

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS,
Pastor of Plymouth Church.

Now that 252 years have passed, Thanksgiving has become our first American holiday. It is essentially the feast of the family. It celebrates the home and sings the freest joys. The day really celebrates a deliverance from danger. The summer of 1623 was unfriendly and the harvests failed. The Indian hunters retreated into the forest, food and game were scarce, and with terror the Pilgrim fathers looked forward to the winter and possible starvation and death. In their hour of extremity the minister announced that on the last Thursday of November there would be a day of fasting and prayer on which they would commend themselves and their enterprise unto God. But scarcely had they reached the cabin where the service was to be held than the sentinel shouted the announcement that a ship with weather-beaten sails and blackened sides was entering the harbor. The good ship brought food against the winter, seed against the spring, friends and helpers against the enemy. Delirious with joy, the Pilgrims came together a second time for thanksgiving, and so this day was born—this day celebrating the festival of the family. Ours is the only nation in the world that by a happy holiday sacrifices the home as the first of America's institutions.

For the increasing honor and dignity that attaches to the Republic. For the press, sowing the whole land with the good seed of wisdom and knowledge; for books and magazines, that have excited the imagination while they have inspired the intellect. For the return of the tides of faith in the church and the decline of infidelity. For the fact that the whole trend is up grade instead of down grade; that the gains are universal and immeasurable. Never were the reasons for Thanksgiving so many or so weighty. Our people are justified in looking forward to a golden era, when all young hearts shall be turned toward school and church, when all feet will



brought us fruits from the sunny South, furs from the frozen North, with rice and sugar and coal, and made the people of the snow and the winter to enjoy the fruits of the tropics. For the reaper, instead of the sickle, furnishing bread to the world. For the looms, that enable one man in one year to clothe a thousand men against the rains of summer and the snows of winter. For the trip hammer, that has multiplied the stroke of man's arm; and

be so dalled for a long upward march along the paths of happiness and peace. Thankful to-day for barns overflowing with grain, for stores overflowing with goods, for stuffed shocks and shelves, for homes overflowing with happiness, on which God's holiest sunlight falls; thankful for laws that are just, for liberty that is universal, for new and lustrous forms of beauty and of truth, for us be chieftain thankful for God's unspeakable gift to the Christ, who brought immortality to light and

THANKSGIVING DAY.



—From the Youth's Companion.

herd and flock, and above all, food for man. For one bin stretching three thousand miles long filled with barrels of apples, Jonathan and Spitzenberg and golden pippin; with pear and plum and peach, with grapes and nuts, with all the reserved richness of raspberry and strawberry, and the ruddy vegetables—potato and beet, carrot, celery and turnip; the pumpkin and the squash.

the locomotive, that has lengthened the stride of his foot; and the tools, that have hastened the movement of his fingers. For the spectroscope, that has made us at home in foreign planets. For the telephone, that has brought man's labor and brought distant actual dances near. For the increasing interest in fine arts. For the X-ray, that has made the body transparent to surgeons and physicians. For anaesthetics, that have lessened pain, robbed surgery of its terrors and relieved sufferers of their agonies.

who, having redeemed the world from sin and vice, goes on to plant a great, sweet hope within the heart and points all those who on Thanksgiving Day front an empty chair—points them, I say, upward, where there are other religions and the Father's House, and where, on a new Thanksgiving Day, the family circle shall be reunited amidst scenes of unthought joy.—New York World.



For abundant rains, that have filled the rivers, fed the water springs and reservoirs, and relieved the cattle upon a thousand hills. For the comforts and conveniences for the home and friends that have brought universal happiness to cottage and hamlet and mansion. For the match, that has brought

For the announcement that never have there been so few children working in store and shop, or so large a proportion in the school-room. For the fact that all the paths that lead to office and honor and wealth are now open to all poor boys. That to the four desirable vocations called the professions have now been added forty more that offer splendid prizes to young men who are fitted for the task. For the lessening of drunkenness in our country. For the new enthusiasm in municipal reform. For the enormous gifts that you poured out for colleges, library and church and social reform. For the strengthening of the home.

The Home Festival. Thanksgiving Day is one of those home festivals whose popularity will never wane while American women love their homes. It is the great family festival of the year. It bears no resemblance to the Harvest Home festivals of England, which were celebrated with riot and yulet and in public places. While Thanksgiving Day is recognized and appointed by public proclamation, it is in no sense a public day. It is never celebrated by public processions like the Fourth of July. There is nothing to break the Sabbath-like peace of the day except the occasional parties of juvenile merrymen in some cities.

- ### THANKSGIVING—DINNER.
- Oyster Soup
 - Celery Pickled Peaches
 - Roast Turkey
 - Cherry Sauce
 - Plum Pudding
 - Cream Onions
 - Cabbage Salad
 - Pumpkin Pie
 - Hot Apple Pie
 - Butter Tarts
 - Hot Coffee

MISS BROOKS'S Thanksgiving SURPRISE

"It can't be like any Thanksgiving I ever knew; but, no matter what, I will be thankful, I will!" murmured Sarah Brooks, trying vainly to check her tears and covering close to the little register for warmth. It omitted tepid air, but slightly modifying the chill of the small back by room while the little spinster had at a very low figure because she kept it in order herself and used an oil lamp instead of gas. She had not made a light yet. Even kerosene costs money, and the moon gave light enough to fret by. Nearly three months had passed since she had lost her place in Hodge & Gammon's store.

made a light and tidied her slightly disordered hair before the glass. But the little spinster hazarded no conjectures as to her caller, though her heart bounded. Was it a case of telepathy? Her dream had been so vivid and so comforting, she could not escape the conviction that some of her hard-earned money so recklessly cast upon the waters in bygone days was coming back by hand instead of by letter. But the man who rose as she entered the dimly lighted, dingy parlor was an utter stranger; tall, dark, shabbily dressed, with a furtive face



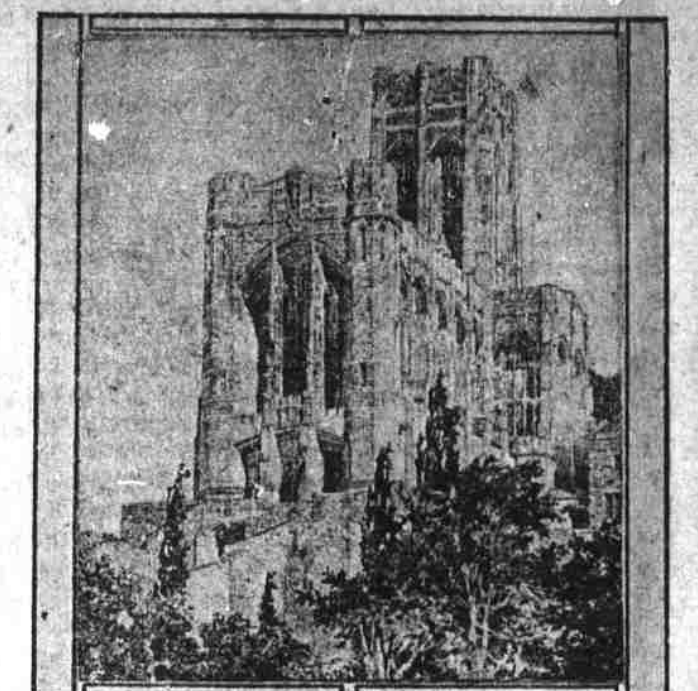
"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN AND THE FODDER'S IN THE SHOCK."

and a manner half insolent, half insinuating and wholly disagreeable. "Miss Brooks?" and as the little woman bowed timidly and seated herself at the other side of the centre table with the cracked marble top—"Miss Sarah Brooks?" She bowed again, and he continued: "If you are Miss Sarah Brooks, niece and only surviving relative of John Peter Brooks, who died in San Francisco on March 12, 1882, I know of something to your advantage, which I am prepared to make known to you under proper conditions." "John Peter Brooks was my father's only brother, and I am his only

claims for his discovery and trouble and expense in collecting. She took up the pen, but hesitated. "How much, might it be?" she asked timidly. Her visitor waxed impatient. "Whatever it is, you'll get none of it unless you sign these papers. Quick!" he cried, turning imperious eyes upon her. "Sign here!" But she was frightened, exhausted woman had slipped to the floor in a dead faint, and Mrs. Tompkins, who—no liking the looks of the man, as she explained later—had been listening behind the shabby portiere, was beside her in a second. "I'll wait till she comes to. It's very important; all to her own interest," said he visitor in a milder tone. "It's not so important, nor so much to anyone's interest, but it can wait till after Thanksgiving," she said, coldly. "Here, Norah," to the good-looking maid who had appeared in the hallway, "help me get Miss Brooks to her room." She watched the discomfited stranger till he had gathered up his pen and papers and reluctantly departed, saying that he would call to inquire for Miss Brooks in the morning.

"It's nothing but starvation," whispered Mrs. Tompkins to Norah on the landing a few minutes later. "I'll sit with her till she takes this bowl of beef tea and a bit of toast to it and try to chirk her up a bit. Hark! There's the bell again." Another moment and the bedroom door was burst open, and only Mrs. Tompkins' cautious hand saved the beef tea, as the bride of a fortnight, but late Miss Gray, of Hodge & Gammon's, flung herself upon her old spinster. "Oh, Sarah, dear, what luck! I saw it in the Wayfarer this morning. We got back from Washington last night. I told Tom all you ever told me about your family. He has looked up everything and it's yours, sure but no one who knew about you could have seen it.... Nothing to do but present your proofs and draw your money. Tom is down in the parlor. He's just as glad for you as I am. He's a darling, he is!" "But, Caroline, I don't understand. First, there was that dreadful man with the papers for me to sign, and now you have found out something. What are you glad for, and what has it to do with me?" "Why, everything in the world. You haven't seen the Wayfarer, with the advertisement of the unclaimed deposits in the People's Saving Bank—your uncle—John Peter Brooks— he must have put it in ages ago—\$4000.

Where West Point Cadets Worship.



NEW CHAPEL AT WEST POINT. From a drawing by the architects, Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson.

DUTCH GARDENING.

Trees and Shrubs Made to Take on Queer Shapes. The letter "B" in shrubbery and the shrubby pig here shown are striking specimens of topology or Dutch gardening as practiced in England. "It would seem," says the Father, London, "that there were to

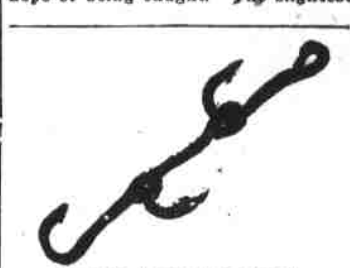


A Pig Cut in Box at Compton.

Addison were eloquent in prose and verse in favor of letting nature work its way in freedom, in a plea for luxury of boughs and branches as against mathematical figures."

A Fishing Trick.

There are plenty of patented hooks and devices for catching fish, but when they are not available all sorts of ingenious devices are rigged up for those who tire of sitting in the sun for hours wondering why the fish don't hook themselves. Here is one of them. It is not recommended when there is a scarcity of bait, but otherwise it can be used with success. It must be kept in mind, even with this device, that all fish do not bite on a hook and pull anxiously in the hope of being caught. The slightest



How the Hooks Are Placed.

play gardens in England as far back as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Long before the time of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare these formal gardens existed in our country. Of course, the practice goes back to the time of the Romans. All that we owe to William III. is that



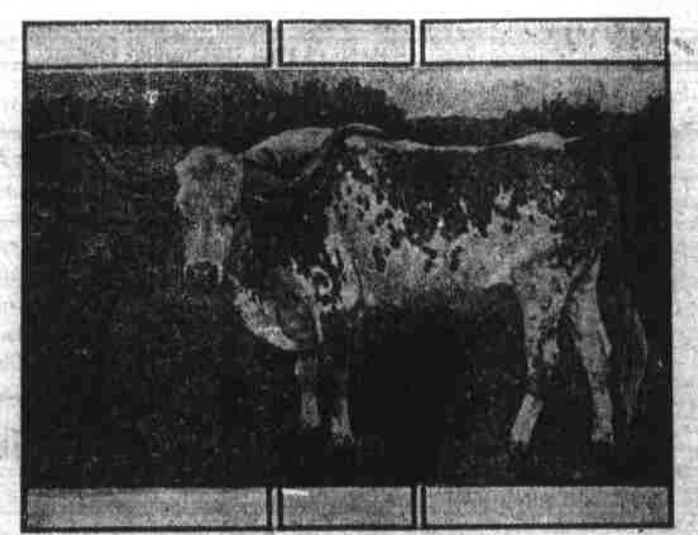
Tree Shaped Like a "B."

be accentuated the prevailing taste and that he carried the thing to such an extreme as to produce a reaction, so that the gardeners of a little later began to cut down all these beautiful fancy shrubs in a most cruel fashion.

SOLE SURVIVOR OF A FAMOUS BREED OF CATTLE.

Changes in the Cattle Business Witnessed by an Old Texas Steer.

Of the million long horned cattle which roamed the vast prairies of Texas thirty years ago only one survives. This last survivor, a spotted steer, long since past the span of life supposed to be allotted to his kind, is an honored guest in the choicest pasture of Rancho de la Parra, in Cameron County, South-west Texas. The patriarch might well be overcome with amazement at



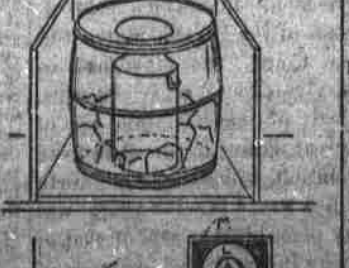
THE LAST OF THE TEXAS LONG HORNS.

"Curiously enough, the age in which literature and in many phases of life we consider the most artificial—that is to say, the age of Pope and Addison—was that in which the protest against formality in gardening came to a point. Both Pope and

the extraordinary advances in the business of cattle raising which have taken place in his lifetime, but as he is only a longhorn he merely chews his cud in placid content and lets others do the wondering.—G. F. Carter, in the New York Tribune.

Home-Made Milk Cooler.

It is not an easy task for those who have but a small quantity of milk to care for to do it with economy. The large cooling tanks or refrigerators which dairymen on a large scale can



afford are not for the man with the single can, hence he must resort to some plan on the home-made idea. Take a box, which may be bought at any store, for a low price, high enough to contain a barrel of good

dimensions. Fill in the bottom of the box several inches deep with sawdust, and on this set a barrel cut down so that when a milk can is set into it it will come just below the level of the top of the barrel. Around this barrel, eight inches deep, pack sawdust. Set the can of milk in the barrel and pour in cold water and, if possible, add several large pieces of ice. Arrange a faucet which shall run through the barrel and the box so that the water may be drawn off when it gets warm. The illustration shows the idea plainly. In the small drawings at the bottom "B" represents the box, "C" the barrel and "A" the can of milk, and in the drawing to the left "D" shows how the faucet is placed near the bottom of the box. Any one can readily make this milk cooler at small expense.—Indianapolis News.

to be of any use. Experience! It had no chance in the race with youth. The gray streaks and widened, bright eyes and trim alert figure seemed powerless to distract the attention of possible employers, proved her undying at every quest. In various phrases, softened now with half-contemptuous pity, sharpened anon with cynical brutality, she was denied in her timid application as "too old"

living relative, as I can easily prove, since we all were born in Boston," she answered, her brief elation subsiding. "But I can't imagine any advantage to come to me through him. To lose his life in a fire, which destroyed also all his little effects and papers, and, in any case, judging from what my parents—they're both dead over fifteen years—always told me of him, he would have had little to leave." "We must not judge by appearance, Miss Brooks," said the stranger, portentously. It is about forty years, I believe, since your uncle last visited Boston."

"So they told me," faltered Miss Brooks. "Well, madam, I can assure you that I have made a discovery in connection with your uncle's estate of the greatest importance to you, but it is my right to let you into it on my own conditions." "Oh, certainly, sir," murmured the little woman, with a faint return of hope, the while she trembled under the sinister eyes fixed upon her. When one has been subsisting for three or four days on one stale loaf and an occasional drink of milk and water, walking mountain mile upon mile, in dismal weather, from one disappointment to another, and coming back to a cold room and a sleepless bed, one's courage is likely to be low.

"If you would tell me—" "I'll tell you nothing until you have filled out and signed these papers." "Sign here!" commanded the stranger, stretching two broad sheets of paper before her and taking a fountain pen from his pocket. One was a power of attorney dated two days ahead, authorizing the bearer, Irving Wilson, to collect, as the representative of Sarah Brooks, any claim or claims belonging to the estate of her uncle, the late John Peter Brooks, and the other was an agreement on the part of said claimant to allow said Irving Wilson half of the recovered claim or

"The old rascal! Oh, I don't mean her uncle," and Mrs. Tompkins turned from the bride's horrified face. "Don't faint again, Miss Brooks; though you did the best job of your life when you fainted, just as you was agoin' to sign that seconded's paper."

Miss Brooks had the Wayfarer in her hand, her eyes riveted on the heavily penciled line which held the potency of comfort and ease for the rest of her days. "Oh, thank God; thank God!" she cried at last. "I know He would not fail me." Miss Brooks had the happiest of Thanksgivings, but Mr. Irving Wilson's reception at the hands of her landlady that morning greatly impaired his appetite for turkey.—Boston Post.



- ### MENU
- Celery
 - Roast Turkey
 - Cranberry Jelly
 - Plum Pudding
 - Dried Apples
 - Butter Tarts
 - Lettuce Salad
 - Pumpkin Pie
 - Hot Coffee