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MANK'S gratitude was the cause of the custom of setting apart one day of the year as a day of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

whoops, with prayers and benedictions—typical, perchance, of the vicissitudes to be encountered in their New World home.

IN 1632 the little town of Boston was threatened with famine. Their crops had failed, and the ship which was expected to bring supplies from England had not arrived.

On a cold day in the month of November, Governor Winthrop called the men together, and after much deliberation a hunting expedition, though full of peril and toil, was determined upon.



Of similar character was the next recorded Thanksgiving service, twenty-nine years later, when the Poplham colony arrived at Sagadahoc, on the coast of Maine, in August of 1607.

As Yellow as Gold By Mary E. Knowlton Here's a pumpkin, fluted, golden, Written o'er with customs olden, Out of bygone days.

ANNOUNCED a day of thanksgiving for the return of peace. Since the war it has become an established custom that the last Thursday in November shall be observed as a general Thanksgiving Day throughout the federation of States.

Thanksgiving. Twelve months are sped—we look behind And call God's goodness fresh to mind, His care was felt through storm and shine;

Thanksgiving Day Entertainment. Thanksgiving Day brings with it worries for the housewife as to how to make the dinner a success.

Cranberry Jelly. Add one cup of water to one cup of cranberries and cook until the fruit is quite soft;

AN UP-TO-DATE THANKSGIVING MENU

- Oyster (Blue Points) cocktail. Thin brown bread. Fried almonds. Boillon with whipped cream. Bread sticks. Radishes. Roast turkey, chestnut stuffing, giblet gravy. Cranberry frappe. Mashed potatoes. Glazed sweet potatoes. Hubbard squash. Fried celery. Lemon ginger sorbet. Baked quail, hominy, cauliflower. Lettuce salad. Cheese straws. Pumpkin pie, mince pie, apple pie. Preserved ginger, cheese, raisins. Nesselrode pudding. Nuts. Coffee. Fruits.

LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE OR A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

CHAPTER I. How Thomas Dexter Made His Money.

HE was seven and a half. His name was Thomas Dexter; here Little Make-Believe. He was a crooked, ugly, pock-marked little man; she a crooked, ugly, pock-marked little girl.

The persons thus fastidiously inclined and who thus, metaphorically, turn up their noses at Clare Market, are dwellers therein, and being generally inclined to wish to disguise the fact, resembling in this respect other persons higher in the social scale who reside in Bayswater and call it Hyde Park.

When the painted letters of the legend on his shop windows were fresh and bright Thomas Dexter, also fresh and bright, commenced business with exactly £14 in gold, which he found, on the evening of his father's funeral, tied up in an old nightcap, in a hard lump close to the tassel.

There was another reason for sad-heartedness; he had spent his last shilling on his father's funeral. "Tom," his father had said to him in his dying moments, "there's something weighing on my mind."

"Why, father," said Thomas Dexter, "it's broad daylight and the sun's shining right into the window!" "You'll allow me to know," murmured the old man, with a freightful sigh.

"No, no, no! Afore that! Give a cove a leg up. What was I saying fust of all?" "That you was born in this here neighborhood."

"The thing was done. The old man was buried with feathers, and Thomas Dexter experienced a solemn satisfaction as he gazed at the sable plumes, emblems of triumphant woe, which nodded at him in approval of his dutiful regard to his father's last wish.

Suspended over his head, in the shape of a net, by means of pieces of string tied to the bare rafters of the ceiling, was his father's nightcap, the tassel, as you looked up, being the first part of it that met your eyes.

But he did not attempt to remove this constant source of danger. He respected his father's nightcap with superstitious reverence, and he had a fear that if he shifted its position, even by a hair's breadth, it might change his luck.

He lived all alone, without chick or child. He washed and cooked and did everything for himself. If Cupid had possessed a rusty antiquated arrow, he might have sent it in the direction of Dexter's shop; but Cupid's arrows are always new and brightly polished, and such shining articles would have been completely wasted upon this dealer in odds and ends.

These ugly, crooked, pock-marked little men generally prosper, especially if they live on bread and salt butter, or bread and no butter, with an occasional herring and an ample supply of potatoes, with perhaps, at long intervals, a little bit of meat, wisely selected, and bought on the political economy principle.

CHAPTER II. Thomas Dexter's Romances. The slight reference to the arrow which many years ago had found its way to Thomas Dexter's heart furnishes material for detail which shall be brief as woman's love.

She was no stranger to him, being a native of the locality. He must have seen her thousands of times, and he had never given her a thought; certainly it never entered his mind to pay her the slightest attention.

Love is an exception, however, being frequently foolish as well as blind. Of course it was Saturday night. If any prince in disguise wished to seek for adventure in London street, let him select Saturday night for the enterprise.

Then come out the tollers and mollers, the pleasure-seekers, the pain-reapers. Girls who have been at work all the week fit about like butterflies, and enjoy blissful moments, meeting their lovers, and helping to fill the theatres and music halls.

What eyes she had! What a complexion! What a laughing mouth, what large white teeth. He idealized every feature in her face, every movement of her body. The man was possessed. He passed a bad night, and he might have had a fever had he not found his way to Polly Cleaver's lodgings on the following day, which in the natural order of time was Sunday.

And then came the feast, at which were displayed the fine napery and household treasures brought from Old England—those precious relics whose possession in these days is the patent of American birth and nobility. It was an al fresco dinner, in the mild Indian summer; and at this time and place the American turkey, since sacred to the day, made his first appearance as the piece de resistance of a Thanksgiving dinner.

And after the solemn service in the little church and the decorous feast, served with Puritan sedateness, the people returned to their homes, and the early darkness settled down upon the little settlement, from which was to grow so grand a nation.

They could fly spare any of their number. They decided to observe a day of fasting and prayer on the morrow, then venture into the pathless forest in search of game.

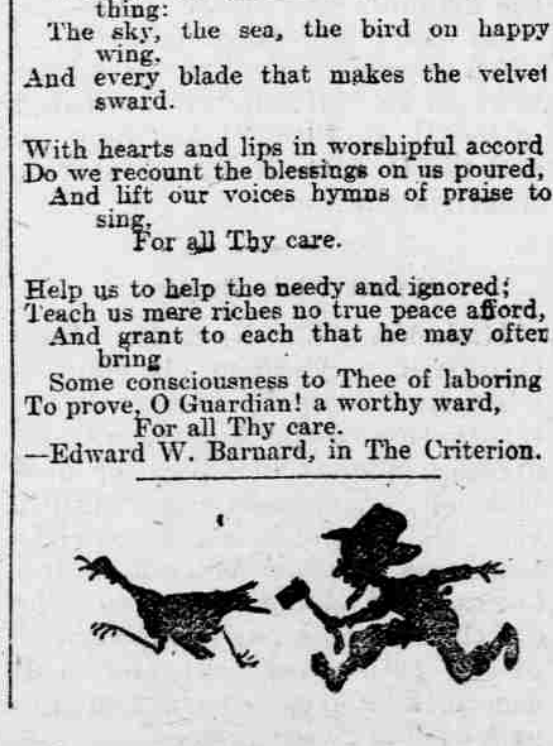
The day should close with merry-making and fun, but the deeper lessons that it brings must not be forgotten. Gratitude is not a characteristic of childhood, which accepts what is done for it as a right, but even the very little ones can be told in simple language the meaning of the day, and that true thankfulness should prompt us to share our blessings with others.

The Nightmare. It was Thanksgiving night, and up in his room, Our boy lay asleep in his bed, While dreams of a most uncomfortable kind Were chasing about in his head.

There's a moral, of course—there always is one— And this is a good one, I'm thinking; Either don't go to bed after eating too much, Or be careful in eating and drinking. —A. H. H.

Grace For Thanksgiving. For all Thy care and loving kindness, Lord, Accept our thanks who gather round this board. We see Thy goodness in each perfect thing: The sky, the sea, the bird on happy wing, And every blade that makes the velvet sward.

Help us to help the needy and ignored; Teach us more riches, no true peace afford, And grant to each that he may offer bring Some consciousness to Thee of laboring To prove, O Guardian! a worthy ward, For all Thy care. —Edward W. Barnard, in The Criterion.



Reporters on Paris newspapers earn from \$30 to \$50 a month.