

**MISS BASCOM'S WEDDING.**

**A Thanksgiving Episode Which Ended Happily for All Concerned.**

"LAWSON sakes! Polly, you don't tell me that you're going to marry Eph Lawson?" and Mrs. Thomson took her hands from the dough and looked at the prima figure at the window, for Polly Bascom was trim and a mite over 40.

"On Thanksgiving day, Sarah. I'd like to know if I haven't as good a right to—" "To be sure you have; but there's the parson, who lost his wife last year and who wants another helpmeet."

"And there's the Widow Jones and Miss Stickle," said Polly. "I can't help the parson out this time."

"Really, I didn't know it had gone so far. Why, what have you done towards the wedding? This is the twenty-third."

"And I'm as ready as I ever will be."

"As ready as you've been for 20 years," and Mrs. Thomson went back to her work. Suddenly she looked up.

"Who's goin' to give the bride away?" she asked, abruptly.

"We're not goin' to have any such hifalutin' proceedings," pursued the bride-to-be.



HELD OUT HER HAND TO THE PARSON.

"I'd like to ask the privilege of bein' married in your house, Sarah."

"To be sure. To be sure," was the prompt rejoinder. "Anything to see you started well in life, if it is a little late." And thus the matter was settled.

Miss Polly Bascom began at once to prepare for the greatest event in her life. Mr. Lawson was a man of her own age, a timid bachelor who thus far had escaped the pitfalls of love, and who, like Polly, had come to the conclusion that ere long it would be too late to wed.

His courtship had extended over a series of months and some said that at the last moment he would "back out" and leave Polly still in the matrimonial market.

Thanksgiving morning found Polly ready for her nuptials. The whole neighborhood was on the qui vive. And why shouldn't it be? Polly Bascom and Eph Lawson. Did you ever?

"I say, Polly, what if Parson Trimble had asked you first?" queried Mrs. Thomson, as she looked at Polly in her wedding gown.

"But he didn't. He had more than one good chance, Sarah, and you know that I don't want to miss this one," and Polly laughed as she surveyed herself in the mirror.

The hour of seven came on apace and the little parlor in the Thomson home had been arrayed for the occasion. The few guests who had been invited had come, and Parson Trimble, accompanied by an itinerant minister of his own persuasion, was likewise on hand. But the bridegroom was strangely absent.

"I knowed he'd back out. These old bachelors hain't got the spunk of an—" "He'll come," said Polly. "Eph said he would and that settles it."

"It'll be a sorry Thanksgiving for you, Polly, if he doesn't."

The hour passed and no Epiphany. The guests looked at one another and always ended by stealing a glance at Miss Bascom. She was "frustrated," as Mrs. Thomson said. If she let this opportunity slip she might never have another. Polly always said she would be married on Thanksgiving, when she did marry, and it would be a long year before another came round.

Seven—eight o'clock struck. "Are you goin' to disappoint us? We've come to see you married and there's no Eph here. He couldn't screw his courage to the stickin' point an'—"

Polly blushed and looked across the room where the parson sat.

"I didn't think Eph would act that way," she said. "It's treatin' me rather shabbily; but just wait. I'll show him a thing or two, for no man can trifle with the affections of Polly Bascom."

In another moment the bride-to-be had crossed the room and held out her hand to the parson.

"I want to say that I disown Eph Lawson—a man who hasn't the courage to lead a young lady to the altar," she said. "I don't like to disappoint my friends and—tomorrow won't be Thanksgiving. So, Parson Trimble, if you can take me for better or worse—take me yourself, I mean," here Polly blushed again. "I'll do the best I can, and Eph Lawson will learn to his sorrow that he can't trifle with my affections."

Parson Trimble coughed a little, he said it was rather sudden, that he hadn't thought of such a thing, though all knew he had, that he didn't care to infringe on another's rights; but that he had always regarded Miss Bascom as an unexceptional woman, one who would make any man happy—

"Walk up to the foddery, parson, the supper's gettin' cold," broke in Mrs. Thomson.

"And if Polly don't get a husband this year there's no tellin' when she will," said Sally Truaxe.

And when the party filed into the dining-room Parson Trimble led the way with his new wife, and Polly wondered what Eph Lawson would say when he heard that there was at least one woman in the "desert" who had a mind of her own, and would not let her affections be trifled with.

**Disinterested Family Joy.**  
For this all are grateful, I venture to say—That gifts are not looked for on Thanksgiving day.—Chicago Record.

**A Thanksgiving Benefactor.**  
"A burglar carried off one of our turkeys."  
"You don't say so?"  
"Yes; and he left a note saying that he left us the other so we would have something to be thankful for."—Detroit Free Press.

**Thanksgiving Discrepancies.**  
Health waits on moderate poverty.  
Fate's wisdom oft we question.  
The man whose dinner's best is he  
Who has the worst digestion.  
—Washington Star.

**COMMON GRATITUDE.**

**It Demands That Each One of Us Should Return Thanks to God.**

IF TEN persons were asked what are the national holidays, nine would reply at once, New Year, Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas. As a fact there is but one defined holiday and this is Labor day.

But an eminently good and great man, who had but ill-defined ideas of God, practically inaugurated by proclamation a day, the impressiveness and beauty of which appeal with great force to all persons who possess what is termed the spiritual nature.

Previous to Mr. Lincoln's proclamations there had been at long intervals occasional orders for thanksgiving or fasting. These proclamations were at very long intervals and established no precedent. Mr. Lincoln, one of the brightest humorists of his day, likewise had a pathetic side to his nature, an earnest of which is quoted in the fact that he called, not for thanksgiving, but a day of fasting and prayer. The great soul of the man was wrapped up in the cause to which he was devoted and he felt the need of sympathy and of the prayers of good people all over the republic. He believed in the good and he felt the good in his own life. He believed in good in others and he had faith in the strength which came of the loyal support of his people.

Let it be remembered then that the real Thanksgiving, like Christianity and like Judaism, had its baptism in blood. It must not be forgotten that Thanksgiving of today is the thanksgiving not of the Puritans who established formal days of prayer and thanksgiving for the arrival of some ship or for some other petty affair, but it was born amid the tears of widowhood, the wails of orphans and the shed blood of thousands upon many fields of battle in the southland. As such and because so born, it was a holy day, a precious day, and should be accepted as such by a grateful people who ought to remember the inestimable benefits which came in those days of strife when Mr. Lincoln was in charge of the affairs of this country.

Youngest of all the nations, yet greatest in trade and in wealth, this republic has most need to be grateful for the blessings which it enjoys. All of the dreams of the eastern writers pale before the realities of the United States. Their place is first in war as in peace. Always merciful to the enemy which they have been constrained to punish, ever standing with open hand to aid foe or friend, realizing their destiny, looking forward to a future the magnificent promise of which is afforded in the past and the present, every citizen should hail and welcome and with grateful hearts recognize that Divinity who so generously has bestowed His blessings.

Man, whatever his success or his failure in life, realizes the need of a power higher and stronger than his own will. Whether lowest in scale of intelligence or highest human being, the God-thought is universal. One accepts as an act of faith the belief in a Supreme Being and that God is the bestower of all good. Common gratitude demands that one should pay this tribute and pay it loyally. The gratitude should be the more expressive in view of the inestimable blessings which are enjoyed by the people of these United States.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

**AN ADMONITION TO HUSBY.**



"Now, Charles," said Mrs. Slimdier to her lesser half on the morning of Thanksgiving day, "remember you must not eat any of the turkey, as there's only enough for the boarders."



PURITANS ON THEIR WAY TO THANKSGIVING SERVICES.

THANKSGIVING as a religious festival was defined by Washington as "a day set apart for public acknowledgment of benefits and mercies received from God." The custom for its origin may be said to be English, the first great national thanksgiving in England having been proclaimed in November of the year that saw the defeat of the Spanish armada.

Ordinarily, however, this festival of the home is rightly considered as having originated in New England in 1621, or 280 years ago, when, after having gathered a bountiful crop of Indian corn, the pilgrim fathers joyfully rendered thanks to "Him who had been with them in all their outgoings and incomings, for which let His holy name have the praise," to quote from a chronicle of the time.

This fact also explains why Thanksgiving, though coming at the end of November, is regarded, and always has been so, as a kind of American harvest home. It is the harvest of the golden corn which was the main reliance of the hardy pioneers of America and its ingathering marked the close of the year's agricultural labors.

And the season has other advantages and inducements for such a festival. When the yellow maize is garnered, the ruddy apples are in the bin and the nuts from the woods

**THANKSGIVING**



quail calling. The depths of the brooklets are pearly and clear. In the heart of the wildwood the last nuts are falling. Proclaiming to all that Thanksgiving is here.

It comes to us oft with the memories of childhood. It dawns like the morn of a mystical clime. And up from the heart of the golden-hued wildwood are wafted the strains of a Thanksgiving rhyme: It comes with the glow of the wonderful story How flashed in the heavens our country's bright star How Freedom unfurled on the ramparts of glory The flag that was born 'mid the thunders of war.

What proud recollections each Thanksgiving cluster Around the old heroes who gave us this land. Each one as it dawns on us brightens the luster The ages have given that brave little band; Behold us, the while at the Thanksgiving altars With anthems and prayer, we in gratitude bow: The proud Ship of State in the storm never falters, Untarnished its banners, undaunted its prow.

We welcome the dawn of that day in November The Pilgrims first kept in the depths of the world. We crown it anew, for 'tis sweet to remember How dearly they loved it, our forefather's old; They gave us the day which the Nation is keeping With thankfulness sacred from mountain to wave: They left us Thanksgiving—the men who are sleeping Where fall the bright beams of the sun on each grave.

As long as our Nation moves onward in splendor Thanksgiving will dawn like a paradise morn. As long as our banner has left one defender New thoughts and new glory this day will be born; Mid colors autumnal each heart will remember, As once a ward swiftly our life rivers flow: The calendar'd day of Time's frosted November—Some golden Thanksgiving that passed long ago. T. C. HARBAUGH.

**The Turkey.**  
Draw near the roost and thou shalt hear The poor fowl sorrowfully say: "I'm to be slaughtered, I much fear, To make a Yankee holiday!" —Chicago Tribune.



**AUCTION!**

**A Rare Opportunity**

ON account of poor health I have turned my entire stock of General Merchandise over to Whittemore, Gordon & Co., of Galesburg, Ills., experienced auctioneers, who will close out the same by Public Auction and private sale. The stock consists of Dress Goods, Notions, Groceries, Ladies', Men's and Children's Hosiery, Underwear and Shoes. My Loss is your gain as every thing must and will be sold at once, for whatever it will bring. Your price is ours as every dollar's worth of goods will be sold right here in Denison. This is an opportunity never before offered the people of Denison and surrounding country; a chance to buy goods at your own price regardless of cost to us. The Sale will continue until everything is sold. x x x x x

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