

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

Turkeys
Ducks
Rabbit
Sweetbreads
Phones 4 and 359

We supplied hundreds of families last year WITH THEIR THANKSGIVING TURKEYS and have again secured an abundant supply of the famous **TENNESSEE BRONZE TURKEYS** They've been specially fed and are firm, tender, toothsome.

Veal
Lamb
Beef
Pork
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HER THANKSGIVING DINNER

YOUNG Mrs. John Vincent Harris approached the butcher's block timidly.

"How do you do, Mr. Butcher? Please wait on me. I don't know what I want exactly. I want something for a Thanksgiving dinner. No—that is, I don't think I want a turkey unless—perhaps you have one really would do. You haven't? Then I think I won't take a turkey. These all look so—so different.

"You see, my husband," she word comes with difficulty "has asked his family to take their first meal—I mean they are to dine with us for the first time since we went to housekeeping, so I want everything to look as if I were accustomed to it. No, I am not used to such a large family, and you must help me to calculate. There are his father, mother, the girls and a son-in-law. You see, Alice, the second daughter, was married in an auto car, but maybe you don't care for romantic marriages.

"I asked Mr. John Vincent Harris when he kissed that is, when he left me this morning what I should buy, and he said to get— I declare, I believe I've forgotten! Oh, yes, now I know. He spoke of a bird and a bottle. I have you any birds in bottles? No? That's too bad. And after I had been so careful to remember too! Perhaps a duck would be nice, only ducks have such homely feet. No, I just couldn't serve a duck to his family. Why, all his sisters are so proud of their feet and wear French heels. There are five of them—sisters, I mean—and they will all be there. I almost wish I could have married a man with half as many sisters. Why, how funny! Then there'd be two and a half sisters, and that's not possible, you know.

"Of course I must not keep you waiting. I don't really mean to monopolize your time, but— Oh, dear! What shall I get? I guess you may send me a squib—that's a young dove, you know. I like one at a restaurant once just after I was engaged. That's quite a while ago, because we've been married ever so long. You just ought to see my presents. I've got them all spread out and— What? You don't think a squib—squib, I said—will be large enough? Well, maybe not.

"What shall I get? Let me see. Gese! Yes, you may send me three geese—not too small. Please be sure to cover their feet, and—no, you need not dress them, because I don't want to make you extra work, and you know I'd have to undress them before I baked them. And, please, Mr. Butcher, see that their eyes are closed, for I never could have the heart to put them into the oven if they were looking at me.

"Thank you. You have been so kind that I have a notion to tell you a secret. Yes, I will.

"Now, don't you forget."



"I MUST NOT KEEP YOU WAITING."



"NOW, DON'T YOU FORGET."

This is my first experience at a meat store. Yes, I think I've done pretty well. I am afraid I did not just a little to you about being married a long time, because, really, you know I haven't. Why, how did you guess it? We have just got back from our trip to Niagara.

"No, I won't keep you any longer. By the way, I shall want a few pounds of giblets—no, giblets—for gravy, so please send them. Don't forget about

closing the eyes. Thank you. Good day."

She returns hastily. "Oh, I nearly forgot to order salt pork. Mr. John Vincent Harris is so fond of it for breakfast. Please don't send any fat with it, because we are not Jack Spratt and his wife. What? No, they are not neighbors. I thought you might know them. No, they don't trade here. Now, don't forget the things I've told you. Good day."—Chicago News.

ABE'S THANKSGIVING PUDDING

The Tidbit That Delighted a Black Boy's Heart.

"Granny, is Thanksgiving-day for us poor colored people as well as for de rich ladies you wash for?"

"Why, Abe Lincoln, what is you talkin' about? Ain't you bring you up to ask such questions? Don't de good Lord see as how we nuss' de Thanksgiving day for everybody?" answered de old woman, looking up from her sewing board at her small grandson who was putting potatoes by de stove.

"Hah, granny, you said as we be too poor for any sort of eatin', and if we got cabbage an' ketchup de rich folks might peck an' I wouldn't be puddin' mighty well." And Abe looked ready to set up a wall of paper.

"It ain't a hard nut to bite a puddin' de good Lord says you nuss' t'nt your enemies, boy, but it don't gib us no encouragement to keep fit faces for our stomach," granny replied severely.

"I ain't got no enemies to lute 'cept dey is de boys on de nex' street dat calls me 'de how-legged nigger kid' an' I knut lub 'em as much as a peddlin' nohow. I do so want real food de sort Miss Gray done sent me las Kismis when I broke my leg."

"Plum puddin'! Well, you air mighty 'bitious to want dat, but you keep on with your potatoes an' granny will see what she kin do," declared she more kindly as she stared at her crippled little grandson, the last one left of her once large family. "I'll done gib Abe Lincoln a spree," she thought as with a flash of joy she called to mind a pudding of the old time.

And this is the pudding that delighted little Abe's heart on Thanksgiving and made him feel as if he, too, participated in the feasts and good things of the day:

Cut up two cups of bread fine, half a cup of chopped suet, half a cup of molasses, one egg, one cup of raisins, one cup of sweet milk in which half a teaspoonful of soda is dissolved, half a teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a pinch of mace and salt. Boil two hours in a tin pudding boiler. Eat with foaming sauce, which is made thus: Beat half a cup of butter to a cream, add one cup of granulated sugar and stir until it is white and foaming. Just before serving pour on one cup of boiling water and stir a moment.—Christian Work.

Our Thanksgiving Pie.

Oh, pumpkin, smiling on the vine,
I ween, a handsome fellow!
But listen to these words of mine
Which I'm about to tell, oh!

"All, all is vanity, I trow,"
Thus truly saith the preacher,
And vanity is lurking now
In every pumpkin feature.

I grant thou hast a mellow cheek
And very fairly rounded,
But on that happy fact this week
Thy downfall will be founded.

Since thou'rt so handsome on the vine
(Which well I can't deny, oh!),
Methinks thou sure wilt look divine
In our Thanksgiving pie, oh!

—Klata Parolan.

Strange Adventures of Stolen Money.

Paris Correspondence London Standard.

To avenge himself on a bank which he held responsible for the loss of his savings, Louis Teoduls Lelong, a Paris bootmaker, entered the service of one of the partners in the bank and succeeded in stealing 2,000 pounds. He placed this money in an iron box, which he concealed in his mother-in-law's vault at a cemetery and fled, after informing his wife and stepdaughter.

At length he became tired of concealment, gave himself up to the police, and confessed all. When the police searched the vault they found the box gone, and Mme. Lelong admitted that she had removed it to her sister's house. The police hastened thither and recovered the box, only to discover that it was empty. They have now ascertained that the step-daughter took the money, which was in notes, from the box, and sewed the notes into the lining of her petticoat.

CHILD'S BODY FOUND WEDGED IN CHIMNEY.



FRANK DE ROSA.



CHIMNEY IN WHICH BODY WAS FOUND.

WONDERFUL NEW ANESTHETIC.

Patient Under Influence of Stovaine Talks as Surgeons Cut.

London Cable by New York Sun.

An operation performed in the city of the sea, the hospital of Greenwich by Prof. J. J. Jonnesco, dean of the University of Bucharest, demonstrated a noteworthy development in the application of the wonderful anesthetic stovaine.

Stovaine the drug had been confined to operations below the waist, its depressing influence upon the heart excluding its employment in operations involving the upper part of the body. Now, however, it has been discovered that this disadvantage can be overcome by employing stovaine in combination with stovaine, and it was to demonstrate this that Prof. Jonnesco today, in the presence of some 10 London surgeons, operated to remove a mass of tuberculous glands from a man's neck.

He informed the surgeons that he had used no general anesthetic in any operation at the hospital in the last eighteen months, having in that period performed more than 200 operations of various kinds under stovaine injections.

In the present case Prof. Jonnesco inserted a hypodermic needle into the spinal canal between two of the vertebrae at the base of the neck and injected three centigrams of stovaine and five centigrams of sulphate of strychnine dissolved in water. After a minute the patient was placed on the operating table and his head and shoulders were lowered so that the numbing fluid might spread upward.

Two minutes later the operation was carried out in the ordinary manner. No chloroform or other general anesthetic was used. The patient was perfectly conscious throughout and answered questions of the surgeons rationally.

"Do you feel any pain?" asked one.

"No," replied the man cheerfully.

"Are you quite comfortable?" he was asked.

"Yes, thank you," he replied.

There was something uncanny to the onlookers to see the patient's unconcerned manner and hear him talk while there was a gaping wound in his neck three inches long. After the bandages had been fixed the man got off the table and walked to the next room, where a stretcher was waiting to take him to a ward.

Brains in Mississippi.

Baltimore American.

"In the matter of furnishing intellect to other parts of the union, Mississippi has done its full share," remarked Col. J. N. Wildberger, a Natchez lawyer, at the City Hotel.

"Our state has contributed no less than six United States senators to the present upper house of the American congress, not including its own two senators. Among these are Francis G. Newlands, the exceedingly clever statesman from Nevada, and George F. Chamberlain, who was elected to the senate as a democrat in the overwhelming republican state of Oregon; both these national legislators are of Mississippi origin, and so is Joseph W. Bailey, the brilliant senator from Texas.

"Another son of whom we are proud is secretary of war in Mr. Taft's cabinet, and it is doubtful whether there is any one of his official family on whom the president leans more heavily for support when delicate and difficult problems are to be considered.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"

"Yes."

"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"

"No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."—Houston Post.

REPUBLIC FOR ENGLAND.

British Labor Leaders Open Campaign Against Monarchy.

London Dispatch to New York Herald.

There is no denying that society is more than a little concerned at the great freedom which certain leaders of the labor party and others have recently been allowing themselves in speaking of King Edward's place in the constitution.

I understand that these speeches are not sporadic or accidental, but must be reckoned as the first hints of the opening of a definite campaign against the monarchy in this country. Informal exchanges of opinion have already taken place between certain labor and Irish members, and the speeches to which I have referred and the questions which have been put in the house about the Prince of Wales' position in the navy are the first results.

There is no doubt that an attempt is about to be made to raise again the banner of republicanism, which has been buried and hidden away in England since the early days of the reign of Queen Victoria. There is an extreme section in the radical party which would give its support to this propaganda, and the idea that it has also the sympathy of Mr. Lloyd George may have given rise to the rumor that there are strained relations between him and the king.

GETTING THE NEWS.

Chicago News.

How went the game, old friend? It seems I'm sadly out of plumb; I've just waked up from ether dreams. My brain is rather dumb, I know my mind is somewhat weak, My body is the same, 'Tis quite a task for me to speak, But, say, how went the game?

I know they walked upon my face Until I finally hucked, My neck's completely out of place, And fourteen ribs are cracked; I know their fullback broke my nose—I can't recall his name! I'm sure that eye I gave him shows And, say, how went the game?

Oh, let me hear the story now; Speak up, I pray you, friend, Just sit down and tell me how We played it at the end, We won! That works a wondrous spell, Though I am sick and lame, I'll have no trouble getting well, Since we have won the game!

Some men get along fairly well with their families by hardly ever being home.

Nonsense is all right for people who don't think it is sense.

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