

WILD TURKEY SEEMINGLY ENJOYED BEING SHOT AT.

The wild turkey, called by Choctaws and Chickasaws in differing tongues the "wit of the woods," is supposed by old hunters to have intelligence above that of other birds. In general it has, yet sometimes it nods like Homer, and sometimes it displays the indifferent recklessness of a cross between D'Artagnan and dear old Ouida's hero, Bertie Cecil.

C. S. Stribling lives near the lower part of the San Antonio river, a few miles above its debouchment into the Gulf of Mexico. Wild turkeys are plentiful in the region, and he kills a good many of them.

In winter it is never more than three miles from his house to a roost. When he wants turkey meat he saddles his pony before daylight, rides to within a quarter-mile of the roost, dismounts, walks stealthily to the burdened trees, waits till he can see a round, black form between him and the sky, knocks one over and goes home.

Mr. Stribling does not pretend to be a sportsman in the finer sense of the term; in fact, he raises cotton as a means of keeping in debt, but he likes turkey, especially when it is self-flavored with nuts and wild pepper.

The river runs by his home and is thirty yards wide. Directly across from his front yard grows a solitary cypress that is probably 150 feet high. One forenoon, while sitting on his front gallery and enjoying a cob-pipe he had been blackening for five years, Stribling glanced toward the cypress

and saw perched on its top a wild gobbler whose burnished feathers shone in the sun. It stood calmly with head erect enjoying the air and the placid river beneath.

Stribling laid the pipe down carefully, walked into his bedroom, picked up his rifle of 44 caliber, and went back to the gallery. He knew that he would be forced to go a half-mile downstream to the nearest ford, cross, come back upstream, go back downstream, and come back upstream in order to retrieve, but did not purpose to be insulted.

He shoots well. He leaned firmly against the end post of the gallery, got the tip of the front sight on the base of the bird's black beard which hung from the gobbler's breast, held it there for a moment, smiled as it occurred to him that the thing was too easy and pressed the trigger firmly and steadily.

There was the usual sharp crack, which sounded doubly loud in the stillness of morning, but the turkey was unmoved. It evinced no curiosity.

Stribling tried it again, a little more carefully and with less confidence; same result. He said: "I may be getting old and wrinkled in my face, but I'll bet the farm and all it costs me that I can make you move." Same result.

That was all the cartridges he had. He walked to the bank of the river and yelled at the bird. It looked down at him and sailed away.

When Bob Evans Was Near Death

Famous Captain Tells of His Narrow Escape from Fatal Accident.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, although he has seen plenty of sharp fighting and has been often under fire, once came nearer to losing his life on board his own ship than when engaged with the enemy than during any battle in which he ever had part. He tells the story in "A Sailor's Log." A little before the destruction of Cervara's fleet he had gone below to his cabin with Commander Kimball of the torpedo fleet, who had brought dispatches. They were sitting at the cabin table studying the situation, when a startled voice exclaimed, "Look out, captain!"

I threw my head to one side, he writes, to see what I was to look out for, when there was a tremendous crash, and I was aware that I was hurt and more or less dazed. My first impression was that one of the Spanish gunboats had sneaked up on us and put a shell into my cabin. I had been thinking all the afternoon what a fine chance it would be for them that night. But when I was really conscious I saw that that was not the trouble.

My cabin was full of men, all staring at me, their eyes fairly sticking out of their heads. They thought I

was killed, and I suppose they wanted to see the last of the "old man." I was soon aware that one of the doctors was feeling and twisting my right arm, and that my right shoulder was in pretty bad shape. Through it all I was sorry for Kimball, who, I thought, was surely killed, and I was greatly relieved when I heard his voice, which sounded a mile away. The men were running in a steel hatch, and it had picked up the steel hatch, weighing something over 400 pounds, which was lying on deck, ready to be put on the cabin hatch when needed. The line had carried it along until it came directly over the hatch under which I was sitting, when it slipped off, came down edge first, and caught me on the shoulder instead of the head.

The man who called to me to look out held on to it in his effort to stop it, and came down with it.

My shoulder was badly mashed and dislocated, but the excellent medical men soon wiped the blood off, reduced the dislocation, bandaged my arm to my side, and turned me in.

My head had been four inches further forward I should never have had the pleasure of writing this book.

PALESTINE WAKING UP.

Many Signs of Progress Which Are Due to German Enterprise.

According to United States Consular Agent Harris Palestine has shown unmistakable signs of progress during the past decade, much of which is to be attributed to German enterprise. "German colonists, merchants and horticulturists," says Mr. Harris, "are awakening that part of the Levant from a lethargy of a thousand years. Three years ago a German bank was established in Jerusalem, with a branch in Yafa, which exchanged \$15,000,000 in 1901. The waters of the Dead Sea, where no rudder had been seen for centuries, are now being pilled by German motor boats. A direct line of communication has thus been opened up between Jerusalem and Kerak, the ancient capital of the land of Moab, which still commands the caravan routes leading across the Arabian desert. There is no doubt that German enterprise will also exploit the phosphate fields situated on both sides of the Jordan, when transportation facilities shall have been sufficiently developed to insure success to the undertaking.

"For many years Germany has been looking to Asia Minor and other countries adjacent to Palestine as suitable

territories in which to develop German markets. The Bagdad railroad, which will lead through Anatolia, intersecting the headwaters of the Tigris and Euphrates, to the shores of the Persian gulf, is an enterprise of vast importance, not only to Germany, as the promoter, and the Turkish empire, but to the world at large. It is the greatest commercial and civilizing factor that could be introduced into this region and will tap the rich territories which composed ancient Mesopotamia. Apart from new avenues of commerce, a land will be opened up to students and tourists which, owing to expense and unsafe methods of travel, has thus far been practically inaccessible.

"The commerce of Palestine to-day is not unimportant. The products of the country are wheat, barley, oranges, oil, wine, nuts, figs, apples, peaches, pears, pomegranates, apricots, citrus almonds, cucumbers, lettuce, onions, wild artichokes and asparagus, truffles, tobacco, sesame and silk, while potatoes and other European and American vegetables are being introduced by German and French colonists."

between thirty cents and \$1.25 per square inch in London; while, estimated as live stock, the six cows in the latter picture appear to have been valued at fifty guineas each, despite their advanced age, which precludes the possibility of their being useful for other purposes than landscape ornaments—although this is perhaps minimizing the value of the riparian rights along the river. What a wealth of conjecture these facts suggest! Think of the prices that some of the enormous Munkasy canvases would bring if sold on this basis, and the possible value of Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair"—with stallions at Tattersall prices! Let the artist remember to stretch his canvas wide enough, or, if he be an animal-painter, to put in a sufficient number of marketable beasts, and there will speedily be an end of the cry of the underpayment of artistic endeavor.—Harper's Weekly.

PAINTINGS SOLD BY MEASURE.

Disposed of London at from 30 Cents to \$1.25 Per Inch.

Is the American spirit of commercialism invading even the English market for artistic wares? A poet's recent advertisement in the London Daily News, seeking a speculative publisher for a "translucent, attractive, and apothegmatic lyric," had already aroused some comment, and now they appear to be selling the paintings of the leading contemporary artists by the square inch. The announcement of a sale at Christie's says that a painting by the late T. S. Cooper, entitled "Sheep Shearing," and measuring 48 by 72 inches, was sold for 310 guineas, while another representing "Six Cows on the Bank of a River," and measuring 29 by 44 inches, painted in 1877, brought 300 guineas.

This is interesting. It seems to indicate that good painting is worth

FULL-BLOODED INDIAN BABIES.

But Few in Existence and the Number is Decreasing.

The present generation of full-blooded Indian babies is interesting from many points of view. In the first place, says the Cosmopolitan, there is no doubt that in a few years there will be no more full-blooded Indians born, as men and women of pure Indian blood are rapidly marrying either white persons or Indians whose blood is largely mixed with that of the whites. Then, too, these little copper-brown babies are something of an anachronism, for many of them preserve, to a great extent, the bringing up and training known to their fathers, and at the age of 13 or 14 find themselves well versed in the charms and incantations of the medicine men and expert in the use of the scalping knife, but with a lamentable lack of subjects upon whom to practice their skill. Moreover, these pure-blooded children inherit, in many cases, large sums from the sale of lands to the government, or own valuable reservation property, that many of them have more suitors than Penelope. It is only on the reservations of the far southwest that the curious little Indian babies are to be found. There are now among the 20 tribes only 3,000 full-blooded Indian children. In these same tribes there are more than 20,000 children through whose veins courses a stain of white blood. They are healthy, fat youngsters, and despite their rough usage, grow up to be strong men and women.

A LONG SEA LIFE.

An Italian Brig a Reic of the Sixteenth Century.

The famous old Italian brig Anita S., which had well earned the proud distinction of being the slowest vessel afloat, will make no more of her famous long voyages. A cablegram from Teneriffe announces her arrival there after a prodigiously long trip from Italy and her condemnation as old and unseaworthy. She will be sold for a few dollars and broken up for firewood. No ship afloat ever took longer time to make a trip than the old Italian brig did. She was 205 days going from Brazil to Baltimore, Md. While she was making this voyage other ships sailed around the world. The Rio Clippers made three round trips while the Anita S. was wallowing along to Baltimore, and the China packets sailed from New York to China and back to Baltimore before she completed the trip. While she was wasting 197 days at sea on a trip to Montevideo, fast clippers out of New York entered the globe, and during the 95 days she took to cross the Atlantic on her way home to Italy ships and barks made two round trips. The Anita S. is a relic of the sixteenth century, and is the only square rigged vessel afloat steered by a tiller instead of a wheel. She looked like the Santa Maria in which Columbus crossed on his famous voyage to America, and she didn't sail half as well. She is known the world round as "the Sea Snail." She was well named.

The South American Cowboy.

As the freight shows them in the darkness of the hour that precedes the dawn, they are swarthy of complexion, dark-eyed, slight of figure, clean of build. They remind you of Gypsies, also of Moors, and in their veins flows the blood of the Indians who once owned the pampa and lost it to the Spaniards. There is Spanish blood in them, too. The flourish with which he waves you to a stool made of a cow skull, the grave hospitality with which he hands you the teacup, the politeness about the weather—your remarks about the weather—everything about his whey he is at his best has a Spanish suggestiveness. But still the gaucho is not a Spaniard. The pampa looks out of his eyes, is in his voice, his dress, his manner. The wilderness speaks to all who love it and teaches them things which make them different from other men.

President's Official Picture.

The engravers at the bureau of engraving and printing have completed a vignette of President Roosevelt that will always be used as the official picture of the president. After his death it may be used on government money or securities, but not until then. This vignette was made from what was decided to be the best photograph of the president after every photograph he had taken in the last ten years had been examined.

She Would Not be Without It Now.

Neither would thousands of others. We refer to Vogeler's Curative Compound; it does so much good and seems to reach every form of stomach trouble, that people have found that it is the one true specific. And what are stomach troubles? The easiest answer is that three-quarters of all the diseases and ailments which afflict us proceed from one form or another of stomach trouble.

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P. N. U. 17, '02.

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