

THANKSGIVING IN GEORGIA.

From in the oven, Rooster in the pot, Turkey on the table, Coffee awaiting hot, Casey got the 'olmoss, Vicky made the beds, Billie set the table, Be quick there, my dear, This Thanksgiving day, The president has willed Of possum, later and rooster, You and I must be killed, —Augusta (Ga.) Tribune.

Miss Lucinda's Lost Brooch

Every Thanksgiving day brought the Pettibones together under the old home roof. It was the great day of the year for them, and nothing could bring keener disappointment to young or old than to be prevented from celebrating it under the old time honored custom, which they had been brought up to regard quite as much in the light of duty as a pleasure.

Aunt Cindy, busy over the concoction of the "pumpkin" pies for which she was famous throughout all Lillbury and the region roundabout, was thinking of dead and gone Thanksgivings. As she beat a bowl of eggs into golden froth her thoughts went back to that Thanksgiving day ten years ago when a shadow fell upon her life—a shadow that had never lifted. True, but few eyes saw it nowadays, but it was in her heart yet, and all the sunshine of her quiet, peaceful life could not dispel it.

"I wonder what has become of him?" she said to herself as she sifted sugar crystals into the foaming mass. "Perhaps he's dead. Who knows? Ten years is a long time, and a great many things may happen in them."

If a tear or two fell into the bowl, I do not think the pies were any the worse for them. Perhaps they gave them a better flavor.

"He" was Robert Grant, and Robert Grant had been her lover long ago. Everybody had said "it was going to be a match" between them, and in this case "everybody" had good reasons for thinking so, for though no formal engagement had ever existed between them, there had been a tacit understanding of the heart which it is never necessary to put into words to make one's meaning and intention plain. But on that Thanksgiving day ten years ago there had arisen some misunderstanding which had parted them. Just what it was about Lucinda could not tell now as she thought about it. "We were both so foolish, so unreasonable," she had often told herself. "To think of letting two lives be parted by something so insignificant that neither fully understood what it was!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Martha Pettibone, Lucinda's sister-in-law, as she dropped into a comfortable rocking chair in one corner of the kitchen. "I'm glad we've got about done with our work, ain't you, Lucinda? I'm allus real glad to have 'em come here but one gets so high bent out with cookin' a fassin that I'm allus glad that it don't happen more'n once a year."

"Why, Cindy," suddenly, "where is your broochpin? I thought you had it on! You don't look nat'ral without it." Lucinda put her hand to her collar. The brooch she always wore was gone. "I can't think what's become of it," she said in great surprise. "I certainly had it on at breakfast time. I don't

"This will not do," she said as she looked at herself in the glass. She almost stared at the face she saw there. It was not like the face she had seen there this morning. This face seemed almost radiant.

The clock was striking 11 when John Junior sang out that "Uncle Mart is comin' back, an there is a man with him."

There was a general stampede of youngsters for the front door. Lucinda felt a wild impulse to run away. But she did not. Martha and Sarah helped her to pass the ordeal of the next few minutes by being very demonstrative and talkative, thus drawing attention from her. She saw Robert Grant come into the room; she saw him shaking hands with all the grown folks and smiling at the wondering eye children and was dimly conscious of an idea that it would take him years and years to get across the room to where she stood. Then all at once Martha spoke and said:

"An here's Cindy. She's glad, with all the rest of us, to see you back, Robert," and then she felt her hand clasped close in Robert's hand once more and heard him say:

"I'm glad to see you." Only a few simple words, but they might mean so much or so little. When they were seated at the dinner table, Martin happened to notice all at once that Lucinda didn't look familiar.

"Why, Cindy, what's become of mother's broochpin?" he asked. "I ain't seen you 'bout it afore since I can remember." "I don't know what has become of it," answered his sister. "I lost it yesterday. I'd give anything if I could find it."

"Martin's folks is here," said Martha, putting her head out of the kitchen. "Tell 'em I'll be in as soon as I've tended to the turkey."

Lucinda went into the sitting room to receive the guests. The air was full of kindly greetings and good wishes as she shook hands with the newcomers. They seemed to have brought the very spirit of Thanksgiving with them.

"Where's Martha?" asked Sister Sarah almost as soon as handshaking was over. "I want to see her about something the worst way. In the kitchen? Well, then, I'll go right in. You stay here an see to the children, Cindy, while I'm gone."

"For the lan's sake!" cried Martha as Sarah appeared in the kitchen door. "How do you do, an how's all the folks?"

"Quite well, thank you," responded Sarah, with proper politeness, which was instantly put aside as soon as the door was closed behind her and the two were alone. "Martha Pettibone, I've got some news for you. You can't guess who came to our house last night?"

"Elder Hogaboom," ventured Martha. "Elder Hogaboom, indeed?" exclaimed Sarah. "I knew you'd get way off! You'd never think of the right person. 'Twas Robert Grant!"

"For goodness sake!" cried Martha. "Air you reely in earnest, Sary? It don't seem as if it could be so. Cindy an I was a-talkin about him yesterday an wonderin what had become of him."

"Yes, 'tis so," answered Sarah, "an he's there now. We tried to coax him to come over with us, but he said he didn't know's 'twould be agreeable, but he'd like to the worst way. I jest know he was thinkin of Cindy all the time. Now, I want to know if you have any idea she'd care if he should come. I thought I'd ask you 'fore I said anything to her. Martin, he told John not to put the team out till he knows, an, if it would be agreeable, he's goin right back after Robert."

"I reckon she'd be glad to have him come," said Martha. "Oh, Sary, mebbe it'll all turn out right yet. Who knows? He—he ain't married, is he?" "No, he ain't, an I don't b'lieve he ever will be if Cindy don't have him," answered Sarah. "He blames himself for what happened. He jest the same as told me so. Call her in an ask her if she's willin he should come."

"Cindy, come in here a minit, won't you?" called Martha, in a flutter of delightful excitement. "Dear me, Sary, I feel's if somethin was goin to happen! Wouldn't it be jest splendid if they should make up?"

"What's wanted?" asked Lucinda. "Cindy," said Martha as solemnly as if about to inform her of somebody's death, "somebody's come back."

Lucinda started, and her cheeks grew pale. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came.

"He's over to Martin's, and Sary wants to know if you'd find any fault with havin him come over to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us. It don't seem jest right to let him spend such a day there alone, does it?"

"Why shouldn't he come?" said Lucinda. But it hardly seemed to either of the women as if she spoke to them. Indeed it hardly seemed to her, as she stood there face to face with the fact that after many years her old lover had come back, as if she was not alone with that one thought.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Sarah. "I'll run right out an tell Martin."

Lucinda ran up to her chamber to think it all over alone. As she shut the door she heard the sound of bells, and, looking out, she saw Martin driving swiftly up the hill road on his friendly errand. How the bells rang!

He had come back! He was coming there! She would see him again, would hear his voice and feel his hand clasping hers as in the old days when they met each other after these long years of separation! As in the old days? Perhaps not. There might have been changes of which she knew nothing. But they could at least meet as friends. Suddenly a sense of all the sorrow these vanished years had held seemed to force itself upon her as she had never comprehended it before, and she laid her head down on the window sill and cried. By and by she aroused herself.

Just at this juncture the pumpkin pies were brought in. "These are Cindy's pies," said Martha. "When I've said that, I know you'll want a piece."

"Or two pieces, more likely," answered Martin. "Let me see, you used to like Cindy's pies, Robert. I s'pose you hain't forgot how they tasted?"

"I don't believe I have," answered Robert as he took a "piece" and fell to enjoying it.

All at once he put his napkin to his mouth, and John Junior, who was enduring the tortures a boy always experiences when he has to wait, whispered to his Cousin Tiddy that he guessed that feller'd bit his tongue or something.

"How bright and pleasant it looks outside!" Robert Grant said to Lucinda after dinner. "Don't you want to take a walk?"

"I think a little of this brazing Thanksgiving day air would do me good," she answered and went up stairs after her bonnet and shawl. Her heart was all in a flutter again. Her eyes were all in a flutter again. Her eyes ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said to herself. "Thirty-five years old and acting like a girl!"

For some time neither of the two spoke as they went up the hillside road side by side. Both were too busy with thoughts of the past.

Suddenly Robert paused and faced her. "Lucinda," he said, and his voice was not very steady, "perhaps we can never be to each other what I think both of us hoped years ago, but we can, I trust, be friends. I want to tell you that I have been sorry for what I said to you that day ever since the words were spoken. But I was too stubborn to say so then. Can you, will you, forgive me at this late day?"

"I was as much to blame as you were," she answered. "I would have told you so long ago if you had given me the opportunity to do so. Let us forget it all and be friends and in our friendship make up for the loss if we can."

"But can we be nothing more to each other?" he cried, his eyes full of eagerness, his face bright with hope. "I love you yet, Lucinda! I have loved you all these years. If you can overlook the past, if you will only let me try to make you as happy in the days to come as we might have been in the days gone by!"

"Are you sure you want me?" she asked, her face quite pale. "I am no longer young, remember. Do not make the worst of all mistakes—mistaking pity for love."

"I shall make no such mistake as that," he said. "A sudden smile breaking across his face. 'You are not the woman to make an offer and then refuse to live up to it.'"

"I don't know what you mean," she said, looking at him wonderingly. "Don't you remember that you said when we were eating dinner that you would give anything to find your lost brooch? Now, that means, I take it, that whatever the person who finds it and restores it to you asks for you are bound to give him. I have found it. Here it is, Lucinda. What I ask as a reward is—yourself. You will keep your word and give me what I ask, I hope. Will you, dear, or won't you?"

"Your logic is not to be contended against," she answered, with a little laugh that somehow had a quiver in it. "I suppose you want me, Robert. If you need me and insist on having me, why, take me."

He put his arms about her and kissed her. "May nothing come between us henceforth," he said earnestly, solemnly, and her heart repeated his words.

"I suppose you wonder how I came to find the lost brooch," he said as they turned homeward. "I was going to ask you about that," she answered, "but before I got to it I thought—of something else," with a little blush, "and forgot it. Where did you find it? We have hunted high and low for it."

"You didn't find it because you didn't look in the right place," he answered. "It came to me in a piece of pumpkin pie. I have read about some one who discovered pearls in the wine she drank, but I had no idea that ordinary people of today favored their pies with articles of jewelry. I think fate had something to do with it."

The Seat of Life

Is in the nervous system, the most delicate and important part of the whole body. When the nerves become weakened or diseased, the head aches, the circulation is retarded and the digestion is deranged. Little things irritate the temper and worry the mind, which only aggravates the disease until the whole system breaks down, and nervous prostration is followed by insanity or death. Strengthen and build up the nerves and stop this downward course before it is too late.

"My trouble began with aching pains in my arms and legs, headache, indigestion, constipation and palpitation of heart until I became so nervous and run-down that I could not find relief until I commenced taking Dr. Miles' Nervine. It gave me wonderful relief, and finally restored my health, for which I am very thankful."

Dr. Miles' Nervine

strengthens the weakened nerves, rests the tired brain, gives zest to the appetite and puts new vim and vigor into the whole system. Begin to-day to get new life. Sold by druggists on guarantee. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

CONWAY'S DRESS SUIT.

Practical Joke on Visiting Elk From New Philadelphia —A Secret.

With the antlered brethren who arrived in the city yesterday afternoon was Brother Conway, a prominent Elk from New Philadelphia. He was accompanied by about half a dozen members, all from the same lodge, but Brother Conway led the procession. He was the stellar light of the whole party. Clad immaculately in Prince Albert suit, the sheen of his carefully ironed silk hat was a sight sufficient to bring envy to the hearts of his less fortunate brothers who didn't possess that crowning part of a society man's wardrobe.

To say the least, Mr. Conway was a marvel of propriety in dress and had taken particular pains to bring with him his dress suit, which he intended to wear at the reception in the evening. But there was where the envy of his brother Elks asserted itself. "Why shouldn't Conway wear his?" they murmured. It is said that the chief magistrate of New Philadelphia, who was in the party, concocted the foul plot of stealing Mr. Conway's evening dress suit. The loving but jealous New Philadelphia brothers immediately started out to consummate their villainy and after taking out Mr. Conway's swallow tailed coat they were mean enough to put in an old alpaca coat and vest.

Mr. Conway's wrath knew no bounds when he discovered his loss. He threatened the proprietor of the Conrad with dire vengeance, and upon the advice of Mayor Ackey, of New Philadelphia, he presented the clerk with a bill for \$45.50. The old 50 cents being the price of two collars which were also missing. Search was made for the lost dress suit but it was not found.

SAYS HE DECEIVED HER.

Bride of Two Months Wants Divorce -- Various Grounds.

Cecil M. Fruet is weary of married life after but two months experience. She was married to Caesar Fruet on September 24, 1900, in the city of Canton. The plaintiff says she is the mother of five small children by a former marriage. She asserts that her husband secured her consent to the marriage by fraud, representing that he owned a house, eight acres of land and \$500 in cash. She has discovered that these stories are wholly untrue. The husband not only deceived her as to his worldly goods, but has called her vile names from day to day and threatened to strike her. It is asserted that Caesar Fruet deserted his wife and has gone to Brazil. J. B. Snyder is attorney for plaintiff.

MAIL WAS SOAKED.

Letters and Newspapers For Cantonians, Received a Ducking.

The mail pouches that came to Canton Wednesday morning via the C. & P., were soaked with water. They had received a ducking in the river at Beaver, when the midnight mail train crashed through the bridge at that place. The Parkersburg Sentinel, a newspaper received at the News-Dispatch office, had passed through the catastrophe. It was an eight page paper but it weighed a pound, and had been crushed in the jam when the train was wrecked.

Buch-Ryan.

Mr. Victor Buch, of this city, and Miss Esther Ryan, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Osnaburg, were united in marriage November 27, by Rev. G. M. Schmucker, at the Lutheran parsonage on North Cherry street. After a short bridal trip they will make their home in this city.

Killed in Football Game.

Willis Potts, a son of Editor W. S. Potts, of the Lisbon Patriot, was killed in a football game at Kenyon college, Gambier, Ohio, Saturday.

W. J. Piero was in Youngstown Tuesday on legal business.

LATE SENATOR DAVIS

Eulogized by Judge William R. Day--Was a Statesmen and a Scholar.

Judge William R. Day, who served on the peace commission with the late Senator Davis, was seen, Wednesday, by a News-Democrat reporter and asked for a statement concerning the dead senator. Judge Day said: "I regard Senator Davis as one of the ablest lawyers and foremost statesmen of the country. His position as chairman of the senate committee on foreign relations brought him in touch with our foreign policy. He was a close student of all international questions and his opinions were always of great value to the administration. "Senator Davis was a very capable debater in power of statement and ability to present a cause in which he was interested, either orally or in writing. His report on the Cuban situation, just before the breaking out of the Spanish war, was a masterpiece, both in matter and diction. His position and familiarity with foreign affairs, as well as his general fitness, led to his appointment as a member of the commission to negotiate the treaty with Spain. His knowledge and readiness made him a much valued member of that commission. "It is very unfortunate, with so many important matters pending, that the country is to be deprived of Senator Davis' experience and ability. "Personally Senator Davis was a delightful man. He will be greatly missed from the public service and sincerely mourned by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

\$10,000 VERDICT.

It Is Confirmed By Judge Kohler at Akron Wednesday.

Special to News-Democrat. Akron, Nov. 23.—Judge Kohler, today, confirmed the verdict in the case of the administrator of Conductor Waburn, who was killed some time ago, on the A. O. & C. electric road. A verdict of \$10,000 against the company had been rendered. As a result of the story published yesterday concerning the plot to rob the People's Saving bank and two traveling men at the Windsor hotel, an investigation has been begun by the city commissioners in the police department. Results are looked for.

At midnight, last night, the home of Joseph Gordon, on Livingstone street, was found to be on fire. Gordon is a junk dealer and had the cellar of the house packed full of paper and junk, and it is thought the fire started in the paper stored there. The family escaped without injury, although some of their clothing was destroyed. In East Akron, a house which had just been finished and was still unoccupied, owned by E. E. Stein, of Cuyahoga Falls, was found to be on fire, early in the evening. It is thought to have been set on fire. Deputy Fire Marshal Hart is investigating.

ARMS TORN OFF.

[News-Democrat Leased Wire Service.] Wooster, Nov. 23.—While James Wilson, a wealthy farmer, was feeding a corn husker this morning, both arms were drawn into the machine and torn off at the elbows.

MARRIAGE PERMITS.

- Victor Buch, 36.....Canton
Hattie Murphy, 24.....Canton
Victor Buch, 24.....Canton
Esther Ryan, 21.....Osnaburg
William H. Eckinger, 32.....Canton
Louisa Seiler, 36.....Canton
Frank Galligan, 28.....Norwalk
Emma Kramer, 26.....Massillon
Jerry Akey, 26.....Wilmington
Ella Shisler, 19.....Justus
George W. Larden, 22.....Canton
Elizabeth Marks, 22.....Canton
Jay A. Wright, 36.....Glenville
Lydia A. Wildman, 24.....Hartsville
Peter Gettle, 24.....Canal Dover
Marie S. Elcher, 21.....Canton
Franklin F. Felix, 28.....Burton City
Bertha Royer, 21.....Crystal Springs
Joseph R. Elsass, 29.....Massillon
Emma L. Roberts, 26.....Stanwood
Henry E. Jones, 25.....Mapleton
Grace E. Shearer, 21.....Mapleton
G. W. Stenbach, 23.....Navarre
Edith E. Boughman, 31.....Justus
Lawrence H. Oyster, 20.....Alliance
Mary Timley, 19.....Alliance
Edward Johnson, 29.....New Baltimore
Emma Keyser, 26.....Oval City
Joel Conrad, 30.....Louisville
Rosa Schmucker, 35.....Barryville
Frank Atkins.....Canton
Ann Auld.....Canton
L. L. Zeiger, 32.....Louisville
Lena Yochum, 32.....Alliance
Joseph P. Cusack, 28.....Wooster
Bridget Ann Dealey, 25.....Canton

AN OLD TIME FEAST.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING IN PLYMOUTH COLONY.

Miles Standish and John Alden Greet Massachusetts and His Brave—Visants With Which They Were Regaled, Roast Pig and Succotash.

A background of woods, all flushed with many hues, a canopy of white drifting sky with here and there a bright blue spot, bring to the mind an idea of the day and the surroundings amid which our brave Plymouth sires founded our day of Thanksgiving.

Before the summer tresses of trees have fully gone in a small clearing of the somber woods two snowy tables are spread. At the left is a log house with one large chimney, from which issues, into the clear autumn air, a cloud of smoke. The fair faced Puritan women are hurrying in and out, preparing for the feast. At a little distance the governor, elder and captain of the colony are eagerly talking and at short intervals peering into the surrounding woods in anticipation of the arrival of Massachusetts and his braves. Here also is John Alden, that fair Saxon stripling, who, peering through the shadows of the forest boughs, sees, at some distance still, a thin, dark line, which, growing each moment more certain in outline, tells of the approach of the Indian warriors."

"At this moment Miles Standish calls, "Are they yet in sight, my friend?" "Almost within speaking distance, captain," and with this reply John Alden enters the kitchen.

"Good day, John Alden," says a fresh young voice, and he, looking eagerly in the direction from which it comes, sees a dear face all smiling in its happiness. "Is it not well that we have such a fair day?" Priscilla further asks before the mantle of shyness has quite left him. At this moment the Indians, headed by Massasoit, entered the clearing and were greeted by the governor. "Welcome, friends; welcome!" he said in a hearty, jovial voice and led them directly to the table.

The men of Plymouth colony had invited these guests for a friendly concourse and combined with this plan the harvest feast. Delicate appetites were in those times rather a defect than a grace, and hospitality consisted in providing great quantities and many varieties of food. Realizing this fact, the good women of Plymouth had prepared accordingly. The harvest had been abundant, and the result was a goodly feast. Plenty of dishes of pewter and wood lined the table, and by each lay a napkin and spoon, but neither knives nor forks, for these were regarded as curious implements of extreme luxury. Massasoit sat next to the excellent elder at the table with the colonists, while the men of his tribe sat, at a little distance, beside the other table.

What a feast greeted the eyes of the guests! Chowder and roasted pig in plenty, succeeded by a mighty dish of succotash, that compound of dried beans, bulled corn, salted beef, pork and chicken, may be called the charter dish of Plymouth; then came wild fowl dressed in various ways, a great bowl of salad of Priscilla's composition and at last various sweet dishes, all deliciously prepared and how strangely new to the Indians!

After Elder Brewster had said a blessing all began the meal. It was a beautiful sight. The bright, pure sunshine on all—the women coming from the cookroom laden with steaming dishes, the Puritan elders extending hospitality, the Indians, friends of the white men and native owners of the soil, enjoying their new surroundings. All are happy in the pleasure of friendship and rich in this, the first harvest of Plymouth, which God had endowed.

In gazing through the mist which envelops the time intervening between that first Thanksgiving day and this Thanksgiving day we see again those brave and loyal hearted men in the dusk of that primeval forest bidding good night to their sworn allies, Massasoit and his followers. We follow them until they pass through the woods and fade from sight amid the distant hills.

Again in retrospection the faces of those serene and glorious men and women appear to us in all their simple grandeur. Notwithstanding the sufferings that they experienced the preceding winter, these founders of our ever growing land chose a day which was filled with thanksgiving to God for having brought them through the shadows to this bright harvest day.

Thanksgiving Am Creeper Round, In de fall of de year, when de leaves turn brown, An drap fum de trees till dey kiver up de ground, An de ripe persimmons come a-patterin down, Ez yo' from hite turn an it looks like snow, Den you bettah watch out, kaise befo' you know Thanksgiving day will be on yo' sho. So wake up, niggahs, git out'a yo' beds, Dah's no Thanksgiving fur sleepy heads. Go noseln' round, an ef you see A turkey gobbler in a tree, Jes' praise de Lawd an hab no fear, Thanksgiving day an a-drawin' neah.

If a white man thinks fak to hab some fun, An fog sees him a-losin' up t' big shagun, Den s'ry swaks, niggah, when yo' day's work's done, Keep 'yer fum dat turkey wid al' yo' might An lay aroun' loose till a rainy d'ight, Den 'erley in de mornin, befo' hit gets light, Jes' ketch dat gobbler by de feet An say, "Come heah, my turkey meat!" Den he a-fear'd, but bear in mind, Day's mighty essence so hard to find, Jes' shet yo' eyes an pull him down, Thanksgiving day an a-creeper round. —Phil (Alpha) Frank