

now noon of the day before
 veng day—the day toward which
 r had been looking forward joy-
 many weeks. But since his un-
 t he had abandoned all hope of
 a message had been wired to
 er, announcing that unexpected
 nces would prevent his being
 Now, off for Vermont." I said as
 out of the court room together.
 I not have much time to lose,
 can make your train and reach
 ime for dinner yet. Come back
 is you can," I said, when we
 and come straight to my office.
 work in a jewelry shop for you,

little sketch I have told you of
 arkable circumstances under
 came acquainted with my pres-
 arter. The neat sign over our
 r now reads:

LAWSON & ORR,
 ATTORNEYS.

Frank Orr has spent many pleasant
 Thanksgiving days since he came to New
 York, but he still declares that none have
 been half so delightful as the day he remem-

FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Indian Chiefs Were Hospitably Entertained by Pilgrim Fathers.

The first Thanksgiving was appointed by Gov. Bradford, at Plymouth, Mass., in 1621, the year following the landing of the Pilgrims, in order that the Colonists in a more special way could rejoice together at having all things in good and plenty, writes Clifford Howard in the Ladies' Home Journal. In preparation for the feast "gunners were sent into the woods for wild turkeys, which abounded there in great numbers; kitchens were made ready for preparing the feast—especially the large one in Dame Brewster's house, which was under the immediate direction and charge of Priscilla Molines, she who afterward became the wife of John Alden—while a messenger was dispatched to invite Massasoit, the chief of the friendly tribe, to attend the celebration.

"Early on the morning of the appointed Thursday—about the first of November—Massasoit and ninety of his warriors arrived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yells announced their readiness to enjoy the hospitality of their white brethren. The little settlement, which now consisted of seven dwellings and four

WOMAN AT HOME

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT, in an article in the Chautauquan on, "Are Women Hurting the Chances of Men in Business?" makes the following assertions:

"The fact is absolutely demonstrated that the proportion of females in all occupations followed is gradually increasing, and that women are to some extent entering into places at the expense of the males. A closer study of all the facts, however, shows that while the statement just made is true, women are more generally taking the places of children. Through the influence of a higher intelligence and the action of law, the number of children employed in manufactures is constantly decreasing. In 1870 the percentage of children of the whole number of persons employed in manufacturing was 5.58, while in 1890 the percentage was only 2.68. In very many classes, as children have been excluded through law and other influences, adult women have to some extent taken their places. There need not be any alarm, therefore, as to the encroachments of women upon the occupations held by men."

Bibs for the Baby.

It is claimed that the children of what is known as the "400" wear cheaper and more serviceable articles of dress than those who are less able to afford expensive ones. Be that as it may, it is certain that the little children of the rich are noted for their tasteful dress, which is at the same time not in the least extravagant. In Central Park the other day, says an exchange, there appeared a nurse with the three little children of a New York millionaire. They had their lunch baskets with them, and they wore little bibs that would attract your attention

chism, embroidery and lace-making, and usually could read. But even in the eighteenth century men as cultivated as Rousseau denied the necessity of education for women, while Napoleon shared the same idea. Even today Tolstol thinks if a woman understands the Bible she has sufficient education, but happily Tolstol is not an absolute dictator.

Janet Scott's Long Journey.

Journeying for a month across two oceans and one continent, a distance of nearly 10,000 miles, is a big task for a seasoned traveler, yet this is what a



JANET SCOTT.

bonnie Scotch lassie, who has seldom been many miles from her home before, has been doing to meet her sweet heart. Her name is Janet Scott, and she is from Edinburgh. Seven years ago John S. Muirhead left this bonnie lass in Scotland and crossed the seas to make his fortune. He settled in Honolulu, and his sweetheart in Edinburgh waited year after year for him to make a sufficient sum to warrant their marriage. The time often seemed long, but love was strong in the heart of Janet, and patiently she looked forward to the time when their separation should end.

A few weeks ago she received word from her betrothed that the time for their union had come, and he asked her to hasten to the home he had in readiness for her on the island in the Pacific. Miss Scott waited for no second bidding. She crossed the Atlantic, came over the continent and in San Francisco boarded the steamer Mariposa to take her to the man she loves.

Benefit from a Good Cry.

A well-known physician says that women derive a good deal of benefit from a good cry, and asserts that if many who are always complaining of feeling unwell would shed a few more tears than they do they would not feel so poorly. He says the benefit derived is partly due to the increased depth of respiration and the improvement in the often languid circulation thereby induced, but to a large extent it is the result of the muscular exercise involved, by which the general vascular tension, and especially the blood pressure in the brain is much reduced. The profuse flow of tears no doubt also acts strongly on the cerebral circulation in still further reducing tension. The sobbing movements, again, have a good influence upon the venous circulation in the abdominal and pelvic viscera, which the exhaustion produced tends to cause sleep, and thus to give the nervous system its best chance of recuperation.

Bewitching Bows.

1.—Restoration collar in batiste, edged with a narrow double ruche. Cravat of black satin. 2.—Linen collar



with velvet stock and mousseline de sole bow. 3.—Collar with double round points, ornamented with fine embroidery; 1830 cravat in silk plaid.

A Good Thing to Remember.

An unmarried woman, in writing to the New York Herald, in answer to the question, "Why don't men marry?" remarks that neither sex belongs exclusively to the "angel nor devil family." If married folk always bore that in mind perhaps wives would receive more reward for good deeds and husbands more mercy for bad ones, and there would be fewer unhappy marriages.

Grays in Fashion.

Of all the colors that the season seems likely to make famous none stands a better chance than gray. It promises to be popular not only on its own account, but as an aider and abettor to other colors; in other words, in combinations.

Byron says that novelists who always give a full length picture of courtship seldom show more than the bust of matrimony.

Flatterers are often dangerous; a bee always buzzes loudest when he is stealing a flower's honey.



JUST IN TIME FOR DINNER.

ASIDE from some noted criminal prosecutions which I conducted several years ago, the incident which I am about to relate was one of the most interesting chapters in my professional life. It had been a stormy November day. During the morning the rain had come down in torrents. Toward noon the water began to crystallize as it descended, and all afternoon the snow had been blowing and drifting in a very uncomfortable way. It grew dark early. Perhaps it was because of this that I decided to go home an hour earlier than usual. I say perhaps, because I have always thought that providence had something to do with my going out on to the street at that moment. Passing up Broadway I turned into Fourteenth street to cross to the elevated railroad station. Near the corner I encountered a crowd of men and boys, in the center of which stood a bluecoat with a prisoner. Standing on tip-toe I saw that the prisoner was a young lad with a remarkably handsome face and gentlemanly manner. A call had been sent in for a patrol wagon, and the policeman was waiting the response. The boy looked thoroughly frightened. As I reached the spot he was protesting his innocence and begging to be released.

"I tell you honestly, sir, it is a mistake. I know nothing of the jewelry. I am innocent, sir; I am, truly."

"That's all right, you young rascal," the policeman replied. "Nobody that's arrested ever steals anything. But when we get our clutches on 'em they don't generally turn out such innocents as they claim."

Just then the patrol wagon dashed up, two officers alighted, and the boy was quickly hustled up the steps of the wagon and driven off.

"What station?" I asked as they drove off toward the south. There was no reply, but by walking rapidly in the direction taken by the officers I soon brought up at the Mercer street station, where, as an attorney, I soon obtained an interview with the lad whose face had so greatly interested me. When I was shown to his cell he was weeping bitterly, and appeared to be in absolute despair.

"I saw you at the patrol box," I said by way of introduction, "and thought I would like to find out a little more about your case. I am a lawyer; and if you are innocent, as I think you must be, I will see what can be done to get you out of this. My name is Lawson, what is yours?"

"Frank Orr," he said promptly, "as a wave of gratitude and hope swept over his face. Then he added: "This is very kind of you, sir. The whole miserable business is a mistake. I never took a bit of the jewelry; not a bit."

Then I sat down on the cot beside Frank and asked him to tell me all about his trouble.

His home was in Western Vermont, he said, and he had been in New York about a year. He had come here to get a start in the world. While his success had not been all that his fancy used to paint it, yet, considering the hard times, he had done very well. Once a month he had been able to send a little money to his mother, who needed his help sorely. For six months past he had been employed in the shop of a manufacturing jeweler. That day twenty valuable rings and some other articles had disappeared from a showcase. They were missed just after the noon hour. During that hour the workmen were always out at lunch, and Frank and another young man named Lerch were usually in charge. But today Lerch was sick at home, and Frank was in the shop alone.

"Did you see no one about the premises during that hour?" I asked.

"It is a trifle mysterious, my young friend," I said, rising. "But I somehow believe you are not the guilty party. I will ask the sergeant to give you a more comfortable place than this for the night. In the morning I will see you again."

When the case came up at the Jefferson Market police court next day I secured an adjournment. Then I went to work vigorously to hunt down the thief. I started out on the theory of Frank's innocence. Then, it was clear that the janitor could not himself have stolen the goods. He might have had an accomplice, however, who may have been concealed somewhere in the room, and carried off the jewelry while Frank was taking his two-minute view of the horses in the alley. This thief might have dropped the ring into Frank's pocket so as to point suspicion toward his owner.

My theory proved correct. A guarded talk with some people living near the home of Hogan, the janitor, made me acquainted with his character and habits. What I learned was not to his credit. I also came into possession of the fact that he had been seen the previous night at a Bowery saloon in company with a fellow named Tingle, who had done time at Sing Sing, and who was now under surveillance by the police. I went to the saloon named, but learned that the men had only been there a few minutes earlier in the evening.

"They had no money and were sober," the bartender explained, "so guess they ain't been into no crooked work of late." The fact that they were not spending money made me believe that if these men were really the thieves they had not yet sold their plunder. So I decided upon a bold movement. Securing the aid of a trusty detective who had once served me in somewhat similar case, I went to Hogan's house. A red-faced woman admitted us. "Mr. Tingle left some rings and other jewelry with you for safe-keeping," I said in confident tone, purposely refraining from giving any hint that suspicion also rested upon her husband.

"The property is not Mr. Tingle's, and if you wish to save yourself from trouble you will deliver it up to this officer at once," I added.

The woman turned pale and hesitated. A threat to place her under arrest brought her to a decision, and a parcel containing the plunder was placed in my hand.

At the police court next day Hogan and Tingle were confronted with the evidence of their crime, and Frank Orr's eyes danced with joy when the judge expressed regret that so serious a mistake had been made, and told him he was at liberty.

bled over the snow-clad hills of Vermont, ran up the old lane under the apple trees, greeted old Nero with a shout that woke the echoes, and burst into the dear old home just in time for dinner.—Lawrence Lawson.

Uncle Ephraim Gives Thanks.

I l'anks de Lawd fo' de crisy air.
 An' de spahkkin' erus' on de snow,
 Fo' de life dat t'robs in o' anshky's velo,
 Ez Novembah breezes blow,
 Fo' life an' lub I l'anks de Lawd,
 'N' shall w'ile 'e gibs me bref—
 'N' las' night, fo' sho',
 Et de hen house do',
 Ez I stopped in,
 Fo' ter do my mahketin',
 Er-treenblin' like
 Fo' feah my like
 An' ol' Deakin Green
 Hed sweep de roostees clean—
 Pam er swellin' bress' I l'anked de Lawd
 Ter fah dey was sebboral lef'!

The Ivory God.

The Ivory god has taken the place of the Dresden statuette and the dainty and fragile filigree toy. A few years ago every man's ambition was to have a sufficient number of silver trinkets to fill a "silver table," and this piece of ostentation held a place in the affections and the drawing-room of every whimsical woman of fashionable pretensions. Some of these toys were useful, such as the wee boxes and trays for desk or dressing table, the miniature candlesticks and the dainty calendars and photograph frames, but most of them were wholly frivolous and as impractical as the were diminutive.

One woman whose soul delights in tiny things—from lap dog to well-nigh invisible timepieces—draped her piano with a scarf of thin silk. It was arranged in soft folds, each fold held in place by a little piece of Dutch silver. The collection, which was strewn all over the top of the piano, included a violin, a cradle, chairs, a clock and other articles of "bigotry and virtue." Each was beautifully chased and carved.

Thanksgiving.

The shades of night were falling fast
 As turkeys fat went flying past
 To find the trees where they could stay
 Until the night had grown to day.
 They ranged along the lower limbs,
 According to their various whims.
 Except one old one, "Ah," said he,
 "I guess I'll also climb a tree,
 For since Thanksgiving's come unloosed,
 You bet your life I'm going to roost
 Excelsior!"

A graceful and honorable old age is the childhood of immortality.—Pindar.

public buildings, was soon astir with men, women and children, who gave the Indians a hearty welcome as they filed into the large square in front of the Governor's house. Soon the roll of a drum announced the hour of prayer, for no day was begun without this religious service. Then followed a holiday of feasting and recreation, which continued not only that day but during the two succeeding days. The usual routine of duties was suspended; the children romped about in merry play; the young men indulged in athletic sports and games in friendly rivalry with the Indians; the little American army of twenty men, under the leadership of Miles Standish, went through its drill and manual of arms, to the great delight and astonishment of the natives, while the women busied themselves in the careful preparation of the excellent meals, which were eaten in the open air.

A Thanksgiving Hymn.

We thank Thee, Lord, for daily food,
 For all received of daily good,
 For sunshine and the songs of birds
 And melody of loving words.
 We thank Thee for the books we read,
 And for the books of books we need,
 For the bright clouds that float above;
 For the tears we've sometimes known
 For sorrows other than our own.
 For loved ones here and loved ones gone,
 Who still, with Thee, keep loving on;
 For spirit tones that softly call,
 And for the cross that's over all.

Just the Season.

"Where are you going, my Turkey maid?"
 "I am going a-walking, sir," she said,
 "You had better be careful, my Turkey maid,
 Or some one will ax you, miles," he said.

Canned Salmon.

It is computed that 20,000 tons of canned salmon are consumed annually in this country.

For children's voices full of love;
 For the bright clouds that float above;
 And for the tears we've sometimes known
 For sorrows other than our own.

For loved ones here and loved ones gone,
 Who still, with Thee, keep loving on;
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