The Temptation of a Tip.

AN ODD, but seemingly well-authenticated story, having to do with a certain Washington church and some racehorses, is being told around town, says the Washington Star. The central figurante of the story is the wife of a California racing man, known to all turfmen, who runs his thorobreds at the Benning meetings.

This turfman's wife has been coming to Washington with him for several years during the Washington races. She doesn't belong to the horsey type of woman herself, altho she is thoroly familiar with the racing game, and is well acquainted at all times with her husband's racing plans.

When she made her first visit to Washington, during the Benning fall meeting some years ago, she was so desirous of keeping away from the horsey crowd of women who follow the racing game, that instead of putting up at a hotel, she took rooms at a high-grade boardinghouse conducted by a middle-aged couple who are prominently identified with a certain Washington church. It is not an ultra-fashionable church, but an old and substantial one.

The turfman's wife developed a strong attachment for the elderly couple, and they in turn grew to be very fond of her. They knew that her husband was a racing man, and all that, but the fact that he was a "horse gambler," as they couldn't help but regard him, counted not at all against the sincere liking which they soon began to feel for his wife. They found her a generous, sunny-natured woman of high principles, and that was enough for them.

The turfman's wife had never belonged to a church in her life, but she became interested in the church talk of the people with whom she lived in Washington. The outcome was that, several years ago, she was accepted as a member of the Washington church referred to.

She continued to live with her elderly friends every time she came here with her husband during the Benning races, and always attended the church services with them. During her long absences on the Pacific coast and elsewhere she remembered the little Washington church at frequent intervals by sending substantial checks to be devoted to the church's charities.

This brings the story down to the incident of two months ago, which is the real nub of it.

One morning a couple of months ago the wife of the

SHE DOESN'T BELONG TO THE HORSEY TYPE OF WOMAN.

Washington churchman received a letter from the turfman's wife, dated New York.

The letter wasn't perfectly grammatical, nor was it particularly strong as to its spelling. It was an artless sort of a document from every point of view, the kind of letter to be reasonably expected from the pen of a generous, impulsive woman possessed of only a middling education.

The letter began with a quaint apology for the suggestion which the writer was about to make. She hoped the recipient of the letter wouldn't consider it so "awful."

But she just couldn't refrain from telling her good friends that her husband, on a certain day during the following week, was going to start two of his horses that were going to win for an absolute certainty. She said that her husband would not start the pair of horses from his barn did he not know positively that they would win their races. He did know it positively, she went on. She had never seen him so absolutely certain of anything.

Well, the letter continued, she felt as if she just must tell her good friends of what was in the wind. Both of the horses, her husband had told her, would be at good prices.

She knew that the charitable needs of the church to which she had attached herself in Washington were large. Therefore, if her good friend, the husband of the recipient of the letter, could just bring himself to make a little sacrifice of his conscience for the good that was bound to follow, she knew that he wouldn't regret it. If he could only do that, she advised him to "have a bet" on both of her husband's horses, which, she repeated, were positively certain to win.

The recipient of the letter showed it to her husband, and they had a long talk over it that night.

"That woman," said the husband, referring to the turfman's wife, "is one of the best women at heart that I ever met. I believe implicity every word that the horses she mentions will win. But how can I, a lifelong member of the church, and a deacon, banish my scruples as to gambling, even for the presumable good to follow?"

His wife thoroly agreed with him. But—well, she pointed out that the church's charity fund was running extremely low, that the winter with the need of the poor for fuel and clothing was at hand, and so on.

They had several more talks over it, and every time the deacon wound up by shaking his head over the thought of indulging in a gambling enterprise even for a good cause.

On the day before the two racers of the Californian's string were due to go at the New York track the deacon dropped in at the druggist's around the corner. The deacon and the druggist were friends of long standing.

THE DEACON PLACED HIS QUANDARY BEFORE HIS FRIEND THE DRUGGIST.

The deacon placed his quandary before his friend the druggist, who smiled amusedly.

"Well, I certainly am obliged to you for the tip," said the druggist. "I take a little flyer at the ponies once in a while, you know. I am going to New York tonight on the midnight train to buy some goods, and it isn't entirely out of the realm of the probable that I may drop down to the track tomorrow afternoon and have a little bet down on those two horses. The tip sounds lucky to me—they're both swell nags."

The deacon looked gloomy. He retired to a corner of the drugstore and had the final battle with himself. Then he went back to where the still smiling druggist was standing.

"My boy," he said quaveringly, to the druggist, "I am a weak and erring brother, even if my purposes are not entirely evil. Here is $100 of my money. It is a donation from me to the church. Do the best you can with it."

"Do you want me to play 'em both to win?" inquired the druggist.

"I assuredly do not expect you to play them to lose," said the deacon, quickly, and then, catching himself, he went on, "but, tush! I am not saying anything about playing at all. I simply request that you do the best you can with that donation which I make to the church."

"All right," said the druggist. "I'll play them both to win, parlaying the hundred," but before he had finished the words the deacon had hurried into the street. As he cut across to the park the deacon was shaking his head and talking to himself at a great rate.

The druggist took the train for New York that night, and on the following afternoon he was at the race track.

He put the deacon's $100 on the first of the Californian's horses to go, getting 8 to 1 for the money. The horse won in a jog by eight lengths.

The other horse from the Californian's barn went in the last race. The druggist hated to put all of the deacon's money down on that one at 4 to 1, but he had promised to parlay the money, and there was nothing else for it. The other horse won his race buck-jumping, with five lengths to spare. The druggist took down $4,500 for the deacon, or a winning of $4,000. The druggist made a $50 parlay for himself on the same two horses, and was $2,200 to the good on the strange tip.

On the following morning the druggist airily tossed the $4,500 package to the deacon at the latter's boardinghouse. The deacon came mighty near falling down where he stood.

"Out of evil cometh good," was his only comment, however, and he turned every stiver of the money, except the original $100, over to the church, with an explanation to the pastor and a profession of penitence for the blackness of his crime, which are said to have reached a high notch in eloquence.

The pastor forgave him, and there will be no demands for an increased charitable fund in that parish this winter, nor for some winters to come.

"I'm surprised at your using such dreadful language, my man. Don't you know that sort of thing is quite out of date?"
"Mebbe, passon, but we don't all get the chances you do of picking up new swear words."—London Bystander.

What the Market Affords.

MOST beforehanded people get the purchasing of their gifts that are not perishable done before Christmas week, but they leave the ordering of provisions, flowers and candy for the last week. In buying candies further delay is no advantage, quite the reverse, for the stock is all made up. A very important part of a gift of candy is its packing and in order to have this done in the best way orders should be given at once. If you must delay until the last moment don't expect to have the order put up while you wait or put up specially for you at all; take boxes already packed. One need have no fear in doing so at any reputable establishment, for these boxes are packed at odd times during the day and are all fresh.

One can buy candy at practically any price and be sure of having it good and pure. Nothing is more wholesome for the children nor more acceptable than the plain sugar candies at 15 cents a pound; a little prettier mixture comes at 20 cents; for 25 cents there is a great variety of taffy, creams, caramels, buttercups, etc.; 40 cents buys a good line of chocolates and other creams, while fancy qualities in these creams, novelties and crystallized fruits are 60 and 80 cents.

Each establishment has its own specialties and the best shops have a bewildering variety to choose from. One of the most delicious and wholesome specialties is a light fine-grained molasses taffy filled with nut meats for 30 cents. Glace nuts are very pretty and delicious and cost 60 cents. A choice bonbon is marshmallow dipped in fruit pulp or in fondant of any color desired. Dipped in fruit they cost 80 cents. Black walnut slices and pecan patties are of almost cloying richness, but are very popular at 40 cents a pound. Stick candy in its best estate is about the best thing for the children and there is nothing they enjoy more. At a cent a stick this comes to about 30 cents a pound. A special imported stick candy is the barley-sugar sticks in various flavors that comes in glass jars at 25 cents. This has a mucilaginous quality from the barley that is soothing to the throat.

One shop is carrying an extensive line of the Mary Elizabeth chocolate mints, almond bonbons, glace nuts, nut taffy and caramels. These are already put up in the daintiest kind of package and come in quarter and half-pound packages as well as larger ones. They range in price from 40 cents to a dollar a pound and they are so delicious and attractive that they readily explain why the 19-year-old home manufacturer has become famous in a few years.

At the same specialty shop are found boxes of Turkish delight, a delicate fruit paste that is a favorite table bonbon in Europe. These sell for 50 cents, while crystallized strawberries sell for 60 and 80 cents a pound. Russian chocolates, 80 cents, and chocolate gingers, 60 cents.

LANDSCAPE FELL ON HIM.

Congressman Badger of Ohio, a democrat, who was defeated for re-election, altho running 5,000 ahead of his ticket, met one of his German contituents on the morning after the disaster.

"Vell, Mr. Badger," said the German, "you runs 5,000 ahead of your ticket, but was overcome by the landscape."

A String of Good Stories.

"I know not how the truth may be;
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

THWARTED ALL ROUND.

JUDGE DAVID D. SHELBY of the United States circuit court of Alabama said at a recent banquet in Huntsville that when the honest, having been subjected to evil treatment, set out to treat others evilly in return, they failed as a rule.

"For, you see," said Judge Shelby, "to work well with dishonest tools requires long practice. The honest man had best stick to honorable methods. He is bound otherwise to be made ludicrous and contemptible, even as was the landlord of the Lion d'Or.

"The landlord of the Lion d'Or, plump and contented, sat in his inn one day when a stranger entered. This newcomer had a sly manner. He would look no one in the eye.

"'Well, landlord,' he said briskly, 'can you give me a good meal for my money?'

"'That I can, sir,' the landlord answered, rising. 'What would you be pleased to order?'

"'A good meal for my money,' the stranger repeated; 'a good meal for my money is all I ask.'

"'Well,' said the landlord, 'how would you like a roast duck, green peas, a chicory salad, a plum tart, and coffee?'

"'Good enough,' said the other, 'good enough.'

"Accordingly this tasty and substantial repast was gotten ready. The stranger enjoyed it. He cleaned it up to the last pea, and then, with a shameless leer, he handed to the landlord a 10-cent piece.

"'Why,' the landlord stammered, 'this won't do. Your bill is a dollar and a quarter, sir.'

"But the other waved back the dime.

"'Take it or leave it,' he said. 'It's all I've got. I asked you if you'd give me a meal for my money, and you said you would. If you gave me too much, why, that's your fault, not mine.'

"The landlord mused a moment, frowning. He felt rising in his honest heart a strange, new desire—a desire to pass this evil treatment on.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do with you, my friend,' he said. 'You're a rascal, but if you'll go over the way there to the Magpie, and play on the Magpie's landlord the same trick you've played on me, I'll let you off, and give you a quarter to boot.'

"The swindler smiled, pocketed the quarter, and opened the door to depart.

"'Goodby, sir,' he said. 'I'd be glad to accommodate you, but it was the Magpie's landlord that sent me here.'"

WHY HE CAME DOWN.

A. P. VREDENBURGH, the secretary of the American Kennel club, was praising the pluck of dogs.

"A good dog," he said, "has the same kind of pluck that old Jerome McWade used to show.

"Jerome McWade was a farmer, 70 years old, but still hale and gay. One morning he and his two sons got to wrangling over their strength, and Jerome declared that he could load hay quite as fast as they could pitch it.

"'You, at your age, do that?' said the young men. 'Never.'

"'We'll have a trial,' said Jerome. 'Come out to the fields, and we'll have a trial now.'

"So to the fields they went, and Jerome got into a haywagon with his fork, and the two boys, down below, began to pitch the hay up to him as fast they could pitch it.

"The old man stood up to his work stoutly. He loaded with lightning speed, and all the while he kept calling down:

"'More hay! More hay!'

"The boys worked hard. Their youth told in their favor. Old Jerome got to loading more and more untidily. Still, tho, as he scrambled about on top of the uneven mounds, he continued to shout:

"'More hay!'

"All of a sudden he tripped as he dug in his fork, and fell from the wagon to the ground.

"'Aha,' said his oldest son, 'what are you doing down here?'

"Jerome, as he rose, answered:

"'I came down for more hay.'"

What Women Want to Know.

ROUND SHOULDERS.—Is there any simple exercise that will keep one from growing round-shouldered? I have fallen into bad habits and want to overcome the tendency to slouch.—Mary.

Persist in exercises for chest expansion night and morning. Take a cane or a broomhandle and place it under the arms, holding it in position by the hands and in such a manner as to expand the chest to the utmost and at the same time to bring the shoulder blades into position, so they are applied as closely as possible to the underlying structures. Do this as often as possible when sitting or reading or walking, and after a time the habit of erect carriage will be formed and the stoop in the shoulders will be corrected.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

IRON RUST AND INK STAINS.—My best embroidered centerpiece, one of my wedding presents, has iron rust on it. Is there any way to remove the stain? And do you know how to take out ink spots?—Young Matron.

ONE WAY TO GET AUTOGRAPHS.

AN AUTOGRAPH collector said:

"I have inherited from my uncle his magnificent collection of autographs. These autographs did not cost the old gentleman a cent, yet they are worth hundreds and hundreds of dollars.

"When the autograph fever seized my uncle, he set to work in a shrewd way. Being parsimonious, he did not want to buy his autographs. Being clever, he perceived that simple signatures, such as you get if you write and ask an autograph of a person of distinction, would have no real value.

"So do you know what he did? To every distinguished person he applied to, he said he was a sea captain, and he asked permission to name a new ship he was building after the great man.

"It was subtle flattery, that, eh? All my uncle's great folks were, without exception, delighted to think of a stately ship, named after them, sailing here and there over the deep sea. Thomas Carlyle said:

"'I am pleased that you should like my work enough to name your ship after me, and I hope she will come to anchor in a happier haven than I shall ever reach.'

"The poet Tennyson wrote my uncle a four-page letter. He said that in every storm thereafter he would think of the 'Alfred Tennyson,' and put up a prayer for her safety.

"Thackeray was so pleased that he sent my uncle a comic drawing to hang in his cabin.

"Robert Browning thanked my uncle for the compliment of naming the new ship after him, and hoped the 'R. B.' would be stauncher than her namesake.

"Uncle's collection numbers nearly a thousand autographs, and each letter is about this imaginary new ship. The letters read awfully funny when you consider that no such ship ever existed."

Journal's Daily Puzzle

SOLUTION OF "THE BARBER PUZZLE."

Says Mr. Loyd: In the Barber's problem there are eleven positions where the minute hand will take just fifteen minutes to get as far ahead of the hour hand as it was previously behind it, but as there would be but one position which conforms to the position of the second hand as shown in the picture, and where the hands cannot be seen, so the only answer would be that he began at 12:57 and 57 and 3-11 seconds and ended at 1:12 and 57 and 3-11 seconds.

Correct answers were sent in by E. C. Woodburn, Fowler, Ind.; D. Charles, N. Nelson, Minneapolis. A great many answers were received, and the popular impression was that the work was begun at 11:52½ and ended at 12:07½.

HOGAN'S ALLEY PUZZLE

During a contract to do the exterior decorations on two mansions in Hogan's Alley, George Washington Jones, who has a marvelous aptitude for finding out things, discovered that the street is exactly fifteen feet wide, and that one of the houses is twenty feet high, the other twenty-three. Now, you all know that the gutter runs along somewhere near the middle of the street, but Mr. Jones claims that by placing his ladder in the gutter, as shown in the sketch, it is just long enough to reach to the roof of either of the houses! From these facts, Professor Jones, as he likes to be called, says you should be able to prove exactly how far that gutter is from the center of the alley.

To the ten persons sending in the correct answer, submitted in the clearest and neatest way, will be mailed a copy of Loyd's Tangrams, a collection of very interesting puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, The Journal.

Gamossi Glove Orders Made Out for Any Amount

If you are in doubt about any of your presents buy a Gamossi Glove Order. The recipients receive the best gloves in the world in exchange for the order.

610 Nicollet.
Gamossi Glove Co. No. 20
Half a Store of Gloves; Half Umbrellas.

Mayflower Mandolins
The Best on Earth

Just the Thing for a Christmas Present.
ROSE & SAVIERS
Successors to Musical Instrument Dept. of Metropolitan Music Company.
41-43 So. 6th St., Minneapolis.

Brush Up a Little for CHRISTMAS

Call up Waldron and have your clothing French Dry Cleaned to look like new. Our prices are no higher, our work is much better, our workrooms are well lighted, well ventilated, perfectly clean and far superior to anything found in this or any other city. Call and inspect our new plant, and judge for yourself. We make a specialty of Men's and Women's garments.

The Pantorium
W. L. Waldron
Main Office and Works, 1028-1030 Mary Place.
Both Phones, 1664.

FUR BARGAINS FOR CHRISTMAS

All of our immense stock of the highest grade furs are being sold at a tremendous discount. This is a fine opportunity to select your Christmas presents in furs cheap.

A. REINER, Furrier
701 Hennepin Ave., Corner 7th.

M. P. D. MERCHANTS PACKAGE DELIVERY
619 4th Av. So.
Small merchants will find it easy to have us deliver their holiday packages. Special low rates.
PHONES: N.W. 1503 J-T-C 1503

Laugh, you idiot. There ain't a decent laundry in town. I have tried them all.

Ha, ha, ha! You don't know what you're talking about. Why don't you do as I tell you and send to

Chicago Ave. Laundry,
2901-3 CHICAGO AVE.
TELEPHONE AND WE CALL.

EUREKA LOTION
(I FOUND IT)
Cures Eczema, Pimples and removes all blemishes of the skin. For sale by Wm. Donaldson & Co., Dayton's, Miss Wanous, druggist; C. H. Cirkler, Gamble & Ludwig, F. C. Weinhold, Mannheimer Bros., St. Paul. Also Miss Nichols', Syndicate Arcade, and Miss Liscomb, West Hotel Hair Store.
Prepared only by Eureka Compound Co., N.Y.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.
CITY OFFICE: Fifth and Nicollet. DEPOT: Washington and Tenth Ave. South. — PHONE: Main 264.

*Ex. Sunday. Others Daily.	Lv. Mpls	Ar. Mpls
Chicago and East, Dubuque	7 50 am	10 20 pm
Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha	8 00 pm	8 00 am
Chicago, Des Moines, Kansas City	10 45 pm	1 10 pm
Kansas City, St. Joseph, Des Moines	10 30 am	8 10 pm
Omaha, Ft. Dodge, Austin	7 40 am	6 10 pm
Rochester, Red Wing, Mankato, Faribault, Northfield	*7 55 am	*7 30 pm
	4 55 pm	10 55 am
Dodge Center, Hayfield	4 35 pm	11 30 am

WISCONSIN CENTRAL RY.
TRAINS FOR MILWAUKEE and CHICAGO
Leave 8 a.m. and 7:05 p.m. daily.
Arrive 8:50 a.m. and 5:10 p.m. daily.

DEVELOPS CACTUS WITHOUT THORNS

Burbank of California Endows Desert Plant With Edibility.

Santa Rosa, Dec. 19.—The Examiner this morning announced the result of Luther Burbank's ten years of study and experiment in having produced a thornless and spineless cactus, sending broadcast the news that he had at last completed the "taming" of the desert cactus and added another distinct triumph to his achievements in propagating new plants, flowers and fruits. Today a man from the Hawaiian Islands called on Burbank. He had read of Burbank's work of years with the cactus. This is what he said:

"This is wonderful. I can rub this once prickly leaf up and down my cheek and it is so soft that I can hardly feel it. Down in Hawaii we have cacti growing on the desert land. Many times there and in this country and Mexico and Texas I have seen cattle turn from the cactus plant with blood streaming from their mouths. This thornless cactus will be edible, a food instead of a menace to horses and cattle.'

Mr. Burbank uttered a caution against any announcement that his work on the cactus wonder was perfect yet.

"I never say perfect," he said, "for the realm of perfection is boundless. It is true that I have been able to remove the thorns and the spicules from the cactus, but I must continue my experiments and try and get a more hardy plant, one whose leaves are larger and one that yields more fruit."

"Do you not consider this one of your greatest successes?" he was asked.

"I most certainly do," he replied.

The cactus grows in desert regions in the United States, South America, Italy, the Argentine Republic and around the Mediterranean shores. With plants from many of these places, some 1,500 varieties, Burbank has produced the edible cactus.

To use the words of Mr. Burbank: "It means the reclamation of the deserts." In vast territories where now there is no food for animals, the thornless cactus may be grown to furnish sustenance for stock. Its leaves are said to be more nutritious than beets, and, according to Mr. Burbank, it will produce most food during the months when the deserts are entirely void of other vegetation. Mr. Burbank will continue with his efforts to produce a hardier thornless cactus, but when he has succeeded he will turn to other things, leaving the distribution of the improved plant to others.

PLAY RIP VAN WINKLE IN KAATERSKILL COVE

New York Sun Special Service.

Catskill, N. Y., Dec. 19.—The cottagers at Twilight Park in the Catskills have arranged for a production next July of a new historic version of the story of Rip Van Winkle with more than two hundred performers. The feature of this performance will be that it will take place on the very spot where the story is laid—the southern slope of Kaaterskill cove, near Santa Cruz falls.

Every detail of costume will be carried out so as to make the historic background most effective. It is expected that the event will be of national interest.

See Stockwell soon—That life insurance—The Penn Mutual, Andrus Bldg.

For Christmas.
Taylors Falls, Glenwood, Wyndmere, Sheldon, Lisbon, Henning, Oakes, Bismarck, Mandan, Lucca, Valley City, Rogers, Carrington, Detroit, via Northern Pacific Railway, at one fare for the round trip. City ticket office, 19 Nicollet House block, will gladly furnish further information.

Largest Assortment Warranted Knives At Gardner Hardware Company.