his lips! You drove him to death; but his fate was a far, far happier one than hers. How deep your punishment should be!"

"It is deep, indeed." It was Essington who spoke the words huskily,—"it is deep indeed, and it has found me out!"

Lee leaned forward and laid his hand upon the unhappy man's. "No, Dick," he said; "you make too much of the matter. You did just what you should have done. Believe me, everyone concerned is happier for your action."

Mrs. Essington turned on the speaker with blazing eyes. "Why do you say that?" she asked imperiously.

"Because I know the facts," he answered imperturbably. "You will agree with me when you have heard them. As I said before, Cossesly died in my arms with a woman's name on his lips. But it was not the name of the woman he had left behind him in the East. It was the name of the woman who knelt above him as he died,—a woman he had stolen from her husband and then deserted. She shot him herself, as he deserved to be shot, like a dog."

With a wonderful command that won Lee's admiration, Mrs. Essington turned to him.

"Have you told us this," she asked, "to make it easier for Mr. Willoughby and my—my husband, or is it the truth?"

"It is God's truth, madam," Lee answered solemnly.

"Thank you for telling me," replied Mrs. Essington. "I—I am glad to know it. One cares to know when her husband is brave and strong and fine." She rose as she spoke, her eyes meanwhile carefully averted from her husband, who as he heard her had looked up with a sudden expression of joy. "And now I'm going to leave you men together to talk over your business." Steadily looking away from Dick, she bowed and passed through the door.

The talk lasted for a long time. When at last it was over and Essington had bade the men good night at his door, he went into his library. His wife was there kneeling before the fire. As she heard his step she turned toward him so quickly as to baffle his first instinct to withdraw. For a long time they remained steadfastly gazing at each other. Then she held her arms out supplicatingly toward him, while she still knelt.

"Dick," she whispered,—"Dick, can you ever forgive me? Oh, the pain I must have caused you during all these weary years!"

"Forgive you!" he echoed. "Oh, my dear, my dear, nothing matters if you will only love me just a little—now!"

"I think," she answered, "that I have loved you always; but I never knew how deeply till tonight."

THE BIRD OF MANY NAMES

By HUBERT M. SKINNER

Drawings by W. W. Denslow

The English Sea Captains Were Brave and Bold.

THE favorite of all the fowls of the world for the feasts of the table, the bird which is everywhere associated with the dinner of Thanksgiving day, is known by various names in different nations. It is comparatively a newcomer, for it is probably only a little more than four centuries since the first turkey was seen by a white man. Other fowls have been familiar from remote antiquity. Everybody knows how the cock crowed three times when the faint hearted Peter had denied his Lord, and everybody knows that the peacock figures in the fables of Æsop, who lived hundreds of years before Christ.

When Columbus returned to Europe, after his discovery of America, he was not able to make much of a showing of profit, after all. Where was the gold, the silver, the spice, the silk, the precious jewelry, in which India was supposed to abound? Columbus brought back none of these, although he supposed that he had visited the outlying regions of India. He brought a few flowers and fruits, and some specimens of a marvelous fowl which the natives of America had long since domesticated. This fowl was vain as a peacock, and had much, indeed, of which the peacock might be vain. Its long neck was of bright blue, with spots of deep red, and it had feathers of bronze. It weighed twenty pounds, and stood a full yard in height. It was unlike all birds that Europeans had ever seen before.

The Spanish were not at a loss for a name for it. They called it a peacock,—or *pavo*, which meant the same thing. But this new acquisition, while inferior to the true peacock in the beauty of its plumage, was superior to it in at least one respect. The old peacock was never held in high esteem for food. Its new namesake proved to be the most delicious of all poultry, and there was an immediate demand made upon poultrymen for the newly discovered bird. Soon it became inconvenient to have only one name for the two very different birds which were called *pavo*; and to distinguish them the true peacock was called *pavo real*, which means royal peacock; but really, the American bird was not less royal than the gaudy bird which had preceded it by a few thousand years in making the acquaintance of the Old World.

The English sea captains were very enterprising, brave, and bold. Already, in that early day, they had visited distant lands and trafficked with strange peoples. They were constantly making voyages to the German States, to France, to Portugal, and to Spain; and they had even ventured into the ports of the dreadful Turks. The Englishman of that time did not have very clear ideas of geography. The people of Africa and of Asia, as well of Eastern Europe, were in his understanding Turks; and to his mind the Turkish lands and all their animals and plants were as strange as the Turks themselves.

But a few years after the discovery of America, the keen English trader was making cruises over the Atlantic, and probably grumbling at his Government for not having aided Columbus when it had a chance. Early in the sixteenth century, a little while before the birth of Queen Elizabeth, one of the bold English sea captains brought a number of the great American birds to London, and quickly disposed of them in the poultry market.

The purveyors for the great kitchens of the nobility came down to the market to select meats for great dinners. "Where did those enormous birds come from?" they asked.

The marketman did not have any idea; but he felt perfectly safe in saying, "Oh, they came in from—from Turkey, you know."

Probably the first purchases of these birds were effected with many misgivings on the part of the buyers. Who could know that such a fowl would be at all fit to eat? But at all events the creature was a curiosity, and its feathers were well worth having; and so the birds were disposed of.

It did not require long for the flesh of this wonderful fowl to become famous in London as a delicacy fit only for the tables of Kings and nobles. Never had Roman Emperors tasted of food half so delicious. To partake of it was worthy to be the memory of a lifetime. The purveyors besieged the markets, demanding more of "those Turkey birds"—"those birds from Turkey, you know."

Alas! the opportunities for procuring them were very few and far between. A great demand preceded every supply. Sea captains from Mediterranean ports were besieged with demands for the Turkey birds; but they really could tell nothing about them. Shrewd poultrymen managed in some way to get possession of a few of the fowl, and undertook to raise a supply for a market that was never dull; and from that time to this the turkey has been a favorite without a rival upon the London tables.

Leif Ericson's First Thanksgiving Dinner.

When Taken to Europe

SOMEWHAT later, probably, French voyagers procured from the American Indians some specimens of the fowl. In Paris it received the rather comical name of *dindon*.

Still later, the great American fowl made its way to Germany, where it was at once called the *truthahn* or *truthenne*. It is not clear what suggested this name, as it does not resemble at all the peculiar sound made by the bird; but, as in the other cases, the name spread rapidly with the fame of this king of domestic fowls.

The Norse descendants of the Vikings soon became possessors of the strange American fowl, which possibly had been found on the table of their hero Leif Ericson, who discovered America ages before the time of Columbus. They called it the *kalkun*, as their descendants do to this day; but they gave no reason for the name.

At Rome the wonderful bird was brought to the table of the Pope, introduced as the *vige*.

In course of time scientists had to pass upon the matter of a scientific name for the American fowl, which had acquired as many aliases as an expert criminal. It must be Latin in form, so that it would be recognized at once by the student anywhere. They chose the name *Meleagris* for the turkey family. Meleager, in the ancient legend of the Greeks, was the leader in the Calydonian hunt. He was the son of Œneus. The beautiful princess Atalanta was a leader in the hunt. She killed the boar; but Meleager came up just in time to save her.

There are three species of the *Meleagridæ*, or turkeys. There is the famous wild turkey familiar to pioneers everywhere in North America, whose specific name is *gallopavo*. There is the gorgeous turkey of Honduras, Central America, which is called *ocellata*. Then there is the *Meleagris mexicana*, or Mexican turkey, from which the domestic turkey is descended.

As stated, the turkey had been domesticated in a way by the Indians, long before the time of Columbus. But domestication is a slow process, and to this day the fowl, in whatever land, preserves its wild traits. It dislikes a painted coop, or indeed any house built for it by a carpenter. The wise farmer who raises turkeys will throw some old, weather beaten boards upon a stump or a log in such a way as to provide a nesting place, sheltered and comfortable, without seeming to do so. The turkey hen will find it out for herself, and will rejoice in the conviction that her home was built in some way by the forces of nature alone, and that she has discovered it for herself. She resents intrusion upon her domain, her only ambition being to find favor in the eyes of her lord, and to guard with ceaseless care the precious eggs from which a new generation of grand Meleagers and dutiful Atalantas is to arise.

Making Antiquities

IN the manufacture of "antiquities" the forger shows an ingenuity that is unlimited. Furniture, prints, china, pictures, plate, armor, ivory, bronze, tapestry,—all are most successfully imitated. Many such imitations are, it is true, clumsy enough; but a great many deceive even the initiated. The experts of national museums have been imposed upon more than once.

The British Museum bought a Palissy plate for two hundred and fifty dollars. While an attendant was handling it, one of the seals attached to its back—attesting its genuineness—became detached, disclosing the mark of a modern French potter. Terracotta figures of Isis and Osiris, bought by the same institution for thousands of dollars, were discovered to be composed of modern clay. There is one forger of antiquities whose specialty is old leather jacks; another produces horn books; still another turns out "medieval" manuscripts; a fourth, clerical vestments of the Middle Ages; and so on.

An expert of the Smithsonian Institution was called upon not long ago to pass upon a specimen of a "mummy servant," an effigy, in a plastic material, such as the Egyptians buried with their dead. Close examination proved it to be made of putty. It was a very clever forgery.

Count Tyskiewiez, a noted judge and collector of antiquities, gives some interesting details of the forgeries that have been attempted from the earliest times. No metal lent itself so easily to this work as gold. Etruscan jewelry has been largely manufactured in Italy; but Syria has carried on the most extensive forgery of gold works of art. Forgeries in silver have been less successful.

A good story is told of a forged silver cup in Rome that purported to have come from some secret excavation in Sicily. This "ancient" cup was ornamented with a circular bas relief representing the frieze of the Parthenon. In the height of his innocence the forger had given the frieze in its present ruined condition. The cup obtained an immediate success—shouts of laughter.