



FOUR LEGGED TURKEY

BY FRANK H. SWEET

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"See, it's holler!"



eye in the soft wood, while Isaac with right good will delivered his less effective strokes on the other side. When Jacob had driven his kerf a little beyond the decayed center and paved the ground about him with broad chips almost as white as the snow he heaved a restful sigh and went around to the other side.

"Now, Ike, you just stan' off out there an' keep your eye on the hole the minute the tree falls, an' if he offers to come out fore I git there whack him on the head."

Jacob spat upon his hands and resumed his chopping, expiring with each blow a gasping "hah" that seemed to double its force, and Isaac took his post with eyes fixed on the trunk where the first branches stretched abroad.

Now the great tree shivered at every stroke, then tottered on its sapped foundations and went down with an accelerated sweep and a final crashing boom.

In the succeeding moment of silence the raccoon, so suddenly awakened from the comfortable winter's nap into which he had just fallen, protruded his black and gray head from the hole

he said, "Say, father, why can't we tell mother it is a pig?"

"Sho, bub; that 'ould be lyin'," said his father in mild reproach as he cut off the feet and long, bony tail. "But," he said at last, smiling quizzically on the boy, "I don't know as we're obliged to tell a body exactly what it is. We'll carry it home an' see. Now we'll go down to the brook an' wash our hands, an' then we'll go to work."

As Isaac dabbed in the clear cold water his wandering glances caught the gleam of scarlet far up the brook, and he presently returned from a tour of investigation with several clusters of bright red berries.

"Crambries!" he exclaimed. "And there's snags of 'em!"

"Good!" said his father. "They make just as good snags as low bush crambries, only seedier. We'll carry home some on 'em, an' they'll go prime with our roast pig or four legged turkey or whatever it is. An' now let's get to choppin', for we've got to put up our two cord afore night."

"This they accomplished and at nightfall bore homeward their forest trophy."

"There, mother, see what we fetched you!" cried Jacob, holding up his prize before his wife.

"Where in the livin' earth did you get that pig, Jacob? It is a pig, ain't it?" she asked, scanning it with admiring eyes and poking its fat ribs with a cautious forefinger.

"It was give to me, an' you ain't to ask no questions," he answered.

"How come they to skin it? I don't know as I ever see a pig skinned an' the feet cut off, but it does look real nice."

"You mustn't look a gift horse in the mouth, Mahaly. Maybe they wanted the skin and mebbe that's their way o' dressin' 'em. Just look at the crambries bub's fetched. He found 'em in the woods, an' ain't they nice ones?"



"WHERE IN THE LIVIN' EARTH DID YOU GET THAT PIG?"

and, barely dodging the blow that Isaac aimed at him, came scrambling out with more speed than his short legs would seem to warrant. A surer blow from the more deliberate hand of Jacob prevented his escape.

With a shout of triumph at the unexpected sight, Isaac lifted the limp form by the hind leg and heaved it across the fallen trunk.

"Sakes alive, father, he's as heavy as a pig. You just heft him."

"Well, he is a good one—fifteen pounds or upward," said Jacob after careful and deliberate hand weighing. "An' just feel o' the fur—as thick as wool! I reckon his pelt 'll fetch half a dollar, an' you shall have it all. Now let's skin him fore he gets cold."

"It looks good enough to eat," said the boy when the skinned carcass was laid along the trunk. "Ain't coons good to eat?"

"Some folks does eat 'em an' allows they're as good as roast pig."

"Say, father, why can't we have it for Thanksgiving?"

"Sho, bub, your mother wouldn't touch it. She spleens agin all wild meat ever since your Uncle Isaac blowed off his fingers bustin' a gun a-shootin' a partridge. I don't believe she'd cook it, to say nothin' o' eatin' o' it."

"It looks just as good as a pig, an' I don't see why it ain't," persisted Isaac, with wistful eyes upon the game. Then, inspired by a naughty thought,

while the attention of the mother and daughter was diverted to the birch bark basket of berries, he, with some qualms of conscience, bore his prize to the cellar.

As the next forenoon advanced the little kitchen was filled with a savory odor of baking meat and boiling onions that, whenever the door was opened, escaped abroad in appetizing whiffs that made Isaac's mouth water.

The old clock never before ticked off the seconds as deliberately and its hands never lagged along their circular path so slowly as on this day. But at last the hour hand arrived at the figure 2, the minute hand again reached 12, the long, purring note of preparation sounded. As the second hour was struck the little family gathered around the bountiful board and waited with bowed heads while the father devoutly thanked the Giver of all blessings.

"Now, mother, what part of the—ah—critter will you try?" Jacob asked as he skillfully carved the inviting roast.

"A leetle of the brownest, please, Jacob, an' not but a mite. I've been over it so much I don't seem to hanker after it."

No one but Jacob noticed that she tasted it cautiously and experimentally. His fears were soon relieved by seeing that her appetite grew with what it fed upon and were quite dispelled when she permitted him to help her again.

When the dessert of pumpkin pie

was being served Jacob beamed a contented smile upon his family and said "Now 'at we've eat our Thanksgivin' meat I'm goin' to make bold to ask you one an' all if it wa'n't good?"

With one voice they assented.

"An' now, not to be desaltful, I'm a-goin' to tell you what you've been eatin' of."

"You needn't tell me, Jacob," said his wife, shaking with laughter. "It was coon!"

"How on airth did you know, Mahaly?"

"Why, I s'mised at first you was a-foolin', an' when I see a great long black and white hair into the meat I knew it wa'n't no pig that it ever growed on, an' when I come to find the ring tailed skin under a barrel in the wood shed it was all plain."

"An' you went right on an' cooked it an' eat of it just to please me an' the children? Want, I say for it, Mahaly Bennett, you be a good woman!"

She poured out a second cup of tea, cleared her throat and began with hesitating words:

"I kind of forgot—an'—kind of hated to tell you what Mis' Barker said yesterday, Jacob."

He looked at her inquiringly with a piece of pumpkin pie within an inch of his open mouth.

"Mis' Barker's cousin 'at has been out west they see Abram Bently, an' the land he bought out there ten years ago for most nothin' has riz so on account of a big town growin' up 'long side of it 'at it's made him rich."

"You don't say?" Jacob laid down his knife. "Well, I'm glad on't for his sake an' for ours. He'll come back an' pay up every cent he owes if he's able."

"That's what she says he says he'll do, but I shall believe it when I see it," and she shook her head. "It's hard payin' for a dead horse."

"He'll do it, Mahaly," said Jacob, loyal to his absent friend. "He sartainly will if he's able. Oh, Mahaly, it most takes my breath away to think of livin' at the ol' place again. I can finish my dinner with a thankful heart just for the hope of it."

He was not disappointed, and their next Thanksgiving was in their old home.

PORTLAND AND SEATTLE MAY SECURE LIBERTY BELL

Portland, Or., Nov. 17.—Immediate steps will be taken to secure for the Rose Festival of 1909 the presence here of the Liberty Bell, the token of American independence and its greatest symbol of freedom and liberty from the mother country. Advances have been received from officials of the Seattle exposition that they would exert every influence at their command to bring the honored relic out here next Summer.

Under no circumstances can the Liberty Bell leave Philadelphia without an official escort composed of members of the city government, and upon the last occasion of its leaving that city, three members of the council accompanied it. It was not allowed to become part of any of the regular train out of the city, but was dispatched on a special car with a special engine.

WORLD'S NEWS IN BRIEF

The new divorce law, increasing the period of residence from six months to one year, was carried in South Dakota by a vote of 2 to 1.

If the recovery of Postmaster E. W. Morgan, of New York, who was shot last week, continues, he will be at his desk the first week in December.

Official election returns show that the Unionist party carried all seven districts of Porto Rico. The Unionists advocated independence and self-government.

President Roosevelt has appointed George S. Terry to be Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in succession to Hamilton Fish.

The United States Steel corporation has decided to expend \$5,500,000, the greater part of which will be used to increase its capacity for pressed steel cars.

The Home Missions of the Methodist church last week appropriated \$900,000 for mission work in America. The funds are to be used largely for work in the city slums and at frontier posts.

The grand jury at Nashville, Tenn., returned a true bill in which Colonel B. Cooper, his son, Robin B. Cooper, and ex-Sheriff J. D. Sharp are jointly charged with murdering ex-Senator Carmack and in which Sharp is indicted also on the charge of being an accessory before the fact.

Professor Mark W. Harrington, formerly chief of the United States Weather Bureau, who mysteriously dropped out of sight nearly 10 years ago, has been found, a hopeless mental wreck, in the New Jersey Asylum for the Insane at Morris Plains. Such is his condition that he has been unable to tell the asylum officials anything about himself. His wife recently visited the asylum and identified her missing husband.

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Frank Domo residents of Mil Salem where th future residence. regret to see the

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Contract for air system has b Furnace Co., Po lath and plaster s of this city.

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Rev Gillespie, terian church, sometime has res ces again.

Chas Hoedle r Portland where b of John Heiderer ty. He reports buyers for Oregon

R S Shaw left business.

The Curtis Lum to start several me

F Kackley and out of town.

F E Wise and f back to Mill City.

Irvin Taylor sp visit in Mill City h contracts.

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E S Snyder has Chas Hoedle the south of Mill City. ion last Saturday.

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J G Blackney, pri the school left for Sa teachers institute.

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James Christian a mill-rights left for Portland.

F Fitzgerald the Foresters lodge here, in Portland.

Don't forget the here Thanksgiving. 1 supper \$1.50. Specta

Don't forget aboi pictures every Saturd mission 25 and 15 ce

John Coolman got last week, but is able

Angus Shaw and fa here for the winter.

Herbie Maag has home in Stayton. Bi en his place.

Brown Orchestra for the dance here Th

R H Chapler will si ed songs for the pict Saturday evening.

Mrs Rose Casteel a few weeks visit with land.

Ed Duffy is waiti hotel here.

"Doc" Goodman is lumber yard here

Lat Ray spent a Capital City last week

Pumpkin

The following is the for School District No month of October. Tl follows — Frances Kiple, Agnes Kirsch, Eva Steward, Addie Steward, Ivy Baldwin, Wilma Apple, Elsie Apple, El Steward, Perry Baldwin, Ira Bosch, Nellie Co

Everybody come a Social November 28th