

BIG MONEY IN BIRDS

A TALE OF HEZEKIAH SHARP'S GREAT BUSINESS VENTURE IN TURKEYS.

BY MARTIN JOHNSON.

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Hezekiah Sharp is in every sense of the word the unique character in East Tilbury township. He is a recluse in some ways, and yet he cannot be properly called one, for he does not shun the companionship of his fellows, nor does he condemn the various conventions of society which they are accustomed to observe.



HE NURSED THEM CARE-KNOWING AS THE FULLY.

Ten Mile woods and makes a comfortable living by persistent hunting and desultory farming and poultry raising. He lives quite alone and always enjoys his Thanksgiving dinners in the same company.

Last spring he went into turkey raising on rather a large scale considering the limitations of his farm. The chicks gave him no end of trouble, but he nursed them carefully through the "pip" stage and other ills that young turkeys are heir to and succeeded in bringing through a comparatively large flock that suggested many future Thanksgivings.

as wild as hawks, he managed to catch a glimpse of them every few days. All hope of domesticating them was gone; but, at any rate, they would be excellent sport for the fall shooting, and he could sell them in the county town at a higher price than the tame birds.

The recreant flock, not knowing the designs that were harbored against them, grew plump and fat on this wild life, and "many a time and oft" did Hezekiah hear their exultant gobble, coming from the depths of the woods. One day, while listening to their cries of defiance, it dawned upon him that the ammunition he would have to buy before he could place his market would eat into the profits, so he decided that some one else would have to put up the expenses, and as he was a man of some resources he soon hit upon a scheme for accomplishing his purpose.

There was a crowd of dudes shot that was just as good. The two sports went back to town, not to warn others of the danger, but to boast of their prowess. True, they had paid well for their sport, but it was not their place to publish such a thing. Besides, there were some other fellows in town that they would like to see taken in.

Next day Hezekiah was kept busy holding up the unsuspecting crack shots from town. Each man paid his hush money and went home a poorer but a more enlightened hunter.

Every day the flock got thinner and thinner, and the old sock in Hezekiah's shanty grew more corpulent accordingly. Before the week was over the remnants of the flock hovered so close to the shanty that even a city hunter would not think of calling them wild. Hezekiah now thinks that there is nothing on earth that will beat turkeys for making money, and this year his Thanksgiving will be one of unadulterated gratitude.

rather close to my shanty lately, I think I'll knock a few of them off."

Hezekiah got some shot that was "just as good" and returned home to await developments.

The following Monday morning he got up early, concealed himself in the woods and waited. It was not long till he heard a couple of shots close to where he knew the flock was feeding. He rushed over to the spot, gun in hand, and came upon two of the dude sportsmen joyfully comparing a couple of fine birds. He angrily accused them of shooting his fowls, and threatened to have them arrested.

"But," protested the two, "they're wild. We shot them in the woods."

"Shot them in the woods, did you?" yelled Hezekiah. "You're a smart set, ain't you? Come over here, and I'll show you the coops I raised them in."

There was nothing else to do. They went to the shanty, Hezekiah fuming all the way and vowing what he would do. There was no longer any doubt about the identity of the birds. The coops were there as a proof of it. Then the two offered to pay a dollar each for the turkeys, but Hezekiah would have none of their money. He would have the law on them and teach such know-nothings a lesson about killing other people's turkeys. Finally he reluctantly consented to take \$5 each for the birds and say no more about it.

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Not Radical Enough

The Jones campaign in Ohio more nearly represented the Henry George campaign for the mayorality of New York than any other in our recollection. None of the intelligent supporters of Jones believed that he would accomplish much, even were he elected governor of Ohio and no shrewd student of politics among those supporters, believed that he could be elected. The great majority of those who voted for Jones did so in protest against existing economic conditions. The returns indicate that more of his votes were drawn from the democratic than from the republican party, although Jones has hitherto been affiliated with the latter organization. From this we can properly draw the conclusion that radical as is the democratic organization compared with what it was six years ago, it is not yet radical enough for thousands of its supporters, and that in order to hold its ground it must grow more and more radical. It also indicated that many thousands of democratic voters will not, in the future, be satisfied with platform declarations, when candidates are not nominated who do not fully represent them. This was the case in Ohio, for John R. McLean, although a few years ago he would have been termed a radical democrat, has not kept step with the advance of his party. —The Bayonet.

Treason to Faith

He is guilty of high treason against the faith who fears the result of any investigation, whether philosophical or scientific or historical. And, therefore, nothing should be more welcome than the extension of knowledge of any and every kind; for every increase in our accumulations of knowledge throws fresh light upon these real problems of our day. If geology proves to us that we must not interpret the first chapters of Genesis literally; if historical investigation shall show us that inspiration, however it may protect the doctrine, yet was not empowered to protect the narrative of the inspired writers from occasional inaccuracies; if careful criticism shall prove that there have been occasional interpolations and forgeries in that book, as in many others, the results should still be welcome. Even the mistakes of careful and reverent students are more valuable now than truth held in unthinking acquiescence. The substance of the teaching which we derive from the Bible will not be really effected by anything of this sort, while its hold upon the minds of believers and its power to stir the depths of the spirit of man, however much weakened at first, must be immeasurably strengthened in the end by clearing away any blunders which may have been fastened upon it by human interpretation. —Edward Everett Hale.

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TAKING UP "THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

young chicks' veins, and they yearned for the liberty of bygone days—the days when their untamed progenitors wandered at will through the woods with a future that held not the slightest hint of Thanksgivings. In less than a week their wild nature had asserted itself, and the whole flock forsook the quiet of the farmyard for the liberty of the Ten Mile woods. It was "a reversion to type" that would have delighted Darwin and was not so very surprising in view of the fact that it is but a comparatively short time since turkeys were first domesticated.

The reversion was in no way a delight to Hezekiah, however, and he did not hesitate to say what he thought of the creatures that hurt him even more than the loss of them. To think that for months he had coaxed and coddled and spoon fed them until they were able to do for themselves and then they had turned from him like this! It was too much.

However, he determined to keep an eye on them, and, although they were

woods remotest from his shanty. Every day he made the forest reverberate to the reports of his double barreled shotgun. The neighbors noticed Hezekiah was doing a good deal of shooting, but as he never at any time gave any account of his kills and had told no one of his scheme nothing was suspected. If the truth were told, Hezekiah neither killed nor intended to kill anything that week. The only result of all his bluster and noise was that the turkeys shunned the far side of the woods and began to habituate that part nearest to his shanty. But this was just what Hezekiah wanted.

At the end of the week he drove to the county town and, going into the leading gunsmith's, asked for a couple of pounds of turkey shot.

"Why, that's something we've never asked for any more," said the gunsmith in surprise. "What are you going to do with it, Mr. Sharp?"

"Oh," replied Hezekiah in a careless sort of way, "there's a flock of wild turkeys drifted into the Ten Mile woods, and, as they've been coming round

THE PUMPKIN'S LAMENT



I wanted some laughing urchin to carve me into the form of a man. That, taken for one of the rarer races. I might get a part the cook on my face—'Tis only such mortals who can.



But here must I languish, deep in the dough. And slimmer and sizzler die. No! I have a future beyond the pan. I yet will get "into the form of a man." For here he comes now for the pie. J. A. COLL.

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Mrs. J. M. Riggs.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this 15th day of October, 1898. Wm. Wotcott, Notary Public.
From the Journal, Cartersville, Mo.
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