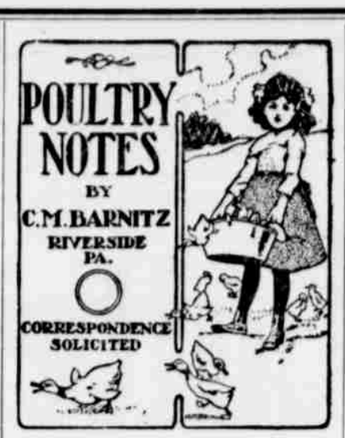

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THE ORIGIN OF OUR DOMESTIC TURKEY.

While it's rather difficult to trace man to the monkey, our domestic turkey leaves plainer footprints on the sands of time, and we believe should a hunter snare and mate a Northern wild turkey gobbler and a Mexican wild turkey hen the offspring would be in blood and appearance like the first of the domestic turkey tribe, from which the present varieties come. To prove their claims discoverers always bear back curious trophies from the lands they find, so we are told that Pedro Nino (1500), among other wonderful things from the new world,

Photo by C. M. Barnitz

THE NORTHERN WILD TURKEY.

bore back the Mexican wild turkey to Spain, and the Cabots or others on return to England exhibited the Northern wild turkey.

When Cortes (1518) conquered the golden land of the Montezumas he found the Mexican wild turkey in large domesticated flocks, but there is no record that Indians or early settlers bred the Northern wild turkey.

The Mexican turkey was sent from Spain to England in 1524, and the advent of this strange bird was of great interest to ancient ornithologists, the Mexican so beautiful in its silvery

Photo by C. M. Barnitz

THE MEXICAN WILD TURKEY.

white markings and black and the Northern magnificent in its chestnut brown, bronze and black.

Some English genius then mated a Northern gobbler and Mexican hen, and, their good qualities thus coalesced in their offspring, the resulting stock was the beginning of the present domestic turkey tribe.

English settlers brought birds of the new blood back to America, the land of their nativity, to be further improved by American skill, and of the seven splendid varieties resulting the Mammoth American Bronze, the nearest to the original, is conceded by both continents to be the ne plus ultra of them all

DON'TS.

Don't be cruel to dumb animals. God placed them in your care, so beware.

Don't pose as a poultry perfecto. Folks quickly dispose of the fellows that pose.

Don't abuse the broody hens. Put them in an all slat crate, and their fever will abate.

Don't feed geese much grain in summer. Soft grass, water and weeds supply their summer needs.

Don't neglect breeders after hatching season. Get the surplus off before molt puts them out of condition.

Don't feed much cabbage to layers. A cabbage leaf worn in the heat will keep your bald head cool and sweet.

Don't waste feed on crippled ducklings and chicks. They are expensive nuisances and should be killed on sight.

Don't let your hens scratch in your neighbor's garden. They may find something there to pick and also get hit by a brick.

CALLED IN THE DOCTOR.

Then He and the Patient Found They Were Two of a Kind.

In the Metropolitan theater the house physician has a seat given him for each performance. He is supposed to be there every evening. Naturally there comes a time when the play begins to pall on him. One evening not long ago the stage manager of a local playhouse rushed down the aisle to the doctor's seat and whispered: "Come back at once. The leading lady has had an attack."

In the lady's dressing room all was confusion. "What'll we do, doc?" cried the stage manager.

"Have you poured water on her head?"

"Yes, a whole bucket, out of the one that says 'Not to be used except in case of fire.'"

"Then don't pour any more. I fear you have made a fatal mistake. Run out to the drug store and get this filled."

When they had run out the lady opened her eyes. "Doc," she gasped, "you're a good fellow, ain't you? I know you know there's nothing the matter with me. I want a day off, and I don't want to go on in this act. Can you fix it?"

"I sure can," he answered, wringing her hand sympathetically. "I ain't a doctor. I came in on his ticket. We'll fix it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ARMLESS PAINTERS.

Sarah Biffen, For Instance, Who Made Remarkable Miniatures.

Miss Sarah Biffen was a conspicuous example of the skill which armless people sometimes acquire in spite of their affliction. She was miniature painter to Queen Victoria, and her work was widely known for its beauty and delicacy.

She was born without arms, but as a girl, having a great wish to become an artist, she worked earnestly for years until she could paint by holding the brush in her teeth. In 1821, according to the Raja Yoga Messenger, the judges, without any knowledge of the means she was compelled to use, awarded her the gold medal of the Society of Arts, a prize sought by hundreds of others.

M. de Mentholon and Bertram Hiles were other artists who were deprived of the use of their arms. The former had only one foot, which he used to paint with.

Mr. Hiles lost both his arms in an accident, being run over by a street car when he was only eight years old and when he was just beginning to acquire skill in drawing. He spent two years in patient toil learning to draw b holding the pencil in his teeth, at the end of which time he won a first class certificate from a local art school.

An Antidote Handy.

The woman was the author of a cookbook that had been published at her request with wide margins and occasional blank pages for notes and additional recipes. Often she had expressed a wish to see an old copy of the book and find out to what use the blank spaces had been put. One day in a secondhand bookstore her husband unearthed an old volume. Noticing that it had been annotated freely, he bought it. After a day or two he said:

"How about the notes in that cookbook? Were they interesting?"

"No," she said curtly; "they didn't amount to anything."

When he got a chance he looked through the book himself. Every note the book contained was a remedy for dyspepsia and stomach trouble.—New York Times.

A Regular Sherlock Holmes.

Under the caption "A Triumph of Sense" "Jugend" tells this story: "In the lower court of a small town in Saxony William had served faithfully and well as attendant to the presiding judge for many years without ever having received any reward aside from his legal stipend. On the day of adjournment for the season, when visitors had retired, the judge, who was also about to leave, asked, 'William, do you smoke?' Seeing a square box under the judge's arm, he answered respectfully, 'Yes, your honor.' 'I knew it by the smell of your coat,' said the judge as he walked out."

First Title of "Vanity Fair."

Brighton, England, holds memories of Thackeray. It was while staying at the Old Ship that he commenced a novel which was to be called "Pencil Sketches of English Society." One night as he was lying in bed a better title suddenly occurred to him.

"I jumped out of bed," he told Miss Perry afterward, "and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair,' 'Vanity Fair,' 'Vanity Fair.'"

Protection.

"I understand that you don't speak to your neighbors."

"Not any more than necessary," replied Mr. Groucher. "Of course they are fine neighbors, but we also have a fine cook, and we don't care to have them get acquainted with her."—Washington Star.

Recompense.

Miss Passay—You have saved my life, young man. How can I repay you? How can I show my gratitude? Are you married? Young Man—Yes; come and be a cook for us.—Woman's Home Companion.

Chilly.

"Meet any icebergs on your way across?"

"No, but several of us tried to flirt with a Boston girl who was on board."—Louisville Courier-Journal.