With the Long Bow.

—"Ere nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies."

THE way the legislature sometimes works reminds one of sending a cow by express.

Angela Morgan, the new philosophess of a section of the daily press at so much a column, says that "what humanity needs today is joy—real, unadulterated, deep-welling, revitalizing joy!" Will somebody please hold Angela's lily hand?

The coal man is having no stunt at all in living the simple life. The public makes it easy.

A French duel last Saturday had a sad ending. M. Pierre Bourg satisfied his honor by scratching M. Malroy on the wrist with his sword. Then the two embraced, and M. Malroy hugged his foe so hard that he fractured a rib for him. Why couldn't the code be arranged so that duellists could "make up" first, then there would be no need of fighting.

Lillian Russell is writing a series of "Health and Beauty Hints" for some eastern papers. One of the first that drew our absorbed attention was exemplified by the fair one in undress parade, that is largely so, doing a "military leg movement." There were corset ad pictures for it. Why is it these health and beauty hints run so largely to leg movements and so infrequently to brain movements?

Professor Charles Willard, a prominent physical instructor in Baltimore, has issued a challenge to the proposed Japanese instructor at the naval academy at Annapolis in which he offers to demonstrate to him that jiu-jitsu is a dangerous science and that any man able to box successfully can stand off the most finished exponent of it. This is doubtless true if he bangs the Nipponese on the eye before the jitsuist breaks the professor's back. Meantime we are holding to a system of defense that is first peaceable, then gentle, easy to be entreated, etc. It consists of a sturdy attempt to live at peace with one's fellowman, neither breaking his back nor banging him on the weeper. Sometimes it is not entirely successful, but as a rule it is less wearing and it is much less expensive.

Yet there are times—. When Father Quinn of New York was about his business the other night, three bold highwaymen with no respect whatever for the church militant, attempted to hold him up. Humming the air "Like a mighty army moves the church," etc., the priest moved into the highwaymen with both fists, feet, knees and teeth. It was a grand sight. In about three half-seconds he had them all down, out or in full flight.

In spite of our efforts for the peaceful life, there is something about the row Father Quinn put up that is rather pleasing.

Sometime congress will do something. Then the country will be as astonished as the man in the dark who takes the extra step after he is way up stairs.

This is the time when the man who really clears off his fifty feet of sidewalk keeps as busy as the cowcatcher on a milk train.

A Michigan man got the wrong tin can for floor polish and anointed the hardwood bottom of the parlor with a top dressing of maple syrup. When he found out, if he didn't scold his wife, he was a pretty good man as men go. We have our doubts. —A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

A VERY misleading dissertation on homemade jellies, so far as the Minneapolis market is concerned, appeared in a recent number of a local paper. Homemade jelly may bring 25 or 30 cents a glass in the New York market, and may, perhaps, be worth it, but it brings no such price in Minneapolis. Homemade jelly of a quality unexcelled and of any kind of native fruit, can be purchased in large beveled-edged glasses for 15 cents, while crabapple jelly in ordinary jelly glass only brings 10 cents. It may be worth more than that to make such jelly at home, but that is what it sells for.

Tomorrow the delicatessen man begins a new scheme, and that is the sale of hot-cooked foods. Every customer provides his own heater, but he can buy it at the food counter. The heater is simply a small pail fitting into a larger one holding hot water. The smaller pail may be had divided into two or three compartments into which can be put the several hot articles needed for dinner and lunch. The hot dishes will be varied from day to day, but will always include soup, potatoes, cornbeef hash and some vegetable. The hot water in the outer pail will keep food warm for a considerable length of time and the whole receptacle can be set on a gas or oil stove and the food reheated in a very few moments.

It is quite unusual to see oranges sold in any other way than by the dozen, but this season they are quite often offered by the peck, due apparently to the wish to dispose of lots of uneven size. A lot of oranges now for sale at 45 cents a peck are all good size, about that selling for 30 cents, and to make a peck of these will take about two dozen. They are of good quality and in good condition.

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

"Who Done It?" —The Bystander.

WHY THE NICKEL LOAFS.

The Penny—You laying off, Nick? Work seems light with you.

The Nickel—Yes, the slot machines are all out of business, you know.

The Last Proposal.

"OF ALL the girls I ever proposed to," said the man, as he idly opened and closed the fan he was holding, "I have always enjoyed proposing to you the most."

The girl beside him looked up and laughed. "Why?" she questioned him.

"Because your stock of ideas seems to be inexhaustible; you always have some delightfully new way of rejecting me."

The girl let her glance sweep around the gayly decorated ballroom, and she smiled a little, as tho to herself.

"If it keeps up much longer," she said, "I'm afraid my originality will not be able to stand the test."

"In that case," said the man, leaning a little nearer her, "you will be obliged to accept me, won't you?"

A dimple made its appearance at the corner of her mouth. "Perhaps," she answered mischievously.

There was silence for a moment, the girl keeping time with her foot to the music of the orchestra, while the man watched her intently:

"By the way," he said at length, "did you know that I was writing a novel?"

She turned toward him quickly. "You!" she cried, incredulously. "No. Tell me about it."

"Oh, there is nothing much to tell now. I don't know how it's going to turn out; in fact, it has only just begun."

"You speak as tho it were writing itself," she said questioningly.

"Well, it is, in a way," he said. "You see, it's—well—it's—sort of the story of my life."

"How extremely interesting that must be," she cried.

"Don't," he pleaded; "sarcasm in a man may be forgiven, but in a woman it is unpardonable."

"WON'T YOU BE THE HEROINE!" HE SAID SOFTLY.

"Is that quoted from your novel?" she asked.

He laughed. "I will make a note of it," he said, "but just at present I am in great need of your advice. I can't write any more just now, because—because—well, you see, because I can't find any girl for heroine."

She brushed back the loose strands of her hair from her face. "And you want me to help you choose one?"

"Yes," he answered.

"You think a heroine is indispensable, I suppose?"

"I think it would make the story so much nicer."

She stopped a moment to reflect, and again her glance wandered about the ballroom. "There is Margaret Travis over there," she said, "don't you think she would make a lovely heroine?"

The man's face fell. "She is so—so cultured," he said; "I always feel that she has a secret leaning toward Ibsen."

The girl laughed. "I don't know who else to suggest," she said.

The man rose and looked down at her. "Won't you be the heroine?" he said softly.

Her glance fell before his. "Does the story end happily?" she asked.

"It all depends upon your answer."

The girl looked up into his face again, and there was a smile on her lips. "Make it end happily," she said.—Princeton Tiger.

What Women Want to Know.

THE CARE OF A LAMP.—I prefer lamplight to gas for sewing or reading, but lately I have had trouble with my lamp. Can you give me any hints on how to take care of it?—Mrs. K. R.

The care of the lamps should never be left to inexperienced workers. In the first place, a round wick should never be cut, but the burned edge wiped off with a rag. To keep a lamp from smelling, the burner should be taken out about once a month and put into an old saucepan kept for this very purpose and boiled for a while in water containing a lump of washing soda. Some people say that it is only necessary to carry out this boiling process once a year, but it really should be done oftener than that to produce satisfactory results.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

TO SHAPE THE NAILS.—What is the best thing for an amateur manicure to use in shaping the nails?—Jessie.

Stories of the Statesmen.

Told by a Washington Raconteur.

DIPLOMAT AS WELL HUMORIST.

J. ADAM BEDE.

J. ADAM BEDE, who is known in Washington as the congressional humorist, made some speeches in Ohio in the last campaign. In Cleveland one night he was told to go to the outskirts and address a meeting of Scandinavians.

"You are from Minnesota," said the committee, "and, of course, you can talk either Swedish or Norwegian."

Bede is from Minnesota, but he knows less about the Norse tongues than he does about Sanskrit. However, he went out to the meeting and found four or five hundred sturdy, prosperous-looking, blod-whiskered men there eager to hear him. A speaker who knew Swedish had failed to appear and Bede was the only orator on the spot.

He was up a stump. When he came on the platform he was introduced by a Scandinavian presiding officer in guttural periods.

"Gentlemen," said Bede, "before entering on my argument, I would like to know how many of you were born in the United States?"

Four men raised their hands.

"Ah," said Bede, "and, just as a matter of personal interest, will as many of you as can understand English raise your hands?"

The speaker was confronted by a forest of knotted paws.

"Good," said Bede. "And as so many of you understand English, I will forego the pleasure of speaking to you in your native tongue, and will talk in English."

And he did.

WINE CELLARS IN NEW ORLEANS.

A LADY newly arrived in Washington, of great wealth, was at a dinner a few nights ago and amazed everybody by telling the brand and vintage of a rare wine without seeing the bottle or label.

"How can you do it?" she was asked.

"Oh," she replied, "I was born and raised in New Orleans. When I was a slip of a girl, my father used to take me down to his great wine cellar under the house and show me the dusty bottles. He taught me all about wines down in those gloomy caverns."

After the dinner the hostess said to her husband:

"Wasn't it interesting to hear Mrs. So-and-so tell about her father's wine cellars?"

"Great!" replied the brutal husband. "Absolutely great! It was simply fine. You know, there isn't a cellar in New Orleans!"

ONLY ONE ABE FOR HIM.

JAMES HOOE, secretary to Justice McKenna, was unexpectedly drafted a Sunday or two ago to teach a class in Sunday school. The regular teacher was ill. Mr. Hooe decided to question the children on Biblical characters. He turned to the first boy and asked:

"My son, who was Nebuchadnezzer?"

"He ate grass," replied the boy promptly.

"Now, my boy," said Mr. Hooe to the next lad, "you tell me who Abraham was."

"Sure," that boy replied. "He was the gent that freed the colored ladies and gentlemen from slavery."

HAD HIS NEW UNIFORM ON.

A SOCIETY woman with a penchant for the army, who observes every change in the design of its uniforms, detected some slight variation in the dress worn by a group of officers at the New Year's reception at the White House.

"Captain," she said in a stage whisper, as the officers passed into the East room, "isn't this a new uniform?"

"Yes, madam," replied the captain, perplexed and yet pleased to have his clothes commented upon. "Brand new. I never had it on before!"

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

ANTIQUITY OF THE TOOTHBRUSH.

"THE toothbrush, like gunpowder and printing," said an antiquary of Chicago, "originated in China. The odd little book that I hold in my hand is a translation of 'Precepts for the Fair,' a work that appeared in China in the year 272 B. C., and in 'Precepts for the Fair' occurs this passage:

"Prepare, little maid,
For your beneficent mistress
The instruments of the toilet.
Prepare her wash-bowl of blue porcelain,
Her towel of yellow wool,
The toothbrush of green jade,
And the toothpowder whiter than snow.
Then, after she is cleansed and perfumed,
Make reverently the morning salutation.

"So long ago," said the antiquary, "did the toothbrush exist in China. The first trace of it in the west does not appear till the year 1742. Up to that time—think of it—the beauties of the past—Guinevere, Queen Mary, Godiva—had no knowledge of the toothbrush or its functions. An American girl, Sally Annis, makes, in a letter to her sister, the first reference to the toothbrush that we whites possess."

From his catalog the antiquary read the following passage of Miss Annis' letter:

"Besides these, and ye smalle combe, my father brought me from his voyage a new mouth-brush made of eyvory, the back parte inlayd very pretty with silver, and ye brissles long and stiffe and set very firme; wch he is Assured will helpe me of my ToothAkes; wch you will guesse, deer Judy, I do pray it may, and if indeed it doe, will Prize it more than all, even the fedd flour'd silke; for no silke of anie collor that I know of is Becoming to a swell'd Face; not to consider of the Payn."

The antiquary, at the end of the passage, smiled.

"Poor Sally," he said, "must have found her mouth-brush a poor remedy for the toothache. Let us hope, tho, that the pretty instrument, making her teeth shine like pearls when she smiled, increased enormously the multitude of her suitors."

SMOKING IN CHURCH.

"IT IS no wonder that the Welsh are religious," said a tobacconist. "In the churches of Wales smoking is allowed.

"My mother is Welsh. She says that in her childhood in the old country the men always smoked in church. There was a table in the middle of the auditorium that they put their hats on, and then, as soon as the sermon began, they would fill their pipes and puff away gravely till the closing prayer.

"Despite the smoking, good order was maintained, and everybody was most reverent. Every pipe was put out before prayers commenced."

Journal's Daily Puzzle

Said Mr. Casey: "I am satisfied that some cows have more sense than the average man. My old brindle was standing on the long bridge the other day, placidly looking into the water, when she spied the lightning express, just twice the length of the bridge away from the end, coming at a ninety-mile an hour clip. Now, she did not waste the forty-eleven-millionth part of a second in idle speculation; she just made a dash towards the advancing train and saved herself by the narrow margin of one foot, whereas, if she had followed the human instinct of running away from the train, three inches of her rear would have been caught on the bridge! It would be a great thing if some procrastinators, who never can make up their minds one way or the other, were placed in the position of my old brindle cow, so they had to think quick. It is a pretty problem to reckon the gait of that cow, and to tell how far she was standing from the middle of the long bridge! Can you figure it out?"

The ten persons who send in the correct answer, submitted in the neatest way, before 6 p.m. Jan. 13, will each be mailed a copy of Lody's famous Tangram books. Puzzle Editor, The Journal.

ALL SORTS OF OPINIONS.

R. E. Dewey, Hayward, Minn.—Speed of cow, 26 2-5 feet per second, or eighteen miles per hour. Length of bridge, 660 feet. Place where Casey's cow started, 263 11-20 feet from end toward train.

N. L. Lindh, Minneapolis—The bridge is 100 feet long, and the train is 200 feet from the bridge. Now, as the speed of the train is ninety miles, the cow's speed is one-fifth, or eighteen miles an hour. While the train runs 199 feet, the cow runs 39.8 feet, which is the distance from the end of the bridge, or 10.2 feet from the center. And, while the train runs 299.75 feet, the cow runs 59.95—0.25 feet, or 3 inches, from the end of the bridge.

Lester M. Jones, Minneapolis—Reckoning the bridge as 500 feet long, she stood 55 feet from the center, and she was going at the rate of eighteen miles an hour when she was running.

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Defective Page