



THANKSGIVING. 'Tis for the turkey, so toothsome and good, 'Tis for the holiday, well understood...

THANKSGIVING DAY. Over the river and through the wood, To granddaddy's house we'll go; To carry the sleigh Through the white and drifted snow...

Over the river and through the wood, And straight through the barnyard gate; We seem to go Extremely slow; It is so hard to wait!

GRANDMA'S "THANKFULLEST" THANKSGIVING DAY. "Oh, deary me," sighed Teddy. It was Thanksgiving Day, and all of the family had gone to church...

"I don't believe dinner time will ever come," he answered, mournfully. "Tell me a story, grandma an' then, maybe it won't seem so long."

"That's about the idea of a good many people have of it," said grandma, "but, Ted, the best Thanksgiving Day I ever had in my life we didn't have anything but mush and milk and baked potatoes for dinner."

"Why, grandma!" said Ted. "Now, Teddy, when we thank a person for anything, what do we mean? If I were to give you an orange, what would you mean when you said, 'Thank you?'"

Teddy drew his brows together and thought for fully two minutes. "I'd mean," he said, slowly, "I'd mean I was glad to get it, an' thought it was mighty good of you to give it to me."

"That's it," said grandma, "and Thanksgiving Day is a day when we are to think about the things God has given us, and to tell him we are glad to get them, and think it is good in Him to give them to us. Now, do you understand?"

was cross and fretful. She had a cold, but we hadn't thought much about it, but all that day an' the next she kept growing worse, and the day that we looked for father back she had a high fever and was breathing hard.

"Well, one day, two days, three days, passed, and still no signs of father, and Mary grew no better. Then our meal gave out and we had nothing but milk and potatoes. Mother had me parch some corn and punch it, and we ate that, for she couldn't leave Mary a moment. We had no doctor, you know, and mother just had to doctor her the best she could herself, and she couldn't send for any of our neighbors, for they were all too far away for John and myself to walk, and father had both horses."

"At last, the day before Thanksgiving, John and I were at the window, in the place we never left when mother didn't need us, watching for father, though by this time mother had begun to believe something terrible had happened to him, when we saw a speck moving across the prairie. We never took our eyes off it, you may be sure, and it grew larger, and finally became two specks, and then came closer and closer until we saw it was father and he carried one arm in a sling."

"Well, when he had gotten there and had come in, and we all stopped crying long enough, he told us what had kept him. On the way there old Baldy had suddenly gotten his foot in a hole and stumbled, throwing father over his head. He never knew how long he lay there, but when he came to himself both horses were standing by him, and somehow, although his wrist was sprained and he had hurt his head, he managed to get on and ride to town. But he had to stay there until his head got better."

"That night he and mother took turns sitting up with Mary, and the first thing I heard when I woke the next morning was Mary saying, 'Pappy, in a weak little voice—the first word she had said for days. And, although we had only mush and milk and potatoes for dinner, that was the 'thankfullest' Thanksgiving Day I ever spent."

"Grandma," said Teddy, laying his hand on hers, "don't you b'lieve if you'd had turkey you might have been a little thankfuler?"

"No," said grandma. "I felt so glad that God had brought father home again safe, and made Mary better, and felt that it was good in Him to do it, there wasn't any room in my heart for a bit more of thankfulness; for, Teddy boy, it isn't what we have on our table, but what we have in our hearts that makes a real Thanksgiving Day."—Bible and Reflector.

WHEN JANEY AND JIMMEY KEPT STORE. Janey and Jimmy had been blackberry-picking. They were on their way home, each with a large tin bucket filled to the brim with the biggest, fattest and juiciest berries. They were so sweet, too.

"They're the splindest berries ever," exclaimed Janey, as for the hundredth time she stopped and lifted the covering of green leaves to peep at the fruit. "I guess mother will think so, too," said Jimmy, and he also stopped and peeped at his berries. "Won't they make a splendid cobbler!" And his mouth watered as he thought of it—Jimmy was very fond of blackberry cobbler.

"Say, let's go home by the Branch road—it's shorter." "Well, let's sit down a while and rest." So in turns walking a while and resting a while in the shade, they finally came to the main street of the village.

"I'll hurry, children, all that I can do to her. Her eyes lighted with satisfaction when the answers were correct, and when they were wrong her disappointment was quite decided. "Granny had been gone but a short time when a woman came in to buy lettuce. When she had measured it and put the money on the counter, she looked at the blackberries. "They are too small," she said, and did not buy any."

Presently another woman came in. She, too, bought lettuce, and looked at the berries, but she, also, found them too small. Then there were several other customers. They all looked at the berries, but said they were too small.

"I guess poor Granny won't sell those berries." "Well, they are dreadful small," said Jimmy. "But they are sweet," said Janey, as she tasted one of the berries. "But you see folks want big ones."

No more customers came in for a while. Suddenly Janey said: "Let's sell our berries to the next person that comes." "Why, Janey Morris!" "Oh, I mean instead of Granny's; we'll give her the money, of course, and we can take her's instead."

"But we want a cobbler!" objected Jimmy. "Granny's berries are just as good for a cobbler—they are sweet." Jimmy remembered how good Granny always was to the children. She always put in extra pieces when they bought candy. So he said: "All right. There is a lady coming now."

The lady wanted blackberries. "We have some here," said Janey, uncovering the two pails. "They were gathered this morning," she said in quite a business-like manner. "Why, how fine they are—and so sweet! I'll take them all. Here, I can put them in this basket I have. Just put a few sheets of paper in the bottom."

WHAT JULIE TAUGHT THE NEW TEACHER. If anyone had told Julie that the new teacher was going to learn more of her than Julie was of the new teacher, wouldn't she have opened her eyes? It was true all the same, and this is the way it happened.

When Miss Field tied on her veil, just before starting for school that first morning, she said to herself: "What's the use of trying to be anybody? My hair is coarse and my face is sallow and these glasses are so unbecoming. This world has no use for plain people like me."

Poor Miss Field was discouraged that morning, and if it hadn't been for Julie she might have kept on being discouraged, and then what would have become of her, I wonder! Now Julie was a very plain little girl. Her hair was coarse like Miss Field's, and she wore glasses, too, and although her face wasn't sallow, it was dreadfully freckled. When she came tripping into the school-house after the gong struck, Miss Field thought she was as homely a child as she had ever seen.

Of course, neither Julie nor Miss Field knew that Julie was to teach a very important lesson that day; nevertheless Julie started right in on the lesson just as if she knew she was to do it, and Miss Field began at once to learn it. First when Julie came in the room she began to show a great interest in everything around her. Her jolly little round eyes behind the glasses darted hither and thither, taking in the new teacher, the little gifts the children had brought her, the new globe on the platform, Mary McPherson's new dress which was piped with red, the new scholar—a pretty little girl whose looks seemed to delight Julie very much.

By and by Miss Field began to examine her pupils on their last term's work. Julie took the liveliest interest in the recitations. She watched the children's faces while they were reciting and listened to every word they said, just as if their success or failure was a matter of vital import-

ance to her. Her eyes lighted with satisfaction when the answers were correct, and when they were wrong her disappointment was quite decided. "Well, well," said Miss Field to herself, "that child is as interested in each recitation as if it were her own. What an unselfish little creature she must be!"

After this speech you may be sure that Julie's success as a teacher was assured. At recess time Miss Field went down in the yard to watch the children play, and there everybody was inquiring for Julie.

"Come play with me, Julie." "Julie, isn't this the way to play Flumphy?" "Julie, I want to tell you a secret." "Julie, want a piece of my apple?" Miss Field heard remarks like these on every side, and Julie was here, there, and everywhere.

"Dear me," said Miss Field to herself, "how the children do like Julie! Seems to me looks don't count in her case." You see, the new teacher was progressing. At noon, when Miss Field was putting on her things to go home, she saw there was trouble on the playground. The children were gathered round the pretty new girl, who was talking very fast.

"I don't want to play with Julie," Miss Field heard her say, "I don't like her. She wears glasses and has lots of freckles." "There!" said Miss Field to herself, "now, here's trouble for Julie; she's got to reckon with her freckles. It's just as I said this morning—the world has no use for plain people."

"I don't think we know how to play the game without Julie," said Mary McPherson. "I don't care! I wouldn't be seen playing with her," declared the pretty new girl. "She is homely," acknowledged Jane Butler. "I never saw such freckles," said Bessie Conant.

"Nor I," agreed Nellie Davis. "Nor I." "Nor I." It seemed as if everybody was turning against Julie. Miss Field was just going to take her part when she saw her bounding across the yard. "Come," cried Julie, "we'll play the new game. It's lots of fun."

The children made no move to begin. Julie stopped short. "What's the matter?" she added, eagerly. The children looked at the pretty new girl. "She doesn't want to play with you," spoke up Jane Butler. "Why not?" inquired Julie.

Before Miss Field could speak some child blurted out the truth. "For shame!" cried Miss Field, starting toward the group of girls; but she stopped before she had taken two steps, for she saw that Julie was equal to the occasion.

"Dear me!" cried Julie, "I thought something awful had happened. Why!" she exclaimed, turning to the pretty new girl, "what do you care for freckles and glasses and things, lon's I know how to play the game? Come on."

Julie laughed and danced away, and the children followed, every one of them, even to the pretty new girl!

My first reason for being thankful is Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving Day is a fact. It signifies something. It is the fruit of human experience. It testifies that the feeling of gratitude is an abiding sentiment in human hearts. We give thanks to God because we must. There is something in the universe about us or above us that calls forth this feeling of thankfulness. Thanksgiving Day is itself an evidence of the existence of a good God. It is a proof that the good God has so made Himself known to men that they want to set apart a day every year in which they may bear witness to His goodness.

That fact of human experience which has registered itself in the institution of Thanksgiving Day is a solid and significant fact. So far as it goes, and I think it goes far, it justifies an optimistic view of the world and of life. I am thankful for life. How much that means I am just beginning to understand. Strange and melancholy it is that so few of us ever grasp the meaning of the great gifts of God until they pass beyond our reach.

Few of us comprehend what citizenship signifies until our working days are past; many a man fails to realize what it means to be a father until his children are grown, and most of us are unaware of the stupendous meaning of life until our days are passing into the serene and yellow leaf. In all our days of youth and strength we simply take life for granted; the thought of parting with it may disturb us, but how many of us ever stop to consider what it means to live?

To live! It is to stand at the center of this mighty universe, the beneficiary of all its bounty, with its great gifts thronging in, with its countless invitations and opportunities momentarily pressing upon us. It is to be nourished by the fruits of this prolific earth, and warmed and lighted by its sunshine, and fed upon the beauty of vale and mountains, of clouds and sun-risings, of snowflakes and flowers.

It is to be breathed upon by the soft winds and sung to by the birds. It is to have a world for a chariot and go swinging through the fields of space. It is to have the usufruct of the stars. More than this, it is to have a vital relation to the mighty human race; to share in the treasures of experi-

ence which it has been gathering for countless ages; to have the freedom of its fields of thought; to be a partner in its struggles and a partaker of its hopes; to listen to "the still, sad music of humanity" and to sing the songs of trust and triumph.

More than this, it is for most of us to know something of the joys of home and love, of childhood and parenthood; of the blessedness of wedlock; of the dear human friendships that complete and crown our lives.

Above all, it is to become more and more aware, as the days go on, of an Eternal Love, at the heart of all this good, which is "mightily and sweetly ordering all things," and which always waits on the threshold of our lives, to "show us the way of understanding."

It is all this—and how much more!—to live. Thank God for life! For my heritage also I give thanks. Not only for country and ancestry, but most of all for the spiritual inheritance which has come to me unconsciously. For the sentiments and impulses and aspirations that are part of my life, because I have lived in a Christian home and in a Christian land; for the instinctive faith in democracy, which is my native breath; for the influences which have made it easy and natural for me to believe in God and in goodness and to find my joy in service, I am profoundly thankful. This is no achievement of mine; it is the good gift of God.

For the privilege of work, also, my gratitude is growing. It was never so good to work as it is to-day; the reward was never so abundant and so sweet.—Washington Gladden.

Spirituality, like a plant, grows only when the roots are in the dark. The glare of publicity will cause them to wither and dry up as surely as the blazing sun will destroy the tender rootlets of an herb that has been torn from its place in the soil.—Anon.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25 cents a box at all druggists.

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