

With the Long Bow.

—The nature's walk, about fifty as it flies.

THE Manchester (N. H.) Union has a column written by the "Old Man." Sometimes it runs something like this:

The Old Man mused. "I'll never forget the first girl I ever kissed. It was years ago. I had called on her, and she was divinely sweet. She accompanied me to the front door, and as she stood there, one hand on the door and a lamp in the other hand, I hesitated. Should I kiss her? I was afraid. Then courage came for a moment, and I stepped up and lightly kissed her and fled. I can see her now, standing there in the doorway, the light of the lamp shining on her upturned features, her eyes half closed. Her sweet, white face was like that of a Madonna in a circle of gold."

That seems to be a way some of those old scoundrels used to carry on! Us young folks today blush for 'em. Yet it was not always safe to do that. I had a brother who tried it once. She was an athletic girl with rosy cheeks and well-developed muscles due to acting as motor at the upper end of the broom and to relieving mother at the washtub. I understand they used to do that once—long ago.

Well, little brother up and kissed her just as they were parting at the gate.

Biff!! Little brother said she slapped him one right on the ear quicker than a kitten, before he knew it was coming and could pick it up and field it in. Little brother saw eight stars and a new nebula, for she was a muscular girl. Then she said:

"You do that again, will ye, when I'm not looking!" I asked him if he took the advice and he said he did inside of fifteen minutes. They don't mean anything hostile when they slap you. When they get really mad they don't slap.

The tulips in our garden struck work last week owing to the chill, but we have a fine bed of Christmas trees coming up.

"Parsifal" raged violently in Detroit, Mich., the other week, and it was depressing to the Detroit Journal to notice that some of the town's juvenile dramatic critics were out of patience with Richard Wagner and his art. Not having caught the idea that Herr Wagner was trying in his feeble way to express, the affair seemed to these critics too long and too involved. And what is worse, "the music couldn't be whistled!" When an Annie Rooney intellect finds itself up against the Parsifal idea, the sense of inadequacy and of moving about in worlds not realized is sure to come into expression.

Tomorrow night at the Casino rink has been set aside as Printer Man's Night, and the boys are expected to go on the floor with their forms locked so tight that they cannot be pried, no matter if they are dropped heavily on the stone. The question of what to wear has been a mooted one, but there is a general feeling that full dress is hardly the thing, the every printer stands willing to sacrifice himself to the conventions. Charles E. Hall of the Chronicle has tried full dress on rollers on the cement floor of his basement, but is something in doubt. He reports that the tails of the coat have a tendency to wave in the breeze and stand straight out like the union jack in a stiff wind. He intends to wear a coat of simple construction, but paid for, going-away pantaloons with crease, shoestrings, necktie and a glad smile.

When Brother Knotts of the Wahpeton Times, who has been much impressed with Roosevelt's theories, went to work last Monday morning he was treading on air about a foot and a half above the sidewalk. The Wahpeton Globe says:

The stork visited the home of Brother Knotts of the Wahpeton Times Sunday night, leaving in his care two beauties, a boy and a girl.

It is understood that some of Brother Knotts' friends have applied for a Carnegie hero medal for him and that he does not take kindly to this form of humor.

The Fargo Forum tells of a man living on Fargo's south side who has solved the hen problem. This man was a gardener, but what planting he did the neighbors' hens usually lifted from the soil with their hind legs and ate up. Annoyed at thus furnishing exercise for hens gratis, he set to work to think up a scheme. At a printing office he had some cards printed as follows:

Please keep me at home. Mr. Jones don't want me scratching in his garden any more.

He tied the cards to pieces of string on the end of which were fastened grains of corn. The chickens were not slow to fall into the trap and when they went home that evening each carried a card with this excellent advice engraved on it. The neighbor's hen coop was mended before night had wrapped her sable robes about the backyard. —A. J. R.

What Women Want to Know.

TO REMOVE BEDBUGS.—I have moved into a house which seems to be alive with bedbugs. They come down the walls and the garret. How can I get rid of them? I have heard of smoking them out with brimstone. Can it be done? If so, how much should I use in each room, and how should it be used?—Anxious.

The easiest way to burn brimstone is in the form of sulphur candles, which can be obtained from your druggist. Burn one in each room and see that windows and doors are securely fastened so that the fumes will not escape. If you cannot get the candles, burn brimstone or sulphur by throwing it upon red coals in an iron kettle placed in the middle of the room and shut the doors and windows carefully. You will have to burn the brimstone in every room in which the vermin are.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

TO CLEAN A BLACKENED CEILING.—Is there any way to clean the paper on a ceiling that has been blackened by the smoke from a lamp?—A Subscriber.

AN ICELANDIC PEOLIARITY.

"YOU can tell an Icelander," said the sailor, "by the long nail he always wears on his right thumb. You know how long a Chinaman lets the nails of his little fingers grow—an inch or more. Well, an Icelander's right thumbnail is quite as long as that.

"The Chinaman's long nails are for ornament, but the Icelander's are for use.

"In Iceland they are great snuff-takers, and they buy their snuff in plugs, like this plug of tobacco here. The powdered snuff is caked and moulded into a solid mass.

"When the Icelander feels like sniffing up a bit of snuff, he takes his plug out, holds it in his left hand, and with his right thumb nail, scrapes off enough snuff for his needs.

"If the nail wasn't long it wouldn't scrape well, and hence the Icelander always keeps it long, and hence it is always easy to pick an Icelander out among a thousand men of different nationalities."



SOMETHING ROTTEN AT MINNEHAHA. They say the falls are beautiful, but the investigators of the Minnehaha park scandal go equipped thus.

Curios and Oddities.

"The passing stranger"

ANIMAL DICTIONARIES.

"WHEN PROFESSOR GARNER set out to write a dictionary and grammar of the monkey language, the world," said a publisher, "thought that he was doing a quite original and unique thing. As a matter of fact, tho, a dictionary of the cat language had been written many years before by a western man named Stark.

"Stark claimed that 'a-a-lau' meant 'milk' among the cats, and that 'bla' meant 'meat.' He had a pet cat that he fed from two dishes, one for milk and the other for meat, and when he said 'a-a-lau,' the cat would run to the former dish, and when he said 'bla,' it would run to the latter.

"Mi-ow," Stark said, meant 'beware.' 'Yow,' was an expression of rage. 'Pru-u-u,' meant 'I am content and happy.' And so on. 'Tu-hu-ow,' meant 'a foot,' and 'beya-ya,' meant 'the body.'

"All absurd, of course. But Stark was in deadly earnest. He devoted ten years to a study of the language of cats. I don't know why he never attained a notoriety like Professor Garner's. His success was certainly quite as great as the monkey man's."

A TRIP TO A STAR.

"LET us suppose a railway to have been built between the earth and the fixed star Centauri," said the lecturer. "By a consideration of this railway's workings we can get some idea of the enormous distance that intervenes between Centauri and us.

"Suppose that I should decide to take a trip on this new aerial line, to the fixed star. I ask the ticket agent what the fare is, and he answers:

"The fare is very low, sir. It is only a cent each hundred miles."

"And what, at that rate, will the thru ticket one way cost?" I ask.

"It will cost just \$2,750,000,000," he answers.

"I pay for my ticket and board the train. We set off at a tremendous rate.

"How fast," I ask the brakeman, "are we going?"

"Sixty miles an hour, sir," says he, "and it's a thru train. There are no stops."

"We'll soon be there then, won't we?" I resume.

"We'll make good time, sir," says the brakeman.

"And when will we arrive?"

"In just 48,663,000 years."

QUOTATIONS THAT RESEMBLE SLANG.

"YOU are not literary," said the schoolteacher, "yet in the morning's course you have quoted Sir Philip Sidney, Congreve and Farquhar."

"I didn't know it," said the pupil.

The teacher laughed.

"No, you didn't," she agreed. "The quotations you used have become such common ones that they hardly seem like quotations to us now—they seem almost like slang.

"When you said, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' you quoted a great literary artist, Congreve. When you said, 'Over the hills and far away,' you quoted Farquhar. When you said, 'God helps those who help themselves,' you quoted Sir Philip Sidney."

What the Market Affords.

- BEEF hearts, 5 cents apiece. Oxtails, 5 cents apiece. Chickens, 17 cents a pound. Shelled walnuts, 30 to 35 cents a pound. Crystallized ginger, 25 cents a pound. Salt salmon, 12 1/2 cents. Frog's legs, 12 1/2 cents a dozen. Celery, 8 cents.

At this season when winter vegetables are poor and most green vegetables are high, some of the newer methods of cooking celery should be tried. The following are well recommended:

Celery Timbales.—To one pint of cooked celery pulp add a dusting of white pepper, and salt to taste; four well-beaten eggs and half a cupful of cream. Mix thoroughly, fill well-buttered molds, stand them in a panful of hot water and cook in a moderate oven until firm in the center.

Celery Baked in Pepper Cases.—Cook in boiling salted water, chop very fine and drain, celery to the amount of a pint. Scald six green peppers, rub off the skins, cut off the stems and remove the seeds. Make a rich Italian sauce as follows: Fry one tablespoonful of chopped shallots in one tablespoonful of salad oil until yellow. Add a sprig of parsley, a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms, and fry for five minutes; dredge with a tablespoonful of cornstarch, mix well and add one cupful of brown stock. When smooth add two tablespoonfuls of mushroom catsup and the celery pulp. Fill the pepper shells, place close together, in a baking-dish containing an inch of hot water and a generous lump of butter and bake for half an hour.

The Man Who Is Seeing Too Much



WHEN HI Roller came home Mrs. Roller had nothing to say. One would think that this would please HI, inasmuch as he was guilty again. But who is it that has told us that a woman's sharpest weapon is her tongue? Her silence is still—to be sure it is still, but we mean to say it is a still keener weapon than words. HI squirmed as uneasily as if he were suffering under a torrent of accusations. Mrs. Roller would not notice him, and so he said:

"Huh! It's only twenty minutes to 12! You think I've been playing poker again; now, don't you? Well, I haven't! I'd tell you what I've seen tonight, only you're too suspicious, and that fault in you must be cured."

Then it was Mrs. Roller's turn to be restless. And then it was her turn to squirm. And in turn she said: "Huh!" "I suppose," she said, "you think you can excite my curiosity and put me off that way. Well, what did you see that kept you out till this hour? I just want to see what story you can invent this time. That's all. What was it?"

Said HI: "It was a murder down in Thirtieth street. There was such a crowd around and such wild reports of it that I really had to remain and learn all about the case. A man named Squeezer shot his wife. There was tremendous excitement!"

To be sure Mrs. Roller was interested, but she did not believe him. In the morning she believed and was sorry that she should be so suspicious. The poor man had done no wrong, after all, but had simply obeyed very natural curiosity. For in the morning newspapers were accounts of the Thirtieth street murder; it had been committed by a man named Squeezer.

Said Mrs. Roller: "I'll make up for my meanness by being very nice to him tonight."

But not at all nice was she when he rolled home, for it was again very late in the evening.

Said sarcastic Mrs. Roller: "I suppose you've seen another murder?"

Seemingly her tone hurt HI deeply, for he could feel the note of suspicion in it.

But, patiently, he said: "It's too bad I must account for every moment I'm away from home. I do, because I'm too kind-hearted to have you suffer the torture of your suspicions. No one could do otherwise than I did tonight. Most terrific fire! A paint factory gone up. It's down on East Fifteenth street, and I think I did no wrong in following the engines and staying a while to watch the fire."

"Well," said Mrs. Roller, not, altogether convinced, "I must say you see a great deal more about town than I do. When I go out I never see anything but the most trifling incidents. I see a crowd around a window looking at a new patent of some kind, or another crowd around a peddler, and little more do I see. It's strange I never see fires and murders, and one right after the other!"

HI sighed resignedly and Mrs. Roller made notes of his fire to see whether it could be found in the morning papers.

There it was the next morning. Paint factory in East Fifteenth street. No loss of life, but great damage.

"Well, then, I can't blame him so long as it wasn't poker," said Mrs. Roller. "Anybody would stop to see a great fire—tho it is strange I never see anything."

"Was it a fire?" she demanded at midnight, "or was it another murder? Or what was it this time? You're seeing altogether too much, HI Roller!"

"Terrible, terrible!" exclaimed HI. "I never before saw such a sight in my life. A crowd was running over from the avenue, and I ran with it down to the river to see what was the matter. Some unfortunate had jumped off the pier and men were dragging for the body. Hour after hour went by, and, tho I feared you would be nervous, I simply had to stay there until they found the body, I was so fascinated."

"Oh, don't describe it to me!" cried Mrs. Roller with a shudder. "What did it look like?"

"All wet and weeds clinging to it. The unfortunate's name was George Bleeker, as told by a note left behind. Don't ask me to tell any more; it was too distressing."

There was about half a column in a morning newspaper about the suicide. The man's name was George Bleeker.

"I can't understand it," cried Mrs. Roller. "Never was there such a man for seeing things! I always read about them in the morning, so he must be speaking the truth. I'd think he picks them out of the evening papers only these things happened after the papers are published."

And it is to be feared that this very evening will find Mrs. Roller wondering whether it will be an ambulance case or a riot or a burglary that will keep HI away from home till midnight.

It would be useless to ask HI about it. Not for the world would he tell you that the Poker club is only five minutes' ride from police headquarters, and that there one may find out what has occurred at the time and in the neighborhood while one might possibly be on the way home from one's office.—New York Press.

THE STOVEPIPE SWINDLE.

THE detective pointed to a small stovepipe.

"Fraud to the extent of many thousands of dollars was committed with this pipe," he said. "You can't guess what kind of fraud a stovepipe would commit, can you?"

"No," said the listener. "A stovepipe, of all things, seems least adapted for fraud."

"Smell it," said the detective.

The stovepipe emitted a powerful and pleasant odor of coffee.

"This stovepipe was used in a coffee swindle," said the man, "that extended over four years. The swindle would be going yet, only for me. I showed the swindlers up. They are in jail today.

"This is the swindle they used:

"They would stand the stovepipe up in the middle of a coffee-bag, and they would fill the bag all round the pipe with the finest, the most exquisite coffee. But the pipe itself they would fill with coffee of a cheap grade, and then they would draw that iron cylinder slowly and carefully out of the bag.

"To test a bag of coffee, you stick a tube some inches into the side of the bag, and examine what the tube brings up. The tube test seems a good one; it seems a test impossible to circumvent except with the stovepipe trick, and, as a matter of fact, it is only with a stovepipe that you can make a tube test lie.

"The swindlers I showed up would sell for the best Arabian Mocha coffee that was half chicory. They would have gotten rich if I hadn't landed them."

If This is Your Portrait You Are Entitled to a Prize of \$1.



Explanation of Plan.

These photographs are selected at random from a number taken each day by The Journal's photographer on the principal business streets.

Those whose pictures are published will receive a prize of \$1.00 by calling at The Journal office and being identified before 6 o'clock p. m. of the second day following the day of publication of the picture.

No claim will be considered that is not presented before 6 o'clock p. m. on the second day after the publication of the picture.

Those Lace Curtains

Portieres, Rugs, Carpets, Etc.,

that need cleaning this spring—where are you going to send them? You want them brought back restored to their original beauty without the fabric injured by strong chemicals—and if you would be dead sure of having them cleaned in the right way

There's Only One Place to Send Them—That's Here.

The best and most particular families in the city send their work here, and we guarantee complete satisfaction on every job we do. Call us up and wagon will call.

MAIL AND EXPRESS ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

TWIN CITY DYE HOUSE N. W.—M 3806J. T. C.—1435. 816 Nicollet Ave.

Advertisement for Gamossi Glove Order, Easter Gift, and Gamossi Gloves.

Advertisement for Crescent Creamery Butter, Insist on having, IT'S ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Advertisement for Gloves Cleaned 5c Pair, HENRY BROS. DYE WORKS.

Advertisement for GLOVES CLEANED 5c A PAIR, HENRY BROS. DYE WORKS.

Advertisement for M. P. D. Merchants' Package Delivery.

Advertisement for AWNINGS, SHADES, TENTS, A. D. Campbell, 211 Hennepin Av.

Advertisement for NEW RUGS FROM YOUR OLD CARPETS, NATIONAL CARPET CLEANING CO.

Advertisement for CAFE TRAFALGAR, New and Complete Best of Service.

COLOR LINE ROW IN A NEW YORK COLLEGE

New York Sun Special Service.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., April 17.—One hundred and sixty students in Eastman's college, this city, from the south, have signed a petition to the president of the college, Clement C.

Gaines, himself a Virginian, asking that C. V. Daniels, alleged to be a negro, be at once expelled from the college. On Saturday young Daniels attended a baseball game on the Eastman grounds, where volleys of hisses greeted him from the assembled students. Daniels has been in the college for a week. He claims his mother is a full-blooded Porto Rican, but the objecting students claim that he is a negro. President Gaines says that the young man's father is of Danish ancestry and his mother is a Porto Rican.



If you send your washing out

keep your eye on the method your washerwoman employs. Don't permit the use of rank, cheap soap that makes the clothes yellow and requires boiling to get out the dirt. An out of date washer will give the clothes more wear in the wash tub than you give them in actual use. Five bars of Peosta cost 25c at any grocery store and they will do five large washings.

Use Beach's Peosta Soap

