

FROM EGG TO AX.



SONG OF THE THANKFUL TIME.

We think of Thanksgiving as a time of thanksgiving; when the heart of nature and hearts of men rejoice the earth grows young again. We dream of the harvest, of the giving, And granaries full, at Thanksgiving time.

We think of Thanksgiving in growing time; In the quiet of hours, and the vintage prime; When the palms of the year's strong hands With frugality, with grain, and with sweets distilled. When the hearts make room for the thankful cheer.

We think of Thanksgiving in harvest time; In the yielding gathering, golden time; When the sky is fringed with light, and the earth is decked in frosty glass; When the barns are full with the harvested cheer.

And the crowning, thankful day draws near.

We think of Thanksgiving at reeling time; The circle of life, in the lives of men! We harvest the toll of our years, and then we wait at the gate of life. Kindly way For the dawn of our sons' Thanksgiving day.

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

JUST IN TIME FOR DINNER.

A SIDE from some noted criminal proceedings which I conducted a few 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 falling and drifting in a very uncomfortable way. It grew dark early. Perhaps it was because of this that I decided to go home on foot earlier than usual. I say "earlier," 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 blue-coated with a prisoner. Standing on tip-toe, I saw that the prisoner was a young lad with a remarkable hand, some 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 has arrested you yet. But when we take you into custody we can't say 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 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 that direction, New York, I soon learned that 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.

"The boy had no money and were sober," the attorney explained. "So guess they took him to the police station to work off his debt."

"That's all right, you young rascal," the policeman replied. "Nobody has arrested you yet. But when we take you into custody we can't say they don't generally turn out such innocents as they claim."

"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 week. He had come here to get work 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 had been taken, and he had been dismissed from his shop.

"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.

"No, I saw the janitor," he said.

"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 reluctantly to see what effect the confession 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 tribe mysterious, my young friend," I said, rising. "But I somehow believe you are not the guilty party. I will let the man to whom you are more comfortable place that 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 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

FOUNDED ON GRATITUDE.

We Follow the Customs of Pilgrim Fathers in Observing the Day.

E very reason for believing that our forefathers celebrated Thanksgiving Day with heaven's bine dome for a roof and the brown earth for a floor. They had been successful in their efforts to found names for them-selves in the wilderness, and their hearts were full of gratitude. In the mercies they remembered they forgot the fearful hardships they had endured when the Indians, in the summer of 1621, when they felt themselves moved by a fervent desire to thank God publicly in a general way for their improved position and the measure of comfort granted.

"Our harvests being gotten in," says the record of Edward Winslow, "our Governor sent four men fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together. The four in one day killed as much fowl, as with a little help beside

woods for wild turkeys, which abandoned them 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 Mullens, 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 his band, having arrived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yell announced their readiness to enjoy the hospitality of their white brethren. The little settlement, which now consisted of seven dwellings and four 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 daily observance. The following 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

WEEKLY MARKET LETTER.

(Office of Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago, Boston & Portland, 711-712½ Number of Commerce Building, Portland, Oregon.)

In describing the local conditions of the Chicago wheat market for December delivery it is simply a matter of opinion whether to assert the market is manipulated or not. The latter supposition is the more reasonable. Stocks of contract wheat have been exhausted by the unprecedented export and interior demand. High values obtained have induced speculative short sales, with the resulting condition of a constantly oversold and congested market.

Granting all of which to be true, the general conditions which ordinarily control values are so extremely favorable to high prices that it is a matter of great doubt as to whether speculation has played any important part in advancing and maintaining values. Export clearances of wheat and flour for the week have been large. The export demand continues urgent and promises to increase rather than diminish. Stocks at market centers show but a small increase for the season compared with previous years, although the forward movement of the crop has been unusually large. Receipts at primary points are beginning to fall off, and it is becoming more and more apparent that the spring crop of the Northwest has been over-estimated. The continued drought assures only a moderate acreage seeded to winter wheat, and that under favorable conditions. Crop advices from Argentina continue conflicting and contradictory. Advices from Australia assert that their crop will be below an average and give no surplus for export. France continues to buy wheat freely. From all reports, public and private, it is a certainty that European stocks are unusually small and European requirements abnormally large. The prospect for the immediate future seems to fully warrant present values for wheat, and should any disaster overtake the Argentine crop it is probable that there will be fully maintained if not materially advanced during the balance of our crop year.

The situation regarding corn values shows a decided improvement during the week, although still possessing elements of radical weakness. Stocks, already larger than ever before recorded, show no immediate signs of decreasing. On the other hand, the cash demand, both for home consumption and export, shows a gratifying increase. Values are now 15 cents per bushel below an average for the last ten years, and the new crop is certainly below an average yield. There is little to warrant a decline in supplies.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 75@76c; Valley and Blineston, 77@78c per bushel.

Four—Best grades, \$4.60; graham, \$3.70; superfine, \$2.40 per barrel.

Oats—Choice white, 23@24c; choice gray, 21@22c per bushel.

Barley—Feed barley, \$19@20; brewing, \$20 per ton.

Millets—Bran, \$14 per ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$15.50.

Hay—Timothy, \$13@12.50; clover, \$10@11; California wheat, \$10; do oat, \$11; Oregon wild hay, \$9@10 per ton.

Chickens—Pullets, \$2.50@2.60; broilers, \$3.00@3.20.

Poultry—Ducks, \$2.50@2.60; geese, \$3.00@3.20.

Cheese—Oregon, 11½c; Young America, 12½c; California, 9@10c per pound.

Eggs—22½@23c per dozen.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 45@46c; plain, 40@41c; veal, 35@36c; dairy, 25@26c per pound.

Oats—Choice white, 23@24c; choice gray, 21@22c per bushel.

Barley—Feed barley, \$19@20; brewing, \$20 per ton.

Millets—Bran, \$14 per ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$15.50.

Hay—Timothy, \$13@12.50; clover, \$10@11; California wheat, \$10; do oat, \$11; Oregon wild hay, \$9@10 per ton.

Chickens—Pullets, \$2.50@2.60; broilers, \$3.00@3.20.

Poultry—Ducks, \$2.50@2.60; geese, \$3.00@3.20.

Cheese—Oregon, 11½c; Young America, 12½c; California, 9@10c per pound.

Eggs—22½@23c per dozen.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 45@46c; plain, 40@41c; veal, 35@36c; dairy, 25@26c per pound.

Oats—Choice white, 23@24c; choice gray, 21@22c per bushel.

Barley—Feed barley, \$19@20; brewing, \$20 per ton.

Millets—Bran, \$14 per ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$15.50.

Hay—Timothy, \$13@12.50; clover, \$10@11; California wheat, \$10; do oat, \$11; Oregon wild hay, \$9@10 per ton.

Chickens—Pullets, \$2.50@2.60; broilers, \$3.00@3.20.

Poultry—Ducks, \$2.50@2.60; geese, \$3.00@3.20.

Cheese—Oregon, 11½c; Young America, 12½c; California, 9@10c per pound.

Eggs—22½@23c per dozen.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 45@46c; plain, 40@41c; veal, 35@36c; dairy, 25@26c per pound.

Oats—Choice white, 23@24c; choice gray, 21@22c per bushel.

Barley—Feed barley, \$19@20; brewing, \$20 per ton.

Millets—Bran, \$14 per ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$15.50.

Hay—Timothy, \$13@12.50; clover, \$10@11; California wheat, \$10; do oat, \$11; Oregon wild hay, \$9@10 per ton.

Chickens—Pullets, \$2.50@2.60; broilers, \$3.00@3.20.

Poultry—Ducks, \$2.50@2.60; geese, \$3.00@3.20.

Cheese—Oregon, 11½c; Young America, 12½c; California, 9@10c per pound.

Eggs—22½@23c per dozen.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 45@46c; plain, 40@41c; veal, 35@36c; dairy, 25@26c per pound.

Oats—Choice white, 23@24c; choice gray, 21@22c per bushel.

Barley—Feed barley, \$19@20; brewing, \$20 per ton.

Millets—Bran, \$14 per ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$15.50.

Hay—Timothy, \$13@12.50; clover, \$10@11; California wheat, \$10; do oat, \$11; Oregon wild hay, \$9@10 per ton.

Chickens—Pullets, \$2.50@2.60; broilers, \$3.00@3.20.

Poultry—Ducks, \$2.50@2.60; geese, \$3.00@3.20.

Cheese—Oregon, 11½c; Young America, 12½c; California, 9@10c per pound.

Eggs—22½@23c per dozen.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 45@46c; plain, 40@41c; veal, 35@36c; dairy, 25@26c per pound.

Oats—Choice white, 23@24c; choice gray, 21@22c per bushel.

Barley—Feed barley, \$19@20; brewing, \$20 per ton.

Millets—Bran, \$14 per ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$15.50.

Hay—Timothy, \$13@12.50; clover, \$10@11; California wheat, \$10; do oat, \$11; Oregon wild hay, \$9@10 per ton.

Chickens—Pullets, \$2.50@2.60; broilers, \$3.00@3.20.

Poultry—Ducks, \$2.50@2.60; geese, \$3.00@3.20.

Cheese—Oregon, 11½c; Young America, 12½c; California, 9@10c per pound.

Eggs—22½@23c per dozen.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 45@46c; plain, 40@41c; veal, 35@36c; dairy, 25@26c per pound.

Oats—Choice white, 23@24c; choice gray, 21@22c per bushel.

Barley—Feed barley, \$19@20; brewing, \$20 per ton.

Millets—Bran, \$14 per ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$15.50.