The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Thanksgiving.

Come one, come all! Come home, come home!
From desert sands, and ocean foam,
Beneath the honored home roof-tree,
Join hands and hearts, and you shall see
Sweet thoughts, pure love, and honest living
Flow from the keeper of Thanksgiving.

'Tis then the dead become most dear;
'Tis then the living bring most cheer;
'Tis then the best within us seems
Aspiring toward our youthful dreams,
And life looks really worth the living,
In the old homestead at Thanksgiving.

Thanks, grim old Puritans, to you,
Who "builded better than ye knew!"
True, ye were hard and stern, 'tis so,
Intolerant and bigoted,
But one sweet gift is of your giving—
Thanks, sad old pilgrims, for Thanksgiving!

—*Chloe Maxwell.*

Ursula's Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Eve, and Ursula Hall was coming home from her daily task of toil at the district school.

The little mountain stream was all choked with dead leaves; the gourd-shell lay broken in pieces among the yellowing ferns; and as Ursula stopped to gather up a scarlet vine-leaf which still retained its vivid glow, the setting sun burst from a bank of sullen clouds and seemed to encircle the whole world with a belt of amber light, while a sudden gust of frost-scented, autumnal wind swept the leaf from her hand and sent it eddying fantastically down the dark wood-path.

Ursula sighed.

"It is like an omen of evil," said she. "I was thirsty, and the spring is full of leaves and the shell broken; I wanted the bright leaf, and the wind has blown it away. And I don't know how I am ever to tell grandfather and grandmother about the district school."

Then, quickening her foot-steps, she hurried down the road, never pausing until she reached an old, steep-roofed house, painted a dull red, and half hidden by the giant boughs of huge chestnut trees.

There had been an old toll-gate there once, but it had long been disused, and nothing remained of it but a sort of picturesque arch over the roadway, all twined with wild vines.

And Grandfather Hall was carrying an armful of wood into the kitchen door as Ursula came up. Grandmother Hall was knitting by the fire, in her cushioned rocker.

It was five years since Grandmother Hall had put her feet to the floor, yet she was indomitably cheerful through it all. If there was a bright side to anything, Grandmother Hall always found it out; if not, she set herself to work to imagine one.

"Ah, here you are, Ursuly!" said the old man, mournfully. "And high time you come. The old turkey-hen is lost, and the apple-sass is scorched, and Lewis Crawford hain't called for them eggs, and if they ain't sold we shan't have a penny to put in the contribution-plate to-morrow, after the Thanksgiving services.

"Laws sakes, father," said Mrs. Hall, "what's the use of rainin' evil news on Ursula like that? Don't you see she looks pale and tired? The turkey-hen is safe in the branches of the seckel pear-tree; I saw her just now. And as for the apple-sass, I don't dislike a little scorch myself; it gives flavor. And I'm sartin sure Lewis Crawford'll come along yet. It ain't late, you know."

And, leaning over until you would have been sure she must lose her balance, Grandmother Hall opened the oven-door to see how the johnny-cakes were getting on. For corn-meal was cheap, and the old lady had a fashion of reproducing it in every possible style.

"Granny," said Ursula, with a quivering lip, "I'd better tell you at once Squire Dean's daughter is to have the district school next quarter. They don't need my services any longer, they say. Oh, granny, granny! what is to become of us?"

Old Mr. Hall sat down with a groan.

"I knowed there was some ill luck coming," said he. "There was a rabbit ran across the orchard path when I went to pick up apples—right square across the path!"

"Father, don't," said the old lady, swallowing some sort of a lump in her throat. "That's clear superstition. Don't fret, Ursuly. We shall get along somehow, never fear."

"Oh, yes," sighed Grandfather Hall, satirically, "we shall get along, even if we have to burn up the side of the house to keep us warm, and gnaw our finger-ends for food. Things is coming to a crisis now, mother. Squire Dean was over to see me about the place to-day. It's to be sold at auction—Monday, two weeks—and I'd like to know what is to become of us then. Ah, it was a black day when I lent that money to Stephen Gregson, and burdened the old house with debt. I might have known he was a scamp, or he wouldn't have wanted to go away and leave the spot where he was born."

Ursula winced at this. She knew perfectly well that if it had not been for her persuasions, Grandfather Hall never would have mortgaged his house and farm.

Six per cent seemed a golden investment; and besides—besides, Ursula had liked Stephen Gregson, with his bright, blue eyes, his clear voice, and his contagiously sanguine temperament.

"When I've made my fortune, Ursula," he had said, gaily, "I'll come back and marry you."

"Don't talk nonsense, Stephen," she had said, with a laugh.

But it had not seemed like nonsense in the secret depths of her heart.

She had pondered many and many a time over his emphatic words, but they had failed to come true.

Probably Stephen Gregson hadn't made the expected fortune. Certain it was that he had not come home to marry her. And Ursula was beginning to coincide with Grandfather Hall's misanthropic theory—that all the world was askew.

Grandmother Hall was silent. She was glad now that she had never told her husband and Ursula about the twenty-five dollars that she had lent cousin Abby Miller—the hoarded store of silver in the stocking-leg, which she had parted with to help the friendless old maid to open a little millinery in the city.

"I'm afraid it's money thrown away," thought Grandmother Hall. "I did s'pose Abby would at least have written word about it. But there! what is the use of crying about spilled milk? I clar' say Abby feels as bad about it as I do, poor, solitary cr'etur! Anyway, Ursuly," she said, breaking the oppressive silence, "there's one thing we have to be thankful for—the pumpkins ripened splendidly in the corn-stubble and I guess you'd better slice up one to-night for the pies; and father must cut the hen-turkey's head off bright and early. It may be our last Thanksgiving in the old place, and we'll keep it as it ought to be kept. Come, the tea is drawn—we'll all feel better for a good, hot cup."

"Tain't no use," said old Mr. Hall, shaking his head. "Nothing ain't no use."

Ursula, too, was discouraged. Grandmother Hall saw it in her face, even though she spoke no word.

They had scarcely seated themselves at the little round cherry-table, when a knock came to the door.

"It's the sheriff to serve the mortgage paper," said old Mr. Hall, whose ideas of the law were rather vague.

"It's Lewis Crawford after the eggs," said Mrs. Hall, more hopefully.

But it was neither one nor the other. It was a little old woman in a black silk hat, a respectable cloth cloak and a brown stuff dress—Miss Abby Miller herself.

"Good evening, Cousin Hall!" said she. "I've come to spend Thanksgiving with you."

"And you're kindly welcome," chirped the old lady. "Ursuly, set a chair for Abby, and take her things."

"But first," said Miss Abby, "I must pay my debts. Here's the twenty-five dollars I borrowed of you, with ten dollars for interest; and I know, Cousin Hall, you'll be pleased to know that I've prospered and made money in the millinery business, that I never could have got into if it hadn't been for your good nature and generosity. And here," producing a willow basket nearly as large as herself, "is the finest turkey in Fulton Market, and three quarts of cranberries, and a dozen of oranges, and a pot of guava jelly; my contribution to to-morrow's housekeeping. And if it was forty times as much, it wouldn't be half what I owe you, Cousin Hall!"

And Miss Abby Miller, failing in an attempt to laugh, began to cry, and ended up by hugging old Mrs Hall with all her might.

Tea was hardly over before a new visitor arrived on the scene—Doctor Purdy, the chairman of the local board of trustees.

"What's this about Squire Dean's daughter ousting you from your place, Miss Hall?" he asked.

"I have been told—" began Ursula.

"No matter what you have been told," said the doctor. "I've seen Mr. McAllister, and he and I both agreed that you are not to be disturbed. You suit us exactly, and we intend that you shall retain the position, if there were a dozen Miss Deans to be provided for. You'll remain, eh?"

"Gladly, if you wish it," said Ursula visibly brightening up.

"And if Dean don't like it, he can lump it," added Doctor Purdy, independently.

He had not been gone half an hour when the knocker—they never had arrived at the dignity of a door-bell at Grandfather Hall's—sounded again.

"Why," cried the old lady, who sat where she could see the door, "it's—it's Stephen Gregson!"

"Of course its Stephen Gregson," said a deep, masculine voice. "And he's travelled night and day to be in time to spend his Thanksgiving day with the best friends he has in the world. And I should have been here earlier," cordially wringing the hand of all the group as he spoke, "if I hadn't stopped at Squire Dean's to clap a stopper on that confounded mortgage business he's so sharp after."

"Ain't the place to be foreclosed, then?" said Grandfather Hall, in a half-comprehending manner.

"Foreclosed?" shouted Stephen Gregson. "Not if I know it. And the thing never would have been thought of if the lawyers I wrote to in New York hadn't been scamps and cleared out with the money I sent 'em six months ago to pay up the mortgage. However, here I am in time at last, with the amount of the debt I owe you, safely lodged in the Wickham Bank, and enough besides to settle up all costs and charges. Why, how well you all look! And Miss Abby Miller has actually grown young, and Ursula's cheeks are as pink as crape-myrtle. Yes, yes, Ursula, our old dreams have come true. I've made my fortune, and I've come back to marry you."

Ah, inconsiderate lover that he was thus to blurt out his courtship before the old people and Miss Miller.

But it never was Stephen Gregson's way to be secretive; and they all seemed to be as much interested about it as Ursula herself. But they had the discretion not to look toward that particular part of the kitchen where the big fish-geranium grew in a painted tub, when Stephen and Ursula had gone there to look at the new scarlet buds, just opening out.

"It seems like a dream!" said Ursula, ecstatically, as she and Stephen together stood at the window, watching the moon wade through the masses of struggling cloud. "Grandfather and grandmother provided for; the dear old home all our own; you back here, faithful and unchanged, and our wedding to be in February. Oh, how can ever be thankful enough?"

While Grandfather Hall was saying the same thing by the fireside.

"We shall keep Thanksgiving to-morrow, with good reason, eh, mother?" he uttered.

And old Mrs. Hall answered, fervently:

"I shall keep Thanksgiving all my life!"

Nautical Eloquence.

A speaker who attempts to use nautical metaphors should be thoroughly familiar with the sea and the working of a ship, or he will strand his speech. A clergyman was once supplying a pulpit by the sea-side. Thinking to impress the truth more distinctly upon the congregation, many of whom were seamen, he drew the figure of a ship trying to enter a harbor against a high wind.

Unfortunately for the success of his metaphor, he knew little of seamanship. After putting the ship into several singular positions, he cried out in a tone intended to be emphatic:

"What shall we do next?"

"The Lord only knows," exclaimed a disgusted old tar, "unless you let her drift stern foremost."

The prince of sailor-preachers, Father Taylor, was once silenced by a compliment to his eloquence. He had depicted the impenitent sinner under the figure of a storm-tossed ship, with her sails split, and driven by the gale toward the rock-bound coast of Cape Ann.

"O, how," he exclaimed, in tones of despair, "shall this sin-tossed sinner be saved?"

Instantly an old salt in the gallery, who had listened with open mouth and straining eyes to the preacher, jumped to his feet, and in a voice that would have sounded above a hurricane, shouted:

"Let him put his helm hard down, and bear away for Squam."—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Superstitions Mormon Women.

A ghastly burial ceremony that is practised by the Mormons rivets the hold polygamy has on the superstition of these creatures. Every wife that is buried has a black cloth laid on her face, and the Mormon women are taught to believe that on the resurrection day, when the righteous are called into the joys of their Lord, no hand but that of a husband can remove the cloth, and that unless the cloth is lifted by his hand she must remain in outer darkness forever. A woman who believes that and the Mormon women believe it can't help behaving herself, no matter how many wives her husband takes. She has to keep on the right side of the only man who can take off that cloth.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Its Origin, History, and Some of its Observances.

The *Magazine of American History* gives us the history of Thanksgiving day and its origin. From the papers we learn that the earliest thanksgiving service was held by the Church of England men. The Popham colonists, who, August 9, 1607, landed upon Monhegan, near the Kennebec, and under the shadow of a high cross, listened to a sermon by Captain Seymour, "giving good thanks for our happy meetings and safe arrival in the country."

Next we pass to Plymouth, where in 1621, the autumn after the arrival, a notable thanksgiving was held. The brief accounts present a joyous picture. As we learn from Winslow, the harvest being gathered, the governor "sent four men out fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together," and the traditional turkey was added to the abundant venison. The people gave themselves up to recreation, and the great chief Massasoit was feasted for three days with his ninety swarthy retainers.

Possibly on this first Plymouth thanksgiving, there was more carousing than we suppose, while there is not the slightest indication of any religious observance. Massasoit and his braves, no doubt, enjoyed it hugely, as the thanksgiving idea was entertained by the Indians before their contact with the whites, and in their celebrations there was much excess. How much "comfortable warm water" the grave and reverend elders themselves consumed during these three days of jollity, Bradford does not say.

In 1622 there is no mention of thanksgiving, but in 1623 a day was kept, not, however, in the autumn as a harvest festival, but in July, upon the arrival of some provisions. After this nothing more is heard of thanksgiving at Plymouth for nearly half a century. So far as the colonial records go, they indicate that the day did not find a revival until 1676, when there was some kind of a thanksgiving. Again, June 27, 1683, there was a thanksgiving for the accession of William and Mary. In 1620 an autumnal thanksgiving was held, and the next year Plymouth colony was merged in Massachusetts, and so passes out of the story. If any festival can be said to have been established, it was established in imitation of the customs across the sea. Puritan religious societies, however, may have kept occasional thanksgivings, as the people at Barnstable observed thanksgiving on December 22, 1636, and December 11, 1639.

In the Massachusetts colony the first thanksgiving was held at Boston, July 8, 1630, it being a special occasion, having no reference to harvests. Again, in February, 1631, there was a thanksgiving, as already noticed. In the October following a thanksgiving was held for the safe arrival of "Mrs. Winthrop and her children." In these appointments we do not find the thanksgiving that we know today, nor do we detect any fall day falling against Christmas. In 1632, on June 5, there was a thanksgiving for the victories in the Palatinate, and in October another for the harvest. In 1637 there was a thanksgiving for victory over the Pequots, and in 1638 for the arrival of ships and for the harvest. The thanksgiving days from 1634 to 1684, numbered about twenty-one, or less than one in every two years. The celebration of 1676 had special reference to the victory over King Philip. From this period until the revolution, a thanksgiving of some kind occurred nearly every other year, and even twice in the same year, as in 1742. Some of these days were appointed by the royal governors, while again they were ordered by the King or Queen or by the home board of trade.

After the close of the revolution a tendency to make Thanksgiving day a regular institution in New York, was at once apparent, and Gov. John Jay, in 1795, issued a proclamation for the 11th of November. The act, however, was seized upon by politicians, who maintained that he was seeking to flatter religious prejudices.

At an early period, also, the Mayors of New York were accustomed to appoint a day of thanksgiving, in accordance with the recommendations of the council, and that of December 16, 1799, appears to have been the first so ordered. Yet the observance of the day until Gov. Clinton's time was more or less broken. The festival was kept, however, by Episcopalians, according to the provisions of the prayer-book, other religious bodies at the same time following their own preferences. Clinton's course, like Jay's, excited criticism. At the east end of Long Island there was no little murmuring because the day did not coincide with the local custom. It appears that the people of East and Southampton observed thanksgiving on the Thursday after the cattle were driven home from the common pastures at Montauk Point, the day of the return of the cattle being fixed annually, with due solemnity, at the town meeting. Hence there was a collision, and the horsemen were divided, striving some with those of Lot. But this was necessary, as immovable hills opposed to an irresistible force, and therefore the opponents of Clinton gave away, though not without many expostulations. Here was the beginning of the movement which led to the first Presidential proclamation notwithstanding Thanksgiving day.

Children's Games and Frolics.

A quiet Christmas game which may be played in the house is known by the euphonious name of "still pond no moving." One child is "duff" lies and stands in the middle of the room, counting a hundred by fives, then calls out "still pond no moving." The others hide in some part of the room, and the one who is "it" moves about until he catches some one, whom he must name. If any one moves, then he is blindfolded and has to be "it."

A lady in Brooklyn, who has four little girls and three small boys has a game for them call "Housekeeping." Every morning they clean up their nursery. Two of them have little brooms and they do the sweeping, while a little tot of three years in a pink sash and a cap take up the dust in a tiny dustpan. The boys move the furniture aloof and then they all dust. They also dust the two parlors every morning, and seldom hear anything. This is good exercise for them and they enjoy it greatly. No grown up person bothers them while they work, but their mother inspects it and points out improvements after it is done.

"Oh, how I wish it was warm weather, so the children could play out doors," is an exclamation often heard during the months of cold weather. But the many hours a child spends indoors during winter might be filled with play of an amusing and instructive character. In the first place do not force the children the kitchen, for in that most busy room of the house they may learn many useful things; and what child does not like to see cakes and pies made, and have the dish the cake was mixed in after the cake is in the oven, or make a little pie or cake of his own out of a piece of dough?

Another mother in the city who has a large family of children has a game for them which they play every night. It is called "Circus" by the children and affords an excellent opportunity for exercise. They all form in a straight line with their arms folded behind them, and march backward and then forward to gay music played by their mother, singing some sample music, such as

"Six I take children all in a row
Five I take forward, here we go."

Then they place the hands on shoulders over the head and march again singing; then they place their hands on each other's shoulders and march. One child recites a little poem every night, and is crowned with a wreath of flowers, the children forming a circle about her and singing. Then the father holds a spelling match, over which they have great fun, after which they sing a hymn and go off to bed, their eyes sparkling with fun and exercise, and their memories, voices and lungs gaining strength by the game.

A useful and instructive game for children a little older is called "Finding." Each one has a map, say of Asia, or they all cluster around a big map. Some one of them says "Find Pekin." Then they hunt for it and whoever finds it first and locates it properly has the next turn.—*New York Journal.*

The Laws of Trade.

"Twenty-three dollars for that 'ere stove?" she exclaimed, before a Wall Street *News* man, as she held up her hands in horror.

"Yes'm—twenty-three."

"But iron is down."

"Yes."

"I've seen in the papers during the last month where as many as six big iron companies have failed."

"Well?"

"Well, that ought to make stoves cheaper, and I know it."

"Madam, in the last two months death has laid his hand upon as many as twenty-five young 'uns in this town."

"Yes, poor things."

"But are nursing-bottles any cheaper than three months ago?"

"No," she slowly admitted.

"Of course not, ma'am. The laws of trade are immutable. The best I can do is to throw in a horseradish grater, if you take the stove at $23."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

By careful measurements, Prof D. P. Penhallow has determined the root and the leaf areas of the indian corn plant to be approximately equal.

The last observations indicate that we are distant from the sun about 92,700,000 miles. These are figures obtained as near as may be from the observations of the last Venus transits.

Prof. P. Farsky has experimented with sulphuric acid as one of its sodium compounds for manuring clayey soil. Both were without action upon moist soils, and caused a reduction of the yield on a dry soil.

Were a man weighing 150 pounds and wed with the strength of a beetle, some time now exhibited by Dr. Tichell at a scientific meeting, he should be able to move 150,000 pounds or nearly five tons. The insect weighed two grains, and moved 7,500 grains.

Since the construction of railways in Italy malarial fever has become more prevalent and more severe than before. It is supposed that this effect is due to the interference by the numerous earthworks necessary for the laying of tracks, and to the greater use of stagnant water.

The introduction of electricity as a substitute for lamps and candles on board ship is a great safety in this to the ship and the passengers. All lights are put out at 11 o'clock. After this time people may look in the dark, but there is no possibility of accidents of lights and lamps.

The hen has to be counted, in room numbers, more than 500 times, which develop gradually as they successively laid. Of these eggs 100 hens will lay twenty in her first year, 15 in her second and 11 in her third. In each one of the following 2 or years the number of eggs will be diminished by twenty, and in each year the hen will lay at most ten eggs. In consequence of these patterns of chickens never the subject of administration they should not be allowed to live over four years.

A Wound From a Stag's Horn.

There appeared the West Hinsdale's wound from a stag's horn is believed to be very dangerous. It is difficult to cure, and often causes extreme debility and bad health. Some hunters, foresters, and their assistants dread it extremely, and say that a dog which receives such a wound usually dies from gangrene or mortification of the sole, however slight it may seem at first. If he recovers, the result is almost equally unsatisfactory, the dog becomes paralytic in the wounded limb or epileptic, or if he has been a wise and intelligent creature, he now becomes perfectly stupid. The author of "Nether Lochaber" was personally acquainted with a fine young man, an assistant forester, who in helping to take a dead stag off a hill pony's back, was accidentally wounded in the leg by one of the tines. He did not think much of it at the time. It was an ugly, jagged gash, but not deep, and he had more than once had much more serious wounds which had healed at once easily "by the first intention," as the doctors say. This wound from the dead stag's horn would not, however, heal; none of the salves or ointments or healing medicaments of the glen had the least effect upon it. It always became the heavier the worse, and when Mr Stewart saw the young man he was on his way to Glasgow to see if the skill of the doctors there could counteract the fire effect of the stag's horn.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Listen, Boys!

Wordsworth says, "The boy is father of the Man;" and the Cleveland (Ohio) *Farmer* offers this good advice to aspiring boys:

The highest attainment for you, my boy! is to be a man. This world is full of counterfeits. But it is a grand thing to stand upright in defence of truth and principle. When persecutions come, some hide their faces until the storm passes by; others can be bought for a mess of pottage. Scan such an one, turn away. But stand by a friend; be a man; do not run away when danger threatens to overwhelm him or yourself. Think for yourself. Read good books and real men's lives. The eye is the window to the soul; use your eyes and hold your tongue. If opposition comes meet it manfully. If success crowns your efforts bear it quietly. Do your own thinking and keep your own secrets, worship no idol for his wealth nor his finery. Fine feathers don't always cover fine birds. Be sober, be honest, be just in all your dealings with the world, be true. They will sell you for money or popularity. Don't trust them. Wear but one face and let that be an honest one.

The Thrush.

Glad in the blithe ribbon in the leaves,
The golden flute strikes through the rain;
The soul a thrill of hope receives,
The dull clouds seem to lift the sighs—
The dull day weeping resolves rain.

The world may weep, yet sound of tears
Not taint with sighs this cloistered space,
Where naught but lore of passing years
Fall on soft lawns and leave no trace,
But ever fresh spells sob on the place.

Ah, not for us such green repose,
Gray walls or stillness, breeding air
Where floats the scent of each dead rose
The sighs years have sent on close,
And pass, sweet ghost, to haunt the air.

Sing loud, and bid us dream no more
In the sad prison of the soul,
But rise and give us, and before
The sun sets, hasten toward the goal,
Break loose the sweet bonds of the soul.

Sing 'mid the falling leaves thy song
Of hope, though Autumn's breath is here;
The day is short, the way is long,
Up! be in labor and be strong,
Nor rather till the end appear.

—*E. C. Bradley, in Harper's Magazine.*

HUMOROUS.

An exchange has an elaborate article for amateur vocalists, "How to begin to sing." How to get them to quit is still an unsolved problem.

When your parlor-furniture gets all worn threadbare, have it covered with mustard then everyone will think it is new, and that you have covered it to preserve the delicate lined satin.

Ice-cream, being of a high temperature, impairs the teeth, and predisposes them to decay. Young man cut this out and show it to your girl, if you want to save money next summer.

"Cats," says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, "are very cleanly animals." Oh, they are, they are. No matter how careless your servants are, you can always depend on the rats to clean out the pantry.

There is an old proverb which says, "You cannot get more out of a bottle than was put in it. This is a mistake. A man can get all that was put in the bottle, and in addition to this can get $10, or thirty days.

"I tell you," said the bad boy, confidentially, to a group of youthful friends," my mother may seem small—don't believe she'd weigh more than I do in her stocking feet—but her slippers is heavy, though, you bet!"

A farmer, in "setting" a hen, made a mistake, and got hold of a number of porcelain nest-eggs instead of the genuine article. She is doing all she can, but there is a tired look of wonder in her eyes that is pitiful to see.

"Love lightens labor." "Yes, it does," is Bumble's comment, "and when you've taken a fat girl out for a sail, and the wind goes down to a dead calm, and you have six miles to row against the tide with a steering oar and a canoe paddle, 'labor lightens love,' now you let your blisters."

Japanese Customs

The umbrella is an institution in Japan. Whether it owes its invention to this people or not, they avail themselves largely of its uses. The Japanese umbrella is a sensible article in its amplitude and lightness, being made of paper and bamboo. When under one of them a man is nearly as safe as if he was under a shed, so far as the falling rain is in question, and the shade it affords from the sun is "like unto that of a great rock in a weary land." When folded, however, it possesses a volume that is rather unwieldy and inartistic in appearance. The average Japanese is seldom seen without his umbrella. It is an indispensable article of comfort, and rain or shine he places himself under its protection. If the same array of umbrellas was to be seen on our streets that is constantly in sight on the street here it would be a novel spectacle, especially on a bright, sunny day.

The garment most commonly worn is suited for all the needs of warmth or coolness. It is made with wide, flowing, square sleeves, and it is wrapper-shaped, open in front from top to bottom and confined at the waist by a long band wound around the body a number of times. It is a very simple outfit. Comfort cannot exact anything more simple. In the cold season these garments are duplicated by the addition of wadded articles of the same character. The great multitude wear for headgear simply a piece of blue cloth tied about the temples, though the straw hat is fast coming into use with many. Of course, there are many who have adopted the European styles of costume throughout from head to foot. The native dress of the Japanese is not a costly one. One of the garments in use in summer will cost about one dollar and a half if made of cotton; more, of course, if silk.