

tain why its popular name was given to the bird, and is to be somewhat regretted that such an appellation should ever have fallen to its lot, since it is apt to give rise to the supposition that it originated in Asia instead of America, the eastern instead of the western hemisphere. At one time the turkey was pretty generally distributed throughout the United States, but, like the Indian it has gradually disappeared before the onward march of civilization, until now one must look for it amid the unsettled portions of our Western States, and the vast regions through which the Mississippi, Missouri and their tributaries flow. It is still quite plentiful in the Southern States, many parts of which are yet covered with the virgin forest, while in the Northern States it has almost disappeared.

The average weight of the turkey is about 15 to 18 pounds, (I speak of the male) and of the female from 9 to 10. Some gobblers have been known to weigh much more than this estimate, and instances are not wanting where individuals have been obtained weighing 30 and 40 pounds each, but this is rare. When full grown the male will measure 4 feet in length and nearly 5 feet in the stretch of its wings. The naked skin of the head and neck are blue, with the wattles red, as are also the legs. The feathers of the neck and body are generally of a coppery bronze, changing in some lights to a greenish or purplish shade, and margined with an opaque line of velvet black. The back and rump are also black, with little reflection, while the sides, together with the upper and under tail coverts, are dark chestnut, barred with black near the end, and having metallic reflections of a rich purplish hue, while the extreme tips are opaque purplish chestnut. The tail feathers are dark chestnut barred with black, and tipped with a light chestnut. Near the end is a band of black, broadest on the outer feathers, and narrowing as it approaches the central ones. Between the bars on the feathers is a confused sprinkling of black. Neither upon the tail nor its coverts is there any white, and this is one of the ways by which the wild turkey can always be distinguished from the domesticated. From the centre of the breast hangs a coarse hairy tuft, not usually found in the other sex. The female differs principally in being smaller in size, less brilliant in color, absence of the spur, and the small fleshy process at the base of the bill.—*Dep't of Agr.*

HINTS AS TO THRIVING.

Work.—Hard work is the grand secret of success. Nothing but rags and poverty can come of idleness. Elbow grease is the only stuff to make gold with. No sweat, no sweet. He who would have the crow's eggs must climb the tree. Every man must build up his own fortune now-a-days. Shirt-sleeves rolled up lead on to best broad-cloth; and he who is not

ashamed of the apron will soon be able to do without it.

Don't Hurry.—Believe in travelling on step by step; don't expect to be rich in a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance, by its daily gains, enriches a man far more than fits and starts of fortunate speculation. Little fishes are sweet. Every day a thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the worse speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself had better not move. From bad to worse is poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember, many men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit is better than a great concern at a loss; a small fire that warms you is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water can be got from a small pipe, if the bucket is always there to catch it. Large hares may be caught in small woods. A sheep may get fat in a small meadow, and starve in a great desert. He who undertakes too much, succeeds but little. Two shops are like two stools, a man comes to the ground between them. You may burst a bag by trying to fill it too full, and ruin yourself by grasping at too much.

Be Sensible.—Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at his work, quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks; there's some discomfort in all trades except chimney-sweeping. If sailors gave up going to sea because of the wet; if bakers left off baking because it is hot work; if ploughmen would not plough because of the cold, and tailors would not make our clothes for fear of pricking their fingers, what a pass we should come to! Nonsense, my fine fellow, there's no shame about any honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to good traders. Lucifer matches pay well if you sell enough of them. You cannot get honey if you are frightened at bees, nor sow corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. When bars of iron melt under a south wind, when you can dig the fields with toothpicks, blow ships along with fans, manure the crops with lavender water, and grow plum cakes in flower pots, then will be a fine time for dandies; but until the Millennium comes we shall all have a deal to put up with, and had better bear our present burdens than run helter-skelter where we shall find matters a deal worse. Plod is the word. Everyone must row with such oars as he has and as he can't choose the wind, he must sail by such as God sends him. Patience and attention will get on in the long run. If the cat sits long enough at the hole, she will catch the mouse. Always at it grows good cabbage and lettuce where others grow thistles. I know as a ploughman, that it is up and down, up and down the fields, that ploughs the acres; there's no getting over the ground by a mile at a time. He who plods on, the clods on, rolls on rods, will turn off the sods while laziness nods.

Be Squarley Honest.—Never try dirty dodges to