

With the Long Bow.

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

A FRIEND of the paper came in the other day to explain that he had had some little annoyance of late. He is strict in his principles and would no more think of taking alcoholic stimulant than he would of taking money from the poor fund.

The Adrian Democrat tells how a young lawyer, who spends much of his time trying to seem busy and prosperous, went out for a while, leaving on his door neatly marked, "Will be back in an hour."

A dress reformer in the east is hollering loudly about the dangers of the compression of the waist. Did you ever try the coat-sleeve belt?

The Japanese are a quiet people, as a rule, but they may be excused this week if they make more noise than Baby's 1st 2th.

There is to be a disturbance at Portland, Ore., June 28 and the following days in defense of the "unchanging and unchangeable principles of human liberty," or, in other words, the meeting of the thirty-seventh annual convention of woman suffragists.

The Sauk Center Herald, Bro. Eddy's paper, last week took in an ad for sewing machine needles, got a three-line paid local and a lost dog ad, made two speeches and collected a spaniel pup on subscription.

There was also a good local story in the dog ad. Some Sauk Center man lost his pup and advertised him in the Herald. The next morning the dog returned with a copy of the paper in his mouth.

The editor of the Kitten County Enterprise tells of pasturing with gladness and with singleness of heart on raw Norwegian herring and cold potatoes, with saurdoes, mustard, krackebrod, gammalost topped off with grass-ack, dandelion salad, horseradish and beet top greens, boiled bacon, corn bread and onions.

The Blue Earth Post "calls down" this column for reproving the Rev. F. B. Hill for not rejoicing in persecution. If you recall, we advised Mr. Hill to practice what he preached. The Post man says:

If we all acted on Bro. Russell's concluding exhortation (viz., to practice what you preach), the most of us would quit and Bro. R. would be in the first set of fours.

After considering this thoughtfully, we are of the opinion that the Post man is right. Nevertheless, we claim to have made some progress. We have preached much about self-control. When the cow stepped on our garden the other morning, and ate off the tops of the tomatoes, we felt no anger for the misguided beast, but shooed her gently but firmly out, replaced the pasture bars and put in more tomato plants at eventide.

Can the Blue Earth Post man point with pride to a record like this? When the large white lady dog buried her bone among the asters and balsams, uprooting ten or fifteen of the same, the natural man would have thought "damn" regarding the dog. We partially refrained and afterwards spoke kindly of her, having in mind the words of the collect:

"Grant to us, thy humble servants, that we may think those things that are good, and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same."

With this explanation we would like to ask the Blue Earth Post man if he cannot see his way clear to put us into the second or perhaps the third "set of fours"? Certainly, any man who has run off his newspaper with the aid of a gasoline engine, week in and week out, is in possession of an experience which, if properly used, is calculated to bring good sense and moderation into happy alliance with tenderness and fervent charity.

What Women Want to Know.

ALABASTER STATUE.—Can you tell me any way to clean alabaster statuary? I have several pieces that are not only much soiled from exposure to dust, but are also discolored in places. I should like to know the best way to clean and whiten them again in a way that would not be harmful to the alabaster. Will you kindly answer this as soon as possible?—A Subscriber.

Alabaster statues should be carefully dusted every day and occasionally washed with warm water and a very little soap. Use a small stiff brush, but never use any sort of acid, even to remove stains. If the discolorations are caused by grease, try covering them with powdered chalk and leaving it on for a day or two, and then brushing it off. Repeated applications should draw out the grease. If the stain is from some other cause than dirt or grease, leave it alone, for you will only make matters worse in an attempt to do what only a specialist can successfully accomplish.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW. TO WHITEN CLOTHES.—Will you please repeat the recipe you gave about a month ago to whiten clothes? I think it contained ammonia or soda, but I don't remember the amount. All my little girls are breaking out with small pimples all over their backs. Please tell me what to do for them, and oblige—A Mother.

A HUMAN PHONOGRAPH. "I HAVE a human phonograph," said a Philadelphian, "and this phonograph has taught me a painful truth, namely, that my speech is nasal and ugly and altogether abominable. The phonograph is a young Frenchman, who is learning English from me. This young man has an ear as delicate as Paderewski's, and he is acquiring, one by one, all my phrases, which he repeats with my precise accent and intonation. It is disgusting. I used to think that I said, 'Write it.' The young Frenchman has shown me that I say 'Write ut.' I used to think that I said, 'How are you?' According to my human phonograph, I say, 'How ar you?' I used to think I said 'adieu' and 'mountain.' What I really say is 'adoo' and 'mownt'n.' My friends, I suppose, will think me vain and artificial, but nevertheless, I am resolved to begin to talk like an Englishman—to say 'bawth' and 'cawn't' and so forth—for there is no other way for me to regain my self-respect."

The Fatal B-ckb-rd.



"I HAVE come," said William Dunkle, "to ask you once more why you scorn my love. It ain't because I'm poor. I know that, for there ain't no man in a thousand that's as well off as me at my age. Tell me, Ophelia, what's the drawback. Where don't I make good? Why do you want to throw a fellow down without givin' him a steer as to where his goods don't come up to the advertisements?"

Ophelia Briggs was silent. Her long, curling lashes fell upon the soft, velvety surface of her cheeks, and a shiver seemed to pass over her splendid yet girlish form. At last she looked up at the man who stood before her, and, with tears trembling in her deep, expressive eyes, she said:

"Don't press me, William—at least, don't press me for an answer. Your appeal has went to my heart, but—but I must not—I cannot tell you. Why have you come back? Oh, you don't know how hard it is for me to say it, but it can't ever be."

She suddenly put her slim white hands to her brow and swayed, as if she would fall. Then, steadying herself with a mighty effort, she staggered to the pianola, and sat down, sobbing piteously.

"Forgive me, Ophelia," said the strong, eager-looking young man, as he bent above her, a painful expression upon his handsome countenance. "I know I done wrong in coming back. I ought to've went away where you'd never hear of me again and suffer alone. What is my feelings when you are sad? I'm a brute—that's what I am, for making you weep. 'I'll go—'"

"No, no—don't!" she cried, holding out her hands to him. "I'm glad you've come back. Oh, you don't know how I suffered yesterday when you had went away. When I had saw 'OPHELIA! DO YOU MEAN IT! YOU AIN'T STRAININ' ME, ARE YOU?'"

"Ophelia!" he hoarsely exclaimed, "do you mean it? You ain't stringin' me, are you?"

"Yes, it's all true," she sadly returned, "but still I must give you the same answer I have gave you so many times before."

Again she covered her beautiful face with her hands and sobbed.

"I must know the truth—I will know it before we part again," William Dunkle said as he bent above her and tenderly passed a hand over her soft billows of hair. "Is it anything I ever done or anything I ever said? Tell me that much, at least."

"No," she answered, between her sobs; "no, it is nothing you ever done—and yet—and yet it is something."

He caught her in his arms, for he was reckless now and had ceased to consider the consequences.

"Ophelia," he almost hissed, "what do you mean by them words? It is my right to know. Tell me, or, by heaven, I'll—"

"Then I will," she cried, looking him directly in the eyes. "You've went and bought one of them gasoline buckboards. Do you think a girl that's been brought up as elegant as me could ever marry a man that rode around in one of them kind of things?"

With a despairing groan he permitted his arms to drop from about her, and a moment later she stood alone, knowing that William Dunkle had passed out of her life forever. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

A CLERGYMAN'S LETTERBOX. A POPULAR clergyman took a half-dozen letters from his pocket.

"These are anonymous letters," he said. "They have come to me in the last three weeks. I am continually receiving strange anonymous letters—questions, usually, that I am requested to answer in the sermon of the next Sunday."

"Recently a young man wrote anonymously and said that when he was a boy of 16, he worked for a grocer. He stole from this grocer's cash drawer, a little at a time, over \$300. Now he was prosperous, and he desired to return the money. Would it be sufficient to return it as 'conscience money from an unknown source,' or should he make the grocer a confession? I answered that it would be sufficient to return the money."

"I got a letter last year in a woman's hand that asked me to preach against the sin of murder. 'One will hear you,' said the letter, 'who has murder in his heart, the murder of an innocent, white-haired old man.' I preached my best against murder, and I didn't neglect to draw a fancy picture of an old man with white hair being slain by a young chap."

"Sometimes, in these letters, ethical questions are propounded that stump me. A sailor, for instance, once wrote something like this: 'Two years ago, before I got religion, I married a sweet young girl, and we have now two beautiful children. I am a bigamist by rights, for in '97 I married a Malay girl in Port Said. She was a bad one, drunk all the time, and one night she cut my head open with a bottle in my sleep. So then I left her. Since I got religion I have tried to look her up, but she disappeared from Port Said five years ago, the same day a traveler was robbed of a silver watch and a bag of gold. Now I want to do the right thing. Ought I to leave my present wife and try to find and reform the other one? Ought I to confess to my present wife?'"

"I told this sailor he had sinned, but, under the circumstances, he had best keep quiet and say nothing unless his first wife turned up again."

"Thieves, murderers, bigamists, forgers and what-not write to me for comfort. It is amazing how miserable all these undiscovered and unpunished evildoers are. It goes to show how wretched a thing sin is."

SINGLE AND DOUBLE. "This," said the man who was showing the stranger around the city, as he pointed to a broad stretch of beach, "belongs to old Bigspud. It's all made land. That's his house, back there on the left."

"Is that on made land, too?" asked the stranger.

"No; that's on married land. He got it with his wife."

"Let me see," began Mr. Henpeck, "the wooden wedding is the fifth anniversary, isn't it—"

"No!" snapped his wife, "when one marries a block-head the ceremony itself—"

But the miserable man had fled.—Philadelphia Press.

A String of Good Stories.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be, I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

DEGRADING MILITARY TRAITORS. THE MILITARY tailor had cut from the uniform all its buttons, stripes and other decorations. Now he was sewing these things loosely on again with a single thread.

"A painful duty, this," he shouted, for it was noisy in the shop; the errand boy, as he filed a beautiful sword blade in two, filled the place with a harsh, rasping sound.

"What on earth are you doing," the reporter asked. "I am preparing to degrade a traitor," said the tailor. "In the degradation of military traitors, the tailor always plays an important part."

"You know how the degradation is done? The traitor, before his regiment, to the muffled rumbling of drums, is called 'bad names' by his chief, and then his buttons and stripes and epaulettes are torn off, and his sword is snapped in two."

"If I didn't file the sword blade down to a thread, and if I didn't loosen the buttons and stripes, the ceremony would have no dignity. In pulling off the decorations and in snapping the sword, too much effort would be required. Indeed, in the case of an unusually well-sewed button, the degraded man might be dragged all over the field by his colonel."

THE HOT ONE. AUGUST BELMONT, at a certain directors' meeting, was describing a fraud that had been brought to light in a proposition laid before the board.

"These gentlemen," said Mr. Belmont, "gave themselves away. They stood convicted out of their own mouths. They were like the innkeeper's family that conducted the weekly raffle."

"In this raffle the prizes were turkeys, ducks, young pigs, baskets of eggs, and such like rural commodities. A quantity of steel discs, numbered from 1 to 25, were put into a black bag, and the little daughter of the innkeeper put her hand in the bag and drew a disc for each speaker in turn. The person whose number was the highest got the prize."

"Well, it had been noticed that the innkeeper's wife got the prize pretty frequently, but nothing was thought of this by the simple, honest rural folk."

"One evening, tho, the little girl, with her hand in the bag, paused. It was her mother's turn, and she did not draw forth her mother's disc in her usual quick and careless way. She rummaged about. The other rafflers looked at one another oddly. The innkeeper said: 'Come, come, child. Hurry up.' 'But, father,' said the little girl, 'I can't find the hot one.'"

JOKES ON THE ABSENTMINDED. PROFESSOR H. G. LORD of Columbia was talking about American humor.

"Our typical humor," he said, "is not, perhaps, subtle. It is too young to be subtle. But it is very much alive, and very rich and fertile."

"There are stories about absentminded people that is a good example of American humor. They run like this: 'A woman put her baby's dirty clothes in the cradle and the baby in the washtub. She didn't discover her mistake till the child cried when she pinned its left leg to the rim as she hung it out to dry.'"

"A man, about to go for a ride, slipped the saddle on his own back. He didn't discover his mistake till he became exhausted with trying to mount himself."

"Another man put his dog to bed and kicked himself downstairs. He didn't discover his mistake till he began to yelp and the dog began to snore."

"A doctor put a fee in a patient's hand and took the medicine himself. He didn't discover his mistake till the patient got well and he became ill."

A GEOLOGIST'S TRIALS. PROFESSOR W. C. HAYES of the geological survey was talking in Washington about the trials of geologists.

"Did you ever hear of the geologist in New Hampshire?" he asked. "Well, there was a geologist who spent a long, hot summer day in Croydon, gathering specimens of the very old New Hampshire rock formations, and late in the afternoon he hired a boy to carry his heavy bag back to Newport for him. This boy exhibited to a friend that night a half-dollar, and the friend said enviously: 'Where did you get that?'"

"I made it," was the answer. "How did you make it?" "You know that there man that was working all day with a little hammer hereabouts, chipping off pieces of rock and putting them in a leather bag?"

"Yes." "Well, he asked me to carry his bag for him to the Newport hotel, and he gave me 50 cents for the job." "Well, it was worth it. Must have been pretty heavy, carryin' all them rocks four miles." "The other boy smiled. 'Do you think I carried them rocks all that way?' he said. 'No, sir. I emptied the bag before startin', and just filled it again outside the hotel.'"

What the Market Affords.

- STRAWBERRIES, 10 cents, three for 25 cents. Pineapples, 10 and 15 cents. Asparagus, 8 cents. Head lettuce, 8 cents. Beets, 6 cents a bunch. New turnips, 40 cents a peck. Tomatoes, 10 cents a pound. String beans, 7 cents a pound. Beet greens, 35 cents a peck. Spinach, 8 cents a peck.

The day after a holiday the market is a bit demoralized, and fresh fruit and vegetables come in irregularly, both the supply and the variety being apt to be short. The berries from Illinois are good, the best selling for 10 cents, the less attractive three for 25 cents. One of the best offerings in the market now is head lettuce, which is very fine and large.

A pineapple soufflé is a delicious way to use this fruit, and it is made as follows: Cook a cup or more of grated pineapple with three-fourths a cup of sugar and the juice of half a lemon until well reduced and thick. Beat the whites of five eggs with one-fourth a teaspoonful of cream of tartar until dry, then gradually beat in the cold pineapple mixture. Turn into a two-quart mold, buttered and dredged with sugar, set into a dish on several folds of paper, surround with boiling water, and let cook about half an hour. The water should not boil during the cooking. Serve turned from the mold with cream and sugar or a boiled custard.

HASTY RETREAT. Kropatkin was flying thru Manchuria in his automobile. "There is one consolation," he remarked, adjusting his goggles. "What's that?" asked the correspondent. "I won't be fined for fast driving."—Detroit Tribune.

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



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Take heart again, O brother mine, take heart! I know the bitter end of life's surprising tide. Hath broke by night thy anchor chain, so true and tried. And tossed thee, oh, so helpless, on the ocean wide. Stand by the wheel, select a guiding star. Steer back again before you drift too far. Take heart again, O brother mine, take heart! Perchance the currents strong have swept thee far, and night is black, the boisterous waves thy very soul affright. Do not give up. Steer toward the crest—the morning light. Will heart in splendor on the angry wave? Thy nobler self within thee says, "Be brave."

Asleep or Awake. Many days have come and gone since we have heard from all of our Minnesota Sunshine circles and we wonder if some of the branches are asleep to the importance of the constant doing of something for somebody or only asleep to the necessity of keeping in touch with state headquarters and sending in a monthly report of good cheer work already accomplished as well as of plans for the scattering of sunshine during the coming days.

Life's Sunny Side. "There is one potent remedy for dispelling gloom and one that never fails to effect a cure, no matter how long standing the ailment, and that is, simply forgetting troubles and looking on the better side of things. Take a walk in the open air, eschew those things that dull the eye, or induce mental torpor of any kind. Let your lungs be filled with the fresh, pure ozone that some of our weather produces; look the whole world cheerfully in the face, and if life has held anything dark or gloomy your own nature will enable you to dispel these clouds and your eyes will brighten, your step grow more elastic and your face more youthful as you see the pleasures and beauty of life's sunny side."—Sunshine Bulletin.

The Loom of Life. "The years of man are the looms of God"—Selected. "The years of man are the looms of God." "Set up" with the "warp" of time; The human race are "weavers" all. In every age, in every clime, Our words and deeds are the "woof" whose threads Cross and recross time's numbered strands; And each day shows some woven "web." The work of free or unwilling hands.

For Every Day. There is something you can do, if done every day, that will make pleasant all the year. It is a little thing and costs you nothing. It is kind words. When you are speaking, speak kindly in return. If others are ill-tempered, cross and irritable, let your own words be gentle and kind and you will be not only loved by others but happy within yourself.

Live: That Count. "Conspicuousness is not the test of human worth. Success cannot be accurately gauged by the applause of the crowd. Lives that count are not always popular. Nero was judge and Paul the accused prisoner. Both had made men talk because of their deeds. Both had ideals which they followed with intense zeal. One reached a high pinnacle of earthly power and pomp and was given divine honors and worshipped as a god. The other died as a criminal. No one now hesitates in deciding which was the benefactor of men. No one is in doubt as to which life was high and which was low. Both lives counted, but counted differently."

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