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The Chatham Record

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[illegible]

We look to the [illegible]
For [illegible]
For [illegible]
O'er [illegible]
With [illegible]

For [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
And [illegible]

Now at the [illegible]
And [illegible]

For [illegible]
Who [illegible]
By [illegible]
Do we give thanks.

For [illegible]
And [illegible]
A light of [illegible]
Of the [illegible]
Do we give thanks.

For sunshine and for flowers,
For strength to reach and climb,
For [illegible]
Of friends and [illegible]
Do we give thanks.

For [illegible]
That [illegible]
For [illegible]
Through waving fields of the Summer's Pride,
Do we give thanks.

For thrill in the hunter's veins,
That warns a quick response,
To [illegible]
And [illegible]
Do we give thanks.

For strength of the fear-like limbs,
And [illegible]
Responsive [illegible]
Over [illegible]
Do we give thanks.

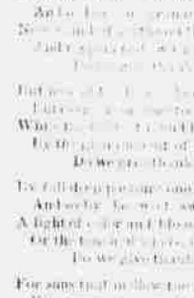
For [illegible]
[illegible]
For the [illegible]
That [illegible]
Do we give thanks.

By eager [illegible]
By touch of companions,
By [illegible]
By [illegible]
Do we give thanks.

—Rebecca Maxwell Paine.

HER THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.



ALL day there had been sweeps of stormy rain, with ragged fringes of cloud above the western horizon, and a raw chilliness in the atmosphere.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Elston, glancing out of the kitchen window occasionally, as she went about her daily work, "we're going to have a bad Thanksgiving day. Not but what one ought to be just as glad and thankful, whether it rains or shines, but it is provoking when one has invited company from a distance. And Uncle Lemuel won't drive over from Bayport with Aunt Rhoda if it snows, and Sue Starkey can't venture out in a storm with her weak chest, and everything will go wrong!"

Toward night, however, the sun burst triumphantly through the clouds, lighting up the sombre aisles of the leafless woods with red gleams, and touching with lines of liquid gold the edges of the waves that broke sullenly on Woodford Point.

"It'll be fine after all," said Mrs. Elston.

And she burst into little roulades of song, as she picked over the red Baldwin apples, set away the yellow, earthen bowl of stewed cranberries, counted the pies, and looked to see if the turkey was all plucked and dressed, ready for the morrow's oven.

For Lizzie Elston kept neither cook nor waitress, but depended on herself only for all these household details, and no one understood better the necessity for a careful economy of time.

She had invited Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Rhoda from Bayport, Miss Starkey, her whilom schoolmate, now the teacher of the nearest district school, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who lived in the cottage beyond the sand dunes on the beach.

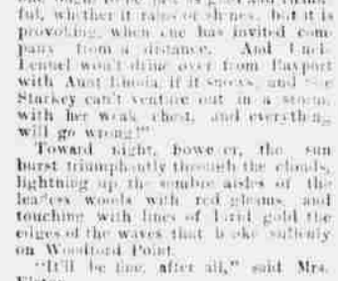
It was the first Thanksgiving that Lizzie had ever kept, and she was determined on having it a success.

"But all the preparations were complete at last, even down to the counting of the ancient, fiddle-shaped spoons, that were an heirloom from Lizzie's grandmother, and the old cups and plates—some white-edged, and some covered with impossible land-scapes, in the dullest shade of pink—and the young wife, looking down the road, saw Frank Elston coming up from the wharf, a dark silhouette against the red glow of the sky.

"I'll go and meet him," she said to herself.

For Lizzie had not been married long enough to forget all the sweet reminiscences of the honeymoon time.

Frank Elston, the captain of the little boat that plied between Bayport landing and the nearest large town, met her with a smile and a kiss.



"What have you got in the basket, Frank?" she cried, standing on tiptoe to peep under the lid of the willow receptacle that he carried.

"Oranges, pure!" said he, with a nod of triumph. "And some Concord grapes that were left of our last consignment, and Bibby let me have 'em cheap."

"Oh, Frank, how nice!" exclaimed the housewife, clapping her hands. "It will be just what I want to give color and decoration to my table. And I baked the chicken pies today after your mother's recipe, and I'm sure they are going to be perfectly splendid."

"Splendid, are they?" said Elston, smiling good-humoredly at his excited little wife. "Well, I'm glad of that. But, Lizzie, I forgot to tell you—"

"What is it, Frank?" with a half-startled air.

"You're going to have some company that you hadn't calculated on," said he.

"Who, Frank? Not Abby Harte?"

"No. It's a wrinkled little old woman, with a regular little old-fashioned cap and quilted hood, with a mob cap under it. She's waiting at the Point for her baggage to be unloaded, so I thought I'd just step up and give you a word of warning."

"Baggage!" cried Lizzie, in consternation. "What baggage? Is she going to stay?"

"There's boxes and boxes!" said Frank, laughing. "And I've had Billy Wyatt with his wheelbarrow to haul 'em up to the house."

"But, Frank, where is it? Why don't you tell me who it is?"

"Her name is Miss Barbara Babcock," said the captain, "and she comes from the state of Rhode Island, and she says she was a second cousin of your mother. And she's coming to spend Thanksgiving with you."

"Miss Barbara Babcock!" repeated Lizzie, her face growing black. "Oh, I know now who it is! I've heard all the relations used to shoot Miss Barbara Babcock's visits. She had no home of her own, and was always wandering about the country with her tape-work and her weight hose. And oh, Frank, she was such a bore! I can't have her here!"

"All right, then," said captain Elston. "I'll go back and tell her so. Only, Lizzie—"

"Well?"

"Don't all this remind you a little bit of the old story of the priest and the devil?"

"But, Frank, when I've invited all the neighbors—"

"Yes, exactly so," said Frank, twisting the end of his mustache comfortably around his finger. "Who is my neighbor? That's just the question that the parable was intended to answer."

Lizzie stood a minute, silently thinking.

"Don't put yourself out, my dear," said the captain, "she can get lodgings at the Wharf easily enough. But she's very old and feeble, and—"

"I understand," interrupted Lizzie, "and she's my neighbor. I'll go back, Frank, and warm some of my chicken pies for supper. I didn't intend to have anything but bread and butter and cold pigs' feet, but of course she is tired and chilled, poor creature."

"That's my own little girl!" said Frank, with a caressing touch to the crisp locks which had escaped, like rings of spun gold from the border of Lizzie's red worsted hood. "I knew just how the sort of thing puts you housekeepers out, but somehow I felt sorrow for the old lady."

But Lizzie could not help marveling a little when Miss Barby Babcock arrived on the scene. She was a little, dried up old creature, with black, restless eyes, a cinnamon-colored "front," and a nose and chin that met in close proximity.

"So you are Mary Smith's darter, are you?" said she. "I can just remember you when you were a bettle girl, knee high to a grasshopper, sewin' patchwork. Well, I'm glad I thought of comin' here to spend Thanksgivin'. Seems as always did agree with me, and that's a dreadful nice craft that your husband is the skipper of. I shouldn't wonder," she added, as she began on her second wedge of chicken-pie, "if I made up my mind to spend the winter here, and finish my silk curtains. I'm a makin' silk curtains, Elizabeth Ann—sewin' strips of silk together, just like you sew carpet rags—and when it's all done, I'm goin' to borrow Jessie Johnson's old loom and weave 'em up into the prettiest silk curtains you ever set eyes on. It'll be a pleasant winter's work for you and me—won't it, Elizabeth Ann. I 'spose you've got some old silk gowns you could spare," she added, with frolic, "I need a little dark blue and scarlet color—terror cotter they call it nowadays. Worse in dreadful nice."

Lizzie looked bewildered; but the captain cheerily threw himself into the breach.

"Oh, we haven't arrived at the dignity of silk gowns yet, have we, Lizzie?" said he. "Have some of these crabapples, Miss Babcock. They're very fine."

The old woman sat down in the warm firelight, rubbing her wrinkled hands together.

"It's warm and comfortable here," said she. "I wonder I never thought of comin' to Elizabeth Ann's before. Perhaps Johnson didn't want me. She said old folks was too much care. Lucy Wilcox was too fine-mind, to notice her old Aunt Barby, and my Cousin Maxwell as good as turned me out of doors. But Elizabeth Ann is her mother right over again—the kindest hearted creetur that ever breathed. I'm glad I come here to Thanksgivin'. I guess I'll stay."

She said all this aloud, in her strange, croaking voice, although she evidently imagined that she was only thinking it.

"Frank," whispered Mrs. Elston, snuggling close up to her husband, "I think she is flighty. She's so very old, you know, she must be eighty, at the very least."

"Who is my neighbor?" Frank responded, softly. "I think your duty is plain in this instance, my dear."

The little old relation was busy sewing at her balls of parti-colored stripe when the Thanksgiving company arrived, next day, and she cavierly reviewed them as to the cast-off silk dress question.

Each was of a different opinion, but all were adverse to the stranger.

"Lizzie, I wouldn't stand it!" cried Mrs. Howard, a gay young neighbor. "An old crone like that, to come here and settle right down on you, like the Old Woman of the Sea! Why, I never heard such impudence in my life!"

Aunt Rhoda shook her head solemnly. "Barbara Babcock used to visit around in York state," said she, "when I lived there. She was a dreadful trial, and there wasn't none of her relations but was glad to be rid of her. I wouldn't like to undertake the care of her!"

"But she's old, Rhoda," said Uncle Lemuel, and she's had a stroke or two, folks say. I dunno what's to become of her if Elizabeth Ann sends her away."

"I won't send her away," said Lizzie. "She shall have a home here. Frank doesn't object, and we may be feeble and friendless ourselves some day."

"Frank don't know what he's undertakin'," said Aunt Rhoda. "I hain't no mind to patience with the old creetur' as I should her had, if she hadn't squandered away all her money, buyin' lottery tickets. She wouldn't hear to no one's advice. Barbara Babcock was as obstinate as a mule."

But Susie Starkey nodded approval to her friend.

"I think you are doing right, dear," she whispered.

So they all ate their Thanksgiving dinner, with many compliments to Lizzie's housewifely achievements, and sat as they were sitting around the fire, cracking nuts and drinking home-brewed cider, Uncle Lemuel uttered a cry of terror.

"Look at Barbara Babcock!" said he, "she's got another stroke!"

It was true. The poor little old woman had sunk down, all in a heap, in her chair, with a pleading look in her distorted face, and the words "Elizabeth Ann" quivering on her lips.

And the Thanksgiving party was broken up in dire confusion and dismay.

"If she was to die," mysteriously whispered Aunt Rhoda, "it would be the best thing that could happen to her as all her relations."

But Miss Barbara Babcock did not die. She lived on all winter, into the time when crocuses began to bloom and the maple blossoms flushed redly along the edges of the swamps.

All this time she was quite helpless, and her sole pleasure was in looking at the balls of vivid-colored silk rags that Lizzie tinged daily at the foot of her bed, to amuse and quiet her.

"It'll make a dreadful pretty sort of curtains," she said, in the strange tongue-tied way common to paralytics. "I'll finish 'em when I'm better. I'll finish 'em, and Elizabeth Ann shall have 'em for her own."

The night before she died she suddenly opened her eyes.

Aunt Rhoda was sitting, needle-work in hand, by her side.

"Mind," said she, "them silk balls is Elizabeth Ann's. I've given 'em to her, signed and sealed in the paper under my pillow. Mind you don't forget."

"Oh, I'll not forget," said placid Aunt Rhoda.

With the early dawn poor Miss Barby went to the home where, let us hope, she was more welcome than she would have been in earthly habitations.

"I don't want the silk rags," said Lizzie, when she heard of her quaint inheritance. "Poor thing! They were a comfort to her, but of what use could they be to me?"

"You'd better take 'em," said Uncle Lemuel. "Sell 'em to the rag-man, if you can't make no better use of 'em."

"No," said Lizzie. "I'll have them woven into silk curtains, as she wanted them to be. I can hire Melinda Frost and her loom for a month. And Melinda needs the work."

But when the balls of silk were unwound there were a hundred of them, more or less—each ball was found to be wound on a ten dollar bill, rolled into cylindrical shape and doubled over. And every ten dollar bill was Lizzie Elston's now.

"She didn't spend it all for lottery tickets, it seems," observed Uncle Lemuel.

"Little girl, what are you pondering about?" said the captain to Lizzie, who stood silently looking out upon the greening woods.

"I was thinking," said Lizzie, "of last Thanksgiving Day. How thankful I am that you wouldn't let me send poor old Aunt Barbara back to Rhode Island! Not only because of the money, but that I was able to take care of her all that dreary winter when she was so helpless, and had no friend but me."

The captain patted Lizzie's bright head.

"So you're keeping your Thanksgiving Day yet," said he tenderly.

"Yes," Lizzie answered, "I'm keeping my Thanksgiving Day yet!"

The First Thanksgiving.

It is only about 250 years ago that Thanksgiving day was observed in this country. Old Massasoit and his ninety braves sat down to dinner with the Puritans. The Indians brought deer from the woods and the pale faces supplied fish, clams and corn. Ten years later when the last batch of bread in the colony was in Gov. Bradford's oven and starvation was staring our New England ancestors in the face, a good ship from Ireland appeared with provisions, and the day appointed for fasting was changed into a day of thanksgiving.

The Gobbler's Fate.

A gobbler stood upon the fence,
When all but him had fled;
His form erect—his tail outspread—
And stately was his head.

A passing tramp he wrestled with
And tore him to the ground,
And now he hangs [illegible]
At thirteen cents a pound.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Pray, Mother Dear, What Can It Be?

"Oh!" said the three little cousins,
"Something's wrong in that good old Man.
Many birds to and fro are flying,
With much noisy chatter,
Oh! what is the matter?
Pray, mother, dear, what can it be?"

"I'll tell you at once," said their mother,
"For though I've been prisoned so long
In the cage, I have never forgotten
The speech of the birds or their song.
The Robin Red Breast has been telling
A long and a sorrowful tale,
How her nest, with four tiny eggs in it,
Last night was blown down by the gale.

"And 'tis! what a shame and a pity
All the other birds have to weather,
The indeed, 'tis a wonder that any
Small dwelling built for such weather,
For your house was exceedingly airy,
But don't be discouraged. Good day!
And now with a flirt and a flutter
Of their wings they are flying away.

But [illegible] her true love,
Sings softly, "Woo-ooo-oh, a pet
Then feathers and straw I will bring you,
And help you to make a new nest."

—Margaret Eytinge in Sunshine.

The White Sparrow and His Courtiers.

A pet white sparrow belonging to a lady living in Hudson, N. Y., one recent afternoon. The white sparrow was surrounded by a flock of common birds that circled about it like a swarm of bees. Wherever the white sparrow flew the common birds followed it after and it was a common sight to see the complacency with which the English prince received the admiration and homage of the lower order of birds and the servile manner of his followers. Once the unpardonable offense of approaching too close to his royal highness was committed and a sharp punishment was at once administered, which prevented any more undue familiarity on the part of the common order.

The white bird fed nearly a hundred of little brown sparrows about for over two hours. When it alighted the others would alight, and when it circled about or flew in a straight line the other little birds would immediately follow suit, keeping always however, at a most respectful distance.—New York Sun.

Hector and the Chickens.

Here is a dog story for lovers of canine sagacity. We have a big dog, which was sent to us some five or six years ago, when he was a puppy, as a "Bluebeton" setter. Time, however, developed the fact that he was another kind of dog, and I think he is a mastiff. He was so good-natured, affectionate and courageous that I could not make up my mind to give him away, and so kept him in the yard as a kind of guard, with us, however, attempting anything in the way of his education for any particular purpose. Well, I presume, according to his faithful dog nature, he thought (or who shall say dogs don't think?) he ought to make some return for his board and lodging, and so he constituted himself a special protector over the chickens, of which we have some two or three dozen at all times in the yard, and every morning it is amusing as well as interesting to see his care of them. Without attempting to chase or worry them, he takes his position near the door of the hen-house, and watches intently until all the chickens go in. I had almost said he counts them; but whether he does or not, it is not the less true that none of them can stray off as they sometimes do, without his manifesting unmistakable signs, by barking or otherwise, of his uneasiness, and not until the door is locked will he quit his post. This trait has been noticed and remarked upon by all of the household. The other evening I took him down town with me for a walk, and on turning to go back I said to him, in a natural tone of voice, "Hector, don't you think it time for you to go home and look after the chickens?" Not expecting, of course, any response to the question, I forgot for the moment that I had said anything to him; but soon afterward, upon looking around for him, I could not find him, and hurried home, only to find him at his post and the chickens all in the house. I locked the door and took the key to the kitchen where it is kept, thus relieving him from his duty as a sentinel, the wagging of his tail telling as plainly as it could that he was satisfied with his performance as well as my own.—[Harper's Young People.

Utilizing the Elephant.

In "Peterman's Mittheilungen" Herr Moritz Wagner raises once more the question of the possibility of utilizing the African elephant. Herr Wagner points out that there is a strong evidence that the elephant was used in ancient times in Africa, and asserts that no serious attempt has been made in modern times to subdue it to the uses of humanity. He admits that it is quite as docile as the Indian elephant and much stronger; and that, if it could be really tamed and trained to work, it would be of immense utility in the opening of Africa. But, unless some protection is accorded to the African elephant, Herr Wagner believes that by the end of next century it will be quite extinct.

RUBBER HUNTERS.

Men Who Dare Everything in Search of Milky Sap.

The Yolarroes at Work in the Costa Rican Forests.

The Yolarroes, or rubber hunters of Costa Rica, writes a Philadelphia Record correspondent, are the most irresponsible and reckless of creatures, as we first observed, when out on an expedition, to secure as much caoutchouc as possible, and next to damage the prospects of other Yolarroes, regardless of the future.

Among the inhabitants of Central America the Yolarroes form a distinct class, by all odds the lowest in the country, unless it may be the Cayos of Guatemala, or the peon drivers of the western coast. They are mostly half-breeds (for white men seldom engage in it, though the Europeans all be workers is usually profitable). A Yolarroe can be distinguished at a glance from natives of other "professions," as easily as a cowboy in western society, or a sailor fresh from his craft, not only by his general air of lawlessness and recklessness, but by the thick coating of caoutchouc that covers his clothing from head to foot. This coating evidently accumulates gradually by contact with the latex he gets with his implements on the part of the wearer, unfortunately rendering his personal adornment absolutely waterproof and consequently intolerable.

To his person are fitted out by the shrewd traders of Limon, much as American miners used to be supplied with "grub stake" in their search for precious metals. Each Yolarroe is provided with a gun, a certain quantity of ammunition, a boat and sufficient supply of salt, flour and pork to sustain him from two to six months. All this is charged to his account at the highest market price, and in return he stipulates to sell to this same accommodating dealer, at some fixed sum per pound, all the caoutchouc he may collect during his term.

A journey to the woods may occupy weeks or months, according to the will of the Yolarroe, after which he returns to the village, not to leave it again until the last cent is spent which he has earned or can beg, steal or borrow, and all the credit extended that he can obtain by promises upon the next expedition. It is not strange, however, that they are reluctant to return to such dangerous exile, for under every leaf of the tropical forest some venomous insect, lizard, serpent or reptile lies in wait to the peril of safety. The hunter's life is one continual war of the wild beasts, whose teeth make or the hideous animals that, with the constantly exposed parts of the body, are the chief prey. Not only are jaguars and pumas, wild cats and other powerful animals, but more to be dreaded are the deadly reptiles, some of them no longer than your hand. There are tree boards, the exact color of the leaves under which they hide, whose bite is fatal, innumerable vipers, beetles and insects, many of them more dangerous than the rattler of our northern wilds, which at least gives some warning of his intention to strike, while, even more to be feared than the monstrous evocations of the dangerous and the enormous serpents of tropical proportions, are the insects that so fill the air with the noxious vapor of the latex exhaled.

Aside from the vast ratsnes he brings, the Yolarroe's food consists mostly of wild hogs, or such other animals as he may be able to kill, and eggs of tortoises, and, as an occasional luxury, a dish of red howler monkey stewed to rags. Monkeys are considered the choicest of morceaux, particularly the large red species.

The Yolarroe has no other implement than a short type of machete, or hatchet, and a large machete—the latter a rude sort of sword or knife which every native American who is engaged in any outdoor business carries upon all occasions. The latter the one end of the rope around his waist, throws the other over the lower branches and ascends into the tree, much in the manner of a monkey. Having reached a convenient height for the accomplishment by means of the rope and proceeds to make an incision in the tree, from which gradually letting himself down he cuts a deep channel through the thick bark, around the trunk to the ground. It must cross the cylindrical low cut much deeper than necessary, thereby ruining the future usefulness of the tree, for it is a parasite, or even a pest, to thrust into a thrifty young tree the "mark" from which no sap will flow.

The [illegible] is more easily than any other, [illegible] it is fully grown and has never been tapped, the sap will flow [illegible] the incision in strong [illegible], and [illegible] the channel, forms [illegible] at the roots. The fluid is generally coagulated with vegetable acid, and [illegible] resembling the grape, which overgrows all the tropical forests, and acts the part of rennet to cheese curd, or "mother" in quantities necessary. Like, for instance, addition to one hundred cubic inches of the rubber [illegible] ready for transportation.

Believers in Chance.

Speculators and sanguine men have a curious way of depending on a chance happening to determine their course of action under certain contingencies. A case that illustrates this assertion is that of a young broker. He isn't the possessor of a large fortune, but rather counts himself a little ruler of the wonders after a large fortune. Having no large interest he jumps on either side of the market as his judgment dictates. When his judgment is at fault he resorts to a peculiar method. To carry this out he looked his steerage reckoning and tells. On account of the morning he picks up the stocking nearest to him. If it be a right foot fellow he will be a bear that day. If it be a left foot one he will be a bull. This young man has implicit faith in this system, and the slang at times about it is but very seldom left.

But the premium and stream dependence on something to decide one's actions is not only followed by speculators, but by men whose judgment might be expected not to be impaired by excitement over competing large stakes. There is a lucky who called and to [illegible] clergyman in one of the smaller down towns not far from New York, whose dining room is connected with his study by two doors, one at the back of the house and one at the front. Every day after the dinner bell rings the clergyman steals to the centre of his study and waits until his "spirit" to direct [illegible] which door of stairs to enter. The family do not wait for him, and if the spirit does not move him at all he goes without, as all other subjects this man is perfectly rational.—New York Sun.

The Demand for Poisonous Snakes.

The demand for poisonous snakes, as specimens for museums, is [illegible] limited. It comprises menageries, museums, private zoological gardens [illegible] fully supplied without a few boa constrictors and fancy snakes of different kinds, but the most [illegible] kinds are [illegible] ever for the world's showmen, and they are generally only to be seen in the large zoological gardens.

It so comes about that there is a constant demand for every such things as rattlesnakes, copperheads and moccasins. The excessive care with which they are handled makes it a difficult [illegible]

Aside from the demand for exhibition there is a certain limited demand from physicians who want these snakes for purposes of scientific experiments. The list of an unfortunate snake which is handled by the doctor in term of a physician is not likely to be a happy one, for, although he will be allowed to gratify himself by using various rabbits, pigeons, dogs and chickens to ascertain that the doctor may study the symptoms, he will be tossed beyond endurance to make room for another specimen and will meet a speedy and miserable death when he shall have served his purpose. Moreover, he will be chevied by having each finisher poked at him to bite at, which is a thing never [illegible] to [illegible] that the venom from his fangs may be collected and analyzed.

There are, however, few physicians who carry their devotion to science to such lengths as to lead them to meddle with copperheads.—Mail and Express.

The Self-Binder.

We read a good deal about the self-made men of America and what they have done for the country, but the self-binder has got in its work equal to any of them, according to an article in the Forum. The self-binder was first successfully attached to the reaper in 1858. In seventeen years thereafter the country, or what constituted it, had increased in population from 31,000,000 to 60,000,000, the cultivated area had increased from 163,000,000 acres to 369,000,000 acres, the number of reapers and mowers had increased from 1,000,000 to 4,000,000, and the number of self-binders had increased from 0 to 1,000,000. In other words, the self-binder had enabled the country to increase its wheat crop from 173,000,000 bushels in 1858 to 420,000,000 bushels in 1880, and to increase its corn crop from 838,000,000 bushels to 1,754,000,000 bushels. Without the self-binder the country could not have increased its wheat crop more than 100,000,000 bushels, and its corn crop more than 500,000,000 bushels. The self-binder has enabled the farmer to cut his grain at the proper time, and has saved him from the loss of from 10 to 20 per cent. of his crop, which used to be shelled out by the old-fashioned reaper. It has enabled him to cut his grain with one-fifth the labor that it formerly required