

FROM EGG TO AX.



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 the King 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 imps by frost lips kissed;
When the barns are full with the harvest cheer,
And the evening, 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. 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 steps 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 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 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



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."

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



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.

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



CHILD'S HANDKERCHIEF BIB.

right away because they were so pretty. They were made of linen handkerchiefs, and their pattern has been obtained for the benefit of the woman's department.

Overcoming the Stoop.

Many growing girls, especially those tall for their age, are inclined to stoop, and well-meaning persons often advocate the use of braces or shoulder-straps as a means of correcting this. The braces may force an upright carriage, but they do not give the wearer any means of maintaining it, since they prevent the exercise of those muscles which should be trained to produce an erect figure. Any exercise which strengthens the muscles of back and shoulders will aid in correcting this defect. Tennis, handball, shuttlecock and battledore, or even a vigorous game of bean bags are excellent for this purpose. Old-fashioned mothers used to drill their stooping daughters in walking with a plate carried on their head, and this is really a good practice. High pillows and very soft mattresses are blamed as an aid in producing this defect, and without doubt, a flat, rather hard bed, with low pillow is preferable for growing children. A stooping, awkward walk detracts so much from the appearance that there is every reason to avoid it, apart from the bad effect it exercises on the physical condition.

To Whiten the Teeth.

A homely set of teeth will spoil the prettiest mouth ever fashioned after Cupid's bow string. On the other hand, a common plain face becomes positively attractive when the lips open and disclose two rows of clean, well-kept ivory. They need not be like dentifrice advertisements, and the "pearls" of the old-fashioned heroine are in this practical age but lightly esteemed. But there must be about the well-broomed mouth a wholesome, cleanly look. Precipitated chalk will keep the teeth in fine condition. Have a box of it always on your toilet stand and see what it will do toward freshening up a dingy tooth.

For the Discontented Woman.

In the middle ages women were taught to "pray and obey." In Russia, where one of the proverbs is that "a hen is not a bird and woman is not a human being," the woman of the middle ages was instructed in all things by her husband, who is recommended in a book of the time to impress his orders upon her with the aid of a whip. A big religious congress gravely discussed the question whether or not women had souls. Four hundred years ago, when woman's position had somewhat improved, she was content-bred and taught the cate-

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.



"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 ruse. 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 spahkkin' criss on de snow,
Fo' de life dat 't'robs in ov' dabkay's veins,
Ez Novembah breezes blow.
Fo' life an' lub I t'anks de Lawd
'N' shall w'ile 'e gibs me brec'
'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 sweep' de roostees clean—
Fum er swellin' brecs' I t'anked de Lawd
Ter tin' dey was sebbetal 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 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 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 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;
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, miss," he said.

Canned Salmon.

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