

A SONG OF PRAISE.

When coldest winds are blowing,
When shortest day brings longest night,
When icy streams are flowing—
Then in the shelter of the home
We know the joy of living,
And in the cheerful fireside glow
Find cause for true thanksgiving.

When spring returns with sweetest breath
When birds are gayly singing,
When life prevails where once was death,
Relief and gladness bringing—
Then in the leading of the trees,
In verdure new and tender,
We see the work of Providence,
And hearty praise we render.

When summer's dreamy days are ours,
And in the vales and mountains
We view the beauty of the flowers,
The gleaming of the fountains—
Then from the glory of the hills,
From splendors wide abounding,
From all things warm and bright and fair
A call of praise is sounding.

But chiefly when the autumn comes,
With all its weight of treasure,
And rich reward of care and toil
Bestows in fullest measure—
A myriad orchards, fields and vines,
Proclaim to all the living,
"A loving God supplies your need,
Oh, praise Him with thanksgiving!"
—Mary J. Porter.

UNCLE RICHARD'S DINNER.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

When Aunt Louisa came into the room that morning, I could plainly see that there was something on her mind; the family had very evidently commissioned her to have something out with me. I knew it by the unconscious air she tried to assume, and at once began to review my conduct for the past week. For a wonder I could think of no recent act of mine likely to call down upon my head the family displeasure, and I accordingly awaited her opening with some interest.

"Well, Dick," she began—Aunt Louisa can't help patronizing people, and I forgive her—next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day. I couldn't see her drift, so I waited. "Your mother has a letter—that is Uncle Richard has invited us all out to his place for dinner."

"I breathed more easily. "Oh, that's it. Now, Aunt Louisa, I really must ask you not to frighten me that way again. I thought from your manner at first that you had discovered something—not that that there is anything to discover, you know, but then—"

Aunt Louisa arose from her chair and stood in front of me. She had evidently decided to take the bull by the horns. "Oh, come, Dick. Don't let's chaff. You know what I want. Will you go?"

"I won't." "O-o-h, Dick!" This in a very disgusted voice indeed.

"Now, Aunt, don't be unreasonable. Why should I? Would you?" Of course that was a very foolish question. I might have known that she would say yes, and she did.

"I would do whatever my family decided was for the best, and—"

"Very well. The portion of the family here assembled decides that I for one decline the kind invitation."

Aunt Louisa looked out of the window at the first snow of the season, but I don't really think she saw it. I watched the little clock on the mantel piece and tried to calculate how many seconds it would be before she would again begin.

"But, Dick, it's the first time Uncle Richard has invited us to his house for twenty years."

"I have had a message from him once a year—"

"You deserve it, Dick. You know you did put cayenne pepper in his snuff box."

"Twenty years ago. And he has chosen to send a neat little package of cayenne pepper on every birthday since! I'm afraid he'd force it down my throat at dinner."

"But, Dick, he'll never forgive the family if you don't go."

"No," I assented, "he won't." "But don't you care? There won't be many more Thanksgivings before he dies and then—"

Aunt Louisa didn't know what then. But I did.

"And then his brother's wife's sister's children will get his money unless we patch this up. Why don't you say it?"

"Dick, you're perfectly shocking!" You know I have no such thought. None of us have. I'm sure we have all been very fond of Uncle Richard for all his eccentricities.

"Oh, he is eccentric, is he? I had imagined that he is a perfect model of what an affectionate uncle should be. He never forgets me, I am sure."

"Now, Dick, don't be sarcastic. At such a time we should show—"

only an unfamiliarity with the Thanksgiving Day literature of all time. If you will refresh your memory, as I'm sure you can, you will recall the scene of the hero in his sumptuously furnished apartments, declaring that he has nothing to be thankful for, and just then there is a loud crash, and the little match girl who has come into the room throws up the blinds and shows all his neighbours killed by a terrific explosion of gas in the next block. The hero then has so much reason for gratitude that he starts out to buy the match girl a new pair of shoes and brings the story to a close by marrying her and discovering that she is a great heiress. I repeat, auntie, that none of my neighbours have been killed."

Aunt Louisa still looked out of the window and said nothing. I felt hurt. It seemed to me that I had made an especially bad point, and I did not like to have it received with such an utter lack of appreciation.

I reached for my hat. "Dick," cried my aunt, "you're an inhuman wretch, and you want to ruin all our prospects."

It was evident that she was getting in a temper, and being conscientiously opposed to talking to an angry person, I determined to end the interview. "Really, aunt, you'll have to excuse me. I can never consent to toning down a rich uncle, even if I am his namesake, in order to get his money. I think it's immoral. He can leave it to his brother's wife's sister's children, so far as I am concerned."

"Yes, somebody he picked up in Chicago. Somebody we don't know anything about. Why, I don't even know her name, and goodness knows whether she has even that slight claim on him!"

Aunt Louisa flounced out of the room in a way that I should call rude. There are some women that are said to be more beautiful when angry. You read about the flashing eye, the heightened color, and all that, you know, but in Aunt Louisa's case the color all goes to the nose. And it isn't becoming. I've told her so. But she continues to lose her temper. I'm sure she wouldn't if she only knew how she looks.

Jack Greenough said to me the other night at the club:

"Dick, old man, what're you up to next week? Come go shooting?"

Now, you know I care just about as much for shooting as I do for marbles, but then Jack always has a jolly crowd with him, and there's enough fun on the side to pay for the hard work of logging around a gun that you're afraid is going off. So I told Jack I'd go. It would be a way out of Uncle Richard's dinner, anyway.

"Then I'll count on you," said Jack, "and, say, send down your traps—my man will get them—there'll be a dinner or two and you'll need them. Daisy Merrillish is in the neighborhood."

Miss Merrillish—Jack has no right to call her "Daisy"—he doesn't know her nearly so well as I do, and I've only met her half a dozen times—lives some place up in the country, but when she comes to town she shines with a radiance that didn't see how the fellows resist. I'm sure I can't and I'd go—why, hang it! I thought I'd almost go to Uncle Richard's to see her.

So that's how I found myself on Thanksgiving Day, with Jack and half a dozen of the fellows at some out of the way place, tramping through the snow and banging away at the birds whenever we got close enough. They all thought my shooting very funny, until I shot Jack's dog, but after that the sport lagged, and we were glad to seek shelter in a farmhouse Jack had hired for headquarters. We slipped into civilized clothes, and helped Jack mourn for his dog. Of course, I felt sorry, but then, you know, a dog's only a dog, after all, and Jack made more racket than I would over the death of the czar of all the Russias. He'd sit and tell us what a good dog he was, and how much he knew, and gave us his pedigree, and went on, until I began to debate whether it wouldn't be the proper thing to put a band of crape around our hats.

Jack didn't say so, but I believe he more than half blamed me, because that spotted cur got in front of my gun when it went off.

But Jack got over it, and then began to tear around like mad to get us ready for dinner. Miss Merrillish had been over the day before from her uncle's who lived, it seemed, on the next farm, and had invited the whole crowd to eat dinner with them. Jack explained that her uncle seemed to be a queer old duffer, but good as the piles of gold he had, and he could warrant we'd have a frolic.

It happened as we rode to the house that Miss Merrillish's horse—she had ridden over with some of her visitors to show us the way—was jogging along beside mine.

Miss Merrillish is always handsome, but I don't think she ever looked quite so handsome as she did on that horse. I blessed my stars that I hadn't been dragged off with Aunt Louisa to spend the day with some crabby old bachelor uncle—and yet, if I had the money he ought to leave me. I'd ask Miss Merrillish to—

"Don't you think," she was saying, "that Thanksgiving Day is a great institution? It's so American, you know, and I love anything American, and—"

"Miss Merrillish," I interrupted, "I am American, and if you think that you could—now could you?"

"Oh, Mr. Hartwell, I—really—"

"But couldn't you, now, I have worshipped you always, it seems, and if you can't do any better than to love me for my Americanism I'll go round wrapped in the star spangled banner. As for Thanksgiving Day we'll observe it the year round—maybe

without the turkey, but it will be Thanksgiving just the same!"

Miss Merrillish's horse was very close to mine. Her hand went out and rested on the hand that held my rein.

"Dick," she said, "this is serious business?"

"To be sure," I replied, "but then it's no new thing to me."

"What do you mean?" she asked in some haste.

"I mean loving you. Don't you remember when I first met you?"

I hoped she did. I wasn't sure whether it was at the Charity ball or not, but it was about that time. She didn't however.

"Well," I went on, "you dropped a rose that night and I picked it up, and have carried it ever since in the inside pocket of my over coat."

"Oh, Dick, have you really? And do you love me so much?"

"Oh, more than that," and I am sure I do."

"Well, then, Dick, we will wait awhile, and if you are really sure then why, we'll think about it."

Now, that isn't altogether satisfactory, and yet it's not so bad after all. The others had ridden ahead; and we were in a little clump of trees, and leaning from my saddle we sealed the bargain.

When we rode into the yard the others were dismounting. I felt conscious of Jack's inquisitive eyes, but beyond them, on the verandah, was another pair, sharper than Jack's. Aunt Louisa's, by all that was wonderful. Gradually it began to dawn on me.

"Daisy," I whispered, "what's your uncle's name?"

"Why, don't you know? How queer. Mr. Richard Hilliard."

"My uncle Richard," I cried, "and you are his brother's wife's sister's daughter."

"Why, why, let me see. Yes, I guess that's the exact relationship. And are you his nephew, Dick, that's to have all his money?"

"That's not to have it, I'm afraid, for Aunt Louisa, who had just arrived with the family, came forward, and there were introductions all round. In the midst of them Uncle Richard appeared, looking not a day older than when I doctored his snuff.

"Don't tell me I have to be introduced to my own nephew," he cried, and started toward Jack, but Aunt Louisa deftly pushed me forward, and Uncle Richard seized my hand.

"Why, I'd a-known him anywhere. He's a Hilliard all over. Have you brought any cayenne pepper?" and he laughed almost as loudly as he howled when he got that historical original dose.

"Well, no, uncle, not that kind, I haven't," I replied, "but if you'll give me a half minute's audience, I have something more startling than that."

You have. Well, come here, you young rascal, and let's have it."

While the visitors, including Aunt Louisa, who reluctantly let me get out of her sight, went into the house I told Uncle Richard I loved the daughter of his brother's wife's sister, and that we wanted to get married.

"Now, do you know," said Uncle Richard, "that that's what I brought you down here for? Marry her? Why to be sure."

So I was thankful, after all, and nobody had been killed, either. Unless you count Jack's dog.

HOW BEADS ARE MADE.

In China and Venice Children Count Each One.

The Chinese are the oldest beadmakers in the world. They have made beads so long that their historians do not mention a time when the industry was not ancient. And the Chinese to-day do the work just as their forefathers did, and the styles are exactly the same. After the Chinese no people are so expert as the Venetians. At present there are more than 1,000 workmen in the island of Murano alone who are engaged in beadmaking. The few manufacturers in other parts of the world have all learned the secret of the craft in Venice.

For beadmaking there must be a ropewalk connected with the glass factory. A ropewalk is a narrow straight gallery about 150 feet long, and so situated that the middle is not far from the furnaces in which the glass is melted. The first process is the making of ordinary tubes, like those used in almost every drug store. The brawny workmen seize a huge wedge of the "metal," as the molten glass is called, between their blow-pipes, and after it has been blown hollow they gradually stretch it out into a long swinging rope. When it has been reduced to the proper size for the beads about to be made it is laid away to cool, after which a workman comes along and, in a wondrously deft manner, clips it into fragments of uniform size.

Often for small beads these are not much larger than a grain of wheat, but so carefully is the work done that little cylinders are rarely cracked or spoiled. The pieces are now picked up by boys and placed in a tub with sand and ashes and stirred up carefully. In this way the holes in the embryo beads are stuffed full, thus preventing the danger of the sides flattening together when heat is applied.

They are next placed in a skillet—just such a one as the housewife uses in frying eggs—and stirred over a very hot fire until the ragged edges where the pieces are broken from the tubes are round, giving the bead a globular form. As soon as they are cool the ashes and sand are shaken out of them in a sieve, and then they are separated according to size by other sieves.

They are taken next to a long table, around which a flock of boys and girls are sitting. If the glass is colored, as it often is, the piles of beads on the table suggest a rainbow, with every hue from jet black, through red, green, yellow and blue to white. Each child has a needle and thread, and by long practice, the beads are placed on long strings with inconceivable swiftness. And the children keep an exact count, too, so that the manufacturer knows just how many beads he is sending out. The threads are then tied into bundles.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Brotherly Differences--He Was Obtuse--It Would Do--Wrong Impressions--Etc., Etc.

BROTHERLY DIFFERENCES. "The brothers don't speak to each other now, you say?"

"No." "What is the trouble between them?" "They've each joined a different church."

HE WAS OBTUSE. A.—When I see you I always think of the proverb, "To whom God gives an office he gives an understanding."

B.—But I have no office. A.—Well, don't you see how that fits? IT WOULD DO.

"I've bought a bulldog," said Parsniff to his friend Lessup, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel. Can you think of something?"

"Why not use a dentist's sign, 'Teeth inserted here?'"

WROX IMPRESSIONS. Lady Guest—I felt certain there was a man in the house last night. Wasn't that a strange fancy?

Hostess—Oh, our cook is a new woman, you know. CHANGED CONDITIONS.

She—Do you men still pursue the even tenor of your way? He—No; we are content to pursue the even fiercer now, if we think you have it to lend.

NO OFFICE FOR HIM. Weary Watkins—Ever think of gittin' into the porchouse? Hungry Higgins—Me? No. I don't want to become no public office-holder. You won't find me askin' nothin' of the country as long as I kin git my own livin'.

BRIGHT GIRL. He—Miss Reeder is a very bright girl. She—Yes, when she reflects.

STUDIES IN GENEALOGY. Willie sat behind his grandmother, making a sketch of the old lady. "What are you doing, Willie?" asked his mamma.

"Oh, I'm only tracing my ancestor's back," replied the hopeful.

WHERE HIS SLEEVES WERE NECESSARY. "Papa," said little Johnny, eagerly, "I saw the fattest woman to-day!"

"How much did she weigh?" "I don't know; she wasn't in a museum. But she was so fat she filled her sleeves up tight."

TAKEN AT HIS WORD. "Great Scott!" howled the boss, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?"

"Why," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I done it."

A FRAIGHTFUL ACCIDENT. Scott—It was a fearful accident that happened to young Downey at Mrs. Lazebny's reception.

Marlboro—What was the trouble? Scott—He tried to sing "Go to Sleep" with a stand-up collar on. In the middle of a high note his larynx got wedged on the top of the collar, and there he was blowing off an upper C like a steam launch.

SHAMELESS MALICE. First Author—Have you heard that our chum, Smithers, has married? Second Author—Yes; he wanted to double his circle of readers.

SHE NEEDED HELP. "Do you think you can read my mind?" asked the youth.

"Not unless some one discovers it for me," was her answer.

AN EXPERIENCED HUSBAND. Mr. Blinks—I wish to get some hairpins for my wife.

Great Merchant—This is a wholesale house, sir.

Mr. Blinks—Of course. You don't suppose I'm fool enough to go on buying hairpins at retail, do you? I want a barrel.

MISLEADING ACTIONS. "You would never imagine Spooner and Miss Dashabout to be in love with each other, would you?"

"No; they act as if they were relations."

SOMETHING IN A NAME. "I wish you would give me a name for a new brand of butter," said a dairyman to a customer.

"Certainly," answered the customer. "If it is like the last you sent me, I would suggest 'Sampson.'"

THAT WAS DIFFERENT. Wife—Say, dear, why don't you pay the bill the doctor sent around? He has called for it two or three times.

Husband—That's all right. He can afford to wait.

Wife—Well, you didn't seem to think he could that night you were sick.

If the muzzle of a gun was to prevent it going off."

EQUIVOCAL COMPLAINT.

Mary and John sitting on the sofa. Mary—Cease your flatteries, or I will put my hands over my ears.

John (wishing to be complimentary)—Ah, your lovely hands are too small.

FATHERLY ADVICE. Daughter—This piano is really my very own, isn't it pa? Pa—Yes, my dear.

"And when I marry I can take it with me, can I?" "Certainly, my child; but don't tell any one. It might spoil your chances."

DIDN'T OCCUR AGAIN.

A Magnate's Rebuke That the Conductor Remembered.

They are telling one now on an official of a certain steam railroad company. This gentleman is a very strict observer of discipline, and if an opportunity affords to teach an employee a lesson in being a little more careful, he always seizes it.

A little while ago this official was riding toward Baltimore in a train, and in charge was a brand new conductor. He knew by sight, however, several of the officials of the company, and he did what he thought was a most proper thing, and one which he thought would flatter the magnate. When he collected fares he simply glanced at the gentleman in question, and passed him by. Our disciplinarian saw this, and when the conductor came back, called him up.

"You have not collected my fare," said he.

"Oh, sir," responded the conductor, with conscious pride, "that's all right. You see, I know you, sir. You are Mr. —, and, of course, you have a pass."

"You should not know anybody, sir," rejoined the official, in a tone that made the conductor wonder whether he would not soon have to apply for another job. No matter whether I ride on this train a hundred times a day, you should collect my fare. Punch this pass, sir, and be sure you do not let this occur again."

But he laughs best who laughs in his sleeve. It was but a few days after this that Mr. Official came riding back from Baltimore, and happened to strike the same train. The conductor observed him quietly; and made sure he would not get caught a second time. So at the proper moment he approached the official and made a remark about "tickets, please."

The railroad looked up and saw standing before him the man he had "roasted" so severely a few days before.

"Ah," said he, "quite right, quite right, as they thought, to beat his way. So the magnate went down into his pocket again, and fished out sufficient in bills to pay for the fare. The conductor coolly punched out a rebate ticket and handed it over. "You can get the drawback at the depot when you get to Washington," said he, and passed on. He has been waiting for several days for his discharge, but it is not likely he will get it.

The fare was not very large, it was true, but the mortification was great, especially as half the people in the car had turned around and were gazing curiously at the man who had stirred up all the fuss by trying, as they thought, to beat his way. So the magnate went down into his pocket again, and fished out sufficient in bills to pay for the fare. The conductor coolly punched out a rebate ticket and handed it over. "You can get the drawback at the depot when you get to Washington," said he, and passed on. He has been waiting for several days for his discharge, but it is not likely he will get it.

A Bicycle that Fits into a Valise.

A Frenchman has invented a bicycle that can be taken apart, packed in a valise and carried. It is claimed, with ease and comfort whenever the wheelman is traveling by rail. If the wheel breaks down on the road, the rider can uncouple the parts and carry it slung over his shoulder. The machine is not built for fast riding, but only for ordinary road work. The wheels are 11 3/4 inches in diameter, the toothed wheel which communicates the power from the pedals being nearly as large. The horizontal bar is in two parts, which are securely screwed. When the bar is unscrewed the machine is in two parts, the first step toward packing. The saddle is removed and the handles are taken off. The four pieces are then packed into a valise measuring 23 1/2 inches by 15 3/4 by a little more than 8 2 1/2 inches. The whole weight of the machine is 18 3/4 pounds. If the wheelman breaks down on the road he divides his machine into four pieces and balances the parts over his shoulder with a padded strap provided for the purpose. The inventor insists that this is a great deal better than having to hold a crippled machine up and trundle it. The machine can be put together or taken apart in about two minutes.

To Reduce and to Get Flesh.

In large cities, says Womankind, middle-aged women through the gymnasium and physical culture schools to learn how to reduce the too abundant flesh and keep off the rheumatism which is too often an accompaniment. The woman who does her own housework has most of her muscles called into exercise every day, and the danger with her is that they are over exercised; still much relief can be received by sponging every night after hard labor with the following inexpensive lotion: Two ounces of spirits of ammonia, two ounces of spirits of camphor, one and one-half cups of sea salt, one cup of alcohol and one quart of rain water.

The woman whose face and throat are thin can remedy the thinness by frequent bathing in cool water, and before retiring rubbing in some good cream. In rubbing the wrinkles should be rubbed against, so as to rub them out; it is as much in the rubbing as in the cream. A nice bit of soft white flannel rubbed several times daily over the face will be beneficial, and she whose double chin detracts from her good looks can, by judicious rubbing downward, get rid of the superfluity.

RECKLESS OF EXPENSE.

Painting Instructor—Ze young lady puts ze paints on too thick.

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, never mind that, professor. Her father's got money enough to buy barrels of it if she wants it.

PROOF OF EDUCATION.

James—Is Miss Snowball a graduate of Vassar? William—She is.

"I thought she was. I heard her say

WORK AND WORKERS.

The strike of the tin-plate workers at Elwood, Indiana, has ended, the mills starting with 600 men.

The Terra Haute Central Labor Union adopted resolutions expressing confidence in Eugene V. Debs' loyalty to trade unions.

The rubber works at Bristol, Rhode Island, which closed down for an indefinite period, will be started up again, and 1400 employes will return to work, with orders sufficient to keep the plant in operation for some time to come.

The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, in Washington, dismissed the appeal of District Assembly 1563, New York city, which was suspended by the General Executive Committee some time ago for making public certain private matters of the organization.

Eugene V. Debs, President of the American Railway Union, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for violation of the Interstate Commerce law, was released from the jail in Woodstock, Illinois. He was given a reception by the trades unionists of Chicago. Ex-Governor Waite, of Colorado, was one of the speakers.

The probability of a general strike of the building trades in New York city, due to the differences between the employers and the Housemen's and Bridgemen's Union, was increased by the action of the carpenters in protesting against the importation of "trim" made in other States by non-union cheap labor. "Trim" consists of moldings, door and window casings, foot-boards and floorings, and is made in the country saw mills.

CHIEF HAZEN'S REPORT.

It Shows Counterfeiting to Be on the Increase—803 Arrests.

Chief Hazen, of the Secret Service, Treasury Department, in his annual report, shows that during the year 803 arrests were made, with few exceptions, for violations of the statutes against counterfeiting. One hundred and eighty-one persons were convicted, 119 others pleaded guilty, 74 were indicted and are awaiting trial, 51 awaiting examination, 16 were nolle prosequi, 53 were discharged by United States commissioners and 84 were acquitted. Altered and counterfeit notes, counterfeit coins, etc., (representative value), were captured during the year of an aggregate face value of almost \$5,000,000. There were also captured 935 copper, steel and glass plates for United States notes, state warrants, postage stamps, World's Fair diplomas, also 47 dies for counterfeit coins and 217 molds for coins, besides a large quantity of crucibles, photographic outfits, machinery, etc. The number of arrests made of persons engaged in manufacturing and handling counterfeit coins shows a great increase in this branch of counterfeiting.

HAWAII WANTS ADMISSION.

Minister Hatch to Ask That the Islands Be Accepted as a Territory.

According to advices received from Honolulu by the bark C. D. Bryant, sentiment is being cultivated to grant Princess Kaulani, heir apparent to the throne, a pension of \$6000 a year. Many of the legislators have expressed themselves favorably toward the proposition.

The bitter contest which was waged against the confirmation of Mr. Castle, late Minister to the United States, who was barely confirmed by one majority culminated in a compromise by the permanent appointment of Judge Hatch a member of the Dole Cabinet.

A few days previous to the Minister's departure for Washington the Cabinet convened in lengthy session and discussed the possibility of Hawaii becoming a part of the United States. One Cabinet officer stated that Hatch was instructed to proceed on lines tending to closely cement the two countries until the American administration changed and then to insist on the speedy admission of Hawaii as a Territory.

RICH GOLD FIND IN COLORADO.

An Enormous Vein of Valuable Ore Located in Archuleta County.

Maj. Peabody has arrived in Denver from Archuleta county, in Southern Colorado, bringing specimens of ore taken from the largest vein ever discovered. The vein as described by persons who have visited the spot is 1,000 feet across. The ore averages on the surface \$5 to the ton. If the discovery sustains the claims of those who have been upon the ground a new gold bearing region has been found which will eclipse anything known in the world.

Senator Terrell recently made a quiet visit to the region and is filled with enthusiasm on the subject. He says it is a big proposition.

UNCLE SAM NEUTRAL.

The Cabinet Decides Against Joint Action with the Powers.

The Administration will not take part in any joint action of European nations to compel Turkey to keep its promises to institute reforms in Armenia. Neither will it assist in splitting up that country in the event of the Sultan's falling to keep his promise.

Such was the decision reached at the Cabinet meeting. The situation was then thoroughly discussed. Minister Terrell's course was pronounced entirely satisfactory, and American interests, it is believed, will be competently looked after by him.

ARABS DEFEAT TURKS.

Fort