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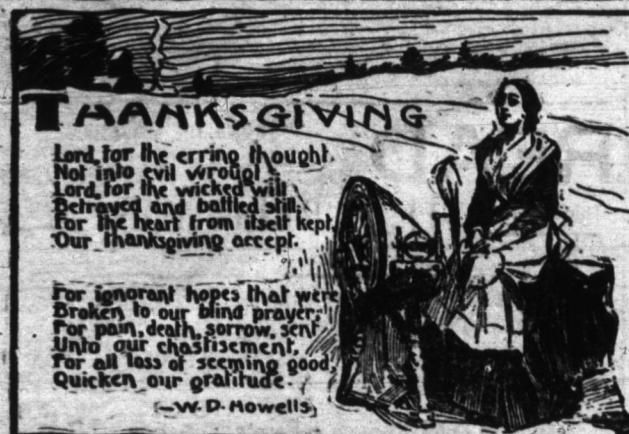
True to Ourselves, Our Neighbors, Our Country and Our God.

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VOL. III.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1901.

NO. 9.



Lord for the erring thought.
Not into evil wrought.
Lord for the wicked will
Betrayed and banished still,
For the heart from itself kept.
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, strife
Unto our chastisement,
For all loss of seeming good
Quicken our gratitude.

—W. D. HOWELL,



A TRUE
THANKSGIVING

BY NATALIE

"FATHER, have you brought
in them pumpkins?"
asked Mrs. Garth of her
spouse, pausing in the
midst of kneading bread.

"Well, no, I haven't yet; but I'll go
now and get 'em," rising from his seat
by the kitchen fire, and going out.

He returned in a few moments, with a
couple of splendid golden beauties,
which he laid on the table, and was
about to sit down, when Mrs. Garth
again spoke:

"Where did you put them apples
"Oh! I forgot," he replied, apologetically,
and he turned to go down into the cellar.

"Pick one of those of the choice pip-
pines, and just fetch up a jug of cider
while you're there," sang out his wife.

The old man sighed as he shut the
door, and Mrs. Garth sighed, too, but
in a different way.

"That's jest like your father," she
remarked to her rosy daughter, Mary,
who was busy chopping meat. "He alters acts low-spirited, as sure
as Thanksgiving comes, and don't seem to recollect there's heaps of work
to do. I've been at him all the week
to have them pumpkins and apples
fetched in, and the cider drawed, all
ready, and you see how he's forgot it.
Taint no use frettin' after Luke. Ef
he wants to see us, he'll come home-
of he don't, he won't."

"How long is it, mother, since Luke
went away?"

"Four years last week, and that's
what makes your father think of it
already at this time. It come so sudden,
Luke's goin' off, that he hasn't been
the same man since."

"Father was very fond of Luke,"
said Mary, softly.

"No fonder of him than I was, I
reckon," answered her mother, quickly;
"but there's no use in frettin' and
cryin' over a son, who thought so lit-
tle of you as to run away."

Mrs. Garth shut her mouth hard,
but Mary, who never before had heard
her mother say so much on the subject,
ventured on another remark,
which had been hovering on her
tongue:

"Mother, nobody ever was loved
more by a child than you were by
Luke. He was lain in bed many a
night when he was a child, crying for
fear you might die and leave him; and
I don't believe that anything keeps
him back now but fear that you no
longer care for him."

Mary stood looking at her mother
for a sign of relenting from former
hardness toward the erring son.

The last rays of the setting sun
streamed in through the western windows,
and lit up the old kitchen as
if it were a good oven.

Mrs. Garth saw neither the sunset
nor the leafless trees which stood be-
tween her and it; she was looking
upon her handsome, willful boy, com-
ing with his gay whistle, across the
meadow, driving the cows, always at
this hour. How many a time she
had looked out in pride on him—the
light of their home—and now, how
changed, how desolate everything had
become!

A hot tear welled up from the moth-
er's heart, and rolled down her cheek.

"Mother!" and Mary's arms were
around her neck.

Mrs. Garth's head fell upon her
daughter's shoulder, and they stood to-
gether the tears which had been so
long restrained.

Mr. Garth was astonished, on com-
ing in, to witness this scene; but his
wife held out her hand, and said,
"Luke."

That word explained all, and in
that instant the poor, yearning father
knew that his son was coming, and his
heart grew light.

Mrs. Garth, too, felt uncommonly
cheerful, and few hours next day,
with her cap-border flying with her,
from stuffing turkeys to making mince
pies and cranberry jelly, and all the
good things she was famous for.

Mary, too, had caught the infection,
and seemed inspired with her mother's
zeal in cooking. They did not stop a minute till tea-time came, and
then Mrs. Garth, leaning back in her
chair, and fanning herself with a
newspaper while she sipped her tea,
said:

"Well, I'm almost beat out, and am
glad to have a restin' spell. Do you
know, father, it's been runnin' in my
bones all day that Luke's a-comin'
home!"

He had had no turkey for his
Thanksgiving dinner.

Seeing him, the kind teacher called
him to her desk.

"Poor little Johnny!" she said.
"And so you had no turkey?"

"Naw," was his reply, "nuthin' but
sat silent.

But one little boy sat silent.

Little Johnny Jones, for it was he,
sat silent.

"I believe he is, wife," said Mr.
Garth, his countenance lighting up
with the thought. "Well, we've killed
it."

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It was the morning after Thanksgiving.

Laughing gayly, "swapping" nuts
and raisins saved from the dinners of
the day before, the merry children
rushed into school and took their seats
at the sound of the bell.

"And now, children," said the sweet-
faced teacher, "who had turkey for
their Thanksgiving dinners?"

"I! I! Me! Me! I did, teacher!"
came the shrill reply from scores
of little throats.

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