

Thanksgiving Hymn.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is dear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear:
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
The mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father, for song and for feast—
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased:
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child,
But Thou in Thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank Thee, O Father of All, for Thy power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee—
That all our Eternity form, through Thy love,
The Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

WRITTEN FOR THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

Farmer Patterson's Thanksgiving.

BY WALTER L. WOMBLE,

Author of "Love in the Mist," "All But Lost," "The Black Brucel," "A Harvest of Wild Oats," Etc., Etc.

ELL, wife, the place is sold. It's all over with, and where we shall turn for shelter now, only God knows."

These words were uttered by Farmer Patterson as he entered the clean, neat kitchen on Thanksgiving afternoon, where his wife was busy in the preparation of the evening meal.

"Yes, the place's clean gone," continued the farmer, sinking into a chair, with hopeless despair written upon his honest, weather-beaten countenance—"sold to a stranger for \$750, a little more'n the mortgage—did ketch his name—Thomas somebody—and we kin expect er notice at most any moment to git out. And where air we ter go—that's what I don't know. I'd bin lookin' 'bout long fore now fer sum place or nother, but I wuz konfident the Squire's let the mortgage run a while longer, but he didn't."

Farmer Patterson bowed his head and groaned. "What'r we ter do wife?"

The good woman first turned the hocke on the gridiron, set the coffee to one side to settle, then came over to where the grief-stricken man sat. She placed her hand upon his bowed head and gently smoothed back the silvered locks.

"Don't take on so, Andrew; God will provide for us. You kin depend on that. He that looks after the dumb-creatures and the fowls of the air, will surely not forsake them who have served him faithfully to the best of their ability for nigh on to forty year. No, He'll not see us turned out into the road to beg our bread in our old age. Cheer up, Andrew. Depend on it; He'll make some provisions for us. We've done our duty the best we know how. I've tried to be a faithful wife to you, and you've been a good husband to me. We've given what we could to the cause of God, and aint never yet turned a beggar from our door unfed or unsheltered. We've fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and sheltered them that had no home. Yes, Andrew, we've done the best we know'd how, and God has promised to help and protect them that love and serve Him. Let us knell down here and ask His help in our time of trouble."

And there upon the carpetless, but scrupulously clean board floor knelt this aged couple, whose hair had turned white in the service of love, and with childish simplicity asked the protection, blessing and guidance of their Heavenly Father in this their time of sore distress.

The farmer concluded his quaint but earnest appeal with the following words:

"And now, our Heavenly Father, we ask Thee to be with, guide and protect our only son, who left us more'n'r year ago fer sum distant land in search ov gold. Had he stay'd ter hom' as he order, and had the weath'r not bin so hot and pretract'd, and had it rain'd more'n it did at the right time, and had the corn crap been better on the high lands, and the cotton not suff'r'd frum drouth, and drapp'd'er way down to 4 cents—had these things not'v happened we might'r pull'd through. But if it pleases, Thee, our Father, to see fit to take from us our earthly home, we thank Thee that thou hast pervid'd fer us a home above not made with hands, and which mortgages cannot lay holt on, and whair' there air no drouths, short-crops or low pricec, and where trusts, combines and monopolies air totally unknown."

Supper was soon ready and placed upon the table and the farmer and his wife sat down to their scant meal.

"Why wife, what's this for?" asked the farmer, noticing that an extra plate was laid; "you're not 'spectin' anybody, air you?"

"No, not exactly; but somehow I've been feeling all day jest like somebody was coming."

"Nobody but a tramp is likely to drap in, I'll warrant; and if he should and proves to be a hungry one, I'm afear'd he'll fare right badly here tonight—if it is Thanksgiving—for we have but little for ourselves, much less an outsider. But we'll divide with him, won't we wife?"

"We have always done so, Andrew." The meal was over and the farmer had just moved his chair from the table when there came a loud rapping at the door.

"Now, who can that be?" asked the wife.

"Only a tramp, I'll bet," began the farmer; and then, as a sudden thought struck him, his face paled, and in a whisper, he said: "It's that fellow what's bought the place come turn us out."

"Oh, my! What'r we to do Andrew?" The farmer was silent.

Against the rapping fell upon the door, this time louder.

"That's him—that's him sure." And then, in an unsteady voice, he cried: "Come in!"

The door opened slowly and a tall, broad shouldered man wearing a long overcoat, with the collar turned up above his ears, and a wide-brimmed slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, entered the room.

"Does Farmer Patterson live here?" he asked.

"He do; I'm him," said the farmer, "and who might you be?"

"I'm the man that bought this place to day at the mortgage, and"

"I said so—just as I 'spect'd—and you're come here ter tell us to git out, I 'spect."

"No, on the contrary, I have come come here to make you a present of a clean deed to the place."

"Er—er—don't think I—understand you," stammered the farmer.

"Read this and I think all will be made plain," said the stranger, handing him a folded paper.

With trembling hands the farmer unfolded the document and found it to a deed, duly witnessed and signed, transferring the place to himself from Thomas Jefferson Patterson.

"Why—this here's frum my son," said the farmer, bewildered and confused. "Wh're he?"

"Right here, replied the stranger, throwing off the long coat, slouch hat and false beard. Here he is—fresh from the Klondyke gold fields, where he has been for the past year or more, and is now is now the richest man in this whole section."

It is unnecessary to attempt a description of the scene that followed; but a half-hour afterwards Thomas Jefferson Patterson was seated at the extra place at the table, and although the fare was common and not at all bountiful, all agreed that it was the happiest ending of any Thanksgiving Day they had ever spent.

A JOKE ON JACOB.

"Jacob," my mother would exclaim, with solemn emphasis, "never marry a girl who cannot cook. Take one as cruel as Borgia, as bitter of tongue as Xantippe, as infirm of temper as Shakespeare's Catherine, but take one who can cook."

requirements, and to hoping that she could!

Ah! but she was beautiful! Eyes of deepest violet and a complexion for all the like that rose they call white, but which has ever and always a flush of pink on its delicate petals.

But could she cook? By various devices I sought to discover this. I stayed to dinner at the smallest provocation. She cut the bread. I saw her, and it tasted better for the knowledge. She laid the cloth—she disappeared into the kitchen, where I fancied she was making delicious doughnuts and desserts, but when I remembered that Bridget and Mrs. Thompkins were also engaged therein I hesitated and doubted.

"Can you cook, Miss Thompson?" I asked, as she came in with a plate of pickles.

She burst out laughing. "What a question! Can I cook! What do you think of that, papa?" she cried, turning to the old man who sat rocking himself backward and forward and fanning himself with his hat. "Ain't that a queer question?" And the old man evidently thought it was, for he roared as if I had thrown him down and was tickling him into convulsions, now and then gasping, "Can she cook! Oa—"

I got as red as a lobster, but held my sides and pretended to be nearly dead with laughing myself.

But one day there came an opportunity. Thomson and his wife were called over to Blinksville by the dangerous illness of their eldest son. They had to take Bridget along for a nurse. It left nobody at home but Lucy and her grandmother, who was confined to an easy chair with rheumatism.

"I've got her now," I said to myself. "I'll go over to supper and that'll settle the question." I rode over about three o'clock. Lucy was weeding a flower bed and I helped her. I kept hinting 'round about supper, but she didn't take.

"She can't cook for shucks," I mentally said, "or she'd tell me to stay. But I'll put her to the test." So I pulled out my watch, and I say: "Well, Lucy, I guess I'll have to be going! I'm afraid I'll miss my supper now before I can get home."

"I'd ask you to stay here," she said, "but really we haven't anything in the house fit to eat."

"Oh, I don't mind," I exclaimed, "anything will do"—but I stopped, for she interrupted me by telling me to come next evening, and before I could say any more she had started me off, telling me to be on hand at five o'clock sharp, so as not to let the supper get cold.

As I was going up the walk the following day, dressed in my best, and resolved to propose that evening if the cooking was even passable, I saw Susan Safford come out the back door and go scudding down the path. She was a girl my mother had often recommended—the best cook in the neighborhood, but homelier than the lawal lows:

"Hello, Susan!" I exclaimed; "where are you going?"

"Home!" she said. "I just dropped in for a vist, but I find Lucy too busy getting ready for company for me to stay."

"The dear girl!" I said to myself, referring to Lucy. "She's in that kitchen just wading into cookery," and I flattered myself that the thing was about settled.

Well, the supper was "out of sight," as the boys say. I will not attempt to describe that fried chicken, those baking powder biscuits, that golden butter, that marmalade, honey, etc., etc. Susan Safford herself could not have beaten it. I proposed to Lucy in thirty minutes after, and was accepted.

Two months later we were on our way home from the wedding journey.

"I want to get back, my dear," I said, "where I can get one more of your suppers again. I have never had a meal that could hold a candle to that one you cooked for me the night I proposed."

She laughed rather queerly.

"You liked it, did you?" she asked.

"Liked it!" I rejoined. "Let me tell you the truth. I had not made up my mind whether to propose or not up to that evening. I was afraid you couldn't cook, and mother was always harping on that. You know I never could find out, for you always laughed when I broached the subject, but that night I played a trick on you. I got myself invited when nobody was at home to help you, and, well—my darling—you were just simply immense. I never had such a supper in my life, and you know the result: Here we are, man and wife."

"And you wouldn't have asked me if I had failed," she said.

"I couldn't have done so in the face of my mother's injunction," I returned.

"Thank heaven, you stood the test."

"But did I, though?"

"Did you! Why didn't you get up

that supper, the best that mortal man ever tasted?"

"No," she said, "I did not."

This assertion nearly knocked me down.

"No," she repeated, "I did not. I was afraid you were subjecting me to the test, and so I got Susan Safford to come over and help me out and made her promise, never to tell. Oh, Jack! I suppose it was awful wicked but I loved you so much, dear."

"And you can't cook at all!" I exclaimed.

"But just a little," she answered, and then she fell to sobbing.

Well, sir, I couldn't stand it. I took her in my arms and was weak enough and forgetful enough of my mother to say: "I'll be hanged, Lucy, if I wouldn't rather live on raw turnips with you than have the dishes of the gods with any other girl in America. Cook or no cook, I'm glad I've got you, Lucy Tompkins."

And I was.—E. C. R., in "What to Eat."

FOOLISH FEMALES.

The woman who proudly declares that she cannot even hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds, with a simper, that she has been in society ever since she was 15.

The woman who would rather nurse a pug dog than a baby, and "rather die" than wear a bonnet two seasons.

The woman who cares more for the style of her winter cloak than she cares for the health and comfort of her children.

The woman who wants things just because other women have them.

The woman who thinks she is an ornament to her sex if she wins a progressive euchre prize.—Margaret Hannis, in St. Louis Republic.

HOUSEHOLD.

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING.

The earth is brown and skies are gray,
And the windy woods are bare,
And the first white flakes of the coming snow
Are afloat in the forest air,
But the sparks fly up from the hickory log
On the homestead's broad stone hearth,
And the windows shake, and the rafters ring,
To the lads' and lassies' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and worn
And his locks are thin and white,
But his hand is steady, his voice is clear,
And his eye is blue and bright
As he turns to look at his sweet old wife,
Who sits in her gown of gray,
With the cobweb kerchief and creamy frills
She wore on her wedding day.

He bows his head to the laden board
And the guests they are silent all—
"Thanksgiving, Lord for the sun and rain
And the fruit on the orchard wall;
For the silver wheat, and the golden corn,
And the crown of a peaceful life—
The greatest blessing that thou canst give—
A true and loving wife!"

This white-haired lover he bends to kiss
Her hand in its frill of lace
And the faded rose on her wrinkled cheek
With a proud and a courtly grace,
And the snowflakes click on the window pane,
And the rafters ring above,
And the angels sing at the gates of God
The words of the farmer's love.

Independent.

HICKORY NUT CAKE.

Rub to the cream one and one half cups granulated sugar and one half cup butter. Add three quarters of a cup of sweet milk and two and one half cups of flour, through which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in one teaspoonful of vanilla and one cupful of hickory nut meats. Lastly, fold in lightly the white of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a long tin lined with buttered paper on the bottom, in a medium hot oven. It will require about an hour's baking, and should rise in the pan to its full height before it begins to brown.

BUTTER CAKES.

Put one quart of flour in a bowl, add one teaspoonful butter, half table spoonful salt and teaspoonful of sugar. Rub the butter fine in the flour. Dissolve half yeast cake in one pint luke warm milk, add it to the flour and mix all into a firm dough. Knead this on a board till it does not stick to the hands. Return the dough to the bowl and let rise to double its size. Roll the dough out to one-quarter inch in thickness and cut into rounds with a cake cutter, and let them rise a few minutes, then bake them the same way.

BOILED CUSTARD.

Many cooks fail with boiled custard because they have it over the fire too long. Boil a pint of milk with two table spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and when it has slightly cooled, add to it the yolks of six eggs well beaten,

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stirring all the time. Now strain all the mixture into a jug, stand this in a saucepan of boiling water over the fire and keep stirring the custard one way without stopping until it begins to thicken, then stir more rapidly, letting the spoon touch the bottom of the jug, until it is on the point of boiling, when the jug must be instantly taken from the saucepan of boiling water. If this is delayed a moment the custard will curdle and be spoiled. Sometimes a little flavoring is liked; if so, a few drops of lemon, vanilla or almond are added before the mixture is poured into the jug.

YOUNG FOLKS.

LUCK AND PLUCK.

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat,
For that's what comes when wishing,
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win,
For he works out what he wishes
And that's where "luck" comes in!

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky,"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes, not by wishing,
But by hard work, bravely done.
—Eben E. Rexford.

WANTS MORE YOUNG FOLKS' LETTERS

Mt. Olive, N. C.—I have written to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER once before and seeing it in print gave me courage to write again. Write up boys and girls! There have't been very many letters lately. Let us try to improve. I've been picking cotton lately, but will assure you I have't picked more than my share. I live seven miles from the little town of Mt. Olive. I enjoy reading the young folk's column very much also the Christian Life Column. I always read the young folk's letters and the Christian Life Column.

I will ask the cousins some questions.

In what place in the Bible are the words "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy" found?

What is the middle book of the old Testament?

How many verses in the New Testament?

I will close for fear of the waste basket.

I would like to correspond with some of the cousins about my own age, 18
Very truly,
EDDIE WALKER.

FROM CHATHAM COUNTY.

Moncure, N. C.—We have been here at Moncure about two weeks. We came with the horses and wagon and drove three cows and four calves. We started the 28th of October and arrived here the 29th about sunset, it is about 40 miles from where we lived to this place, so you know we had a long drive.

The 28th of October was my brother's 9th birthday and the 29th was my 14th birthday. We will stay here about two months and then move on a farm about three miles from here.

I will answer a question asked by Tank Whitaker. Which deserves the most honor, Columbus for discovering America or Washington for defending it. It is Washington for defending it. I will ask a few questions. How long did Paul stay in his hired house?

Who wrote the book of Acts?

Where is dead flies mentioned in the Bible?

I will close wishing THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER much success.
JESSIE L. FARRAND.

ANSWERS.

Pulaski, N. C.—Here comes a sixteen year old "kid" knocking for admission. Don't you think we young folks could improve our column? Let's remember the editor's suggestions, and try to make our column more interesting. When some of the cousins take a trip it would do us all a lot of good to hear of the interesting places visited, and so on.

I wonder how many of the cousins ever try to work for the paper. I think it is so nice in the editor to give us a column all for ourselves that we ought to try to get some new subscribers. Most farmers have sold their crops now and every one of us ought to send the editor one new subscriber before Thanksgiving.

I have had a fine time lately going to corn shuckings and hunting muscadines. I will answer some question.

The word girl is mentioned in the Bible only once.

The last words of John Quincy Adams were: "This is the last of earth; I am content."

The Monroe doctrine is the doctrine enunciated by President James Monroe to the effect that the United States must protest against any European power's attempting to extend its possessions in the new world.

The battle of New Orleans was unnecessary because peace had already been made between the United States and England. Owing to the slowness of ocean travel at that time, however, the news had not reached America.

J. Wilkes Booth, an actor, assassinated President Lincoln.

Why don't more of the older cousins write? All who are not too old to go to school are welcome, are they not, Mr. Editor! [Ed. Certainly yes]

My papa and I intend getting up a club for the paper this week. How many others will do likewise!

BRISCOE LLEWELLYN.

FROM WILSON COUNTY.

Elm City, N. C.—I am a little girl 10 years old. We live on a farm and the nearest town is two miles distant. I like to go to school but have not been any since last March. I have three sisters and three brothers. I have five pets—four cats and a dog. My dog's name is Sam. I like to read the young folks letters very much. Success to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

MATTIE D. BATTIS.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR SOLOMON AND HIS SUCCESSORS

Faison, N. C.—I am a farmers daughter, twelve years of age. I will ask a few questions: If your uncle's sister is not your aunt what relation is she to you? Where was the first candle lit? How does an mull headed cow hook? Who was Cain's first wife? Where did the first drop of rain fall?

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WANTS.

WANTED—Five hundred new subscribers to enter our list during this week.

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Raleigh, N. C.