

DOROTHY'S PRODIGAL.

A Thanksgiving Story. "Well, I don't s'pose anybody ever saw the likes o' that!" said Miss Polly.

"That was how it happened that the two tears were glittering on Miss Polly's hand. They were very inconsistent tears, and Miss Polly had always been consistent."

"She's ever so much better this morning, Miss Polly. I think she'll pull through."

"You see Aunt Polly," she said. Polly had never been an attractive woman. She was grim and harsh and hardworking.

"I didn't think she knew one o' these people," said the bewildered Miss Polly. "I didn't suppose she knew anybody."

"Well, I don't s'pose anybody ever saw the likes o' that," said Miss Polly. "One day, when the invalid had grown strong enough to sit up and was in the great armchair all wrapped up in blankets, Miss Polly said in her own abrupt way:

"I'm going to keep Thanksgiving, Dorothy." Dorothy's eyes flashed with surprise and pleasure.

"No, Aunt Polly," was all that Dorothy said, but her pretty pale face was suddenly flushed, and her mind was already busy with plans. What a Thanksgiving they would have!

"Cook over so much, Aunt Polly," she said coaxingly. "We shall want the two long tables put together, and I want them fairly filled, because the people that will be here would not have had any Thanksgiving at home."

look over the table it absolutely laughed. A funny little quivering laugh, as though it were not used to it. Then, in a moment, everybody was laughing, and there never was such a merry crowd.

As for Miss Polly—well, there was absolutely no accounting for her. There she was, carving away as though her life depended on it, and flying her and there around the table and replenishing everybody's plate before it was half empty.

It was not a very eloquent speech, but the greatest after dinner orator could not have won her hearer's applause. Even the baby cheered because the red did. But Miss Polly was still Miss Polly, and she could take no praise that was not hers.

There were tears in Miss Polly's eyes now, sure enough, and they rolled down her cheeks without attracting the least attention, for just then a wonderful thing happened. The tramp arose from the table, took off his ragged coat, pulled off his sunburned hair

THE LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN STOOD UP, and his shaggy beard and stood there, a tall, handsome young fellow. And then the astounded company saw him go around and take Miss Polly in his arms.

"Here I am, mother," he said as he kissed her. "And you are glad to see me, after all!"

What a time it was! He told them after awhile how he had so longed for a glimpse of the old home that he had determined to disguise himself and see the house and his mother once more.

THE WHOLE YOUNG PIG roasted and stuffed, thrusting into the air four juicy trotters to the turkey's two, while not yet by any means as popular as a Thanksgiving dish as the turkey, is coming every year to engross more and more of the people's attention and appetite.

OUR OWN FESTIVAL.

Thanksgiving Peculiar to This Country. ALTHOUGH the first Thanksgiving differed very materially from its successors in that it was proclaimed as a fast and not as a feast, it terminated in a festivity.

Scarcely had the noon hour of the allotted day arrived when the long haul for ship made its welcome appearance in Massachusetts bay, the cargo was landed, and the fast was succeeded by a banquet of a sort which must have seemed sumptuous indeed to the exiles so recently plunged in hunger and hardship.

But Thanksgiving in the early days of our history was not confined to the New England pioneers alone. Just 15 years after Winthrop's proclamation—i. e., in 1645—Governor Kieft of the Dutch colony, then known as New Amsterdam, but now as New York, ordered the observance of a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving for the rest and peace which God had been pleased to bestow upon his servants.

THE NEXT NOTABLE Thanksgiving day in history fell in 1758. On that date the British and colonial army, commanded by General Forbes, attacked and captured from the French, after a fierce struggle, Fort Duquesne, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers.

MEANWHILE in New England what had begun as an occasional day of pious rejoicing had assumed the proportions of a fixed national holiday. In Massachusetts and New Hampshire it was especially popular. There was at first great latitude in regard to the day selected for the feast. Governors proclaimed the chosen date arbitrarily, and no effort was made to keep the anniversary of Winthrop's proclamation.

THE SOUTH Thanksgiving as an annual festival remained practically unknown until 1855. Virginia, standing first in the subject was neglected. This controversy, which is not generally known, deserves a brief notice. The governor of Virginia at the time was one John, a patriotic and broad minded gentleman, who had always entertained a reverence for the Puritan anniversary which was by no means common below Mason and Dixon's line.

AS A RULE, the nobleman or owner of estates makes the day one of continual festivity, when his grounds are given over to his subjects and all manner of games and outdoor sports are carried out. In his castle or home there is generally assembled a house party, and the guests join with the host and hostess in making the day one of happiness for the tenantry.

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THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

George Washington Was Born on Its Anniversary. Tradition makes Thanksgiving in this country a legacy of the pilgrims and Puritans, but it was not only the English colonies, but those of the New Netherlands also, which made attempt at yearly celebration of a day of general gratitude.

IN 1675, the year in the history of New York when the colonists mourned their dead, sacrificed to indicate a ferocity, that pregnant silence which speaks as no words can fall upon everything. Wars and rumors of wars were sad realities which blotched out the memories of all previous privations and sufferings.

THE NATIONAL FEAST. Thanksgiving's Chief Feature is a True American Bird. The chief feature of the national feast is a national bird. The turkey notwithstanding Dr. Samuel Johnson in his dictionary defined him as "a large domestic fowl, supposed to be brought from Mexico, a true American's first Thanksgiving as celebrated 280 years ago."

THE OLD STYLE PUMPKIN PIE. Some like a fancy custard pie Or apple, mince or game Or some of those from school, I'd get I now, just for the name. I ain't no p'licar none I know And different from the rest. But the good old fashioned pumpkin pie Are what I love the best.

Subsiding and Drainage. A western correspondent who has tried an experiment with subsoiling writes to The American Cultivator of his disappointment in the result. The first year turned out as he had expected, and there was an increased crop.

How to Carve a Turkey. Insert the carving fork across the middle of the breastbone. Cut through the skin between the breast and the thigh. Bend the leg over and cut off close to the body and through the joint.

A THANKSGIVING MENU. Brown Bread Triangles. Clear Soup. Grated Parmesan Cheese. Roast Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing. Bread and Giblet Salad. Baked Oatmeal. Cranberry Jelly. Mashed Potatoes. Baked Onions. Hickory Nut and Celery Salad. Cakes. Pumpkin Pie. Glace Fruit and Nuts.

HOW TO DRESS THE TABLE. If one expects to give a Thanksgiving dinner, tinted autumn leaves should be gathered and pressed with a warm iron. Nothing is more beautiful for decorating a table than tinted autumn leaves. The varicolored leaves arranged in designs or scattered about the table, give a most agreeable and autumnal beauty to the table.

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IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

The Daughters of the Confederacy Have Assumed the Responsibility of Building the Davis Monument. Mrs. Augustina T. Smythe, of Charleston, has issued the following circular to the Daughters of the Confederacy in South Carolina and has also requested its publication in our columns:

CHARLESTON, S. C. Nov. 20, 1899. To the Officers and Members of—Charleston, S. C. Division, Daughters of the Confederacy—Ladies: At the late convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Richmond, it was determined to accede to the request of the Veterans and assume the responsibility of erecting the long delayed monument to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States.

THE VICTOR BLUE MEDAL. The Women of South Carolina Have Honored the Young Naval Hero With a Beautiful Testimonial. The handsome medal to be presented to Lieut. Victor Blue, U. S. N., for his services in the Spanish War, has been completed and is on exhibition in Columbia. The Association for Patriotic Award was formed January 31, 1899, with Mrs. Ellison Capers as president, and Mrs. E. S. Jones as secretary.

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THE JEFF DAVIS MONUMENT.

A Labor of Love Which Has Been Assigned to the Women of the South. The following address to the Daughters of the Confederacy in South Carolina was issued by the president of the South Carolina division. It will doubtless result in accomplishing much for the cause so earnestly advocated:

To the South Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy: Dear Ladies and Friends: With the purpose of furthering the true aim of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and sending forth a message from the heart of the South Carolina division, I ask your indulgence for the first address to you from the office on which you have called me.

I believe I shall be doing this in placing before you my conception of the monument to be erected, and far-reaching work in which the Daughters of the Confederacy can engage until it shall be completed.

The Jefferson Davis monument has been accepted as our work. I would recommend that we meet in the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The flowers we throw upon mounds, the medals we bestow in schools, the cruelties we put under the soldiers' feet, these are all vain. These services relax the heart, soothe sympathies, enlist many workers. They gratify all, and are right claims upon us. Every stroke of the artist's brush which presents to you for consideration, heavy, but would impart to the monument, our sweet charities, our local interests, our home monuments, our dear little care of graves, are the delicate shadings which enrich and complete the wonderful picture of the Confederacy. Still we must have in it the big, strong tone which is idealized by these tender touches. This is the foundation of their excellence.

Each of us has a part among the graces of feeling, or into the "depth" of thought, and we find below the sea of general endeavor, the cable upon which we rely to send our message to the lives of future men and women.

What is the message? Not to tell them that men died and women suffered, but to tell them what they died and suffered for, and that we have the right to them for them to live for.

How shall we ensure the endurance of our message? How secure it against the hazards of time and defeat of oblivion? You must not always be here to decorate graves of men and women, can leave behind us a witness in stone—reared to face the whole world—which would testify our reverence for our statesmen and our confidence in their great work.

The Jefferson Davis monument is not the memorial of man, but it is the concrete record of the political faith of the Southern people exemplified in their great work.

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