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LINIMENT

IN COUNTRY TOWN

Reasons Why Thanksgiving Is Always Interesting There.

THANKSGIVIN' day in a country town is allus interestin' on account 'th' folks that come back homes. Some o' us kin git by th' Fourth o' July or fair week or even Christmas an' New Years, but somehow ther's somethin' 'bout Thanksgiving day that kind o' makes us want t' be back home. Then, too, one nice long dull Thanksgiving' afternoon in a B flat town is enough t' make us all satisfied t' stay away fer another whole year.

Our town looks real cosmopolitan like t'day, as Tell Binkley would say. On ever' corner you kin see little clumps o' fellers that haint met in years holdin' reunions an' talkin' about ole times. Some o' 'em look like they had lots t' be thankful fer an' some o' 'em look like th' place they come from ought t' be thankful, while still others look like our town ought t' be thankful that Thanksgiving' only comes once a year.

Sam Bud, who traded his farm here fer a Floridy orange grove some years ago came in from th' north this morn-



Laurel Spray, from the West, is in Town Wearing a Straw Hat.

in'. He says this is th' first time that he's ever had clothes an' money enough at th' same time t' git back.

Hallie Mopps, who's been gone about ten years, is home from Coshoc-ton, Ohio. He says he's lied so long about th' size o' his father's farm here that he hardly recognized it when he got back.

Grayson Mapes wuz about th' first feller that showed up fer Thanksgiving'. His folks have been dead fer thirty years an' he never knowed it. 'Bout th' last thing anybody ever heard o' him wuz in 1876, when he sent his mother a Centennial edition o' th' Philadelphia Ledger. He come over from Jeffersonville on parole but nobody knowed him.

Joe Apple is back in town shakin' hands, too. His whiskers have been driven back an' his step haint quite as springy as it wuz before he traded his hardware store fer some rice land in Arkansas. He's jst a plain shoveler now somewhere's in Michigan. He says that while th' work is a little harder than bein' in business, ther haint no books t' keep an' ther haint nothin' invested an' you kin lay off when it rains.

Laurel Spray, who sold his farm here two years ago an' invested in a gold mine out West, is in town wearin' a straw hat. He says he's been so busy gittin' home that th' weather never occurred t' him. He may stay here an' go back in th' band if he kin trade his minin' stock fer a clarinet.

But ups an' downs er no ups an' downs, a feller is still purty rich that's got a good mother an' father t' go back to. Ther haint no mashed p'tatoes an' roast turkey an' minced pie anywhere else on earth that kin touch your mother's. Her coffee is generally purty bad, but we won't say anything about that. I don't care how any feller is gittin' along, whether he's single or tied down, he feels a whole lot better if he knows he's got an ole home t' go back to. O' course your father haint as gushy as mother—but even if you did leave th' farm jst at a time when he needed you th' most, he's proud o' you. Jst as long as you don't ask father fer any money, either directly er thro' mother, he's proud o' you.

But mother is th' one. She believes ever'thing you tell her. She knows you have t' hurry away an' that where you've been workin' has had t' close down till you git back. You're her boy an' things can't git along without you.

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Universal Thanksgiving.
Some call November the dreary month of the year, the black sheep of the 12; and yet it is the month of thankfulness, the completion of the fruitage of the year. In the woods the squirrels are industriously at work among their last gleanings before cold weather sets in, their happy "chee-cheer" joining with the culls of the blue jays and crows and smaller birds in the universal paean of thanksgiving. In the underbrush and in the meadows the mice, too, are harvesting, with their hearts full of gladness. Bees are buzzing over goldenrod and wild asters and other late flowers; the quail that have escaped the hunter are, like Ruth, gathering the last grains in the farmer's fields; while the farmer himself and his boys are loading the golden pumpkins into the big farm wagons to carry away for winter storage for use by both the family and the cattle.

"PRAISE THE LORD!"

Thanksgiving Song in Boston Harbor Rings in the Ears Today.

"Praise ye the Lord!" The psalm today Still rises on our ears, Borne from the hills of Boston bay Through five times fifty years. When Winthrop's fleet from Yarmouth crept Out to the open main, And through the widening waters swept, In April sun and rain. "Pray to the Lord with fervent lips," The leader shouted, "Pray," And prayer arose from all the ships As faded Yarmouth bay.

They passed the Scilly Isles that day, And May-days came, and June, And thrice upon the ocean lay The full orb of the moon. And as that day, on Yarmouth bay, Ere England sunk from view, While yet the rippling Solent lay In April skies of blue. "Pray to the Lord with fervent lips," Each morn was shouted, "pray," And prayer arose from all the ships, As first in Yarmouth bay;

Blew warm the breeze o'er western seas, Through Maytime morns, and June, Till hailed these souls the Isles of Shoals, Low 'neath the summer moon; And as Cape Ann arose to view, And Norman's Woe they passed, The wood-doves came the white mist through, And circled round each mast. "Pray to the Lord with fervent lips," Then called the leader, "Pray," And prayer arose from all the ships, As first in Yarmouth bay.

Above the sea the hill-tops fair— God's towers—began to rise, And odors rare breathe through the air, Like hymns of Paradise. Through burning skies the ospreys flew, And near the pine-cooled shores Danced airy boat and thin canoe, To flash of sunlit oars. "Pray to the Lord with fervent lips," The leader shouted, "Pray," Then prayer arose, and all the ships Sailed into Boston bay.

The white wings folded, anchors down, The sea-worn fleet in line, Fair rose the hills where Boston town Should rise from clouds of pine; Fair was the harbor, summit-walled, And placid lay the sea. "Praise ye the Lord," the leader called; "Praise ye the Lord," spake he, "Give thanks to God with fervent lips, Give thanks to God today," The anthem rose from all the ships, Safe moored in Boston bay.

"Praise ye the Lord!" Primeval woods First heard the ancient song, And summer hills and solitudes The echoes rolled along. The Red Cross flag of England blew Above the fleet that day, While Shawmut's triple peaks in view In amber hazes lay. "Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips, Praise ye the Lord today," The anthem rose from all the ships, Safe moored in Boston bay.

The Arabella leads the song— The Mayflower sings below, That erst the Pilgrims bore along The Plymouth reefs of snow. Oh! never be that psalm forgot That rose o'er Boston bay, When Winthrop sang, and Endicott, And Saltonstall, that day. "Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips, Praise ye the Lord today," And praise arose from all the ships, Like prayers in Yarmouth bay.

That psalm our fathers sang we sing, That psalm of peace and wars, While o'er our heads unfolds its wing The flag of forty stars. And while the nation finds a tongue For nobler gifts to pray, 'Twill ever sing the song they sung That first Thanksgiving day: "Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips, Praise ye the Lord today," So rose the song from all the ships, Safe moored in Boston bay.

Our fathers' prayers have changed to psalms, As David's treasures old Turned, on the Temple's giant arms, To lily-work of gold. Ho! vanished ships from Yarmouth's tide, Ho! ships of Boston bay, Your prayers have crossed the centuries wide To this Thanksgiving day! We pray to God with fervent lips, We praise the Lord today, As prayers arose from Yarmouth ships, But psalms from Boston bay. —Hezekiah Butterworth.

All Should Be Grateful.
There is something about the shocked grain in the fields, the heaps of yellow pumpkins, the stubble of the cut corn and wheat, even the blue-gray of the November sky which bends low like a benediction that speaks of plenteousness, of fruition, of God's loving care. It is the universal thanksgiving, the uplifting of all his creatures' hearts in praise.

IMPOSSIBLE



THAT ELUSIVE BIRD

Sad Story of Two Men Who Went Forth Gaily to Slay a Turkey.



THE CONFIDENT START



THE TRIUMPHANT STRATEGY



THE TURKEY'S OBJECTION



THE TURKEY'S DEPARTURE



THE OBSTACLE ENCOUNTERED



THE FINAL TRIUMPH

SEEMS TO FIND LITTLE JOY
Possibly Premonition of Its Fate Makes the Turkey Such a Confirmed Pessimist.

The turkey is a serious bird. The expression written on his bill, as he looks mournfully out over the world or walks solemnly, his long neck swaying here and there in search of the passing grasshopper, is that of a settled melancholy due to the certainty of fate and to the hereditary loss of his illusions.

For, ever since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, the lives of countless generations of the turkey family have been cut short in their prime by sudden and bloody tragedy. What would be the effect upon the minds and hearts of a human family if every member of it for 300 years back had met a violent and bloody end just upon reaching maturity? A pall would hang over the annals of the house. Despair, fixed and settled, would be written into the very constitutions of its members, and life would become a burden, a curse almost too great to be borne. It must have been that one of the Pilgrim Fathers, viewing the end of the turkey as symbolic of that of man, wrote that cheerful ditty which our ancestors were accustomed to sing in their gathering for divine worship:

Thy years are one eternal day, And must thy children die so soon? —Minneapolis Journal.

Joy in Thanksgiving.
It is a pity that so few pious people have learned how to participate in the deep happiness that is contained in thanksgiving to God for events that bring joy or for happy days. If some joyous event comes quite unexpectedly or long desired into our life, if father or son returns from the war, if convalescence comes at last, if a victory is won, how warm and generous then rises the impulse from the soul's depths to seek a Spirit whom one can thank for it all! Happy he who knows then the way to the throne of God! Then the vibrations of the soul ring out a joyous thanksgiving to God. This thanksgiving to him to whom in faith we attribute the event gives it its significance, gives it place in a vast, holy process, that is above all other things.

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