

FROM EGG TO AX.



"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 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 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 run-

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

A SENSATION.

That the world is coming to an end suddenly at a given time is not what is referred to. There are different kinds of sensations, as very many people know who feel sharp twinges of pain in the big nerve of the thigh. Sciatica is a very painful sensation, and the torment of it makes one think something is come to an end. But just at the first sensation or twinge is the best time to use St. Jacob's Oil. The less pain the more easily it is cured, and the Oil prevents its development by soothing the nerve. At any stage it will cure.
Sanitary Reform of Bombay.
 The Indian government has formulated an important scheme for the sanitary reform of Bombay City. The control of government and municipal lands will be vested in a nominated body, which will be empowered to lay new streets through crowded localities and to erect dwellings at low rents for the poor. The scheme involves an addition to the municipal rates of not more than 2 per cent.
SLAIN BY POISON.
 Not the poison that the covert assassin administers in the drink, the food, or some other guile, but the poison of malaria shortens the lives of many. There is a safe and certain antidote. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, but sweeps out its seeds when they have germinated. Dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, liver and kidney trouble are conquered by the Bitters.
 A Minneapolis genealogist reckons up four billions of persons between William the Conqueror and one of his descendants now living.

WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL

To Cure Female Ills—Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors.
 A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.
 She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.
 Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.
 It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering. Over one hundred thousand women were successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham last year. Such are the grand results of her experience.
 There are 71,000 more women than men in the state of Massachusetts, and this excess is all in persons over 14.
HOW'S THIS?
 We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
 We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
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 Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
 WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN,
 Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials free. Price 75c. per bottle, sold by all druggists.
 Hall's Family Pills are the best.

SONG OF THE THANKFUL TIME.

We think of Thanksgiving at seeding 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 blinding mists 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.



"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 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 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.
Unc' Ephraim Gives Thanks.
 I t'anks de Lawd fo' de crispy air
 An' de spabkin' criss' on de snow,
 Fo' de life dat t'robs in ol' dabkey's veins,
 Ez November breezes blow.
 Fo' de an' lub I t'anks de Lawd,
 'N' shall w'ile 'e gibs me brefs—
 'N' las' night, fo' sho',
 Et de hen house do',
 Ez I stepped in
 Fo' ter do my mahketin',
 Er-tremblin' like
 Fo' feah my like
 An' ol' Deakin Green
 Hed swoy' de roostees dead—
 Fum er swellin' bress' I t'anked de Lawd
 Ter in' day seberal 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 wax boxes and trays for desk or dressing table, the miniature candlesticks and the dainty candelars and photograph frames, but most of them were wholly frivolous and as impractical as they 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 were drying 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 loosened,
 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 astray 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 manueuvres 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 hopes of earth so sweetly given,
 And for the higher hopes of heaven.
 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;
 For spirit tones that softly call,
 And for the cross that's over all.
Just the Season.
Canned Salmon.
 It is computed that 20,000 tons of canned salmon are consumed annually in this country.

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Economy: save 10 cents on a package of "cheap" baking powder and eat the cake. You couldn't do better—for your doctor.
Schilling's Best money-back baking powder is at your grocer's.
 A daguerotype of Louis Philippe, taken in 1840 by Daguerre himself, has been presented to the Camavalet museum in Paris.
AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.
 We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.
 I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the name that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. PITCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. PITCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Pitcher is President.
 March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

A St. Louis paper is marvelling over the case of a septuagenarian whose white hair turned black in a single night recently.
HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.
 All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose, and is strictly pure. It is for sale by Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by Sugar Cane and is strictly pure.
 It is said that the flesh on the fore-quarters of the beaver resembles that of land animals, while that on the hind-quarters has a fishy taste.
 "King Solomon's Treasure," only Aphrodisiacal Tonic known. (See Dictionary.) \$2.00 a box, 3 weeks' treatment. Mason Chemical Co., P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.
 "Ancient" coins, many of which antedate the Christian era, are made in large quantities in London, and find sale all over the world.
 I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '90.
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Men Who Have Wasted the Vital Power of Youth—Who Lack Vigor—Can Be Cured by Electricity.
 This is an appliance which is known all over the world for its wonderful tonic influence upon the waning vitality of men and women. Its touch is the touch of life. Warmth and energetic health follows its application within ten days. A permanent cure of all weakness—restoration of new life—is assured in the longest standing cases within 90 days.
"THREE CLASSES OF MEN."
 Dr. Sanden will send you a book upon this subject, with valuable information, free. If possible, call and see his famous Belt. Try it and regain your manhood. Life has a new charm to those who wear it. Call or address
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 253 West Washington St., Portland, Or.
 Please mention this paper.

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KLONDIKE

WANTED—Men and Women to see the cheapest, easiest and best route to KLOONDIKE. Day to go and make expenses on Klondike trail for steamship, agents travel for steamship, 1897 First St., Portland, Or.