

# Crystal Palace

## AUCTION SALE

The stock is selling fast, yet there is a very large assortment both useful and ornamental to sell. Sale each day at 10 a. m. 3 and 7 p. m.

Be in time and secure the great bargains.

**WM. TURNER, Auctioneer.**

### A DINNER IN FLORIDA

#### SHOOTING ON AN OLD ABANDONED PLANTATION.

**Wild Turkey For a Thanksgiving Report.**  
Daddy Paddy as a Guide and a Cook.  
Game That Is Fast Passing Away—Two Good Shots.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]  
The first Thanksgiving I ever passed away from home found me encamped on the banks of Blue spring, about 100 miles from the mouth of the St. Johns river, in the midst of a wild orange grove.

I was then, as now, an enthusiastic hunter, and soon after I had pitched my



DADDY PADDY AND HIS HUT.

tent was scouring the country adjacent for game. The bare pine woods, with their scant soil and tall trees, offered little in the way of real sport except a few flocks of quails and now and then deer or a fox squirrel. It so happened that I had extremely bad luck that Thanksgiving week, and my primitive larder on the morning of the eventful day contained nothing more than some salt pork, bacon and hard tack, with a few vegetables.

The grove in which my tent was pitched belonged to an abandoned plantation, and not far away, in the center of a half wild garden, lived one of the ancient retainers of the departed household in a little, tumble-down shanty. He was an old negro, known as Daddy Paddy, who claimed to have come into Florida when it was an Indian possession and to have been at one time a slave of Coachoochee, the Seminole "Wildcat." He was over 90 years old, anyway, for he could tell tales of the times of Andrew Jackson and was at the battle of New Orleans. He always insisted, however, that General Washington was present at that memorable event, declaring with great pertinacity that if he did not take part in the fight he was "there or thereabouts."

His wrinkled skin was black as ebony, but his wool and his eyebrows were white as snow, giving to this old man the air and dignity of a patriarch.

Early in the morning, while the dew was still glistening on the grass blades and the river hidden beneath banks of mist, I took my gun and sauntered down toward the garden where Daddy Paddy had his dwelling place, intending to hunt the hammock that lay beyond it.

I saw his white, woolly head bobbing about among the fig and oleander trees, and as I threw my leg over the snake fence he saw me and cried out excitedly: "Hi, dar, massa! Lemme tell yo' me jes' see de biggish gobblin' may eyes ever look at Fac' dom shuah yo', massa."

"Which way did he go, Daddy? Tell me, quick! We haven't any time to lose." The old man turned and gazed at me with an air of offended dignity in face and attitude, notwithstanding his bent form and shaking limbs.

"There he is, Daddy; there's our Thanksgiving dinner. The biggest turkey in Florida, I'll bet a dollar. Thirty pounds if he is an ounce. And there's a hen, too. Both of them dead as nails!"

"Did' me done tol' yo' so? Didn't me say dah tuhkeys on de buhn?" demanded the old negro as he hobbled up fast as his shaking limbs could carry him.

"So you did, Daddy, so you did. If it hadn't been for you I'd never have seen them. You've got a great head, Daddy, sure enough."

"Jes so, jes so, ma boy. Me done tol' yo' so." And the old man wagged his woolly head sagely and chuckled to himself. He insisted upon "toting" the hen turkey, while I carried the gobbler, and we both were tired when we reached his garden and my camp. We had a long dispute about the division of the spoils, each one insisting that the other was entitled to the larger bird. It was finally decided that we would "towlie" the hen and roast the gobbler, and that Daddy Paddy should have all he wanted of either or both. "Dat am de bes' way," he shrewdly observed, "fo' of me hal' whole tuhkey toe mase'; him done spwile befo' me eat um up."

Daddy was a famous cook in the heyday of the old plantation's glory and he soon proved to me that his prestige had not suffered, despite his 90 years. Scooping an oven out of a clay bank he dressed the gobbler and placed him therein on a bed of glowing coals and watched over and basted him so assiduously that I am ready to aver that no dinner that day in all Florida was better cooked or eaten with a greater relish. We had baked potatoes, Irish and sweet, turnips and celery, where-

with to garnish the bird, oranges from our own trees and tobacco to smoke that I had ordered expressly by the last boat from down the river.

"Dis all rummuds me," murmured Daddy contentedly, "we didn't user hab no T'anksgiving in ole slaver times, sah. Chris'mus—dat de season when dah tuhkey fuitah, sah. But it am all de same, howsever. T'ank de Lawd, we uns hab 'nuh toe eat fo' once shorely. An may de good Lawd presarb we uns toe en'y de Chris'mus comin' an mek we uns lucky, 'nuh toe fin' dem tuhkeys a runnin' wile in da hammick. An don' yo' forgit, ma boy, dat it wan't fer de ole man yo' no hab tuhkey fo' dinnah. No sah, no Daddy, no gobblah; don' forgit dat!"

FRED A. OBER.

### MISS TRUDY'S VIEWS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPofford.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]

The long wile of the doorbell was still vibrating when Miss Trudy, a woman of quick motions, shut the front door to which she had been summoned by a Thanksgiving beggar, having run there at once, with a pie out of the batch she always baked to give away on Thanksgiving. She did not know who the person was, but the person evidently knew her and said: "Thank you, Miss Trudy. This pie gives both of us reason for thanksgiving—me that I've got it, you that you can give it."

"Humph!" said Miss Trudy. "If I hadn't any better reason than that for Thanksgiving, I shouldn't say much about it."

And then she went back to her pretty little sitting room, its blazing fire and rugs and rocking chair, its peacock feathers and fruits and the great fragrant lemon tree that she had raised herself from a seed. She sat down before the fire and turned back the skirt of her gown over her knees, showing, had there been any one to see, a foot still delicate and pretty as when Geoffrey Masters used to pull on its overshoe—dear, dear, how many years ago! "Yes," said Miss Trudy to herself, "I should say I had some better reasons for thanksgiving than just that I can give away squash and mince pies, though that's a good deal. I've reason to thank the Lord for a whole procession of blessings. Yes, and the first and cheapest of them all is that I'm a single woman and my own master. I can turn round without anybody's leave, and there's no man here cluttering up. If that isn't a blessing, what is? And then there's this house. It's mine. Aunt Gertrude left me a trifle of money for my name, and I put it out at interest, and in 20 years it bought me this house, this garden, this little orchard of peach and pear and plum and apple trees, this pasture, this cow and this grapevine. And I've got what I had before to live on and a little for the poor. I couldn't have done that if I'd married. Yes, I used to think it hard times when Geoffrey Masters led me such a dance, making my heart beat so I was afraid he'd see it, and then going away the Lord knows where without a word when I'd all but made up my mind to marry him. But I'm sure it was a merciful escape."

"Yes, those were cruel days. Don't tell me about old fools! There's no fool like a young fool! And that man made me suffer once. Yes, he did. It gives me a sinking now to remember the nights I used to watch for him and he didn't come. I never could bear to look at the stars on a clear winter's night since Humph—yes—well, we do outgrow things, if we live long enough, and that's a reason for thanksgiving, I'm sure. Yes, I'm an old maid, and I'm thankful for it. I've often said I wouldn't marry the best man living. I wouldn't marry the pope of Rome himself if he was to ask me. I'm my own property, and everything about me is my own, and I can give away a dollar without asking. Jane can't. Look at Jane—she can't say her soul's her own. And yet when she was at home she used to rule all the rest of us children with a rod of iron. And now she says to Jaired: 'Dear, I think I'll go down town today if you'll let me have the horse.' And he says: 'Can't have the horse. What you want down town? Always gadding Place for a woman's home—enough to do at home. Stay at home!' And she's staid at home till everything's so blue she can't see it. People thought Jane was doing great things when she married Jaired—splendid farm, wood lots, back stock, a horse and chaise and a herd of Jerseys—and she's never had a cent to spend from that day to this, for he took what belonged to her and locked it up with his for the children. I don't suppose she could get it if she made a row, but nobody wants hot water all the time, and she wears a calico and I wear alpaca, and I don't know the day she's had a new bonnet."

"Where did you come from, Geoffrey?" stammered Miss Trudy, when she could speak.

"Nowhere," said Geoffrey. "And where are you going?" she resumed, after a little.

"Nowhere," he replied again.

"The fact is, Trudy," he said presently, after warming his hands at the blaze and quite as if they had parted yesterday, "I haven't been very lucky. I went away in pursuit of pastime. I haven't caught up with her yet. I'm back after 25 years of it, tired out, without a dollar in my pocket or any clothes but these I stand in. And I looked at the old house that had strangers in it and I looked at the old graves that held all my people, and I wasn't going to become a tramp, and there was nothing left for me but the river out here. And I saw this light and came in the window and saw you. You haven't changed much in these 25 years, Trudy. I'd have known you anywhere—the same old rose in your cheek, the same soft fire in your eye. I've been looking at you this last hour and it's all been rushing over me, the things I'd half forgotten—the old evenings under the stars, the old days over the river. What a cursed fool I was to go after fortune and leave you!"

"Well," said Miss Trudy, not without some hesitation, "well, you've come back."

"Yes, I've come back." And there was another brief silence.

"Geoff!" said Miss Trudy then, "what sort of life have you led since you've been gone?"

"About the average. Nothing much amiss. Nothing at all to my credit."

"Have you married?"

"No. There was always just enough remembrance of you to hinder."

"How's your temper?"

"Same as ever."

"Easy go lucky?"

"Perhaps so."

"You always were a spendthrift," said Miss Trudy.

"When I had money to spend, maybe."

"Not likely to be now than," said Miss Trudy, half to herself. "However, one Jaired in a family's enough and to spare. I suppose," she added presently, "that you've had so much roaming you'd be glad to stay at home?"

"Glad!" with a tone that somehow found her heart.

"And you don't care for fast horses and their companions?"

(Continued on Sixth Page.)



"I COULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT IF I'D MARRIED."

sensitive little creature. He never praised the poor dear for anything he did, let him

be it ever so little.

Perhaps you can buy milk a little cheaper, but just think it over.

All the cows have been tuberculin tested and are in perfect health.

No expense or labor spared to secure cleanliness through all operations connected with the milk.

To do all the above costs money, and lots of it; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are supplying customers with pure milk.

Perhaps you can buy milk a little cheaper, but just think it over.

The herd, consisting of high bred Jersey cattle, is under the daily inspection of a qualified veterinarian, formerly Inspector for the New Orleans board of health.

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