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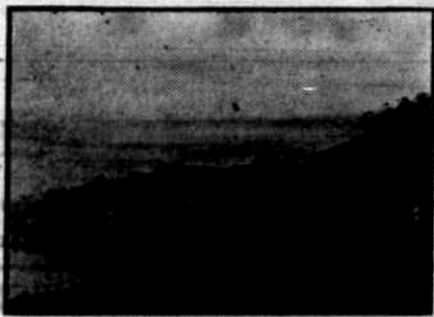
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A FEAST IN TURKEY.

Meals and Sweets Alternated in Sickening Succession.

Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, in "Everyday Life in Turkey," gives the following account of a feast in which she once participated:

"Pillows were placed about the table, on which we sat Turkish fashion. A large metal tray heaped with bread which resembled scones was placed on the center of the table. The first course consisted of pishmish, a lukewarm compound of rice, onions, sour milk, cheese and fat, eaten with black wooden spoons set with colored beads. One small spoonful sufficed for me.

"The second course was a calf whole, head and horns, boiled and smothered in a mass of garlic. It was eaten with the fingers, and it was very good. I did not know what was to follow, and on the principle of making hay while the sun shines made a meal with a recklessness born of ignorance.

"Next a huge cream tart was set before us. I will not attempt to describe the exquisite lightness of the flaky pastry or the delicate flavor of the rich cream. A dream of my childhood was realized. Smilingly I awaited the signal to rise from the table. Alas, pride goes before a fall! The dish was removed only to make room for a mixture of mincemeat and rice wrapped in young vine leaves—a delicious dish when one is hungry, but I was not hungry. This was succeeded by a great bowl of cherries cooked in honey. I abandoned hope and, sadly grasping the tiny spoon, pretended to enjoy the sweet. Memories haunted me of other occasions when the refusal of some delicacy by my husband or myself had caused a dish to be removed untasted, hosts being too polite to eat of a favorite dish declined by guests.

"The cherries were followed by a kid roasted whole and stuffed with pistachio nuts; then another dish of sweets, then fowls, vegetables, meats and fruits—always a dish of meats and one of sweets alternating in hideous succession until I lost count. A kind of nightmare oppressed me. I ceased even to hope for the end. Suddenly I woke to the fact that pilaf was on the table. A thrill of joy ran through me, for pilaf is always the last dish of a Turkish dinner."

Foiled the Hotel Clerk.

"The only way you can legitimately keep out undesirable persons from a hotel is to raise the price or to assert that your house is full," said a hotel clerk, "but you never know when this may fail.

"A couple once came up to register whom I sized up at once as the kind we were particularly anxious not to take in. 'I am very sorry,' I said to the man, 'but the house is absolutely filled and the only thing I could offer you would be a small suit.'

"What's that?" demanded the traveler, and I explained that it consisted of a small parlor, bedroom and bath.

"What's the price?" he asked.

"Twenty-five dollars a day," I replied.

"I guess that will be all right," said the stranger calmly, and he registered. He had me."—New York Sun.

Robinson Crusoe.

"Robinson Crusoe" was inspired, it is said, by the true story of Alexander Selkirk. Selkirk, a native of Scotland, was left ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez by his captain in 1704 and lived there alone until he was discovered by Captain Rogers in 1709. Selkirk composed a narrative of his solitary experiences on the island, and it was from his story that Daniel Defoe got the idea of his immortal book. Selkirk died in 1723, a lieutenant in the British navy, and a monument to his memory was erected on the island of Juan Fernandez in 1868.

Johnson and the Smart Children.

Full of indignation against such parents as delight to produce their young ones early into the talking world, Samuel Johnson gave a good deal of pain by refusing to hear the verses the children could recite or the songs they could sing. One friend told him that his two sons should repeat Gray's "Elegy" to him alternately, that he might judge who had the happiest cadence.

"No; pray, sir," said he, "let the dears both speak at once."

Hardly.

"A nice husband you are!" said madam in a passion. "You care less about me than about those pet animals of yours. Look what you did when your poodle, Azor, died." Husband (quietly)—Well, I had him stuffed. Wife (exasperated)—You wouldn't have gone to that expense for me—not you, indeed!

STEALING ONE'S THUNDER.

Story of the Birth of a Popular Figure of Speech.

To a successful saddler, whose name was Dennis, was born in 1657 a son, who was christened John. The boy early in life showed a decided fondness for books and soon became an omnivorous reader. He was sent to school at Harrow and later was graduated from Cambridge. He was admitted to good society, where his ready wit won him much attention, and he might have become one of the most popular men of his time had it not been for his inordinate self conceit, his irritable temper and his intemperance.

He early aspired to literary fame and wrote a number of dramas, some poetry and political articles in favor of the Whig party. He was not, however, a success in a literary way and became a caustic, cross grained critic, attacking most mercilessly the poetry of the day. Addison's "Cato" and Pope's "Rape of the Lock" received some of his severest strictures. Pope, in revenge, gave him a place in his great satire, the "Dunciad," and later, in connection with Swift, wrote a tract called "A Narrative of the Deplorable Frenzy of Mr. John Dennis."

The plays of John Dennis were nine in number, and upon an incident connected with one of these plays rests his chief claim to fame. This play was called "Appius and Virginia." It was a tragedy and was put on the stage. In the course of the play a thunderstorm was necessary, and the playwright invented a new way to make thunder. It was immediately approved by both actors and manager, but after a few presentations the play was withdrawn as unsuccessful.

Soon after this withdrawal Dennis chanced to attend a performance of "Macbeth" at the same theater. When the thunder was introduced Dennis at once recognized the use of his invention. He rose from his seat in the pit and exclaimed in an enraged voice: "See how these rascals use me! They will not let my play run and yet they steal my thunder!"

The phrase caught the fancy of the audience, and it soon passed into common speech.

If, instead of growing rancorous over his nonsuccess in literature, Dennis had turned his attention to that branch of the world's work in which he had made something worth stealing, he might have ended his days in affluence. As it was his necessities became so great that a benefit performance was given him at the Haymarket theater, and for this performance the man whom he had so abused, Alexander Pope, wrote the prologue.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Fish Story.

For the purpose of advertising fishing rods a shopkeeper hung a large rod outside his shop, with an artificial fish at the end of it. Late one night Perkins, who had been dining a bit too well, happened to see the fish. Going cautiously to the door, he knocked gently.

"Who's there?" demanded the shopkeeper from an upper window. "Sh-h! Don't make a noise, but come down as quietly as you can," whispered Perkins.

Thinking something serious was the matter, the man dressed and stole downstairs.

"Now, what is it?" he inquired.

"Hist!" admonished Perkins.

"Pull your line in quick; you've got a bite!"—Metropolitan Magazine.

Good Old Croesus.

"I have my faults," Croesus said to the interviewer. "I'm a mighty rich man, and I'm getting richer, but for all that I've got one or two things in my favor."

"Yes, sir," says the interviewer. "And they are?"

"They are the fact that I have never handed out any platitudinous philosophy to the young; that I have never said it was a blessing to be born poor, that I have never said money cannot buy happiness and that I have never made anybody raise five times as much as I was willing to give toward anything."—Life.

Smallest Inhabited Island.

People who inhabit some of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence river claim that they are the smallest inhabited islands in the world, but it has recently been determined that the site of the Eddy-stone lighthouse is entitled to the distinction, the island upon which this lighthouse is built being only thirty feet in diameter at low tide.—Ave Maria.

Might Mean Either.

Figg—Hear about Smith being in a bad railroad accident? They say he cannot recover.

Fogg—From the accident or the railroad?—Boston Transcript.

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