Dressed Turkeys.

Miss Sallie Blake, who lived in Calvert county, Md., some years ago, was in the habit of gathering chicken grapes in the autumn and making them into medicine by preserving them in spirits.

It happened once, after the contents of a jar containing the decoction had been exhausted, that Miss Blake emptied liquor soaked grapes on the ground. Here her fine brood of turkeys quickly gobbled them.

Presently Miss Blake found the turkeys lying on the ground, and not realizing the cause of their stupor she thought they were dead. In order to realize something from the feathers, she had the turkeys picked. The carcasses were thrown outdoors.

The next morning there was a great hue and cry from the servants in the back yard, and, looking out of the window, Miss Blake saw her turkeys walking about absolutely bare except for a few tail and wing feathers.

In order to protect them from the cold, the good woman bought enough red flannel to make each turkey a comfortable garment. Very soon, to the wonder of the neighbors far and wide, Miss Blake's turkeys stalked abroad, wearing their red coats with the same easy grace with which they had worn their feathers.—Youth's Companion.

Queer Revenge.

"Speaking of queer revenge," said an Englishman, "I remember how, according to a friend of mine, the natives of certain villages in India treat their enemies.

"Do you know what they do? They just get a few handfuls of rice and sprinkle it on the roofs of the people they hate.

"Then what do you think happens? Why, then the monkeys come flocking down from all the trees on to that roof after the rice. They eat all there is on the surface of the roof, and then, to get at the stray grains that have lodged in the crannies, they begin to pull the shingles off. Wherever there is a grain to be seen far down in some crack or other place they pull the roof up to get at it, and finally, lo and behold, there is no roof left! The monkeys have torn it all away. Then the man who spread the rice laughs subtly, for he has had his revenge, and yet no one knows and he cannot be punished."

Births.

In the matter of births in general the popular months in their order are January, March, February, April and October. As to the hour of birth, from midnight to 6 o'clock in the morning ushers in 29.5 per cent of the children, from 6 in the morning to noon 24.5 per cent are born, from noon to 6 o'clock in the evening 22 per cent and from 6 o'clock to midnight 24 per cent.

As to the classes arranged according to worldly wealth and without regard to occupation, it has been asserted that 100 rich families will have 313 children, 100 families of moderate means will have 360 children, while 100 poor families will have 370 children. In general, there is a tendency among young couples toward male children and of middle aged parents to female offspring.

Training a Hunting Horse.

The training of a hunting horse is thus described by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." When the time was ripe began the hunting lessons. Pasha came to know the feel of the saddle and the voice of the hounds. He was taught the long, easy lope. He learned how to gather himself for a sail through the air over a hurdle or a water jump. Then, when he could take five bars clean, when he could clear an eight foot ditch, when his wind was so sound that he could lead the chase from dawn until high noon, he was sent to the stables of a Virginia tobacco planter who had need of a new hunter and who could afford Arab blood.

Couldn't Find Rosa.

The youngster in the art gallery looked long and earnestly at the painting. Then he read the inscription.

"Do you like it?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I like it well enough," he answered, "but I don't understand it."

"What is it you don't understand?"

"Why, it says 'Wild Horses—After Rosa Bonheur.' I see the horses all right, but where's the girl they're after?"—Chicago Post.

Clews.

"Have you any clews to the murder?"

"We have plenty of clews—too many, in fact."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"We can't decide which to follow first. If we tried to follow them all, it would take a lifetime."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Chop.

Sadie was eleven and Alice was seven. At lunch said Alice:

"I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?"

"Of course not," answered Sadie. "It's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"—Little Chronicle.

Two of a Kind.

Jenkins—What an egotistical fellow Jasper is!

Hawleigh—Not more so than Blare. When the two get together, it reminds me of the law of retaliation; an I for an I, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Very Attentive.

"Mr. Tiffin is awfully attentive to that rich old maiden aunt of his. Haven't you noticed it?"

"Yes; he believes people can be killed by kindness."—Town and Country.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—Theophrastus.

Andalusian Specter.

Upon a mountain in Andalusia quaint spectral forms are frequently seen. Whenever there is a heavy mist and persons are ascending the mountain they appear in all their ghostly splendor and sometimes so suddenly as to strike dismay into the hearts of those who see them for the first time.

Of course it is all a trick played by the sun. When a mist partially shrouds the mountain, the sun is naturally obscured, and then he revenges himself by projecting the shadow of any person who is ascending the mountain until it assumes the form of a gigantic specter.

A Bath at Tiflis.

To take a bath at Tiflis is to court a wonderful experience. Abundant springs of water, strongly impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen, supply the building, and in its vaulted chambers, far below the street, there is no sound but the splash of the fountain and the rolling echo of one's own voice. Henry Norman gives a description of the masseur who presides over the bath and makes its most eccentric feature.

"He is a Persian, who speaks but a word or two of Russian. His head is shaved, a rag is twisted round his waist, and his feet are dyed orange.

"First he rubs you, and then suddenly, as you lie face downward on the marble slab, he is upon your back, his feet dug into your spine, his hands grasping your shoulders, to increase the pressure. Slowly, with skillful appreciation of every muscle, his feet grind up and down your back. They encircle your neck. They are on your head.

"Then he vaults lightly off, and in a moment from a linen bag filled with soap he has squeezed clouds of perfumed bubbles, and you are hidden in them from head to foot as completely as if you had fallen into a snowdrift. You are not absolutely bruised, but you are clean."

Sweetness That Never Palls.

During a sleepless night the Vizier Mujjedduddin Kumija dispatched his slave, Bedruddin Ejas, to bring him sweets. The slave procured a copper kettle heaped with many kinds of fruits and sweets, and Mujjedduddin began to eat.

"You relish them, my master?" asked the slave.

The vizier shrugged his shoulders. "These fruits are sweet for the moment," he said, "but show me a fruit the sweetness of which will endure even unto the judgment day."

"Such fruits there are, my master," cried the slave and hastened toward the Mesched Husa, where he awoke the starving orphans in the house of Allwin and led them forth and into the room of his master. Overjoyed, the famished children devoured the fruits.

"Look, oh, my master," said the slave. Here you see fruits the sweetness of which endures unto the judgment day."—New York Press.

Betrothal Customs.

The Scandinavian bridegroom presents to his betrothed a prayer book and many other gifts, which usually include a goose. She in turn gives him, especially in Sweden, a shirt, and this he invariably wears on his wedding day. Afterward he puts it away, and under no circumstances will he wear it again while alive. But he wears it in his grave, and there are Swedes who earnestly believe not only in the resurrection of the body, but in the veritable resurrection of the betrothal shirts of such husbands as have never broken any of their marriage vows. The Swedish widower must destroy on the eve of his second marriage the bridal shirt which his first wife gave him.

To Boil Water Without a Kettle.

"My wife and I," says a traveling man, "were once in a hotel where we couldn't get any boiling water. After we had discussed the situation my wife asked me if I had an envelope in my satchel. I got one out, when she told me to fill it with water and hold it over the gas jet. I hesitated, but finally did it and expected to see the envelope blaze up every minute. But it didn't blaze. The envelope took on a little soot, but that was all. The water boiled in time, and the envelope was as good as ever when the experiment was at an end. I don't know the chemistry of the process, but try it yourself and see if it will not work."

The Oriental Amethyst.

The oriental amethyst is really a violet colored sapphire, which is an exceedingly rare gem and of brilliant luster. It is regarded as a sacred stone, and it is used to ornament the cross and the pastoral ring of Catholic bishops. The ancients often used the amethyst for cutting figures both in relief and in intaglio, and there is in the national library of France a delicately wrought profile of Maecenas, a Roman statesman of Octavius' time, engraved on amethyst by Dioscorides, one of the four celebrated engravers mentioned by Pliny.

Caught the Students.

There was formerly a barber in Harvard square who caught the university custom with this classic appeal which some friendly patron suggested:

Siste, viator,
Submitte collum tonsori
Et abi alter Adonis.

"Traveler, stay, submit your neck to the barber and depart a second Adonis."

Businesslike.

"Some people," said the caller with a slight sneer, "seem to think that signing checks is the most important thing in life."

"I know it," rejoined Senator Sorghum, "and it's a mistake, my boy; a sad mistake. Getting the money in bank in the first place is what counts."—Washington Star.

Agreed on One Point.

"But I am so unworthy, darling," he murmured as he held the dear girl's hand in his.

"Oh, George," she sighed, "if you and papa agreed on every other point as you do on that how happy we could be!"

Superstitious.

"What! Did you let the examinations go by again, Carl?"

"I'll tell you, father. On the way to the college I met an old woman, and then I turned back again."—Fliegende Blatter.

Early.

"You will come home early, won't you?" she said as he was starting for the club.

"Oh, yes; I'll be home early," he replied.

"But of course, dear," she persisted, "you understand that I mean early tonight, not early tomorrow morning."—Chicago Post.

More men would be rich if money were as hard to spend as it is to earn.—Chicago News.

It takes 3,600,000 grains of oats to sow an acre, and 2,800,000 of barley.

Presence of Mind.

A gentleman on a visit to an asylum was walking in the grounds when a man came up to him and entered into conversation.

After walking about for some time, discussing topics suggested by the place, the two set out on a tour of inspection, the man, apparently an official, inviting the visitor to go over the asylum.

At length they reached the foot of a flight of steps, up which the guide led the way, and at the top the visitor found himself out upon the roof, a height of more than a hundred feet from the ground.

As they gazed below his companion startled him suddenly by proposing to see who could jump farthest toward the grounds! Not until then had it dawned upon the visitor that his guide was mad. Mercifully, he was a man of ready wit, and his wit saved the madman's life. "Oh, anybody can jump down," said the visitor. "Let us go down and see who can jump to the top." The madman thought it a good idea, and, retracing their steps, the two began their jump from the earth instead of from the roof.

Why the Stomach Lasts.

An old question which has long puzzled physiologists is, Why does not the stomach digest itself? The walls of the stomach are in substance not unlike the food which they contain and which is digested by the peptic fluid. The stomach is able to digest proteid food when introduced into it, yet it does not digest itself.

The reason for this has been shown by Weinland. Weinland found that a substance can be extracted from the cells of the stomach which, when added to proteid material, will not allow it to be acted upon by the pepsin of the stomach. This substance belongs to the class of so called antiferments—that is, a group of bodies which by their presence inhibit fermentative actions. The presence of this antiferment in the cells of the stomach prevents them from digesting themselves.

After death, when this substance decomposes, the stomach will digest itself.

Tea Smoking.

It has been recorded on good authority that one of the early uses made of dried tea leaves was to smoke them after the manner of tobacco.

On the first introduction of tea into Europe, in the seventeenth century, pipes, especially in France, were frequently filled with tea, at least among the wealthier classes of society, to whom on account of its high price it was alone accessible, and the fumes of the leaf were thus enjoyed, like tobacco, without prejudice to the use ordinarily made of it as a beverage.

Blegny, a French physician of the time, in a work published in 1687 and quoted in Le Grand d'Aussy's "Histoire de la Vie Privee des Francais," has a reference to this practice of smoking tea, which was then, as he affirms, a frequent and popular fashion.

The Smell of the Sea.

The odor of the sea—the wild, salt tang "from wind swept spaces blown"—what freedom is in its breath! "Sea folk and therefore free folk" are they who breathe it. Not all the sweets of summer roses steeped in sunshine can lull the homesickness of sea folk long banished from sea smells, and when at last their strong, free gladness again salutes the sense it is as though a barrier falls, and the heart finds home. So with the pine smell to the mountaineer. "Damp, wood smoke, dripping undergrowth and rotting pine cones—that is the true smell of the hills, and if it once gets into the blood of a man he will at last, forgetting everything else, return to the hills to die."

Didn't Worry the Waiter.

Henry Ward Beecher was amused when he went into a Bowery restaurant on one occasion and heard the waiter give such orders to the cook as "Ham and ——," "Slukers and cow," etc. "Watch me feaze that waiter with an order which, I believe, he won't abbreviate," remarked Dr. Beecher at length as the waiter approached. Then he said, "Give us poached eggs on toast for two, with the yolks broken." But the waiter, who was equal to the emergency, walked to the end of the room and yelled: "Adam and Eve on a raft! Wreck 'em!" It is related that Dr. Beecher nearly fainted.

When Gaslight Was New.

The first shop in London lighted by gas was one of which a Mr. Ackerman, a German, was the proprietor. This shop was on the Strand, and the date was 1810. One of the ladies of rank who often visited the Ackerman shop was so delighted with the brilliancy of a gas jet on one of the counters that she requested the proprietor to let her take it home for the evening, promising to return it safe and sound on the morrow.

Too Much Realism For the Manager.

"So you had to close the show?"

"Yes," answered the manager with the plaid vest.

"What was the trouble?"

"Too much craze for realism. There was a counterfeiting scene, and the actors said they couldn't go through with it unless they could see what money looked like once in awhile."—Washington Star.

Overworked.

"She is suffering from overwork."

"Mental or physical?"

"Both. Her trouble was caused by composing articles on physical culture."—Brooklyn Life.

A Sure Investment.

Patience—Did he invest in any of these get rich quick concerns?

Patrice—Oh, yes; he married money.

To Pop.

A Philadelphia contemporary has discovered a joke in a dictionary, no other than the learned and staid Century. It is one of those unconscious bits of humor.

Under the word "question" is the following:

"To pop the question—see pop."

A Little Help.

Teacher—Did you do this problem all by yourself?

Bright Boy—Yes'm.

Teacher—Every bit of it?

Bright Boy—Yes'm—all but the answer.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF FINAL DISCHARGE.—To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that after six months publication of this notice I shall apply to The Honorable J. Lee McCrory, the county Judge of Volusia county, Florida, for final discharge as Executor of the estate of Thos. B. Steele, and that I shall on the 14th day of October, 1903, present my accounts and vouchers for final approval and apply for discharge.

CHAS. A. STEELE, Exe'r Aforesaid.

Daytona, Fla., March 14, 1903.

England abolishes the grain tax July 1st, which will be a handsome boost for American millers and at the same time a relief for the British taxpayer.

The circulation statement issued by the treasury for June estimates the population of the United States at 80,072,000, and the circulation per capita $29.04.

There are forty veterans of the Civil War who lost both feet in battle. One of these is Corporal Tanner whose pension was recently raised to $100 a month.

When the smallness of the known is compared with the infinite greatness of the unkown, the gulf between the learned and the unlearned seems but a small strip.

Forty years ago the first missionary was eaten in the Fiji islands.