiving feast. A big fellow it was, too, dressing thirty-six pounds, a fact of which the sender was justly proud.

President Grant acknowledged the receipt of the big bird in a courteous note of thanks, and ever since then each succeeding year has seen a similar box containing a turkey as like in quality and size as possible sent on its way to the nation's capital, and a few days later every year a similar note of thanks is received by Mr. Vose, signed either by the president himself or by his private secretary.—Boston Herald.

Thanksgiving in Porto Rico.

In Porto Rico Thanksgiving day, or "Dia de Gracias," as it is there termed, is honored by the closing of government offices and appropriately observed. The stores are open on half time only, the plantation works are idle and the people of town and country seize the occasion for an interchange of visits. As an excuse for idleness merely the Porto Rican laborer hails the "Dia de Gracias" with joy and promises himself indulgence in a "danza" or perchance a surreptitious cockfight. The bulk of the population has been convinced that Thanksgiving is a day to be celebrated with almost as much gusto as the "Cuatro de Julio" or glorious Fourth, and even without the mental reservation many were accustomed to make at the commemoration of our republic's natal day, no official affirmation being needed as to its right to "follow the flag."—New York Post.

A MOTHER'S THANKSGIVING

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

What if sad and rear October
Burns the berry pale and broten?
What if gathering tempests whistle
Through and through the gusty totan?
What if all the leaves are down
And the summer singers dwindle—
Harp of thrush and robin lay?
Time has set his merry spindle
Weaving golden dreams to kindle
Flames of love about my fire.

What if all the April graves,
Like the hoary locks that play
Round the brows of Age and Worry,
Turn to silver and to gray?
What if every wind today
Whisper of a summer pleasure
Gone to come again no more?
Time, the peddler, brings a measure
Of his gladness to my door,
And, unpacking all his treasure,
Leaves a joy for winter leisure
That I never felt before.

What if all the leaves that wither
Eddy to my garden door,
Bidding me farewell forever?
Ere they drift across the moor?
What if all the birds that pour
Plaintive wailers songs of sorrow
Come no more to sing of joy?
What of these? My heart shall borrow
Sunshine from the morn of morrow,
When I wake my baby boy.

Pass, O summer, into winter!
Fade, O sunshine, into rain!
Sear the grasses of the springtime,
Cooler than with notes again,
Woman's joy and woman's pain
Are not born of sun and reason—
Rights that come and days that part,
All the May's that bring the bees on,
All the frosts that play them treason,
Never made the child's reason
For the joy in woman's heart!

Thanksgiving Day At the Front

"Thanksgiving" day in 1899, said the bold scarred old noncom, "found my company of the Fortieth infantry in a little bamboo Luzon town about three days' ride from Manila. It wasn't the snowy, log-fire-burnin'-on-the-earth sort of 'Thanksgiving' weather you read about. In fact, it was pretty darned hot, but that didn't keep the boys from dreamin' six hours at night about turkey and cranberry sauce and those kind of things, and a homesicker lot of gugu chasers you never saw. If we'd got a chance at the anigos you bet we'd have taken it out on them all right, but there wasn't nothin' doin' except to sit around and think about our old Kentucky homes or wherever our homes happened to be.

"There was a hot line of excitement. I can tell you, when a couple of days before Thanksgiving a wagon came out from Manila with some extra grub the 'old man' had thought of sendin' to us poor guys out there on the firin' line and a box from God's country for one of the boys who used to live in Vermont before he run away to fight. His old ma must have roasted that turkey along about the Fourth of July to get it to him by 'Thanksgiving', and it was drier'n a burnt bone. But, just the same, Bill was the popular gazabo all right, and there wasn't a man in the company that wasn't shinin' up to him to get a bid to chew on that dried up turk. The captain dropped a few hints about how the officers' mess would like a little piece of the bird, but Bill wouldn't take a hint if a house fell on him.

"Well, Thanksgiving day come, and a few of the fellows in Bill's platoon was just sittin' down to the festive board when we heard a shot, and some one yells 'Gugu!' We all jumps for our guns and gets out in a hurry just as the captain is detailin' a gang to reconnoiter. It was kind of funny that every man in our party was that excited we didn't think nothin' about it at the time. We didn't get a smell of any gugu, and, thinkin' about that turk, we hiked back to camp. As soon as we'd reported we made for Bill's tent, but the turk had flew the coop. I don't know where it flew to, but I did see a wishbone hangin' up in the captain's tent the next time I was on orderly service."

WARRINGTON WAYNE.

The Ram Feast.

In Morocco the strange season of the Mohammedan new year, beginning March 9, is generally called "Altel-Hanwela," the ram feast. The people of Morocco pay more elaborate attention to the item of sacrifice than any other Moslems. In every town a supreme offering of a ram or he goat takes place at the door of the principal mosque. Immediately after it is struck by the official imam in presence of the multitude it is flung on the shoulders of a stalwart Moor, who, exerting his utmost strength, runs like a deer through the narrow streets, pursued by a rabble. The poor animal is pelted with stones by boys and is jeered at with execrations from every house, as it is reputed to be carrying the sins of the people. The man rushes along with his burden till he reaches the door of the cad's palace. If the animal is still breathing, the augury is excellent, for good luck is to be expected all through the year. But if the ram is dead all sorts of evil prognostications are muttered.

The Charitable Americans.

The Americans are looked upon by the peoples of Europe as the most wasteful persons in the world, and they do spend their money with a freedom unknown elsewhere because they have the money to spend. But with all their apparent carelessness there is no country in the world, nor is there record of any in which the people devote so much to the welfare of the unfortunate and the wretched. The practice has become a habit and is looked upon rightly enough as an obligation. No one can free himself from it. Every one has a neighbor somewhere, and he will not fulfill his obligation merely by denying himself of some luxury or pleasure unless the self denial benefits his unfortunate neighbor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Happiness.

Happiness? Sooth to say, it does not exist, or, rather, destiny serves it out to us in fractions, in small doses, homeopathically. Happiness is made up of bits. In the rough road stage of life, so long and yet so short, there are furtive moments when we sit down by the wayside and would gladly stop there, go no farther, sleep a little on the good earth which will one day embrace us. And immediately the march, march, of Bossuet rings out and urges us on. A halt? Why? Up and on, quick; we must hark forward; life continues. We rise and take up our burden again. March! March!—Jules Cleverly.

Thanksgiving In Tsilam

By FREDERICK A. OBER

(Copyright, 1908, by F. A. Ober.)

ONE might search the map for a week without finding the town of Tsilam, though it is an important shipping port in the logwood district of Yucatan, that part of Mexico which is nearest to the island of Cuba—that is, it is quite important for a port without any people to speak of—and the reason why it would not be detected is that the first two letters of Tsilam, the T and s, are replaced by an inverted C, which has the same "power" in pronunciation. The United States consul in Merida, the capital of Yucatan, promised me that if I would lie over another steamer instead of proceeding directly to Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico he would celebrate Thanksgiving day, which fell due in the interval, in a fitting and appropriate manner. He would not tell me exactly how he intended to do it, but I knew him well enough to feel assured of something novel in store and so postponed the trip to Vera Cruz and placed myself unreservedly in his hands.

"Shows you've got sense," said he approvingly, "to trust me for the time being. Now, as a great and just reward I'm going to give you the time of your life. I've arranged for a grand 'poo,' which is the vernacular for a wild turkey hunt, and the native name for that turkey, by the way, is 'pavo del monte,' or the peacock of the hills. It is a smaller but more beautiful bird than the wild turkey of North America. Its meat has a finer flavor, and its plumage is glorious, every feather being tipped with a great golden 'eye,' like the peacock's, which fact has caused the naturalists to name it the Meleagris ocellatus.

"But enough of turkey terminology. You can hunt that up for yourself in the books on the subject. What I am going to do, wind and weather permitting, is to show you the bird and give you a taste of its flesh on the day set apart for the eating of turkey in the states. And, my official word for it, there will not probably be another citizen of los Estados Unidos del Norte, as the Mexicans call the United States, except perhaps myself, who will celebrate the day by devouring the succulent flesh of a pavo del monte."

Yucatan is a hot country, and when possible all long journeys are made between sunset and sunrise; so we started on the turkey hunt at midnight, climbing into our volan coche just as the last stroke of 12 sounded from the clock tower of the old cathedral.

"Quien vive?" yelled the sentinel on duty at the city gate as we dashed through the arched portal and sped into the country district.

"Amigos!" (friends) we shouted, but by this time we were half a gunshot away and our mules were going at such speed that if the sentinel had taken a shot at us he couldn't have hit our flying coche. But perhaps the reader has never seen, much less had a ride in, the volan coche, or flying coach, of Yucatan. Know, then, that it is a two

use that at first getting on them I could hardly stand.

The town has one long street lined with one story dwellings of stone, and as everybody seemed to be asleep our muleteer began at one end of the street and pounded on every door, then repeated the performance back again until finally somebody poked his head out of a hole in the wall and told us to go to el diablo. An old woman showed herself at last and then a younger one, and both set to work most industriously grinding corn between two stones and cooking tortillas for us over an open fire.

I thought this might be the end of the journey, but the consul said no, there yet remained half a day's jaunt on horseback, but all the way through turkey country, so the time would pass more quickly and pleasantly than if we were in the volan. At last the old woman brought us a stack of tortillas a foot high and spread them out on a board for us to eat, while the younger female, a comely mestiza,



A VENDOR OF FRUITS.

played on the guitar and sang to the popular tune of the "Toro." This was our Thanksgiving breakfast, tortillas and frijoles, the latter being beans fried in fat and the former just plain everyday flapjacks. We had no knives save our hunting knives and no forks or spoons, but we rolled up the thin tortillas into scoops, with which we ladled in the beans, with another tortilla as a plate, and after the beans were gone devoured both plate and spoon as well. So, there being no dishes to wash, the two women saddled our horses for us when the repast was over, saw to it that the girls were tight and the riatas coiled on the pommels and then gave us "adjos" with much grace.

Four Maya Indians tramped the trail ahead of us and led the way through the logwood forests, where we wound between the crooked trees and among immense ant hills big as houses. Each Indian was naked to the waist, wearing nothing but a pair of pantaloons cut short at the knee, and in the hollow of his left arm carrying a wicked looking machete. When well into the forest they spread out like a great fan, ranging for turkeys, and not an hour passed before the consul and myself each had a shot, and each brought down a plump gobbler with plumage of golden bronze shining like the sun. When at last we reached the palm thatched hut on the coast where we were to pass the night each of us had three fine turkeys (at his saddlebow, and the consul carried behind him a venado, or native deer, which he had shot on the jump as it plunged beneath the logwoods. The camp was reached late in the afternoon, but our four Indians went to work with such energy that by sunset they had our table spread with the viands smoking hot. It was set near the beach beneath the golden roof-trees of the cocoa palms, where a cool breeze tempered the heat of this tropic region and banished the mosquitoes.

As our friend had promised, our Thanksgiving dinner comprised the golden turkeys, two of them adorning our table, their heads neatly tucked beneath their wings, and which, stuffed with bread nuts and acajou, were more delicious to the taste than tongue can tell. Then we had venison, with guava jelly; faisan, or native quail; two kinds of fish peculiar to the coast of Yucatan; such fruits as the mango, orange, pineapple, and vegetables like the yam, eddoe and sweet potato. For drink we had amolli, a gruel made by mixing maize meal in water, pulque, bottled, and mescal, from the highlands of Mexico, and vine tinto, or claret, from Spain. All the drinks and comestibles had been brought by the Indians in hamper on their backs, all except the game, which they were instrumental in securing by acting as guides to the haunts of the pavo del monte. As we ate and drank we heartily agreed that Thanksgiving day in Tsilam was indeed a day on which to be thankful.



THE VOLAN COCHE

wheeled vehicle without springs and without seats, but in their stead a mattress, upon which the passengers stretch out and are supposed to snore as the three mules in harness speed over the roads. The roads are about the roughest in the world, but the driver doesn't mind a little thing like that. His orders are to make time, and so he stands out on the shafts and plies the whip regardless, shouting at the top of his voice, "Moola, moola, moo, moo, moo-lah!" And away we go, like the wind on a spree.

In this manner we traveled all that night and the next morning, halting only to change the mules every four hours or so, lying up from noon till 6 o'clock in the evening, when away again, alternately sleeping, eating, drinking and smoking, all the time on wheels, and at daylight the second morning we finally stopped for good, with a general assortment of "wheels in our heads." If there was a spot on my body not sore or bruised, black and blue I do not remember having found it, and my legs were so stiff from dis-

NOT A SICK DAY SINCE.

"I was taken severely with kidney trouble. I tried all sorts of medicines, none of which relieved me. One day I saw an ad of your Electric Bitters and determined to try that. After taking a few doses I felt relieved, and soon thereafter was entirely cured, and have not seen a sick day since. Neighbors of mine have been cured of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney troubles and General Debility." This is what B. F. Bass, of Fremont, N. C. writes. Only 50c, at Wooten's Drug Store.

A woman never knows why she lives a man; he never cares.

DISASTROUS WRECKS.

Carelessness is responsible for many a railway wreck and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from Throat and Lung troubles. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, even the worst cases can be cured, and hopeless resignation is no longer necessary. Mrs. Lois Cragg of Dorchester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all Throat and Lung diseases by Wooten's Drug Store. Price 50c, and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Some people are so naturally wicked they don't get any worse even when they go into politics.

DOESN'T RESPECT OLD AGE.

It's shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Fever, Constipation all yield so this perfect Pill. 25c, at Wooten Drug Store.

Once there was a woman who did not believe every word in her love letter; but she never got any.

A RUNAWAY BICYCLE

Terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and all remedies for four years. Then Bucken's Arnica Salve cured it. It's just as good for Burns, Scalds, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c, at Wooten's Drug Store.

If a man knows how to make his garden grow his wife can believe he knows how to do most anything.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, PITT COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, BEFORE THE CLERK.

T. J. Stancill, James F. Stancill, Godfrey L. Stancill, Mary V. Forbes, Robert W. Stancill, Olivia Hodges, Josephine Robinson, Ella Daniels, Emma J. Galt, Lena A. Liberati, J. A. Ricks, W. B. Ricks, Minnie Ricks, W. H. Ricks, Wiley N. Stancill, Godfrey A. Johnson, Bettie Moore, George W. Stancill, C. J. H. Stancill, Almata Williams, Harriet Brown, Trezina Walston and R. E. Mayo.

AGAINST—N. W. Stancill, Alice L. Stancill, E. T. Robinson and wife, Ella Robinson, C. C. Little and wife, Emma Little; Joseph Johnson, Henry Johnson, John Johnson, Eliza Johnson, James Hodges and wife, Amanda Hodges, V. L. Hodges, Robert Hodges, Jay Hodges, Jessie Hodges, Garland Hodges and Helen Warren, the last five being minors without guardians.

The defendants, Henry Johnson and Eliza Johnson, will take notice that the summons in the above entitled special proceeding was issued against them on the 2nd day of November 1903, which summons is returnable to the Clerk of the Superior Court for said county and state, at his office in Greenville, N. C., on the 7th day of December, 1903, at which time and place the said defendants are required to appear and answer or demur to the petition herein filed, or the relief demanded will be granted. Said defendants will further take notice that said petition is for sale of a certain tract of land for partition, situated in Belvoir Township, Pitt county, N. C., and formerly owned by Jesse R. Stancill deceased. This the 6th day of November 1903.

D. C. MOORE,

Clerk of the Superior Court of Pitt County.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The Clerk of the Superior Court of Pitt County having this day issued to me letters of administration upon the estate of G. P. Norville deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to me for payment, duly authenticated, on or before the 12th day of November, 1904, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payments to me and save costs.

This the 9th day of November, 1903.
B. F. TUGWELL,
Adm'r of G. P. Norville, dec'd.
Jarvis & Blow,
Attorneys.

LAND SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court, of Pitt county, in the special proceeding entitled Henry Crawford, Zeno Crawford and others against H. C. Kinsaul, the undersigned commissioner will sell for cash before the Court House door in Greenville, on Saturday, the 12th day of December, 1903, the following described piece or parcel of land situated in the county of Pitt and in Beaver Dam township: Adjoining the lands of Martha Crawford, H. C. Kinsaul, and Ben Willoughby, containing 14 acres, more or less and being the land conveyed by deed from Clara Kinsaul to Martha J. Norris dated March 28th, 1878. This, November 12th, 1903.
F. G. JAMES, Commissioner.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The Clerk of the Superior Court of Pitt County having issued letters of administration to me, the undersigned on the 2nd day of November 1903, on the estate of Spencer Brooks, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate to make immediate payment to the undersigned and to all creditors of said estate to present their claims properly authenticated, to the undersigned, within twelve months after the date of this notice, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

This the 2nd day of Nov. 1903.
L. J. CHAPMAN,
Adm'r of the estate of Spencer Brooks.

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Kidol Dyspepsia Cure does for the stomach that which it is unable to do for itself, even when but slightly disordered or over-loaded. Kidol Dyspepsia Cure supplies the natural juices of digestion and does the work of the stomach, relaxing the nervous tension, while the inflamed muscles of that organ are allowed to rest and heal. Kidol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and enables the stomach and digestive organs to transform all food into rich, red blood. Sold by John L. Wooten.

If a man begins to court trouble he usually ends by marrying it

A REMARKABLE CASE.

One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 148 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and restored me to my normal weight, health and strength." Sold by John L. Wooten.

A man seldom sees a perfect man without the aid of a mirror

CURED OF PILES AFTER 40 YEARS.

Mr. C. Hauey, of Geneva, O., had the piles for 40 years. Doctors said dollars could do him no lasting good. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured him permanently. Invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, laceration, eczema, tetter, salt rheum, and all other skin diseases. Look for the name Dr. Witt on the package—all others are cheap, worthless counterfeits. Sold by John L. Wooten.

The loud mouth doesn't always put up a sound argument.

A GOOD NAME.

From personal experience I testify that DeWitt's Little Early Risers are unequalled as a liver pill. They are rightly named because they give strength and energy to their work with ease.—W. T. Eaton, Berne, Tex. Thousands of people are using these tiny little pills in preference to all others because they are so pleasant and effective. They cure biliousness, torpid liver jaundice, sick headache, constipation, etc. They do not purge and weaken, but cleanse and strengthen. Sold by John L. Wooten.

Tread not in crooked paths, unless you are a landscape gardener.

True merit is like a river. The deeper it is the less noise it makes.

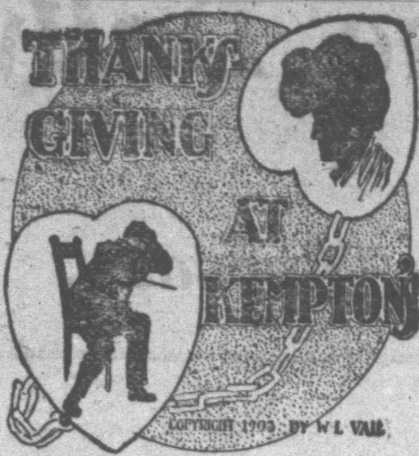
A rank deceiver is generally a visiting foreigner with a sham title.

What sticketh closer than a brother? A postage stamp, by gum.

No man is free who hasn't got himself well in hand.

Many poor actors are well posted—thanks to the bill-stickers.

You can never make a girl who knows how to make angel cake believe she wouldn't be a useful wife.



THANKSGIVING is coming again," said Robert Kempton to his wife. "Please don't make any difference this year, Mabel. We have nothing to be thankful for. Bob and Ella have spoiled our lives."

"We should be thankful that it is no worse," replied the wife, with a patience that never deserted her.

But this is not the beginning of the story.

Years before Mabel Lathrop, much to her father's and mother's chagrin, married Robert Kempton, a wild, reckless fellow, and he would have been a ne'er-do-well had not Mabel saved him and made him a successful man. Robert knew and admitted that she had turned him from a worthless life.

"Mabel," he said to her, "I owe all I am to you. God forbid that I should ever treat you with the slightest harshness. On the contrary, I pray that he may send me some unusual opportunity to serve you, to suffer for you, perhaps to die for you."

"You are doing all that is needed in making me happy," said the wife.

Then came Bobbie Kempton, a bright-eyed, sunny disposed little chap who was his mother's darling and his father's pride. Mabel fed him, bathed him, clothed him, gave him his airing during the day, and before he went to sleep in the evening his father romped with him.

When Bob came to be about fifteen he began to show signs of the proclivities his father had shown in his youth and thus brought sorrow to his parents. Mabel was patient with him, and so was his father for a time, but Bob grew more unruly, more reckless,



"WE ARE WELL RID OF HIM."

and his father's patience finally gave out. When Bob was eighteen he got into a fight with a man and came very near killing him. Bob was arrested and held to wait the man's recovery. When he was released from custody his father received him in anger. Bob, who felt his disgrace keenly and withal was high spirited, declared that he would not remain at home to be taunted with his faults, to bring discredit on his family, but would go where they would not be troubled with him. Kissing his mother, he strode down the walk leading to the gate. With his hand on the latch he turned irresolute.

"Call him back, father," pleaded the mother.

"He will only bring new disgrace upon us."

"This trouble is a lesson to him. He will do better."

"No," said the father. "Let him go. We are well rid of him."

That was the last seen of Bob Kempton in his native village. His parents had no other child, nor did any other child come to them. Mrs. Kempton grieved constantly for her son, but never mentioned his name to her husband. Finally one of her friends died, leaving a little girl unprovided for. Mrs. Kempton took the child and adopted her.

Ella Bruce for a time was all that a daughter should be, but when she was nineteen she received the attentions of a man unacceptable to Mr. and Mrs. Kempton, and when they chided her she showed the only disposition to rebellion that she had ever displayed. Nevertheless she gave up the lover, and for a year it was supposed that she had forgotten him, when suddenly she disappeared.

"Well, wife," said Kempton, "we've had hard luck with our children. We must be content with each other."

The wife said nothing, but as soon as her husband left the house went to her room to weep, to weep for her son, for since Ella's departure her craving for him had come back to her with double strength. She read his boyish letters over and over again.

A year passed, and nothing was heard of Ella. The man for whom she was supposed to have left her home appeared in the village, but declared that he knew nothing of her whereabouts. His story was not believed and confirmed a suspicion that she had run away to join him.

Mrs. Kempton grew more and more low spirited till finally her health began to droop. Her husband knew the cause, though she did not tell him, and often wished that he could recall his

son, though he feared that he had continued in a downward course and the sight of him would kill his mother.

This was the condition of Robert and Mabel Kempton just before Thanksgiving. There was no need for Robert to request his wife not to make the usual preparations, for she was unable to do so. She had been losing strength rapidly and finally took to her bed. However, the day before the anniversary she got up and gave some directions to the servants in order that it should not be entirely lost sight of. The next morning she lay on a lounge in the living room before a cheerful fire. Her husband sat down beside her, smoothed her hair and took her shrunken hand in his.

"Wife," he said, "you remember that when we were married I asked for some opportunity to serve you. I believe it has come. I am going to try to find Bob."

"The opportunity has passed, Robert," replied the wife. "It came to you the day Bob went away. I saw contrition in his face. If you had called him back he would have begun anew."

The husband and father bowed his head.

"Never mind, Robert. The past can't be undone. Let us be thankful that we are surrounded with every comfort."

And some day Robbie may come back to us."

While they were talking two persons had stolen into the back yard and under cover of the outhouses entered the house. Suddenly the sitting room door opened, and a young man and a girl entered the room.

"Father!"

"Mother!"

"Bob!"

"Ella!"

In an instant the old people were in the arms of the recreant son and adopted daughter.

Then came explanations. Ella, knowing of the secret that was eating at Mrs. Kempton's heart and breaking down her health, resolved that she would repay the kindness she had received by going in search of Bob Kempton. After considering the best course for her to adopt on leaving she concluded not to make known her quest to Mrs. Kempton, fearing that the suspense would be detrimental. It would be better, she thought, to say nothing, but bring the son home if possible. If she failed there would be no disappointment. She traced him to a distant city and found him absorbed in business. He had long intended to communicate with his parents, but a remembrance of his father's last look and words had always caused him to defer action. He had made money easily, but had not kept it, his naturally reckless disposition interfering with economy.

"Ella," said the father, after all had been explained, "you have done for mother that signal service which I always wished to do for her myself. When the opportunity occurred I did not recognize it. When it came to you, you recognized it at once. Do now for Bob what mother has done for me—save him from his reckless disposition



TWO PERSONS HAD STOLEN IN.

and make a progressive man of him. Marry him."

Ella blushed, and young Robert said: "She can't do that, father, for she did it early this morning."

An hour later, as the reunited group sat at table, the father gave this toast: "Blessed be those who recognize their opportunities."

H. E. REALE.

The First Thanksgiving Day.

The first national Thanksgiving day was proclaimed by President Washington on the 3d day of October, 1789, setting Thursday, the 26th day of November, as the date, in honor of the adoption of the constitution of the United States. The second national Thanksgiving day was also proclaimed by Washington; but was in February of 1790. Subsequent presidents called upon the people of the country to observe such a day of thanksgiving, but it was not until the presidency of Abraham Lincoln that the observance became a fixed event and the last Thursday of November was recognized as an annual public holiday.

Two—And a Turkey

By MARY WINTHROP

[Copyright, 1902, by Mary Winthrop.]

JASPER PEYTON was a stranger in a strange land. The fact was most unpleasantly brought home to him at every opportunity by the good people of Oreville.

He was a sweet tempered fellow, and it disturbed him mightily when his efforts at sociability were ignored. "How can I help it that there was trouble at the works and that my predecessor was fired?" he exclaimed ruefully to Maria. "I didn't know it when I accepted the position of superintendent."

Maria sniffed. She had her opinion of people who failed in appreciation of her young master. Had she not come all these weary hundred miles for the sake of his sunny smile?

But Maria did not know that most of Jasper's irritation was caused by the house next door. No, not the house. It was a pretty little frame dwelling, embowered in vines and banked in scarlet sage. It was the girl. She had a scornful mouth, an aggravatingly tilted nose and a pair of dark eyes.

He found out that her mouth was scornful when he met her outside the gate on the second day after his ar-



SHE READ HIS BOYISH LETTERS.

HE HAD SCARCELY FINISHED WHEN THE AVALANCHE FELL.

rival. She was so undoubtedly pretty that his neighborly "good morning" had unusual fervor.

And the girl—there was a contemptuous curl on her lip, and her eyes flashed before she lowered her long lashes. She passed on without a word.

Jasper stared after her in astonishment and then cursed the custom that some small towns have of aping city conventionalities. Later he found out his mistake. The girl's name was Carlton, and her father was the man whose dismissal had made room for Jasper. There was a flush on the young man's cheek as he realized that the girl held him accountable for the change of family fortunes.

By dint of carefully veiled inquiry he found out much more. Mr. Carlton, it seemed, had obtained an inferior position in a town fifty miles farther south. But as he hoped for a better opening in the near future he had delayed moving the family goods and chattels. There was much not often included in the latter term—

rosebushes coaxed to splendid size and bloom through untoward frosts and protracted drought, turtles doves that whirred and cooed and snuggled themselves on the flat roof of the lean-to, and the fine flock of turkeys. Marion Carlton refused to part with one of these. Had she not triumphantly reared the entire hatching when the spring winds, pip, rats and other enemies of turkeykind had dashed the hopes of neighboring raisers? If any one was to feast on fat turkeys, lying peacefully on snowy pillows of mashed potatoes with garlands of parsley round their necks, it should be the Carlton family. And as the Carlton family had but two members, Marion's will was generally law.

The frost had turned the scarlet sage to black, and the vines no longer screened the house next door. But every falling leaf seemed only to add to the rampart that the girl's pride had raised. She was evidently a favorite in the town, for in the evening the young folks trooped to her door, and through the partition walls came bursts of laughter and snatches of music. That they all followed Marion's example in leaving him strictly alone was partly Jasper's fault. After the first few rebuffs his free and easy manner changed to one of aloofness.

Maria sighed as she noted the change. "And it's the hard hearts you're all after havin'," she said as she sat in her kitchen and listened to the laughter from the house next door.

Just then Jasper dashed into the room, crying joyfully: "Hurray, Maria! We're in luck! Here's Aunt Jane writing that she wants to be sure that we have a fine Thanksgiving turkey, and so she is sending us a live one. I can just fancy how good he will taste with some of your prime dressing."

Maria beamed. She was proud of her cooking.

Jasper went to the freight office the next evening and escorted the turkey

home in person. When it was tethered to a stake in the back yard, Maria could not but declare that it was the finest turkey she had ever seen, infinitely finer than any belonging to the house next door.

But, alas, there was no chance for comparison. Others besides Marion had evidently watched the growth of her turkeys and took an interest, a proprietary interest, in them. The next morning her turkey house was empty.

Marion cried. Here it was only two days to Thanksgiving dinner and her father's long expected visit, and there was a dearth of turkeys in Oreville. She was at an upper window gazing disconsolately toward the empty poultry house when her glance happened to stray to the yard of her neighbor. She saw the turkey tethered to the post. Instantly she thought she recognized it as her favorite gobbler. It was a case of mistaken identity, but there is much of a sameness in turkeys.

Ah, so he was the thief! But where were the others? Doubtless he had made way with them. Here her tears flowed again. It was a melancholy satisfaction to think how perfectly she had diagnosed the stranger's character at that chance meeting so many weeks before, but it was not a material comfort.

Meanwhile there was equal distress in the house of Peyton. Maria's sister was ill, and she must come at once. She had departed with many tears and lamentations.

Jasper after seeing her off had returned home in a melancholy frame of mind. No Thanksgiving dinner for him now. He must eat at the hotel. And the turkey?

Just then a most brilliant idea came to him. He had heard of Miss Carlton's loss. Why not give her his turkey?

But a very astonished face met him next door. Was his conscience already troubling him? Marion's cheeks were scarlet with anger as the unconscious young man presented the turkey in his most polite manner.

He had scarcely finished when the avalanche fell. His turkey! For how long had it been his turkey? Since last night. It was adding insult to injury to return as a gift what he had previously stolen.

Jasper's bewilderment had changed to anger.

"You accuse me—me?" he exclaimed incredulously. "But it is only on a par with your previous actions. Permit me, madam, to inform you that the turkey arrived by express last night. You can get the express agent to verify my words. I can only hope that you will enjoy my turkey as much as if it had been one of your own." And before the girl could speak he had bowed ironically and was gone.

It was the next evening that there came a timid tap at Jasper's door. It was the girl from the next house. Her long lashes hid the dark eyes and the scornful mouth trembled. Only the nose still tilted aggravatingly. "I have come," she said in a very small voice, "to say that I am sorry. The express agent told me how your aunt had sent it. They have caught the thieves who stole my turkeys."

Jasper was silent. It was undoubtedly cruel of him, but he had suffered much.

The girl went on bravely, though there was a choke in her voice: "And—and I've come to ask you whether you won't come over and have some of your turkey with us tomorrow. Father will be home, and I know he will be glad to meet you. Won't you come?"

Jasper saw tears shining behind the long lashes. His heart beat strangely as he took her outstretched hand. "I shall be glad to come," he said quietly.

But it took Maria a long time to get used to the new state of affairs.

A Thanksgiving Fable.

A gay young Gobbler, seeing how Melancholy the Turkeys were, propounded A Contundrum.

"Why are Turkeys the Drum Corps of the Fowl Creation? Give it up! Because they all carry Drumsticks, O-u-c-h!" He dodged A blow from the Patriarch of the Flock who Overheard him.

"Spare Me," said the young Fellow, assuming the Defensive. "I can give you A Better one. Why do Turkeys have No Hereafter?"

The Patriarch blustered Around and dragged his Wings, looking very Fierce. He knew he ought to know, but couldn't for the Life of Him remember. So he Glowered at the Culprit and asked Severely:

"Well, Sir, why do Turkeys have No Hereafter?"

"Because they have their Necks Twirled in This."

"Pooh!" said the Patriarch Contemptuously. "That was around on Crutches when Adam wore Kilts. Now, here is Something new that I Caught on the Wing. We are All to be Dry Picked this Year."

"What!" Shrieked A giddy Blond with a pink Crest. "Not on Your Life?" "No, Silly, but as Soon as it is Over. It is the old Way of Turkey Undertaking and The only Way. In Philadelphia, where I Chipped into the World, Dry Picking was the Correct Thing. All the old families held to it. That gives Turkey Feathers the chance of their Lives. Turkey Tails for Fans—I am told the Aborigines quite Dote on Them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Thanks.

How can I count thy mercies up?
What boisterous seas hast thou made calm?
What sad sighs changed to joyous psalm.
And what rich wine has filled my cup!
My day and night, my work and rest.
Even my sorrows, thou hast blessed.

Thou gavest, and I took my share
Of pain and trouble, grief and tears.
But ever through the stormiest years
My peace was greater than my care.
Unworthy I: And yet I pray,
O Lord, accept my thanks today.
—Marianna Farningham.

THANKSGIVING NUMBER--Thursday, November 26, 1903

TO OUR FRIENDS--FAR AND NEAR.

In celebrating the Thanksgiving season with a special edition, THE REFLECTOR has a proper sense of the blessings vouchsafed us through this and all the years of the past.

No newspaper man's life is strewn with roses, and ours is no exception to the rule. Yet we have our bright days, and there are times when we feel that Providence walks with us over rough places.

The happiest greetings of this season of Thanksgiving we send to all our friends, far and near. THE REFLECTOR goes over the mountains, over the prairies and over the sea, and its family are one in appreciation and interest. Every word of praise it contains is for all who really and truly give thanks.

THIS OUR BLESSED CAROLINA.

Upon this Thanks-day of a mercy-suckled world Carolina bathes her robes in the waters of the purple East, plumes her pinions in the liquid light of the new awakening, and cleaving the eagles' eerie with mighty stroke, looks down upon a fair and happy land, where peace and plenty reign and the mercy of God is over all.

Of all the states, of all the countries, of all the worlds known to man, surely this our blessed Carolina is the happiest land, the land most richly favored by God and loved by its people. When storms that shook worlds were hurling their mighty forces through the black and troubled night, nothing harmed us. Forest fires raged throughout vast tracts of woodland and prairie in the Northwest, but the hot breath of the fire fiend did not sear our fields or forests. Snow fell upon the flocks of the West and the flocks were not, but never a breath of the storm king cut down our sheep. Floods raged all around us, but they passed us by. Fever burned a path of death through sections of the far South, but this land knew it not.

In the great cities hunger and pain and naked, crying sin and shame stalk through the shadows of night, and crime cries out to want. In this land of plain people all are fed. The God of our fathers is our God, the way of peace that our fathers trod is our way. We have no famine, no spectre of the red-fanged wolf at the door. We have toiled in seed-time and harvest and provided for our own.

We have none to deny God and Christ. The old-time religion is still good enough for us. God has bountifully blessed the land and Providence has watched over it. It must be so, else how are we great and rich and happy?

This has been the best year North Carolina has ever known. Our fields, forests and mines have yielded up richest treasure. We have built schools, churches, mills and factories as never before. Our labor market has been

free from the curse of the North—the walking delegate—and everywhere the hands of progress and enlightenment are lifted for the common good.

But the greatest good of all is the triumph over that horrible curse, that foul and ancient blot, the liquor saloon. That alone is more than worthy of a special thanksgiving day. Surely one hour of this day should be set apart and devoted to one deep prayer of praise and thanksgiving to the God who leads us away from the shadow of hell and the curse of the world.

May this and each recurring Thanksgiving day grow deep in the hearts of our people. May they not only thank God for the blessings they have received, but join in the state and nation's thanks for all people everywhere.

HOW TO GET UP EARLY IN THE MORNING.

Good advice for Thanksgiving or any other day is—"Don't get up in the morning with a grudge against yourself." You have enemies and critics enough already—generous, charitable folks who make sarcastic remarks about the squint in your left eye, the topography of your nose and the Grecian bend in your legs.

After you have decided to turn over and sleep just five minutes more, and have done it, and then yawn and go to sleep for just another five minutes, if you want to get up according to Hoyle, you must do it slowly and deliberately, pull the kinks out of your night shirt, look in the glass, think of the girls who have loved you for your beauty alone, and pat yourself gently on the back. Now here's where you can give yourself a severe grouch, or strew roses along your pathway, just as you choose. Don't begin to tell your face how tough it is to get up early in the morning. Just think how much worse off you would be if it were as hard to go to bed as it is to get up. Don't try to rub the blossom off your nose. It took a long time to grow there, and can't be induced to leave so suddenly. Remember how good your old Sunday school superintendent used to be—how he once consumed the business part of three weeks trying to put into your head with a gimlet the following beautiful little poem;

"Early to bed and early to rise
Is the hot air given us by good old guys."

These may not be the exact words, but they will serve to recall the incident. Think, as you gaze upon your noble phiz, how often you have had the chance to do wrong and spurned it—because you were shy of the police. Think of your benevolent nature, and of the nickel you gave the poor beggar yesterday, with the warning words: "Now, don't go and spend this in riotous living." Think what a beautiful photo could be made of your face if the photographer only knew his business. Think how neat and lady-like your feet would be if

they were six sizes smaller. Think of all those girls who wanted to marry you—but don't think what a fix you would have been in if they had. In short, think of everything in the world and out of it that will boost up your self conceit to 95 degrees Fahrenheit. Hand yourself bouquets by the automobile load. Think what an awful stew your employer will be in when you die or go to war. (This will be getting revenge and won't hurt the old man at all.) Just as soon as you get your socks on you must begin to let tomorrow take care of itself, with the assistance of the butcher, grocer and coal

man. Don't worry over your debts—the man you owe will do enough worrying for both. Above all things, don't grumble. In the first place you are getting more than is due you anyway and have no right to kick. Secondly, it is certain to be more or less injurious to your complexion and general beauty. Hug yourself, shake hands with yourself, call yourself a fine fellow and believe it, and you will find that turkey and cranberry sauce and plum pudding taste ever so much better (especially if you happen to have them) because of the fact that you are a handsome, brainy fellow.

DULY THANKFUL
BY
ROY FARRELL GREENE

I'm thankful for the sunshine, an' I'm thankful for the cloud,
I'm thankful for the best o' health an' feelin' rather proud
I think in spite o' accidents that carry folks away
I still can say I'm thankful I'm a-livin' here t'day!
I've safely dodged the trolleys, which are always grounds for fear;
I quite escaped a sunstroke in the dog days o' the year.
An' so I'm filled with thankfulness an' ain't disposed t' fret
Because, you see, I'm much too poor t' own an auto yet.

Perhaps since last Thankgivin' if I'd been a millionaire
I might have been a-guidin' o' an auto here an' there
An' had a fearful smashup in some record breakin' race;
I might t'day be lyin' in some quiet restin' place.
An' so I say I'm thankful that I'm livin' here t'day
An' had the luck t' keep myself well out o' danger's way.
Though things have been ag'in me in a way, I've no regret;
I'm thankful that an auto hasn't mangled me as yet.

I haven't raced an auto, so I've heard no victim wail;
I'll own I broke no record, but I haven't been in jail.
An' so I'm dully thankful there's no damage bills t' pay
T' weepin' wife or orphans on this blest Thankgivin' day.
I'm thankful for the sunshine an' I'm thankful for the cloud,
I'm thankful I am livin' an' a mixin' in the crowd;
But, more than all, I'm thankful that I haven't been beset
With the worry that is born of auto ownership, as yet!

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WHAT GREENVILLE OWES TO PROVIDENCE.

No town in the state owes more thanks than Greenville, chiefly because it has escaped just punishment for its sins, but also for the many material good things of the year. As a sort of atonement for our long years of sluggish, selfish indifference, we have built a splendid graded school building and equally creditable Masonic temple, and have decided that we would like to have electric lights and fire protection. This latter project has, we regret to say, hung fire in a most annoying and discouraging way. Just previous to the general financial break about three months ago, the board of internal improvements were busy

with the matter, but it was found that the bond market was in such bad shape our light and water bonds could not be disposed of to advantage. Since then the board has simply waited, we understand for improved financial conditions. Since then, also, we have had two valuable residences and contents burned from lack of fire-fighting facilities, and now the town is practically in the hands of Providence, which, we are grateful to say, has ever done more for us than we have deserved. We are of the opinion that it would be a mighty good plan for the Christian men and women of Greenville, in church and in their homes, to petition the Lord most earnestly for assistance in that light and water business.

Turning from a negative blessing, we ought to feel profoundly

grateful that there is growing up in wicked, whiskey cursed Greenville a sentiment and desire for the utter destruction of the present open saloon regime. Heaven knows such a sentiment grows slowly enough, but it begins to look like the seed sown throughout the state by the anti-saloon league were good seed and blessed of the Lord.

In common with the whole state Greenville has had no serious epidemic of sickness, no famine, no floods or other catastrophes of the elements. We have only to look upon the records of states lying around us to find that some or all of the above disasters have befallen them. This ought to be the greatest Thanksgiving Greenville has ever had.

IT IS GOOD TO LIVE.

How many people are thankful today for just the privilege of being alive? Did you ever think what a weak, fragile thing your life is, and that if you were left to your own resources, independent of the functions of Nature and the care of Providence, you could not sustain your paltry life one short hour? You cannot live of yourself. Without the power that gave you life you would fall like the leaves of autumn.

Say not, ye proud, that the world owes you a living. The world owes you nothing. It was here before you came, and did not, to the best of our knowledge and belief, request your coming. You owe the world of nature and the hand of Providence all you have been, all you are and all you hope to be and you shirk that debt like a sneak when you seek to throw your low estate upon the world and attribute your failings and follies to heredity.

It is good to live. There are times, it is true, when we pray for the boon of death and peace, but who has not felt the grand sweet song of nature, love and life thrill through all his being with a harmony more rapturous than the music of the spheres rolling over the plains of Bethlehem. Yes, it is good to live, and to give thanks for life and love. The memory of one day of sunshine, of keen, cool air upon the cheek, of golden rod aglow, banishes sorrows you thought would never fade.

If it rains here today don't howl your woes and disappointments to high heaven. The sun is shining somewhere, and you ought to be thankful it is not snowing.

Put in one special effort for the man who has so much he cannot be thankful. Also thank God that He did not make you that way.

Do not expect the poor around you to put much enthusiasm into their thanks if they have to do it on an empty stomachs.

Try to pay your small debts promptly at this time of year. The little fellows appreciate it more than the big ones.

A goodly portion of "turkey and" will do a man's soul more good than a dozen brilliant sermons on an empty stomach.

Of course you'll have forgotten all about it tomorrow, but the Lord will keep right on blessing you.

It is not necessary to work both your appetite and digestion to a finish today. They will come in handy later on.

Remember, it all depends upon the point of view. The turkey doesn't admire the arrangement at all.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but not the bill collector.

Give thanks BEFORE you eat—it may be too late afterward.

The turkeys that escaped to day will be just as proud and foolish to-morrow.

PRAYER OF NORTH CAROLINA ON THANKSGIVING MORN.

O Father of Justice and Mercy,
Jehovah of Ancient Days,
Lend Thine ear while my people
Offer a hymn of praise.
From my hills to my wave-swept
beaches
They answer my rally call,
And the mother-heart of the Old North
State
Speaks for her children all

Thou hast rewarded my striving,
Hast been to my follies blind;
In this year so swiftly closing,
Father, Thou hast been kind.
Weak are my sons and human,
Great their mistakes and grave,
Yet though they strayed and faltered,
Quick was Thy hand to save.

Greatly Thy care hath blessed me
With all that my hands can hold,
Plenteous share of the riches
That come with the Autumn's gold.
Born in Thy green earth's bosom,
Nursed by Thy sun and rain—
I thank Thee, Lord, for my harvest
Of ripened and garnered grain.

Many there were that suffered
Misfortunes and losses vast;
The famine has approached me not,
The pestilence has passed.
Thy winds, instead of fierce and wild,
Have gentle been to me,
Thy waves have softly kissed my sands
Nor ventured in from sea.

Thy wings have covered my mountains,
Thine arms have sheltered my plains,
And when my record be blemished,
Thou helpest me cleanse the stains.
Thou clotheest my outward seeming
In beauty of gold and green,
And better than all Thou keepest
The hearts of my children clean.

So long hath Thy power protected,
So long hath Thy love kept guard,
Surely Thou wilt succor
Each need of my people, Lord.
If I must bow in sorrow,
If I must suffer shame,
Send Thou me strength to answer
Undaunted, the nation's blame.

On this fair day of Thanksgiving
I praise Thee from sea and land,
Leaving my Statehood's honor
Joyfully in Thy hand.
When hardest my way and darkest,
Then teach me Thy will to see;
Father of Justice and Mercy,
Lead me to live for Thee.
AMEN!

A SONG OF LOWLY LIFE.

When de fro' is on de punkin
An' de 'possum's on de jump
'Dis darkey gits religion good an'
strong,
When de turkey's in de coop an' de
chicken's on de roost
Mah appetite it kinder singer song.

Oh! gather 'round you niggers,
good times 'am comin'
We'll eat an' drink de while we sing
and pray,
Wid 'possum roast an' punkin pie
An' sweet persimmon beer
we'll praise de Lawd fer dis Thanks-
givin' day.

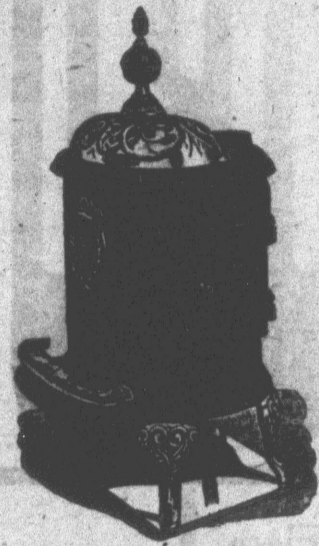
NOVEMBER.

Over the country-side
The turkey struts with pride,
And seems to say:
"How nobly I adorn
This smiling Autumn morn
So blithe and gay!"
But he'll adorn a plate
When we shall celebrate
Thanksgiving day.

BAKER & HART

HARDWARE + MERCHANTS

THE Stove Question



Becomes delightfully simple and easy when once you come to the wise conclusion that it is always best to see the stock of BAKER & HART before buying. You will save time, worry, and money and get certain satisfaction. Our stock is probably the largest in the county, and our prices appeal to prudent people. This is a picture of our "Witch" airtight wood stove. It is the demand of the season. Has feed door in front, heavy cast top and bottom, with

swinging dome and swinging cover on top. Body is made of polished bluesteel, with heavy steel lining.

As usual we are fully prepared to furnish everything in the hardware line promptly.

Sausage Choppers, Cooking Utensils, Stove Pipe and Parts, Farming Implements, Etc.

BAKER & HART.

OUR Annual Thanksgiving!

With gratitude to God for increased prosperity since last Thanksgiving, we hereby tender to our many customers our sincere thanks for their liberal contribution to our success. When in need of best table supplies call Phone 58. Yours very truly,

Hearne & Co. Fancy Grocers.

Everybody Should be Thankful

that they have the opportunity of buying cheap for cash such clean, bright, fresh

Groceries and Family Supplies as are carried in stock by

Johnston Bros.

We have everything you wish in Canned Goods, Pickles, Jellies, Cereals, Fruits and Confections. Then we have all the staples in the way of Meats, Flour, Sugar, &c.

During Holiday Times you will want the best in these lines, and that is found here. Not only can we supply the wants of man, but your beast can also be provided for in

Corn, Hay, Bran and Feedstuffs.

Come to see us for anything to eat.

JOHNSTON BROS.

Reason to be Thankful

J. F. Davenport's New White Front has abundant reason for celebrating Thanksgiving Day. The store has prospered beyond the expectations of the proprietor, who after thanking the giver of all good things, is glad to believe that his success has been achieved because he deserved it by giving full value for every cent received. To all friends of the New White Front a cordial Thanksgiving is extended.

The line of Shoes, Ladies' Dress Goods and Trimmings is not excelled anywhere in Greenville. The Regina and Auto-hav Shoes are leaders, and they justly merit their popularity as they are really the most stylish shoes offered. Especial emphasis is laid upon the fact that the stock of this store is absolutely new and fashionable, as we have not been in business a year yet. You simply cannot buy old goods here—we haven't them. Greetings of the season to everyone.

Cordially,

J. F. Davenport.



(Copyright, 1903, by C. N. Lurie.)

THE bird was a turkey, not an eagle, and I'll not say that it met its fate Thanksgiving day, but it passed the way of all Thanksgiving birds about Nov. 26, 1903. This uncertain chronology is due to the fact that half a dozen of our war prison refugees, who had escaped from the Georgia stockades, were making our homeward journey by the sole guidance of the north star. When we struck the eastern slope of the Cumberland mountains in southwestern Virginia late autumn was upon us. The plentiful wild grapes had been touched by frost, persimmons were dropping, dead ripe, and corn had been shucked and stored beyond our reach. We didn't know the day of the week, much less that of the month, for we passed days and nights sometimes hiding from pursuers in dark caves and slept from sheer exhaustion without reference to the rising or the setting of the sun. One day we came upon a cabin hidden in the mountain wilds occupied by a negro who, like ourselves, was a refugee. At the beginning of the war he had run away from his master in east Tennessee and started blindly to meet up with "Massa Linkum's sengers." Having lost his way and got frightened by the roaming bushwhackers who infested the mountains, he built a cabin and waited for that ju-

bilee of freedom, his simple faith told him must come. With eyes almost bursting from their sockets he listened to our story of the emancipation—how Lincoln had struck the fetters off from every slave and if once he could reach Yankee territory there would be no more dragging him back to slavery. When the poor wretch comprehended the wonderful story he sat silent for a long time. Then he looked into the face of each of us, a gleam of peace growing brighter and brighter on his ebony skin. "Yo' all is shuah 'nuff Yanks," said he, "else yo' ain't talkin' dat way to Black Sam." Nothing we could say was stronger than the negro's logic. "Yo's Yanks, an' yo's hungry. I'ze hungry, too—hungry for turkey, 'kase dis about Thanksgiving time, I'ze gwine kill de bird o' freedom an' gib yo' all a dinner." For a moment we thought the startling news of emancipation had turned the poor slave's brain. There was no sign of poultry culture about the premises.

Black Sam saw the doubt written on our faces. "Oh, I'ze got dat turkey, all right!" he shouted. "Bin waitin' 'tween year fur tas'e o' him. 'Twuz dis a-way I' lowed de niggabs gwine get free all account o' Massa Linkum, an' I said,

Black Sam n-e-b-er goin' eat turkey twell freedom come. First turkey I cotch he git fat an' nice, an' freedom ain't come, so he git ole an' tough, an' I gib him ter de buzz'rds. Second turkey he git fat, too, but no freedom yet. He git tough, an' de buzz'rds git him. Den I cotch one mo', an' I say dis de bird o' freedom, shuah. Now, luk yer." With that he led the way up the mountain side till he came to a tangle of wild grape vines which fell over the rocks and trees like a huge wall. These he parted deftly and conducted us to a spacious glen shut out from the prying world. Tied to a stake with a long rope was a fat turkey. "See de bird o' freedom?" says he, with a broad African grin. "Cotched dis chick about las' Chris'mus ober de moun'n. Hide him yer all day, an' nighttime take him out in de beech woods so he get fat fo' de day o' jubilee. Now I got de Thanksgiving tas'e in de mouf, an' jubilee done come."

After more of his palaver it was settled that he would roast the bird in a rude oven built in the hillside, then serve it in the cabin. Meanwhile we wornout tramps would sleep ourselves into a fitting appetite for the jubilee feast, which was to be turkey and corn pone. Black Sam led us back to the cabin and shoved aside some of the poles which made a flooring for the loft overhead. Climbing up with the

help of a rude bench, we found a carpeting of mountain grass for our bed and a space just large enough to lie down spoon fashion, as we'd done in prison, and nired by a hole cut in the gables. Black Sam descended, and we moved the loose poles back into position. "Ain' no bushwhackin' seesh gwine luk fur yo' up dere," said he, with a chuckle, and went his way to prepare the turkey. After a long sleep we awoke and crept down from the loft, wondering that we had not been bidden to the feast. Black Sam was sitting like a mourner, with his lank, yellow dog for a companion in misery. By the light of a waning fire in the chimney we saw the well picked bones of a turkey and some scraps of pone on the board. What had happened? Surely that we begone negro and his woebegone dog had not regaled themselves on the bird of freedom. We looked from one to the other of our crowd and then to our host, who tremblingly began his story of the disastrous jubilee fete. Said he: "Dess I git dat turkey an' dat pone ready an' mek to call yo' all to 'Thanksgiving when 'long come 'passel o' Cap'n Noah's seesh critter company sneakin' around an' say dey lookin' fur Yan-

'The market is a Little Better and the 'Old Reliable' is always Good.'

--- THE ---

GREENVILLE WAREHOUSE

is not satisfied to do as well for the farmer as any other warehouse, but its motto is to do a little better. We are noted for high prices. You have heard the old saying about "the proof of the pudding." Just bring us your tobacco and we will show you the proof in high prices.

G. F. EVANS & COMPANY.

Give your farm a name and order The Reflector to print it on your stationery.

FEASTING A CENTURY AGO.

Description of an Old Time Thanksgiving Dinner in New England.

The Thanksgiving feast of a century ago had a charm to it that today seems to be lacking, says the Seattle Times. Here is a description of one of these celebrations:

"In the great red farmhouse on the hill preparations were begun long before the day. The turkey that stalked before the dooryard had been watched with hungry eyes and fattened with urgent care. Pumpkins had been brought from the cornfield to sun themselves on the wood pile. Ah, it was a sure sign of the day's approach, and they might have defended their right to be there without being laughed at by the ancient chronicler's words, 'Let no man make a jest at pumpkins, for with this fruit the Lord was pleased to feed his people to their good content till corn and cattle were increased!' A goodly supply of all garden vegetables was at hand. Apples and pears, the best in the orchard, had been gathered and hidden away in the dark to mellow. Alas for the feast if there was not molasses enough to be had! There could be none without it. Stores of raisins and citron had been laid in, so there was something for the girls to do while the boys looked after the popcorn, which had been seasoning in their wood shed chamber, or picked up walnuts under the old shagbark tree in the pasture. Then there was a deal of work necessary within the house—the wedding china to be brought out, the brasses all to be polished, especially the ancestral andirons, and the spare chambers to be set in order, with extemporized beds in every available corner—all ready for the homecoming. Grandpa and grandma were the reigning sovereigns, and their family was a royal one. The night before Thanksgiving they are all there, and the daughters-in-law have stowed their little ones away in big feather beds, a dozen, more or less, in each, like sardines, and the youngsters have gone to their pillow fight in the attic chambers.

"Around the huge open fireplace, by the light of its burning logs, those boys of the olden times spin their yarns of childhood days and crack their jokes until the laughter changes to tears and they are ready for the evening prayer and the tender good night. And then the Thanksgiving morning! It is clear and cold, perhaps the first snow upon the ground, for Boreas was wont to contribute something unusual before the days of weather reports. All the family are at church—it was expected and the proper thing, for family religion was on dress parade—and the gray haired parson, regardless of the passing time, rises to the occasion in fervent words of gratitude to God for his abundant mercies. Then comes the dinner, skillfully managed by the maiden aunt—God bless her!—an indispensable condensation of virtue on such occasions, a dinner not so elaborate as bountiful, not so elegant as healthful. How the children's eyes dance, even those of the babe in the big board cradle who has no part or lot in it. The turkey, of course, is there, crisp and brown, as only one can be which has been slowly roasted before the fire and basted from the dripping pan beneath. Vegetables of all sorts load the table; delicacies, too, that have been waiting long for that hour, and numerous mysteries of their old fashioned culinary art. Then there are pies of sun dry kinds, the chicken pie among them; but best of all—and can we trust our feelings to mention them?—genuine pumpkin pies baked in square tins, having only four corner pieces to each. As the evening shadows fall there is a grand assembly about the fireplace. How merrily the corn sputters in the popper! How familiar the sound of the nuts cracked on the hearthstone! What apples and competitions in paring them without a break in the golden shaving! The cider flows from the great earthenware pitcher—it never became old in those days."

A Pigeon Pie For Thanksgiving.

Pluck and dress six pigeons, split them in halves down the breast and back. Put some small disks of salt pork in a large saucepan over the fire. When fried crisp remove the pork and put in a large onion, cut in thin slices, and let them fry a nice brown in the fat. Then put in the pigeons and let them brown on both sides; add a little butter. After the birds are well browned pour in enough water to cover them to half their depth, season well with salt and pepper and let them simmer gently till quite tender; then add half a pint of cream, and when it bubbles add two tablespoonfuls of flour well dissolved in half a pint of cream. Stir it briskly to keep from lumping. Next take out the pigeons, lay them nicely in a deep baking dish, pour the gravy over them; make a rich pie crust, roll it out, lay it over the birds, moisten the edge of the dish so the crust adheres, cut a few little gashes in the crust, stand the dish in a moderate oven and let the pie bake three-quarters of an hour. Cover the top with buttered paper to keep it from burning too fast.

Thanksgiving Decorations.

If one has access to country fields in November the glowing red berries and vines and branches of gorgeous hues that may then be had offer most artistic material for Thanksgiving decoration. The downy thistle balls picked at the right time are effective mixed with autumn vines and berries. It should not be forgotten that autumn leaves may be gathered at the moment of their greatest beauty in late October or early November and beautifully preserved by being dipped lightly in a weak gum arabic water. When dry they should be kept in boxes, carefully and lightly packed, as the treatment makes them very brittle. By this method, however, their colors are preserved, and they may be used repeatedly.—Harper's Bazar.

Wild Turkey Hunting

BIG, beautiful, brave and wise, the wild turkey is ideal game for the United States. He is big enough to satisfy some of the material craving of even the big game hunter. He eludes the still hunter as subtly as the shiest deer. He gives the cross country rider, coursing him with hound and horse, a run that often is equal to fox hunting. The wing shot finds him equal to the occasion. He is the finest game bird in the world. Not even the royal auerhahn, sole living representative of the ancient big game world of Europe when the huge aurochs crashed through the forests, can compare with him.

Hunting the wild bird with hound and horse is sport for the very select few, for not only is it necessary to find the birds first, but they must be found in open country where they cannot escape too readily by flying into cover. Therefore, coursing is limited to open country where the turkey, not having been hunted too fervently, is incautious enough to feed in farm lands and open, flat country. The dogs are sent in to cut off the retreat to the woods, and then the mounted men break out of their hiding places and pound down on them.

The wild turkey flies and runs alternately. He loopes like an ostrich, though not so fast, and whenever he thus takes to running the dogs and horses gain on him. When they get unpleasantly close, up booms the big bird and flies like a feathered projectile straight ahead until he has reached a safe distance, when he pitches again and resumes running.

It is clean sport and exciting enough to burry any man's blood. But the true hunting of the wild turkey, with shotgun or rifle, that tests a man's strength and cunning and woodcraft and patience to the full is still hunting.

It may be enjoyed still in some parts of Pennsylvania, but the best territory for it is in the southern states. Vir-



HE LOOPES LIKE AN OSTRICH.

ginia offers it in the country on both sides of the Blue Ridge, although it is not necessary to go so far to reach haunts of the fine game. Culpeper county, where President Roosevelt hunted, is only a short distance from the national capital and well east of the mountains.

When a wild turkey is tracked on snow he will lead the shooter a chase of miles. The turkey can hear as keenly as he can see. A cracking twig underfoot will startle him more quickly even than it will a deer. Often the man will not be able to get a shot, although he may follow a flock all day long. Often he will get his shot only after he has actually walked the birds down—tired them out by close, patient, grim pursuit. The man who can do that is an athlete.

West Virginia contains thousands of acres of hunting country that is in many respects as wild as it was before the white men landed in America.

Western North Carolina has turkeys, particularly between the Blue Ridge and the Great Smoky mountains, and thence on across into Tennessee the turkey hunter can still find surprisingly large tracts of hunting country where not only turkeys, but deer and bear, hide in the thickets.—Boston Transcript.

What They Had For Dinner.

First Boy—We had a minister for dinner yesterday.
Second Boy—We had turkey.—Judge.

Thanksgiving Ceremony.

It's a very formal matter,
Eatin' turkey out our way,
'Cause gran'paw allus rises
With a word or two to say
After gran'maw asks the blessin',
Just before he starts to carve.
It's a joke. We think it's funny.
If we didn't we might starve.

It's something about Turkey
Gettin' all mixed up with Greece,
An' how the combination
Means disturbance of the peace.
Every year we're all attention;
Not another word is spoke,
An' we nearly die a-laughin'
When our gran'paw tells his joke.



Sure Signs Of the Times

AIR a-gittin' cool and coolah,
Frost a-comin' in de night,
Hicka'nuts an' wa'nuts fallin',
Pussum keepin' out o' sight,
Tu'key struttin' in de ba'nys'd,
Nary step so proud ez his;
Keep on struttin', Mistah Tu'key,
Yo' do' know what time it is.

Cidah, press commence a-squeakin',
Eatin' apples sto'ed away;
Chillun swa'min' roun' lak ho'nets,
Huntin' sige ermung de hay,
Mistah Tu'key keep on gobblin',
At de geese a-flyin' souf;
Oomph! Dat bird do' know what's
comin';
Et he did he'd shet his mouf.

Pumpkin gittin' good an' yallah
Mek me open up my eyes;
Seems lak it's a-lookin' at me,
Jes' a la'in dah sayin', "Pica."
Tu'key gobbler gwine 'roun' blowin',
Gwine roun' gibbin' sass an' plack;
Keep on talkin', Mistah Tu'key,
You ain't seed no almanac.



HYEAYS DAT TU'KEY GOBBLER BRAGGIN'.

Fa'mer walkin' th'o de ba'nys'd
Seein' how t'ings is comin' on;
Sees of all de fowls is fatt'nin';
Good times comin', sho's you bo'n.
Hyeays dat tu'key gobbler braggin';
Den his face break in a smile;
Nebbah min', you sassy rascal,
He's gwine nab you atter w'ile.

Choppin' suet in de kitchen,
Stonin' raisins in de hall;
Beef a-cookin' fu' de mince meat,
Spices groun'; I smell 'em all.
Look hyeah, tu'key, stop dat gobblin';
You ain' lured de sense o' feah;
You, ole fool, yo' naik's in dangah.
Do you know Thanksgiving's hyeah?
—Paul Laurence Dunbar in "Lyrics of
Lowly Life."

The Thanksgiving Pumpkin.
It is the lady pumpkin that is invariably chosen for the honor of the Thanksgiving menu.

For the benefit of those who are unversed in the mysteries it must be said that the lady in the case betrays her sex by a marked delicacy.

The outer skin is absolutely smooth. No little knots or blisters, such as belong to the male pumpkin, disturb its surface.

The flesh within will be found of unusually fine grain, and the "stringiness" so much disapproved of by the pie maker will be entirely lacking.—St. Louis Republic.

SPICE FOR THE FEAST.

Turk Up to Date.
The Gobbler—In this age of the horseless carriage let me suggest a turkeyless Thanksgiving.—Life.

Very Probable.
"What are the probabilities for tomorrow?" asked the star boarder of the drug clerk, who was looking over the paper.

The drug clerk turned to the weather page and, seemingly unconscious that the landlady was behind him, read, "For tomorrow and Saturday hash, followed by turkey soup and croquettes."—Judge.

A Happy Thought.
First Poor Boy—Let's go round to the Astorbills' for Thanksgiving.
Second Poor Boy—What for?
First Poor Boy—Their dining room's fixed so's we can see 'em eat.—Life.

A Tender Episode.
"Bring home a turkey; don't forget. And prates, Pat; we need 'em."
"Ah, Hiddy, if you asked for it I'd get the Bird of Freedom."
"The eagle! Sure he'd be enough To keep us from starvation, But wouldn't he be rather tough? He's oulder than the nation."
"He tough! Bedad, you're off the track; Columbia—heaven defend her!— Puts him upon the dollar's back, And then he's legal tender."
—Munsey's Weekly.

Knew His Geography Lesson.
Freddy—We had one of the famous Rhode Island turkeys for our Thanksgiving dinner.
Teddy Huh! So did we. I heard grandpa thank Providence fer it!—Puck.

No Celebration.
Uncle Rastus—I'ze afeard I ain't goin' ter hab no turkey fer mah Thanksgiving dis year.
Hooks—Why not, Uncle Rastus? Are the prices too high for you?
Uncle Rastus—No, sah, but de fences is.—Life.

Thanksgiving Greetings !!

are extended the hundreds of customers of the Big Store. May each and every one have a plenty and something to spare for the orphans.

C. T. MUNFORD

THE BIG STORE

SPECIAL DRESS GOODS

Every fabric known, both imported and domestic. Fashion's latest and most approved styles can be found here.

MILLINERY!

By far the most artistic line of Paris Models, ready-to-wear "High Art" Hats we have ever shown. We spare neither expense or pains to give our customers the latest styles, best material and the best workmanship that money and brains can produce.

500 Baby caps

All Prices.

475 Misses' and Children's HATS --- all prices

59 pairs extra size 11-4
White Blankets, **1.49**

72 pairs Grey Bed Blankets **1.25**
WORTH 1.75, SPECIAL,

219 Pairs Boys' All-Wool **50c.**
Heavy Knee Pants,

500 Pairs Boys' All-Wool Fine Cas-
simere Pants, worth **1.25**
1.00 and 1.50, special,

Clothing ? ?

The kind that wears, holds its shape and color and gives satisfaction.

For Ten days extra cut prices on the whole line of Clothing & Overcoats

Boys' extra Heavy Fleece Lined Shirts and drawers, each garment, 25c.

Heavy Ribbed, Taped neck Fleece Lined Union Suits, ladies' and children's,

25 cents.



Black Mercerized

Petticoats
worth 1.00, special,

49 cents

With 11-inch Flounce,
3+2 inch ruffle, worth 2.00,
price,

98 cents

UP-STAIRS

198 Pictures
175 Easels
Felt Mattresses,
Chairs, Couches,
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Furniture,
Wardrobes, Cradles.

GREENVILLE, North Carolina.

C. T. MUNFORD

DE man who'd sot a b'ar trap in his chicken house on Thanksgiving ebe an no Christian an' nebbur will be.

Dere's no place in hebben fur de man dat steals. Jess de same I 'spects de coon dat ain't got a cent an' yet brings home a turkey fur Thanksgiving will go to de good place.

De American people doan git half 'nuff sleep, an' I 'spects dat's jess why most ob 'em am allus complainin' ob feelin' run down. De white man oughter git to bed early, 'specially on Thanksgiving ebe.

If any ob my fam'ly gits to allin' I doan nebbur git no doctor, 'kase dey do a heap ob ha'm. When my Uncle Julius was taken sick one Thanksgiving an' de doctor said he could't dun had none ob dat fo'teen pound turkey 'cat was hangin' in de kitchen what was de result? Why, when Julius smelled dat bird, all-brown an' juicy, an' heard de fam'ly smackin' der lips, he jess gib one groan an' died.

Yo' may s'arch through de almanac an' de dictionary an' all de histories ob dis kentry, but yo' won't find no menshun made ob a cull'd man bein' lected president ob de United States. I reckon it am just as well. If a cull'd man held dat office he'd kill hisself on Thanksgiving tryin' to eat all de turkeys dat am sent to de White House on dat occashun.

I allus stiek up fur de Bible an' believ ebery word in dat good book, but I'ze kinder a leetle bit 'spicious 'bout Mistah Noah an' his ark. Dat man might hev let all de birds an' animules in his ark, but did dey all git out



"IF ONE OF MY CHILLEN SHOULD INQUIRE WHERE I GOT DAT BIRD"

again? Doan yo' 'spose dat de turkeys was dun missin' 'bout Thanksgiving time?

When Thanksgiving comes an' I take de head ob de table an' de ole woman an' chill'en gather round an' smack der lips an' roll der eyes, when de hour comes dat I stand up wid knife in hand to begin carbin', when de m'nit arroves dat I reach out wid one hand to cotch dat turkey by de laig an' hold him solid while I slice away, if one ob my chill'en should look up an' inquire where I got dat bird den, I'm tellin' yo' dat sich a calamitous circumstance would perspire dat dat child would remember de event all de rest ob his bo'n days! A. B. LEWIS.

The President's Turkey.

For the past thirty years the turkey which has graced the White House table on Thanksgiving day has come from Westerly, R. I., the gift of Hiram Vose. In 1873 Mr. Vose sent a thirty-six pound bird to President Grant. It was received with such favor that he has continued to supply the yearly presidential turkey, and his sons after him will keep on sending turkeys to Washington as long as the race holds out. Rhode Island turkeys are not as numerous as they once were, but their quality has not deteriorated. Bronze and Narragansett grays are the standard breeds. No change has been made in the methods of breeding turkeys as the years have gone by, but in view of the bad luck farmers have had recently in raising large flocks Mr. Vose, whose turkey market is a clearing house for all the country round, is trying to discover some means to prevent the national bird from becoming extinct.

Thanksgiving Day Abroad.

Wherever two or three Americans are gathered together on Thanksgiving day there is sure to be an elaborate observance of the epicurean holiday. In every foreign capital a Thanksgiving banquet at the American legation is one of the fixtures in the ambassador's or minister's ceremonial calendar, and to his official reception are welcomed all of his countrymen residing abroad or temporarily away from their own firesides. The American churches hold religious services, where there are American churches, and in their absence the natives usually offer their places of worship to the Americans for the day. Even in Peking Thanksgiving day is a notable event, its observance shared in by Christianized Chinamen and the members of other embassies than our own.

EXPLANATION.

THE REFLECTOR regrets that while in many respects its Thanksgiving edition is a good one, it is not the paper we had contemplated sending out on this occasion. This is due to circumstances over which we had no control and which came too late to be remedied.

Last year we issued an 8-page Thanksgiving issue, and in beginning the one for today a 12-page paper was planned and started. After starting work on it the health of Mr. Outlaw became such that he had to give up work entirely, and no help in his place being obtainable in time, we had to omit four of the pages. These four pages would have contained a number of special articles and some advertisements which we regret very much being forced by circumstances to leave out today.

Revs. F. G. Hartman, W. E. Powell and A. T. King, Mr. E. V. Cox and Mrs. R. R. Cotten each kindly contributed an article for these pages, and while their articles, for the reason stated, cannot appear in this special edition, we propose to give our readers the benefit of reading them and will publish them in the next few days.

This Thanksgiving edition of THE DAILY REFLECTOR will be sent also to all subscribers of the semi-weekly REFLECTOR, therefore no semi-weekly paper will be sent out Friday, the day after Thanksgiving.

Lecture at Winterville.

Winterville High School arranges each year a series of lectures, and in this series Dr. James M. Parrott, of Kinston, delivered the lecture for November on Friday, the 20th.

He said in part that he was glad to speak to a school of this kind as they were the keystones to the arch in our educational system. Close them and our colleges and universities must close. He didn't believe in the Rip Van Winkle charge. Many of our forefathers slept at Edenton when John Culpeper led in the resistance to a special tax, or at Wilmington when they made Houston resign his commission and released two ships from English custody. They were not asleep at Moores' Creek or at Guilford Court House where Cornwallis received the stunning blow that caused the surrender at Yorktown. They were not asleep when Gen. See made his famous march upon Buena Vista and while they hesitated at the opening of the civil war, yet when President Lincoln called on her for her troops to coerce her sister states she answered by sending men to be first at Bethel, farthest up the heights at Gettysburg, and last on the field of action at Appomattox.

He had stood on the eastern coast and seen ships loaded to the utmost capacity with the products of her rich soil and our western fruits win prizes in almost every contest. He had stood on her mountains, the Switzerland of America, and seen the sick whose lives had almost ebbed away restored to health.

History shows her people to be brave and religious. She is beginning to lead in manufacturing and already consumes much more cotton than her fertile fields produce. It is now known that \$100 invested in the manufacture of furniture in North Carolina at the close of each year amounts to \$151, while in Massachusetts it amounts to \$105.

Ignorance is being banished and we have the best people and the best state, and in the language of Gov. Aycock at Greensboro, no man is known outside of his own township who says there is no God.

Northern educational centres are often swept by waves of fanaticism while we remain unmoved by Dowicism and other vile creeds.

Man, both physically and mentally,

has evolved gradually.

Unclothed and roaming in the forest man comes to the streams of water and longs to cross. First a raft, then a canoe, then Watts sat by and watched his mother's boiling kettle, then Fulton's steamer, until now 35 or 40 miles per hour is no uncommon rate.

Amid all these changes none have been more marked than those in science.

In the early history disease was thought to be due to witches, also pestilence was fault of the gods and so they would whip them, then they ran from them, later lost belief in them and then came the first law of health which was given by God to Moses.

Quarantine laws once were against whole communities, which unnecessarily hurt the commerce, now it is only the individual.

Once sacrifices were made to appease the gods, then water from certain mineral springs cured, then Peru bark healed and at last bark was taken out and quinine prepared.

The old theory was give the medicine to Smith, if he died don't give it to anybody else, but if he got well Jones and everybody else had it to take, no matter what kind of disease.

A certain medicine prevented malaria, then the chemist took it in his laboratory and at last learned that it only prevented certain rays of sunlight entering the blood to develop the germ. Later came the study of diseases that people had only once, and as a result our splendid system of vaccination which forms the antitoxin in the system. So now if given the death rate in some diseases might be reduced to 1 in a 1000 the doctors have a decided advantage over other professions, for if he makes a mistake it is buried, and with the teacher it is like Banquo's Ghost, ever coming up.

It is hard to realize the importance of germs. The long list, however, may be divided into good germs and bad germs. Plant life is dependent on it and plants that are green get food and live by this means. The chlorophyll in leaves is lost without them, they render nitrogen in the air suitable for food to plants. The air is filled with them. The animal gives off carbon dioxide and the plant feeds on it and in turn feeds the animal.

Lime takes the acid out of the soil so germs can develop and decompose material for the plant as the germ wants a neutral or alkali condition. This is seen under old houses where rich soil is found because sunlight is cut off, germs have developed and saltpetre and other fertilizers are developed.

There was 31 diseases known to be caused by bad germs. Of these smallpox, typhoid fever and consumption are well known. Use the knowledge we have and in 30 years there would be no consumption in the United States, while now 200,000 die in a year which is a loss of \$490,000,000, and all of these could be saved. North Carolina loses \$1,500,000 per year by the same disease.

At the mention of leprosy you flee, and consumption is one hundred times worse.

Nobody is born with disease, but inherit a weak organ in which disease germs may readily develop but capable of being developed into strong healthy organs.

Sleep with a consumptive and not one in a thousand will fail to take it. With proper treatment 95 per cent could be cured if taken in its first stage, no matter who your ancestors were.

He once helped to quarantine against 13 lepers in Louisiana and put them on an island in the Mississippi river. It cost \$25,000,000 but stopped the disease. Last year North Carolina lost 1700 by typhoid fever and yet when as a member of a committee from the medical association he asked the legislature for \$500 to be used in stopping these diseases it was refused. This small amount would stop three fourths of it.

Following the Spanish American war while in the service of the

United States government he isolated 181 lepers in the city of Havana. It was hard to take father, mother, brother, sister or babe from the home to be returned no more, but by this means the dread disease was stamped out.

We quarantine curable diseases, isolate incurables, and disinfect to kill the germs of the disease in buildings or in clothes. Two hundred years of study gave us a way to render our systems immune against certain diseases, while in some cases we are naturally immune.

Habit is the greatest agency in developing the race. They are either good or bad. Good raises each generation to a higher plane, while bad degrades each; so with imagination. Good habits may make a Samson, Solomon, or Paul. It makes a perfect manhood. The hardest thing to do is to quit a bad habit. In South America the Boa Constrictor will crawl out on a limb and wait for his victim. He is clumsy and when first he falls on his prey they may be able to escape, but delay and he coils about them and crushes them to a jelly. So it is with bad habits. At first you may be able to escape, but delay and they destroy you.

The greatest curse of our age is strong drink. None intend to be drunkards. One great danger of this habit is found in some medicines. Brown's Iron Bitters contains 40 per cent of alcohol, sarsaparilla 26 per cent and peruna 60 per cent. In 1898 the use of opium increased 500 per cent while the physicians used less than ever before. It, too, is found in medicines like King's cure for consumption.

Influenza or lagrippe starting in Russia the middle of October would reach this country by December and sweep over the entire continent by the first of January. It is through the physicians that we learn of these dangers.

Once surgeons tied their patient to tables and with their own eyes watched the knife while now they now sleep while led along by the river of death and are safely carried for without such tortuous pain.

After the battle of Gettysburg Lincoln stood on a prominent place and was shown where the North Carolina soldiers charged without cover and he exclaimed "I thank God I live in a country with such people." This was the feeling of himself when he thought of the physicians of our country.

THANKSGIVING

What a purely American Holiday this is.

No other nation has a holiday like it. How much the word means—giving thanks. All of us have much for which to give thanks. Give thanks that you are living and prospering. Give thanks for the many blessings that have come and are coming to you. Give thanks that you are enjoying privileges and blessings in the United States that can be enjoyed in no other country and don't forget to give thanks that

J. B. Cherry & Co

Are still doing business at the old stand with a full stock and a growing stock ready for your every days needs. In conclusion allow us to thank you for your liberal patronage and to invite you to come in and see our splendid eatables for your Thanksgiving dinner.

J. B. CHERRY & CO.



A Profitable Pointer

BUCK'S STOVES AND RANGES have been leading in this market for years and will continue to do so. We handle these goods because they are the best we can get at any price. You don't have to wait, as we can sell you any size and style at a moment's notice, and at the closest prices possible for the best stoves and ranges in the world. We have everything that goes with these stoves and ranges, and no matter what other makes are offered you can't beat Buck's in quality or price.

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A. H. TAFT & CO.

The Only Way=

To get the confidence of the people of Pitt county by advertising is through the daily and semi-weekly editions of

The Reflector.

A Thanksgiving

Sleigh - Ride

By WILLIAM WALTERS

(Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Etherington.)

"COME to us at Thanksgiving," wrote my mother. "We're going to have with us a lovely girl, who will take the woman hater out of you. Now, don't fail us."

There was a very good reason for my woman hating, a reason of flesh and blood. Anita had listened to my soft words till I made them a formal declaration, then, with one of those sudden feminine revulsions, cast me off. Had a man treated me so shabbily I should have looked upon him forever afterward with sovereign contempt. As for Anita, I simply said, "What can be expected from one of her sex?"

However, there was one woman of whom I made an exception—my mother. I wrote her that I would certainly be at home for Thanksgiving, but I preferred that the "lovely girl" be dispensed with.

That year the cold came on early. At any rate, during the week preceding Thanksgiving we had a snowstorm,



"IT WILL BE PNEUMONIA."

followed by cold worthy of midwinter. I had concluded to take my horse and cutter home for sleighing and to drive there myself. When I started the weather was quite mild, and I feared for the melting of the snow. But suddenly the wind veered into the north, and the mercury fell to a point considerably below zero. I passed through a small village, and my mother had written me to be sure to stop there and see my aunt. I was very glad to do so, as it gave me a chance to warm up.

"John," said my aunt, "there is a lady waiting for a conveyance to town. Could you take her in your cutter?"

I protested that any woman would freeze to death in such exposure, indeed invented every excuse for refusing, but my aunt told me that the lady hated men as badly as I hated women and would not on any account talk with me on the way, not even about the weather. I reluctantly consented and went out to arrange the robes. In a few minutes my aunt brought out the lady, whom she introduced to me as Mrs. Budlong. She was so well protected against the cold that I could neither see her figure nor her face. I made one or two remarks, to which she gave monosyllabic replies, excusing herself from talking on account of a cold and a husky voice. The truth is I had a terrible cold myself and should have been by a warm fire instead of facing a blast which had in it the frost of the pole.

We soon struck a drift so deep that I was obliged to get out and lead the horse over it. We came to several of these drifts, and so great was my exertion that after passing each of them I was in a profuse perspiration. Then I would get back into the sleigh and sit with the cold wind driving right through me.

Finally there swept over me from head to foot a sudden, terrible, wrenching chill.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Budlong anxiously.

"It will be pneumonia."

Without a word she thrust me down into the bottom of the sleigh and buried me under the robes. I was too ill to protest, though I realized that the woman was left to the mercy of the wind. With her feet on my prostrate body she drove on, now and again leaving the sleigh to lead the horse over drifts, enduring the successive changes that I had endured, yet without the protection I had had. But at this part of the road there were no houses, and she was obliged to press on. From a passing wagon Mrs. Budlong obtained a bottle of whisky, which at intervals she poured down my throat. I soon drank enough to make a rum cask reel, but the stuff had no other effect on me than to lessen the frequency and the violence of the chills. After awhile, whether from illness, cold, exhaustion or the effect of the whisky, I fell into what was either coma or sleep. I don't to this day know which. I had occasional realization of bumps, but was not conscious of anything else. Finally I was oblivious to everything.

The next thing I knew I was in bed at home, and my mother was looking at me anxiously, though the moment I opened my eyes an expression of relief came to her. My first thought was for the woman who when I was last conscious had been driving me.

"Mrs. Budlong?" I asked. "What has become of her?"

"She's in bed in another room recovering from the cold and exhaustion. She will come out all right."

"Did she get me all the way home herself?"

"Every bit of it."

"She's a trump. How fortunate that you wrote to me to stop at Aunt Em's! How would I ever have got on without Mrs. Budlong? I should have perished."

"It was fortunate, my son, and now I'm going to make a confession that I didn't intend to make till we were all at the table for our Thanksgiving dinner. Mrs. Budlong is not Mrs. Budlong, but the 'lovely girl' I wrote you about. She made your aunt a visit, and I thought it would be nice for you to drive her over and get acquainted before meeting her here."

"Mother," I said after some thought, "since the 'lovely girl' has saved my life I forgive you. However, I may as well confess to you now that I have had an affair of the heart which I have never confided to you in which I was treated abominably, and I don't want any more of them. I dare say this—Mrs. Budlong has drawn you into deception, for it is not like you at all."

Mother turned away and gave me a spoonful of something from a glass; then, telling me to keep quiet that I might be ready for the dinner of tomorrow, she left me. The doctor called soon after and pronounced me quite recovered. By good fortune I had been saved from pneumonia.

The next morning I spent in the library before a cheerful blaze. I asked mother to send in her "lovely girl," that I might ask her some questions about that terrible drive. But mother said she had gone out and I must "possess my soul in patience" till I should see her at dinner. I gave a grunt of dissatisfaction that my patience was required and, looking up, saw mother smiling at me as she went out of the room.

Well, in due time dinner was announced. I entered from the library. I was surprised to see no one in the room. Presently the door from the hall opened, and in stepped a girl. Great heavens! Who should she be but—

"Anita!"

"No. Mrs. Budlong."

"What does this mean?"

"It means, John, that when you asked me to be your wife it suddenly occurred to me that I had been encouraging you, not knowing anything of your family, and was about to take a step that I might be sorry for. This, I confess, demoralized me. Later I came



"WOMAN HATER!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

here, made your mother's acquaintance, fell in love with her and confessed all. You know the rest."

In another moment we were surprised by my mother in each other's arms.

"Woman hater!" she exclaimed.

"Mother," I said, "I despise all women except you."

"And Anita," she added.

"No. Mrs. Budlong."

Hints to the Carver.

It is not wise to ask your guests what portion of the bird they prefer. Six or eight might choose a leg, and thus you have made some bitter enemies for life.

Many people make the mistake of carving the breast of the turkey first. Always leave this until the last and thus get a good portion of it for yourself.

Do not fail to send the cook the choicest portions of the bird at the earliest possible moment. Some cooks do not mind waiting five or ten minutes for their Thanksgiving dinner, but it is well to take no chances.



*This Store
will be closed
all day today*

Thanksgiving Offerings A Royal Feast
by

FRANK WILSON,

THE KING CLOTHIER.

This being Turkey time we are offering some "royal birds" to appreciating patrons in the way of Suits, Overcoats, etc. Whether it be "turkey and oysters" "possum and sweet 'taters," we want to say that our dressing is the best dressing—just the thing for all classes. And besides the main dish of Clothing, we supply all the side dishes and "trimmins" in the way of Hats and Furnishing Goods; all at prices that will make you thankful for such a house as this to buy from. On this day of Thanksgiving, we send you our very best greetings for a big dinner and a jolly reunion around the family board.

Yours truly,

FRANK WILSON
THE KING CLOTHIER.



Think of these three items and see them tomorrow

Keiser Baratheas, Cravats—Every one of them guaranteed to wear. Made of the purest silks and designed in the handsomest color schemes we have seen.

String Ties, Batwings, English Clubs—black and fancy, 50 and 25c

Fall Shirts—A special line of Colored Shirts of Fine Percales, cuffs attached or detached, each 1.00.

Store - Closed - all - day - To-day.

Pulley ^A _N _D Bowen

The Home of Women's Fashions

Right gladly do we join in the general giving of thanks for blessings of the past year, and close our store in token thereof. We also return thanks to our great number of friends and customers for their continued patronage and good will.

TOMORROW

We shall open with specials in every line of Ladies' Wear. This year we have made splendid sales of

**Ultra and Brockport Shoes
For Women**

and we have heard of no instance in which they have not given entire satisfaction, either in style, service or fit

WE HOPE TO CONTINUE TO BE THE MOST POPULAR STORE IN GREENVILLE DEALING IN DRESS GOODS, TRIMMINGS, LACES, Etc.

R. L. DAVIS, PRESIDENT

B. A. TYSON, Vice-President.

J. L. LITTLE, Cashier

Bank of Greenville,

GREENVILLE, N. C.

Statement of The Bank of Greenville, Greenville, N. C., at the close of business Sept. 9th, 1903,—condensed from report to North Carolina Corporation Commission.

Resources:		Liabilities:	
Deposits and Discounts	\$187,919.88	Capital Stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Overdrafts	1,629.29	Surplus	20,000.00
Furniture & Fixtures	3,599.85	Undivided Profits less	
Due from Banks and Bankers	26,566.16	Expenses Paid	2,756.17
Cash Items	2,850.44	Bills payable,	\$28,000.00
Cash in Bank	23,901.40	Deposits	170,710.86
	\$246,467.02		\$246,467.02

Careful attention given to all business entrusted to us.

Cold Comfort

Is what we are after, and the possession of one of our Refrigerators will insure sweet milk, cream and butter, cool drinking water and many dainties that would be unattainable without the Refrigerator.

HAVE YOU A LAWN ?

If you have you will want a Lawn Mower pretty soon, and we've made it easy for you to own one. There is no need to borrow a lawn mower when we sell a good machine with best steel knives at such a satisfactory price, and guarantee it to do the work. Water Coolers, Ice Cream Freezers, Hammocks and everything else in the hardware line.

H. L. CARR

B. FLEISHMAN & BRO.

For Bargains

--- IN ---

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings,

-- GO TO --

B. FLEISHMAN & BRO.,
GREENVILLE, N. C.

Cheapest Store in Eastern Carolina.

FLEISHMAN AND BRO.

The Best Sale Yet !



This extract from the Daily Reflector of Nov. 6 shows that Parham & Parham have made the best sale on the Greenville market this season, up to the time this ad was written, Nov. 12. These are solid facts and will have proper weight and influence with people who are looking for square dealing and the best prices that modern facilities and experienced warehousemen can command. Let us handle your tobacco this season.



Parham & Parham,

Modern Tobacco Warehousemen,

GREENVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

The Best Sale Yet.

Parham & Parham report the best single sale of tobacco on this market this season. This lot was sold for J. L. Bland, of Craven county, on Thursday, Nov. 5. The hustling manner in which Parham & Parham started in to rebuild their warehouse this summer made people think they were going to make a record in Greenville, and they have certainly done so. Below we give the figures of the sale for Mr. Bland:

Sixty-six pounds for 40c, 58 for 40c, 95 for 37c, 68 for 39c, 80 for 40c, 90 for 30c, 46 for 47c, 70 for 40c, 88 for 35c.