OLD TIME TURKEY EAT

A Once Popular Feast In the Pennsylvania Mountains.

GONE WITH THE WOODSMEN.

The People, Traditions and Associations That Made It Possible Are No. More, and It Joins In Oblivion the Apple Cut and Quilting Bee.

"It isn't because there is no more material in the Blue mountain region of Pennsylvania to provide a turkey eat that we have had the last of those famous festivities," said a former dweller of the district described, "for there are still wild turkeys a-plenty.

"The turkey eat has gone out with the passing of the people whose homes, traditions and manner of life made it possible and with the occupation that was once theirs.

"In the days when the turkey eat was the great winter festivity in the mountain districts between the Schuylwill and the Juniata watersheds the sparse population was chiefly of rude and rugged woodmen and their familes, many of them descendants of pure Pennsylvania Dutch stock. Scores of them depended almost entirely on their skill with gun and trap for their cood supply.

"The cabins of these mountaineers were built of logs, the chinks between which were filled in with clay. A auge stone chimney rose at one end of the cabin outside, covering that entre end, while on the inside it opened on a broad fireplace across that end of the room.

"The cabin was banked all around with earth, against which hemlock and ine boughs were heaped. Sometimes lows of cord wood were piled up alnost to the eaves, the better to keep at the cold, which is always intense uring winter on those wind swept

"There was rarely a cabin with more ban one room. The walls were dark and smoky, and from rafter or beam sung plentifully strips of jerked venion and chunks of smoked bear meat, tlong with hams and bacon from the 'amily pigs fattened in the woods and ilmost as wild as the bear and the teer. But the choicest and best beoved thing of the cabin's larder was he fat and well frozen wild turkey.

"While the woodsman's cabin was al-'rays prepared for a turkey eat, it ever knew when it was coming. A arkey eat began with the making up t a party in a neighboring village or ettlement. Taking along a fiddler, ley would appear at this, that or the ther woodsman's cabin of a winter evening, and the woodsman and his amily did the rest.

Instantly the birch woo! pail of cier came forth. While the cabin's cests drank cider the host prepared nd spitted the turkey over the hicky coals in the fireplace to roast for ie feast. When it was ready for the ble it was placed before the guests a big tin platter. Each one carved r himself, the plates being squares * birch bark.

"The turkey eat was not complete, ough, without a liberal supply of iah haas' and head cheese, and with went the sweetest of rye bread and tter. Paan haas is a strictly Pennlvania Dutch creation.

'It is made from the rich juices left ter boiling the ingredients for head eese, these being thickened to a stiff ste with buckwheat flour. This paste ressed in forms until cold and is rved in slices. It is a dull blue in lor, very rich and very good.

"After the feast the turkey eat was unded out by a night of jollity superduced by the fiddle and maintained it in its music for the old fashioned tillon figures and reels, which were nced until the gray of morning. But most of those old time woods-

en have passed away, and on those to are still dwellers in the mountains e game laws have forced a situation at leaves them with their ancient ocpation gone, and the hunt being no iger a source of maintenance its traions have departed with it. The wer generation of these people is of ier tastes and associations, so while wild turkey is yet in proximity in at Blue mountain region to supply material for the festive turkey eat traditions and associations that de it possible are no more, and it is ne, like the apple cut, the quilting , the pig killing frolic and others of old time rural pastimes that are w but a memory."-New York Sun.

Hot Stuff.

'he great editor looked up impa-

Boy," he said, "what is that rus ig in the wastebasket—a mouse?" he boy after examining the basket

wered: No, sir; it's one o' them poems o

sion throbbin'." Well, pour some water on it and n drop it out of the window," said editor. "The building isn't in-

ed."-Kansas fodependent.

it didn't cost me a blamed centi-

treep it in my house to guard

A GLUTTON FOR WORK.

the British Civil Service In the Last Century.

The British civil service during the middle of the last century was a delightful place for young gentlemen who wished a "job" with nothing to do. Mr. Arthur W. A'Becket in his "Recollections of a Humorist" describes his first day in the war office. After reading the Times through-no short taskand listening to the conversation of his colleagues for awhile he ventured to address his chief.

"Can I do anything?" I asked. "Is there anything for me to do?"

He seemed a little perplexed. The other denizens of the room paused for a moment in their conversation to hear his reply. It seemed to me that they appeared to be amused. My chief looked at me and then at the papers in front of him.

"Ah!" said he at last, with a sigh of relief. "Are you fond of indexing?" I replied I was fond of anything and

everything that could be of the slightest service to my country. If those were not the exact words I used, that was the spirit of my answer.

"I see, a glutton for work," observed my chief, with a smile that found reflection on the faces of my other colleagues, "Well, A'Becket, just index this pile of circulars."

I seized upon the bundle and returned to my desk. Oh, how I worked at those circulars! There were hundreds of them, and I docketed them with the greatest care and entered their purport into a book. From time to time my official chief, so to speak, looked in upon me to see how I was getting on.

"I say," said he, "there's no need to be in such a desperate hurry. I am not in immediate need of the index. You can take your time, you know, Wouldn't you like a stroll in the park? Most of us have a little walk during the day. We none of us stand on ceremony and are quite a happy family."

But, no; I stuck to my indexing and after some three days of fairly hard work found my labors done. I took up the bundle of circulars, now in apple ple order, and laid them on my chief's

"I say, A'Becket," said he, "this won't do. You are too good a fellow to be allowed to cut your own throat, and for your brother's sake I will give you a tip. Don't do more than you are asked to do. Now, I gave you those circulars to index because you would bother me for work. I didn't want the index. Now it's done it's not the least bit of use to me. Of course it may come in useful some day, but I scarcely see how it can, as the lot are out of date. But of course it may," he added to save my feelings.

DEVELOPING STAR.

How Mansfield Coached Margaret Anglin as Roxane.

Richard Mansfield in his preparation for "Cyrano" was unsparing of himself, and he was unsparing of others. Everything he had and everything he hoped for was at stake. Struggle and desperation were in the air. Nearly every one in the cast resigned or was discharged over and over again. Mr. Palmer's days and nights were devoted to diplomacy, and, thanks to his suavity, the heady heat of the day before was forgotten in the cool of the next morning.

An actress of international reputation and experience was engaged for Roxane. Rehearsals were under way when she resigned by cable. The orange girl's single line in the first act was being rehearsed by a young Canadian, Margaret Anglin, Mansfield had not seen her act, but he remarked the wondrous loveliness of her voice, and his intuition told him she had temperament. "Can you make yourself look beautiful enough for Roxane?" he asked. "I think I might if you can make yourself ugly enough for Cyrano," she answered. The part was hers on the instant. He coached her relentlessly. Again and again she cried that she could not do it. He reassured her, but not with soft persuasions. "You can, my dear, and you must. Now, again!" After rehearsals she went regularly in tears to Mr. Palmer to resign. He appealed to Mansfield to be more lenient. "I am only kind," was his reply.

"Roxane is a great part. Only one who has suffered can play such a role. This girl has the temperament and the emotions, but she is young and inexperienced. I cannot persuade her spirit. I must rouse it." And every day she reached new depths and new heights.-Paul Wilstach in Scribner's.

A Multiplicity of Fathers.

Ardyce had been learning to sing 'America" at school and was trying to teach it to Brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting, "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted. "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sidewise and in a very surprised tone gravely asked, "Two of em?" Pelineator.

When a man talks about luck," said tute for cod liver oil.

The property of th A Way Men Hats 9 Ziff

top of the suitest building ingtown; Howell Rowell doesn't seem to be all say "Yes," dee Lathink you'd better at home much. Powell-He is there so risk/to-Tonden Pelegraph. Tilhene segalling A. W. I. all seldom that he really needs a letter of a seldom character of the seldom that he really needs a letter of the seldom that h

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THE WORD "WINTER."

to Have Originally Indicated Wetness, Not Coldness.

There is a prevailing impression that there is something in the word "winter" that signifies cold, and the season is usually associated with the idea of low temperature, but where the word originated there was little of winter as we understand it, while there was a great deal of moisture at the time the earth was nearest to the sun, so that it is not the temperature but the atmospheric condition that has given us the word.

The word "winter," as we use it, is found with but slight modifications in all the branches of the Arvan languages, for the idea of wetness assoclated with the season was given to it before the Aryan family was divided. If we go to the root of the word we find "wad." with the signification of to listeners. well, to wash out, to moisten or make wet. Our Arvan ancestors used that root to apply to all conditions of moisture, and many words besides winter have grown out of it, wet and

water being among them. This root "wad" is in the Sanskrit as "udan," water. Anglo-Saxon has "waeter," and in Latin we have "unda," wave, from which we get our "Inundate."

Our Danish and Swedish cousins changed the "w" into a "v" and have "vinter." In Icelandic it is "vetir," and the old high German has "wintar," and it is "winter" in German. These four words are all from the Teutonic base "wata," which means wet. So it has been moisture that has been indicated from the birth of the root on which all of the different words in a dozen languages have grown .-New York Herald.

CURIOUS FLORIDA HERB.

Red Plant Which Feeds Upon Anta and Other Insects.

Almost everybody knows there are such things as insectivorous or carnivorous plants, but it is doubtful if many know we have any such plants growing right here in southern Florida. Nevertheless there is a plant, or, rather, herb, growing here which is really insectivorous.

It is likely that on account of its being extremely small it has escaped attention. In fact, it seems to have been overlooked by the botanists also, as we are unable to find it classed among the sensitive plants.

This is an annual herb, and the entire plant, including the flowers, is of a deep rich red color. It rarely reached a height of more than three inches and is never so broad. The leaves are spatulate when undisturbed and present many small fibrillae and secrete at their tips a tenacious fluid which is capable of holding the very small insects, such as ants and the like, upon which it feeds. When any of these get lodged in the fluid and disturb these fibrillae the leaves slowly acquire a deep cut shape and sometimes curl completely up over their victim. When they have absorbed the insect they slowly recover their original shape, leaving only the skeleton of the insect remaining.

These plants grow on the very low, flat, poor and sandy lands. They appear in the late winter and early spring months.-Punta Gorda (Fla.)

The Human Temperature.

Put to the test of the thermometer, it appears that the normal temperature of the body is almost invariable. regardless of latitude or season. Putting the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of an Eskimo at the frozen north or of a man under the blazing sun of the tropics, we find that in each case, the body being in a state of health, the temperature is about the same, the difference not amounting to a degree. We may say absolutely that the average normal temperature of a human being is about 98.5 degrees F., just as we may say that at sea level water bolls at 212 degrees F .-New York American.

Put In More Words. "Now, Peters," said the teacher, what is it makes the water of the sea so salty?"

"Salt," said Peters. "Next!" said the teacher. "What is it makes the water of the sea

"The salty quality of the sea water," answered "Next," "is due to the admixture of a sufficient quantity of chloride of sodium to impart to the aqueous fluid with which it commingles a saline flavor, which is readily recognized by the organs of taste!" "Right, Next," said the teacher. "Go

Mutton Birde. During six weeks every autumn the 400 inhabitants of the Australian Furneaux islands make enough money to support themselves in idleness the rest of the year. They do this by catching the very fat young "mutton birds," which are hatched there in such numbers that the flocks when they migrate extend for miles. They furnish food and oil, which is used for lubri-

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on the syst to the continuent to this wife. New York to If thou continuent to take delight in s who has effectione you a kind.

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Seminary In Siam.

The influential Englishman in Siam Many banks, especially those in flattered himself that he had a very cities, have their vanits protected by decent knowledge of the language and an elaborate system of concealed was ready to do great things. He had wires connected to a central office not already ordered coffee from his hotel so far away, so that the least tamwaiter with success and asked the pering with the combination lock or boy to bring up his boots.

Now, influential Englishmen in Siam are not as common as cock- fice, where men are waiting day and Poaches, and that afternoon the dis- night to run to the rescue. The exact tinguished visitor was requested by method and devices that are used are a friend to deliver an address on kept rather secret, for fear the bur-"England" at the only ladies' sem- glars themselves might learn too much lnary in the country. Confidently he about them, but it may be explained accepted.

plauded and smiled. But gradually as the central office. This delicate inhe proceeded he noticed consternation strument closes a local circuit which overspreading the countenances of his "What's the trouble?" he whispered

the platform. "Trouble!" exclaimed the friend hot-

"Why, the trouble is what you are saving."

"But." protested the speaker, "I am saying, 'I am delighted to see so many young ladies rising to intellectual heights, with fine brains and large appreciation."

"Oh, no, you're not," corrected the friend. "You're saying, 'I am pleased to see so many small lionesses growing large and fat, with big noses and huge feet!" "-London Tit-Bits.

WHEN YOU WEEP.

The Way That Tears Act Upon the Human Organism.

Professor Waynbaum, M. D., of to work unseen. Paris publishes some queer facts regarding the nature and purpose of tears, coming to the conclusion that tears act upon the human organism "like chloroform, ether or alcohol."

"When a human being gives way to sorrow," says Dr. Waynbaum, "the blood pressure in the brain decreases. The tear helps in this process, which benumbs the brain for the time being. causing passiveness of the soul almost approaching indifference.

"Tears are blood, changing color by their passage through the lachrymal glands. One can drown his sorrow in tears as one can benumb his senses by the use of alcohol or drugs. When a person cries the facial muscles contract and the appearance of the face changes, widch action facilitates the white blood letting, driving the blood particles into the lachrymal gland, from which they issue in the shape of

"Children whose nervous system is particularly tender derive great benefit from crying occasionally. The act of crying relieves their brains. The same may be said with respect to women.

The professor likewise explains why laughter sometimes produces tears, but the explanation is too technical for reproduction.

The Only Safe Way. "No, I can't stay any longer." he said, with determination.

"What difference does an hour or so make now?" asked a member of the party. "Your wife will be in bed and asleep, and if she wakes up she won't know what time it is."

"Quite right, quite right," turned. "I can fool my wife almost live under conditions of dirt and disany time as long as I get home before comfort which no British or German breakfast. Why, I've gone home when or French laborer would tolerate for the sun was up, kept the blinds shut, a week. Yet, notwithstanding their lit the gas and made her think that it disregard of the simplest sanitary arwas a little after 12. But, gentlemen, I can't fool the baby. I can make the room as dark as I please, but it won't make the baby sleep a minute later ritation caused among other laborers, than usual, and when she wakes up overworked if not underpaid, by the hungry it comes pretty close to being spectacle of neighbors living in afflumorning, and my wife knows it. Gentlemen," he added as he bowed him- to curtail their expenditure. Rich men self out, "I make it a rule to get home before the baby wakes. It's the only safe way."

A Dog Story. At a farmhouse at which we have been staying a terrier, Rough, shares always his master's first breakfast, trated News. the bread and cream accompanying a cup of tea. Three corners he breaks off and gives to Rough, who eats the first two. Off the third he licks the cream, then carries the crust to a hen who each morning comes across the field where the fowls are kept and at the gate awaits her friend's arrival. Should others of the hens a pear, Rough "barks them off" while his favorite devours her portion. -London Spectator.

A Tremendous Task. "So you are going to study law?"

"Going to make a specialty of crimi-

"No."

"Corporation law?" informed as to what months in t year and days in the week it is pervarious sections of the country."- Ocean. Washington Star.

A Patron of Art. "So you enjoy reading all the extravegant praise that is printed about that

opera singer?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It kind of helps me to feel that maybe those tickets were worth what I paid for 'em."-Washington Star.

Poor Jones!

Missionary-Can you give me any information about Deacon Jones, who labored among your people three years ago? Cannibal-Well, the last I heard about him he had gone into consumption.-Judge.

BANK VAULTS.

An Englishman's Address at a Ladies' Precautions For the Purpose of Failing the Cracksmon.

any attack upon the door or walls will give the alarm at the central ofthat one part of the apparatus is an He began famously. Every one appearing sensitive relay located at sounds the alarm the moment there is the slightest disturbance of the hidden wires at and near the vault, so in English anxiously to his friend on that a gong of burglars could hardly get to work with their drills and their nitroglycerin before the officers of the law would be upon them.

In addition to protecting vaults and safes from the direct attacks of robbers, electricity affords another safeguard by furnishing light which floods the premises with its searching beams. Indeed, many banks, stores and warehouses rely mainly upon the electric light, without which the thickest walls and the strongest and most compilented locks would be useless. They turn it on at night and leave their window shutters wide open, so that the interior may be in full view of the policeman or watchman passing the windows all night. This makes it practically impossible for lawbreakers

To protect the money windows of banks the teller behind the window has a concealed push button at hand, oftentimes placed under the counter where he can touch it unobserved. If any one tries to steal any money, the teller can call an officer instantly in this way. The circuit is sometimes arranged to close the bank doors also by an electrically operated mechanism before the thief has time to get to them and escape.-Harper's Weekly.

WHERE RICH MEN ARE FEW.

They Are as Scarce as Black Swans In Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is the nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor.

Large landowners are almost unknown. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or descent, and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries.

The small landowners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born and peasant bred. They are extremely thrifty. They are content with very plain food. They wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turning their coats inside out with the changes of the season.

Whole families, even of well to do peasants, sleep in the same room upon he re- mats stretched out on the floor. They rangements, they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

Moreover, they are free from the irence and case without any necessity are black swans in Bulgaria. I was told by a foreign banker in Sofia who had traded for many years in the country that he doubted greatly whether there were fifty men in all the rural districts who had net incomes of \$5,000 a year.-London Illus-

Faults on Both Sides.

He was a mild and meek kind of husband, but at length his patience and good nature gave out, and he went to his lawyer to get him to draw up a deed of separation from his exasperating better half.

"Ah, well," said the lawyer thoughtfully, "perhaps there may be faults on both sides."

"You're right!" shouted the angry client. "She has a hump on her back and a wart on her nose."-New York Times.

Her Kick. "I don't mind finding a gray hair or two in my own hair," sighed the bachelor girl, who shows some few "No. Both are too easy. What I signs of the sear and yellow leaf, "but want is to be accurately and reliably when I pay \$3 for a nice bunch of lovely brown curls and have to pick them out of those, too, it isn't fair. mitted to shoot certain game in the Do you think it is?"-Chicago Inter

Located.

"Say." queried the would be humorist, "where is that place Atoms that so many people are blown to?"

"It's just the other side of Effigy, the place in which so many people are hanged," answered the solemn person. -Chicago News.

The Right of the Kiss. Some say kissing is a sin, but if it was na lawful, lawyers would na allow it; if it was na holy, ministers would na do it; if it was na modest, maidens would na take it; if it was na plenty, puir folk would na get it.-Robert Burns.

HER MISTAKE.

The Way It Was Explained to Her by the Clumsy Man.

Owing to the fact that the car lures. ed suddenly as he was passing along the aisle Bronson was deprived of his balance, with the result that ta attempting to save himself from falling he clutched one of the shoulders of a handsome woman who had succeeded in getting a seat, Moreover, he knocked her beautiful hat awre and with great difficulty avoided stepbing on her toes. As he succeeded in recovering his equilibrium the lady turned toward him and said:

"You contemptible pup! I wish you to understand that I am not a lamppost or a piece of furniture to be clung to for support. You ought to ride in a cattle train. You have no right to crowd in where you can tear other people to pieces with your ble awkward hands. You pitiful clown! You ought to be thrown out fulo the street. You are not fit to be allowed to go where you are likely to interfere with the comfort of refined people. You unmannerly bumpkin! You deserve to be"-

"Excuse me, madam," Bronson managed to say, "you have made a mixtake."

"A mistake!" the lady demanded her eyes flashing with wrath. "What do you mean?"

"I am not your husband."-Chicage Record-Hernld.

THE CLERMONT.

First Passage by Steamboat From New York to Albany.

In August, 1808-the exact day is a matter of dispute-the steamboat Clermont made the first passage by steam from New York to Albany. The distance, somewhat less than 150 miles. was covered in thirty-two hours, a record halled as a triumph in speed, for previously the passage between the two cities averaged four days.

Robert Fulton had experimented with steam several years, but the Ciermont was the first boat he constructed on a large scale. As he could not get the engine he wanted in this country he ordered one from England. The Clermont was so reconstructed in the following winter that it gave more commodious accommodations to travelers, and the year 1808, which was the first year of regular travel by steamboat, Fulton made it a point to start his boat precisely on scheduled time. Curiously enough, a portion of the public complained of this. It was not until well along in the summer that travelers got accustomed to be Previously boats had been held for two hours at the request of passesgers who weren't ready. Fulton's perseverance won public approval before the season closed.—Anaconda Standard.

Cleared His Doubts.

A well known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable sine at his post and not having caught any poachers, the gentleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. So one dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to poach on his own ground. He had fired out one or two shots when he was soddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun wrenched away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him until he fell down half insensible. The highlander then walked away quietly, and when the gentleman recovered sufficiently he crawled home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts as to whether the man can perform his duty or not

Home, Sweet Home.

The old man sat on the park sest. rivers of tears flooding his clothes. A sympathetic passerby, noting the high tide, stopped and asked if he were ill.

"Yes, sir," said the sorrowing old fellow. "I've jest 'ad bad news from ome. The 'ouse that 'as sheltered me for years is to be torn down, and I 'aven't a penny to my name to stop it Everybody will be turned out, and goodness knows what'll 'appen to 'em!" "Poor soul!" said the sympathetic passerby, bestowing a penny on the sad old man. "That isn't much, best

you are welcome to it. And where is this old home of yours, my friend?" "Up at the joll, sir," replied the old man, "It seems very hard. I've lived there five and twenty years."-London

How to Make a Cup of Cocoa. Take a tablespoonful of cocoa and put it in a tin cup. Add one teaspoonful of granulated sugar and one tablespoonful of boiling water. Mix well, so that there will not be any lumps of cocoa. Pour a little less than one half pint of milk into a saucepan and cook it, stirring all the time, unta it is scalded—that is, until a film forms on it and it begins to bubble a little. Stir the cocoa mixture into this and cook until it bolls up.-De-

Businesslike.

The Beloved One-You object to Horace because he's not businesslike Stern Parent-Certainly; he's only after you for your money. Beloved One -Well, pa, doesn't that prove he's businesslike?-Kansas City Independ-

Not a Matter of Chance.

The Vicar-Is it true, Samuel, that your father allows games of chance to be played in your house? The Boy-There ain't no chance about ft, car, they all cheats!-London Opinion.

Where there is much pretension. much has been borrowed; nature never pretends .- Lavater