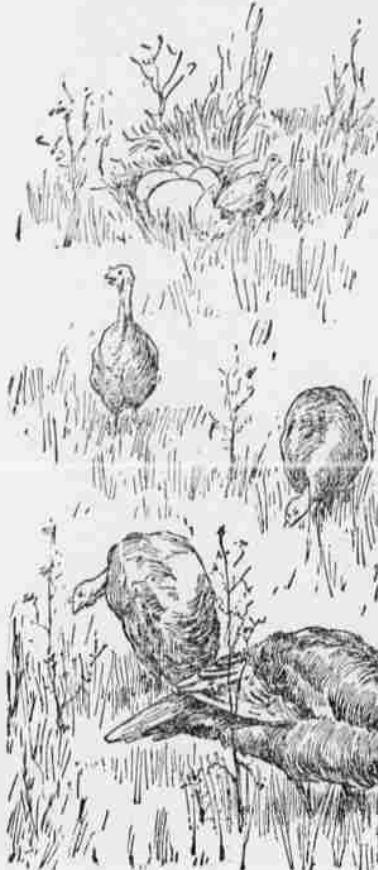


## FROM EGG TO AX.



### SONG OF THE THANKFUL TIME.

We think of Thanksgiving at seedling time:  
In the swelling, unfolding, budding time;  
When the heart of nature and hearts of men  
Rejoice in the earth grown young again.  
We dream of the harvest, of field and vine,  
And granaries full, at Thanksgiving time.

We think of Thanksgiving in growing time:  
In the time of flowers, and the vintage prime;  
When the palms of the year's strong hands  
Are filled  
With fruitage, with grain, and with sweets  
Distilled.  
When the dream of hope is a truth sublime,  
Then our hearts make room for the thankful time.

We think of Thanksgiving in harvest time:  
In the yielding, gathering, golden time;  
When the sky is fringed with a hazy mist,  
And the blushing maples by frost lips kissed;  
When the barns are full with the harvest cheer,  
And the crowning, thankful day draws near.

We think of Thanksgiving at resting time:  
The circle completed is but a chime  
In the song of life, in the lives of men!  
We harvest the toll of our years, and then  
We wait at the gate of the King's highway  
For the dawn of our soul's Thanksgiving day.  
—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

## 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. Stumbling on tiptoe, 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 irritation 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 to-day 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.

"No one but Hogan, the janitor."

"Was he in the room?"

"No, I am sure he was not."

"Did you see him at all between twelve and one?"

"Yes," said Frank, "he came to the rear door and called me to go back and look at a team of fine horses in the alley."

"How long were you out of the room?" I asked.

"Not more than two minutes."

"Could a person come from the front hall during that time without your knowing it?"

"No, indeed," said young Orr, earnestly; "I locked the door before I ran out to

ance 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



look at the horses."

"Then if the jewelry was taken while you were in charge it could have been taken by no one but yourself," I said somewhat severely to see what effect the conclusion would have on the prisoner.

"It looks bad for me, sir, especially as one of the rings was found in my overcoat pocket."

"That last fact counts for nothing," I remarked, and added: "Tell me candidly, Orr, have you no theory upon which the thing can be explained?"

"No, sir, I have not; it seems very strange; I can't understand it," he said, his voice trembling perceptibly, and his eyes again filling with tears.

"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 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 its 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 surveil-

made, and told him he was at liberty.

It was now noon of the day before Thanksgiving day—the day toward which Frank Orr had been looking forward joyfully for many weeks. But since his unjust arrest he had abandoned all hope of going, and a message had been wired to his mother, announcing that unexpected circumstances would prevent his being there. "Now, off for Vermont," I said as we came out of the court room together. "You will not have much time to lose, but you can make your train and reach home in time for dinner yet. Come back as soon as you can," I said, when we parted, "and come straight to my office. No more work in a jewelry shop for you, Orr."

In this little sketch I have told you of the remarkable circumstances under which I became acquainted with my present law partner. The neat sign over our office door 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 rumbled 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.

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!"

## 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



Light-houses, from a theatrical point of view, always indicate bygone times ahead.

Kate—I think that Cholley has something on his mind. Polly—if he has, he must be good at balancing.—Sonnerville Journal.

"Now that I have got my hay in," said the relieved farmer, "I think the world would be greatly better for a good shower."

Gabber—What does your son do for a living? Nabber—He's a scientific baker. Gabber—A pugilist? Nabber—No, undertaker.—Life.

First Seaside Belle—But how can you be certain that you are his first love? Second Seaside Belle—Well, he only got down here last night!—Sketch.

She—I know I'm cross at times, John, but if I had my life to live over again, I should marry you just the same. He—I have my doubts about that, my dear.

Friend—Well, Ethel, how do you like married life. Ethel (enthusiastically)—It's simply delightful. We've been married a week, and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time.

"Mein Fraulein, I love you," said an impecunious German youth at a Hamburg ball. "Excuse me—yonder is my business manager," replied the young lady, pointing with her fan to her father.

Clara—How under the sun did Edith happen to marry Mr. Awkward? Dana—He was the bane of her life at every ball she attended, and I presume she married him to keep him from wanting to dance with her.

"I wonder," said a young lady, "why Hymen is always represented as carrying a torch?" To which an old bachelor sneeringly responded: "To indicate that he always makes it warm for people who marry."

Women somehow get over childish notions that men never outgrow. Some men celebrate the anniversary of every birthday as long as they live, while women abandon the childish custom almost as soon as they grow up.

"What did her father say when you told him that you wanted to marry his daughter, Rivers?" "Well, Banks, he didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition." "What was it?" "He said he would see me hanged first."

His Fellow Feeling.—Paterfamilias—Look here, Dick, you've been a bit wild yourself in your day and I'd like some advice. What am I to do with Harry? The young rascal exceeds his allowance every month. Cousin Dick—Increase it.—Chicago Journal.

Seeker—I observe that Professor Stagg has been lecturing on "How to Become a Christian Athlete." I wonder what that means? Sageman—That's an easy one. A Christian athlete is one who is continually jumping from one religion to another.

Mrs. De Pink—I am amazed, sir, that you should propose to my daughter. Why, she has only just left boarding school, and you have not known her a week! Young Man—True, madam; but I have known you for some time, and everybody says your daughter takes after you.

The Londoner—Our universal providing houses are so large that a small boy has been known to outgrow the suit he bought in the rear of the shop while walking to the street door. The Chicagoan—Huh! We have got department houses so big in Chicago that the floorwalkers all have to use bicycles.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Madam," said a young lady to her preceptress at boarding school, "Mr. Bellfair has come to take me out to drive. May I go, madam?" "You know, miss, that our rules do not allow it, unless you are engaged. Are you engaged to Mr. Bellfair?" "No; not exactly; but if you let me go, I shall be by the time we get back."

"Do you believe in a third party?" asked old Dimming (referring to the political situation) of his daughter's beau, as all three sat in the parlor. "Well," replied the young man, who had not called to discuss politics, "I wouldn't have thought of asking you to retire; but since you mention it, Mr. Dimmick, I will say that it is the general belief that two are company."

"I don't believe I quite understand your contention," said the judge to the bicyclist; "it seems that the prisoner is a house-mover; that he was moving a small frame house at the time of the trouble; and that you ran into the house. I can't see what offense he has committed." "But, your honor," protested the bicyclist, "I rang my bell when I was half a block away, and I paid no attention to it."—Detroit Journal.

### Ants' Poison Bag.

Ants are provided with a poison bag which discharges a fluid having a strong, sulphurous smell, sufficient to drive away most enemies.

### 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, miss," he said.

### Canned Salmon.

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