THE SILENT GATE

A Voyage Into Prison.

By Tighe Hopkins

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The first can of the afternoon loosed him, with six others, in the prison yard. The others got out haltingly; sullen, frightened, or shamefaced; but he, the last to alight, hopped down on the gravel, his quick blue eyes ablaze with interest, and hitching up his wretched little pants. seemed inclined to prove that he could

"Easy there!" said the warder with the blue paper in his hand.

The seven wards of government had fallen mechanically into line, as the faller unfolded his list. Nearest to him, with a cowed and ashen face, was a man in a silk hat and frock coat; numbers two and three were evidently tramps; four had the appearance of a clerk, five was a listless graybeard who looked sulkily at home in his surroundings; six would have been dubbed a professional thief by any detective in London, and seven was the adventurer who took such an amazing interest in

Heads turned, and Turkey was observed with attention.



paring their nails, or shaving themselves with brand new pocketknives, while the felon Turkey grew fatter on illicit rations. There came a day, however. It was on the return from work in the afternoon. Turkey tripped on the polished iron stairshe lodged on the first floor of his wardand as he caught at the rail, something was jerked from the inside of his shirt and rattled on the flegs below. A peat little

through the mass, were all the articles that

boy would find in the paper room, and com-

missions had been given him for sundry

articles, which were to be paid in toke.

Hence, as soon as he had learned the ways

of the room, he began to be extremely busy,

and thereafter sundry knaves languishing

in chambers near Turkey's were engaged

in writing surreptitious letters on House of

Commons note paper, chewing tobacco and

faggot of pencils. "Halt, there!" said the warder of Turkey's party, when they reached the landing, and Turkey was hauled from the ranks. Searched on the spot, he was a pered. mere museum of smuggled goods. They

the handling of the goods. For, scattered walker-for the lady also had Mr. and Tollit called name. man in prison most delights in, scraps of her Rosa-had no sooner observed Turkey tobacco, packets of elgarettes, ends of among the felony of the oakum ward than cigars, string, postage stamps, novels, writher heart had gone out to him. Not that ing paper, coins, pins, pencils, and even it weakened in any degree where Mr. Tollie was concerned. Miss Walker's interest in Turkey was of another kind. From penknives. It was the business of the prisopers to tear into small pieces everything that could be converted into paperwhere she beheld him, airing his graces in the walled, gray yard, he looked just the after banding over all contraband to the warder in charge. But Turkey had been child he was, fair-skinned and fair-haired. privately admonished by prisoners residing and Miss Walker was pained and ever in his ward what precious things a good indignant.

Under the tender smart of love, Turker

grew into exemplary behavior. He studied prodigiously in school, for though he could read a little, he was barely able to write. and he wanted to send her a letter. sought to polish both his manners and his outward man and went short of bread for a few days to buy soap from the outlaw next With soap and a pinch of dust he rubbed a faint mustache on his lip, de-voutly hoping she would see it, removing the ornament as he took his last turn round He lived solely for the hour of Every day, passing under the wall at the end of the yard, he cocked his cap and threw up his eye and he was certain she saw him and smiled on him. oakum carty sharing Turkey's constitu-

tional enjoyed it hugely. Then, to his extreme disgust, he caught a cold and the weak-minded doctor confined him for three days to his apartment and even threatened him with infirmary. It was absurd the way that felon was pam-

Still worse, when the three days were were shaken from his shirt, they were spent, the barometer having gone round dissorted from his socks, they were sifted tractedly to "fair, mild." the meddlesome

ised anything to match the astonishment of Turkey when he had spelled the latter out. The tale he had bamboosled the gang with was a true one in spite of himself. He was to escape, assisted by his lady. What was more, with the letter in his

hand to inspire him, he know the very way that he would do it. At 5:05 in the evening, when all the gangs

had just been marched in to supper, he was sitting astride the outer wall, his nice moleskin trousers in tatters, taking a last look at the prison. He was leaving it not quite without regret, for (although he scarcely felt this at the moment) he had never run away from home before. He was bleeding at the hands, and worse at the knees; he was triumphant; he was a trifle sore at parting, and he had just strength enough to drop down upon the other side of the He was faintly conscious, when he wall. touched ground again, that a person in a hood wrapped him in a cloak, tossed his prison cap back to the governor and lifted him into a chariot.

It was a sickening experience when, on awakening, Miss Walker threatened to box his ears for trying to kiss her, told him she was engaged to be married and old enough to be his mother, and locked him into the attic to prevent him from returning to prison. From the attic window he could see the oakum party going round the yard and he cried with rage. He is mate of the Rosa Walker and if any one were to read this story to him he would repudiate it-with language.

Table and Kitchen

Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It

Daily Menus. THURSDAY,
BREAKFAST,
Fruit.
Cereal. Cream,
Stewed Kidneys. Steamed Potatoes,
Sally Lunns. Coffee,
LUNCH,
Beer kitch Vegetable Croquettes, Fruit Saind.

DOE WAR

JACK_

Cheese. Waters. Cream of Bariey Soup.

Cream of Bariey Soup.

Fricassee of Mutton. Rice.

Scanoped Sweet Fotatoes.

Feach Taploca. Coffee. BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Cereal. Cream. Creamed Salt Coq. Grean. Cream.
Creamed Salt Cod.
Hasned Brown Potatoes.
Kice Wallies. Syrup.
Coffee.
LUNCIA.
Broiled Oysters on Foast. Brown Sauce.
Celery Mayonnaise.
Brown Bread. Coltage Cheese.
Cereal Coffee.
DINNER.
Ciam Broth.
Baked Fish. Dressed Cucumbers.
Plain Bolleo Potatoes. Cream Sauce.
Potato Mayonnaise.

Baked Fish. Dressed Cain Bolleo Potatoes. C Potato Mayonnaise Peach Cake. Whipped they make it into a fricassee. Whipped Cream.

Cereal.

Autton Chops. German . Co.
White Muffins.
LUNCH.

Macaroni Balls. Tomato Sauce.
Shrimp and Celery Saiad.

Wafers.

Cereal Coffee.

SER.

Cereal Coffee.

DINNER.
Okra and Rice Soup.
Fresh Beef Potted. Mashed Potatoes.
Creamed Carrots. Browned Turnips.
Lettuce Salad.
Deep Apple Pie. Coffee. becoming too dry. is the best to preserve the flavor and a piece of bacon or fat ham skewered or laid on over breast and thighs. A most delicate way of dressing small birds is to

BREAKFAST. dip a large oyster in melted butter or Baked Apple. Thin Silces Broiled Ham. beaten egg and then cover with soft, coarse Creamed Tomatoes. Baking Powder Biscuits. DINNER.

Reast Duck. Apple Sauce.

Apple Sauce.

Mashed Potatoes. Browned Turnips.

Orange Salad. Coffee.

SUPPER.

Suppers a la Newburg. squabs.

ces Bread and Butter. Tomatoes Staffed with Cucumbe Wafers. Cereal Coffee.

All as a Partridge, Plump, Well Fed and Fair.

WHEN GAME IS IN SEASON.

Game holds a very different place on our list of foods from that given it by our early American ancestors.

With the first settlers it was a necessity and in no sense a luxury, either by virtue of its price or scarcity. They had but to take down their trusty flintlock from its place over the mantel and go but a few rods into the forest around their homes to find their meat market, supplied with the very choicest game of the season, without cost or price-the only thing needful being a firm, steady aim.

Game still holds its place among the "first families," but how altered the conditions. Scarcity and price have relegated it to the luxuries and abundance of other meats those who have the inherited taste for this wild and "woodsy" meat.

Game, as found in the market of the present day, is not very generally appreclated, owing to this "wild flavor" and the length of time it is usually kept, and often. too, owing to the carelessness of the

The very noticeable flavor peculiar to wild game and enjoyed by those who have inherited their taste for it, is imparted to the flesh by the wild food the bird or animal feeds upon. This may be removed when it is disagreeable to those who do not relish it by careful bleeding as soon as the animal is killed. This is done by opening the large vein found under the tongue of both birds and animals. body is first suspended from the limb of a tree, with head downward. are to be cooked immediately, the feathers should be removed by stripping them down carefully and quickly from the tail to the head and tips of wings. The feathers will come off very easily at this time while the bird is hanging. The hunters cut a slit inside the leg and lengthwise of the body, remove the entrails and wipe out the blood, then fill the body with prairie grass.

This keeps the birds in form and dry. Game is considered a valuable meat for invalids, as the flesh is more easily digested and has less fat distributed through the meat than the tame birds. Fresh game should be given and no risk taken in giving meat that is not in the very best condition. even though "keeping" brings out the flavor and makes the flesh more tender.

All shot should be removed at once from the flesh. Do this, if possible, even when the game is not intended for immediate cooking.

How to Prepare for Cooking.

To remove pin feathers from game, plunge into a pan of boiling water to loosen them Never wash game more than is absolutely necessary; frequently a thorough wiping inside is sufficient. The skin needs a more complete cleaning.

Large birds, like pheasants, peacocks and prairie chickens may be made more delicate in flavor by scaking them for eight or nine hours in cold salted water, or parboiling them in water to which you have added an onton and a little vinegar. To remove any unpleasant odor or flavor from wild fowt neel the yellow rind from a lemon and place the lemon inside the fowl before cooking. When birds are kept for some time before cooking they should have a piece of char coal laid inside; this will prevent its be coming too strong. Do not remove the skin or feathers from game if it is to "hang" any length of time. To keep rabbits of squirrels sweet and fresh for several hours before cooking and after skinning them, rub well with sait inside and out and place

bits of charcoal about them, cover with a sidered a very choice dish by a New Englander. It should hang at least twenty-four Venison-This meat is generally best enhours before cooking.

Cut the neck off close to the back, but

roasting can be done before an open fire. leave the skin so it can be drawn over and Those who do not like the slight "musky" down on the back under the wings, when taste will find the flavor more delicate if they are placed in position. Platten out the breast with a rolling pin; tie wings and To Roast Birds-Wild duck, grouse and legs securely into place and fill loosely with pheasants are best roasted. Allow thirty a plain bread stuffing. Sew up securely and, minutes if roasted plain and longer if if the goose is not fat enough to baste stuffed. The flavor is best preserved if itself, lay strips of salt fat pork over the they are served without stuffing; they breast and tie in place. Put a little water should be sessoned with pepper and salt in the dripping pan, add a little salt and and butter only; place a good-sized lump pepper and baste the goose frequently with of butter inside each bird truss and skewer this. Turn occasionally so as to brown and place in the oven. Baste with more even on all sides until tender and a nice butter if required to keep the birds from color. Serve with giblet gravy and apple

> "Garland" Stoves and Hanges Awarded first prize. Parts exposition, 1900.

SOUVENIRS OF FUNERAL TRAIN.

Go'd and Silver Coins Placed on the bread crumbs and place inside the bird. A mashed potato stuffing is also delicate Steel Rails.

and is often used for stuffing for braised The desire for souvenirs upon the part of the large crowls lined along the railroad Larding Game-The natural navor of birds tracks at every point was a distinctive feais destroyed or disguised to a great extent when they are larded, but for the dry meat , ture of the McKinley funeral train, relates birds larding has its advantages; the fat the Pittsburg Post. The most popular of all pork moistens the meat, if larding is done the methods adopted was the placing of properly, and at the same time bastes the coins on the track so that the train might pass over them, smashing flat the pieces of money as a mark of identification in years to come. This practice was not confined to are the best and are equally good broiled, any particular point or crowd, but was indulged in generally all along the route. The Roast Birds-Cut off the neck so as to mutilated coins were afterward gathered up leave two-thirds on; draw carefully, being by their owners and displayed with much careful not to break the gall bag in the pride. At some stations, according to the liver. Remove everything from the inside, train conductors, so many coins were placed

Coins of different denominations aggreloosely; fill with a plain well-flavored gating at least several hundred dollars were dressing of bread, or the ovsters or potato strewn alone the track of Union station stuffing, filling rather loosely; lay the birds Even these relic hunters seemed to apprein a baking pan, placing each one on its clate the occasion and surroundings and instead of making a rush for their property Arrange in rows. Spread them thickly with as soon as the train had passed, waited unbutter or lay strips of fat sait pork over til it was out of sight before picking up the crushed coins, and by common mute consent each was allowed to have his or her own without the least guibbling among them. At Roup station a preminent and wealthy resident of the Shadyaide district placed a \$10 gold piece upon the rail. The approach of the train started to shake it off, but it managed to remain long enough to have just a small portion of it nipped off, as if done by a knife. The owner is quite a collector of souvenirs and oddities and when he picked up his coin he stated it would occupy the most prominent and conspicuous place in his large collection.



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P. D. BECKWITH,

everybody else. He stood on a level with the thief's shoulder; fair featured and freckled, with a sparrow-like frame, and an expression rather like that of Dore's seophyte among the unspiritual monks. His

turn came presently. "Name?" said the warder, glancing at his list.

"John James Turk." He had it pat this time, but he had forgotten it when called into the dock of the Old Balley in the morning, for he knew himself only as "Turkey."

He knew no more than the warder how old he was, but in answer to a question by the magistrate who had sent him for trial some one in court had called out "15," and Turkey accepted it at that.

The warder, a big, mild-eyed man-of different race, almost, from the derelicts before him-glanced at the little sparrowhawk as he thrust the list into his belt and shook out his bunch of keys.

"Follow me," he said to the squad. Turkey, tingling in his ragged breeches. nuch with cold as with intensity of tional. The newcomers begin their proba-He felt his dignity and importance as a prisoner. These gates of steel and solid walls, the mute warders with keys and batons at their belts, and unspeakable authority in their beards, froze him with delight. He remembered his first pantomime.

as viewed from the gallery, and felt like it. The thief by profession, a gentlemanly young man in black, observing the tremulous condition of his little neighbor, whispered that he had no cause to be frightened. Turkey swelled visibly

"Me!" said he. "I ain't! I likes it!" Oh, you like it?" The thief was much nicer in accent and grammar than Turkey. He was in the upper ranks of the profession and moved in good society at railway stations and music halls. "What are you

in for?" he continued. "Three doss," returned the boy. "Three months, eh?" The graduate could

not stoop to slang with the novice. "Mine's Turkey eyed him more graciously. "You're

a toff." he said. "Ever in before?" was the next question. "Well-not-exactly," he said, with some "Not as you might say in quod. But I bin through the school" The "school," rendered into the vernacular, is the reformatory. As who should say that, though his education had not included the university, he had at least been to Eton. "Ah!" observed the thief. "They should

have sent you back there, sonny, and not 'Gar!" said Turkey, out loud and wrath-

"Stlence there!" echoed metalically from the left. An hour of unbroken stience followed: then two men in the broad-arrow livery came in with bundles of broad-arrow

"Pick your sizes," said the warder. first prison bath has a curious effect. You enter in your own clothes, and come out twenty minutes later disguised beyond knowing, a full-blown prisoner.

clothes and boots, which they cast upon the

Still the night of wonders was not ended. Back went the seven friends to the reception room: Turkey in a warm cloth jacket and moleskin trousers, sizes too large for him, and looking with his assortment of broad arrow marks, like an exaggerated five of spades. Placed on the scales the doctor found him a stone and a half below the weight proper for his age. "Light labor." he said to his attendant warden.

As the morning bell was shaken up and down the wards, and hundreds of men cursing it variously, twitched their blankets about them for another sixty seconds. Turkey tossed his coverlet across the cell. He had slept without break or jar on a couch of everlasting elder. It was November, the London fog was in the prison, the gas was already on in the wards and in the elle, it was a miserable hour of a miserable morning; but Turkey had slept and was awake and fresh. Turkey was warm. Turkey was sharp-set and knew that breakfast was a certainty in prison and

Turkey was all right. "Now, then, little 'un!" and Turkey's warder took him in hand and showed him how to make his bed and stack the bedding bedstead against the wall, and how to

When he fell in for his first chapel parade there was a cruckle in the ward over his outrageous fit, and when the warder had passed to the end of the line he said: "You'll es-cuse me, gents, I 'ope. Mother packed me portmantel in a 'urry. These

in pa's clothes, but the tailor's took me

tion in the worst and most uncomfortable ward in the prison. They are parlahs amid a population of pariahs, and the old hands, who are just waiting their turn for promotion, and who expect nothing good in the first month, acquiesce in the oakum ward as the Clapham Junction on their journey. It is a nasty, drafty, ugly place, but the passenger has to stop there. No one jokes however, and this was the reason

that Turkey was stared at and approved Washed and trimmed, and draning his baggy clothes about him with an air, he looked a child posing as a convict at a

One dissentient voice was heard. "Send the likes of 'im 'ere! It ain't right! Wot was the judge a'thinkin' of?"

"Ow!" said Turkey. "'Ere's jealousy!" In time he began to be a puzzle and a trouble to the prison. When pulled up short his language was of the Dials, fruity; but the warder who wrote his name down for report generally wiped it off in the

A new prisoner, serving his first sentence is always watched by the heads of the prison, and a youngster undergoes a surveillance that he knows nothing of. Everyone in authority has an eye to him. The doctor sums him up quickly, as fit for hard labor or light labor, and squares or modifies his first decision by private observation. The wardens know in a week or two

what his work is like. After the wardens, the chaplain has more to do than the rest with the tenderfoot. The chaplain took Turkey in hand and the more he shook him up the better Turkey method and a passion for his unprofitable work; a long-haired, wild-hearded man, skull-capped and bound with a girdle, who fasted o' nights, knew every thieves' swed by him; but, on second thoughts, he leclined to be converted.

He had begun by posing. "Us criminais," he said, "is wide chaps We takes a lot o' gittin' over."

The chaplain wrote in his diary: Js. Turk. ('Turkey') Fifteen years of age. Pickpecket. Three months hard. Curious instance of the effect of prison on a sharp lad who seems to have associated with criminals from childhood, is immensely proud of having got into prison, and evidently fancies it will give him a new start in life. Burglary on a bix scale his principal ambition, and he thinks he will now be able to pal with 'wide' men. If not burgiary, would prefer to go to sea 'on a ship like he saw in the docks once.' Shall worst possible place for him (the judge was a fool who sentenced him); it feeds his queer little vanities at every turn, and he

should be poison to him." This was entirely and regrettably true It was so new and grand to Turkey to be under lock and key with hundreds of grown men that he did not feel even the restraint of cell and ward. Steady work, to be sure, was not much to his liking, but as the doctor continued to keep him on light labor. he had only one pound of oakum to pick in the day, instead of three, and his nimble

fingers made nothing of that. When his first month was up his favorite officer got him a nice, cheerful berth in the paper room. The paper room, as Turkey soon discovered, was the happy land or El derade of the prisoners. Hither were dispatched in cartloads, to be overhauled and sorted, the sweepings of the houses of Parliament, the government offices throughout the kingdom and the general postoffice; old ledgers, blue books, directories and all For that matter she had an interest in all manner of waste paper. This is not a gay the prison, since she was engaged to be

MATCH THE ASTONISHMENT OF TURKEY WHEN HE HAD SPELLED THE But the heads went round again on the | from his shoes. Conviction, in a word, march to chapel. It was almost sensa- was flung at him in a lump. A whole bench of visiting magistrates heard all about the wickedness of Turkey

EARTHS HAS SEEN NOTHING, NOR HAS FANCY DEVISED ANYTHING TO

to them. "Should you like to be birched?" asked in her scheme for Turkey's eacape. the chairman, when the cause had been Turkey into her hands for twenty-four

Turkey looked as if his dignity were little hurt by the suggestion, but responded softly:

"Well, genelmen all, it ain't for a pore criminal like me to stand again' the rools. If it's birchin', it's birchin'." "We can have you birched on the observed the chairman.

But the culprit had taken stock of the court, and gathered the impression that it was mainly with him. Drawing the back of his hand across hi

mouth, he said sweetly: "Fact is, yer worships, I bin throo it Done me bit a birchin' at the school. It wouldn't so ter say, be nothin' new to me." Turkey's impudence was almost always deliberate and deep-seated; but it was also

almost always timed and calculated to a nicety, and glossed with an art which was kin to genius. He escaped the twigs. But he was kept in durance and on half rations for a week, and then sent back to the cakum ward.

III. It was at this season that his great romance began. The oakum ward was taking exercise in a new yard, which was overlooked by a row of houses not thirty feet from the boundary wall, the prison being cribbed in the midst of London. It was quite understood that Turkey was liked him. He was a chaplain with a in disgrace, and he understood it himself and expressed his contrition.

"Bound ter look you up agin, gents!" he But before the hour's tramp round and kitchen in London and talked thieves' Latin about the yard was ended a fresh charm like a thief. Turkey was astonished at and had banished his interest in his old associates. An organ, just beyond the walls, was playing "Annie's Got Her New Cock-Feathers." and Turkey, as a matter of course, added his voice to the whispered chorus from the ranks; but it was not the sentiment of a favored air that moved him. He had seen a face and a form at a win-

> By and by, when the organ had been trun dled out of hearing, the other prisoners became aware that a woman at a window was watching them-but Turkey had seen

"Seems ter me, gents," he said, smoothing his baby chin, "a bloke's gotter git in prisen ter find 'is gal, too!' In the hideous monotony of prison a little

nothing makes a monstrous stir and it was remember this. Prison, or course, the quickly passed about that Turkey had a sweetheart and that the girl had followed him. Turkey helped the legend all he knew. He invented a story of interrupted love thrives on the air of the place, which now on the point of renewal, gave the woman a name and a blameless history and weaved in a hint about her bit of money The tale was the emotional sustenance of the oakum ward.

A seeming reality kept it throbbing; the face and the form were always to be seen at the window while the cakum party were on parade, and secret questions drew out the fact that they were not observed there by any of the prisoners who took exercise in the yard at later hours. Clearly, the lady was Turkey's. Having expounded her charms and given himself out her hero, he fell in love with her and wished he might

But his ridiculous story held a truth. The grazioletta at the window-a plump one, if uncertain seeing could be trusted-whom Turkey, of course, did not know from Eve, had a real interest in him. LET THE BOLD TURKEY CLIMB THE inventory, but wait until you come so have | married to Warder Tollit. But Miss

medicine man decreed that Turkey should be employed for a while in the garden, a retired spot where no drafts entered. It was a place which sensible prisoners petitioned to be sent to, for the work was light and there was little supervision, but to Turkey, in love, it was banishment in a wilderness. No, he wouldn't hoe, nor he wouldn't dig and he wouldn't shove no blcoming roller about, neither. He had his rights as a criminal, he had, and why didn't they send him back to his own party? Take his gorspel, he'd never had no cold in all his born days. Now, Miss Walker had missed the desperado from the cakum squad, and had in-

quired for him. A mother-like spinster of two and thirty, plump, handsome and reveling in a legacy which meant affluence for her lover and herself, she was bent on trying the power of money in the interests of Turkey. She had wormed from Mr. Tollit (who wished Turkey in Khartoum) that if burglary failed Turkey was willing to go down to the sea in a ship; and she had a brother who owned a smack. A very little of her legacy would buy Turkey in as an who in due course of time was introduced apprentice. She had it all out with Mr. Tollit, whom she wanted for her accomplice hours, and she knew how to arrange for him. Mr. Tollit said Turkey had served he two months of his sentence, and would be out in another month. Miss Walker said that if he went back to Drury Lane h would be in prison again in a week, and that he must be out before his time. Mr. Tollit said it would be as much as his place was worth-and Turkey began to be the victim of a plot.

Precisely at the same time he began evolve a very fine plot of his own. cracksman who had just come in on a very long sentence had attempted flight. and a venture of that kind is apt to be imitated. Turkey, for his part, was in no great hurry to put prison behind him, but he did desire to do as it pleased him there and he didn't want any nonsense of gardening. What if he were to show that he meant what he said, by giving them the

An escape would make a man of him at a bound and set the seal upon his The daring outlaw had broken prison to join the woman of his heart! He would be chased, and would have to lie in hiding; she would shelter him, and when the police had abandoned the pursuit they would fly together, and perhaps set up as With these high thoughts to hearten him

he saw that the garden was not without advantages. For instance, he was practically his own master there. A warder occasionally went the rounds, showed any special interest in Turkey. The chief obstacle was the man with the cutlass. This was an officer who patrolled the gravel walk circumventing the prison at the foot of the high, smooth-faced wall, and who was never absent.

Turkey could not, of course, be aware that the guardian of the path in this particular walk was Miss Walker's Mr. Tollit, and it was equally impossible he should know how sincerely Mr. Tollit wished him on the other side of the prison wall. Compelled as he was to regard him as a foe Turkey nevertheless felt an instant liking for Mr. Tollit, who was of great stature and, with his cutlass on his shoulder, rather

terrible to look upon. Approaching him on the second day of their acquaintance he said:

"Mister Tollit! Oh, Mister Tollit! If you was to see a criminal cove a-shinnin' up that there wall, wot 'ud you jest about do? "Hey?" said Mr. Tollit. "Well, if you were the 'criminal cove' I should say Come down off that, else I'll warm you! If it was anybody else I expect I should

"A-course you would Mister Tollit!" said Turkel, delightedly. "An'," he added with unction, "I lay you could carve 'im!" To himself be remarked:

But I bet I does you in the eye all the The very next day an occurrence which was neither more nor less than extraordipary decided him upon immediate action How the letter came there has not been known; Mr. Turk himself is unaware a this day of the hand which delivered it It lay among the cabbage stalks, at the

he was turned into the garden at half-pas His name was on the envelope, it capitals, and the inclosure was in capitals. In a sense, it was vague as a letter from the shades; for it was dated from nowhere and signed by nobody. Turkey hammered

WALL THE LADY WILL BE THERE. Earth has seen nothing, nor has fancy deoutside, preventing a hard, dry skin.

Grainfed young pigeons and partridges that frequent the grain fields and stubble roasted or baked.

cloth and keep them in a cold place.

joyed roasted or broiled, especially if the

If stuffing is used, a plain bread dressing

especially the lungs that are imbedded in on the rails that it caused a slight far to the ribs and will impart a bitter taste. the care as they passed over them. Draw the legs up close together and tie back on a strip of fat, salt pork or bacon. them; put a little water in the pan to prevent burning to the pan; bake half an hour if birds are young. Birds may be prepared in the same way for braising and placed on a layer of carrots, turnips and onion cut into dice and a little parsley, with just enough water to cover the vegetables. Then the cover is put on and the pan placed in a hot oven. Old pigeons are nice cooked this

Prairie Chickens Sauted-Young prairie chickens are very nice fried or sauted. Joint the chicken and season with east and pepper and sprinkle with flour and let stand in a cool place. Heat enough becon fat or vegetable oil to cover each piece. Dip the pieces of chicken in beaten egg and bread crumbs put into the fat without crowding and fry a nice brown. Do not have the fat too hot, as it will require thirty to fortyfive minutes to cook the chicken. Kecp. covered until the chicken is brown enough to turn them; leave uncovered. When all is sauted, keep hot while you make the sauce. Measure the fat in the pan and for a pint of the sauce take four level tablespoonfule of the fat, four level tablespoonfuls of sifted flour and a pint of milk or one-half pint of milk and half pint of chicken or veal stock. First melt your butter, but do not brown; then stir in the flour and when smooth add the milk and stir un

way, but it is not the best way to cook

boiled, braised or fricasseed. Prairie Chickens Steamed-Wash the chicken thoroughly and quickly in warm water, using a little soda in the water; rinse and dry quickly, fill up with plain dressing, sew up, tie down the legs and wings and place in a steamer over boiling water and steam until tender. Then place in a dripping pan, spread thickly with butdredge with salt, pepper and flour and place in the oven. Baste with melted butter until a nice rich brown. Serve with apple butter, or spiced wild grapes.

til it begins to thicken and boils up. Season

to taste with salt and pepper. Old birds are

not so good this way end must lay over

night sprinkled with salt. They are better

Quail on Toast-Dry-pick the birds and singe over the gas flame or a tablespoonful of alcohol poured in a saucer. Cut off the heads and the legs at the first joint; place in salt and water for ten minutes, drain and dry on a cloth, cover with bacon or butter, season with sait and pepper and place on a broiler; broil ten minutes on either side, brushing frequently with melted butter. When done place each bird on a slice of buttered toast, with breast upward. garnish with parsley and serve with creamed celery or cucumbers.

Wild Gorse Roasted-Soak in salt and water for twelve hours before cooking, and if you are not sure that it is young and tender, parboll it for an hour at least. geese are better boiled or steamed; for roasting they should not be more than months old and very fat to be tender and juley. A green goose, & months old, is con-



