

With the Long Bow

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

STRANGE how ideas in architecture change. In the eighties everybody wanted a house that looked like a cross between a lighthouse and a cheese factory. Now we are building spiritualized woodboxes.

Since the Odessa troubles the czar has grown increasingly nervous. The other day, when the band blew off under his window, he started slightly and then, calling his aide, said:

"Dimitri, give orders to have that boiler factory chloroformed."

At a spiritualistic seance at St. Paul last Sunday evening, the guests were interested in the appearance of the ghost of an old German baron, who had been dead for 200 years. The shade was particularly interested—it was his first return—in the phonograph that was grinding out the canned music.

"Great Coffin," he exclaimed, uneasily regarding the instrument, "I think I'll disappear. If they can can anything as immaterial as music, they are likely to get us shades under control and show us off at so much per. Good-night."

And he winked out.

Captain Bricker of Warwick, Pa., was almost paralyzed Tuesday to find on his porch his umbrella which had been taken twenty-nine years before. Attached to the umbrella was this note:

Mr. Bricker—Dear Friend: I have had the umbrella since July 4, 1876. Please excuse me for not returning it sooner, and please have it fixed up as soon as possible, as I may need it again next Fourth. Friendly yours,

Captain Bricker does not know who this honest man is, but he is pleased to see his old friend, the umbrella, again. It will be kept as a curiosity—unless some other gentleman nips it.

You may guess what people are thinking by the poetry they write or read. A state of mind that is frequently expressed in conversation, but more rarely in verse, is presented here in a stanza taken from the Cincinnati Enquirer:

I had no choice in coming here,
No voice for hope nor gage for fear,
What do I care?

I know not whence I came nor why,
Have no worn path for passing by,
A tale soon told then I shall die,
What do I care?

Moving along progressively among the "states and stages of consciousness," we would next come upon Tennyson's larger hope:

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That shape thru darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

A third state of mind is that of absolute confidence. It is expressed in Mrs. Stowe's beautiful "Prayer":

Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly-born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean
The image of the morning-star doth rest;
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the mirror of my breast.

Still, still to Thee! as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So does this blessed consciousness awaking
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.

And as comment on all of these poems, four lines from Browning's "Paracelsus" may be recalled:

Who knows which are the wise and which the fools?
God may take pleasure in confounding pride,
By hiding secrets with the scorned and base,
He who stoops lowest may find most.

Josiah Zeitlin of Brooklyn was 100 years old on Monday last, and spent a very comfortable day. A reporter, who asked Mr. Zeitlin how he had done his 100-year stunt with so few marks of wear and tear, got this answer:

Never have a doctor, and don't go into a drug store. Don't worry. Never be in a hurry. Don't eat "quick lunches." Take very little meat, especially early in life. Be sure to sleep eight hours a day. When you reach the age of 90 do as you please.

The reporter hung around the house during the day, and, unless he is lying, the old man puts in a daily program of eating and drinking that would kill a person who wasn't all tripe and pickled to the ordeal. Mr. Zeitlin rises every morning at 5 o'clock and has a cup of tea. At 6 he drinks a glass of beer, smokes a cigar and a Russian cigarette. He is then ready for a light breakfast and another smoke.

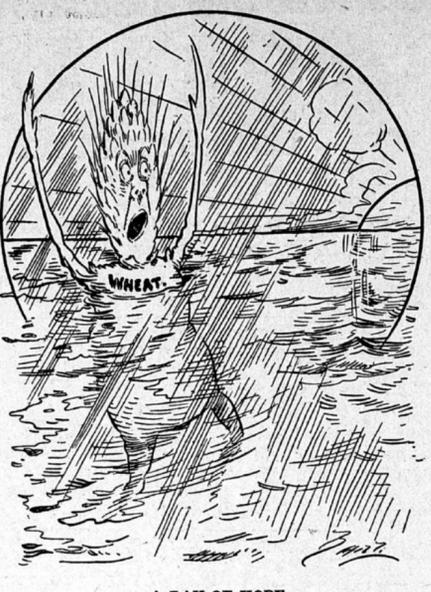
Eight o'clock is the hour for two whiskeys. He has another at 10. Promptly at noon he has two sandwiches and two glasses of beer. During the afternoon he smokes and sips toddies, varying his drink occasionally to beer. His meal of the day comes at 6 o'clock, when he has a large bowl of beef tea, a steak or roast beef, with at least three vegetables in generous quantities, fruit and beer. He drinks more beer during the evening, and has a stiff nightcap at 9 o'clock, when he goes to bed. He declares that he will live for a quarter of a century longer, and is planning soon to take a trip to Lodz, Polish Russia, where he was born. Grandpa Zeitlin must be a good deal of an aged and undying pickle.

INTUITION.



Ethel (to Mary, her bosom friend, who has been admiring the diamonds, and now hears for the hundredth time how it all came about)—I don't know exactly what it was; but somehow I felt, from the moment we met last night, that he meant to propose. Something about him—something in his voice—

Mary—Ah, I see, there was the true ring in it.—Judy.



A RAY OF HOPE.

A New Use for the Baby.

DOLBY likes babies. That is why he gave his seat to the good-looking young woman in the triangular brown hat. She carried a baby. If she had not been so encumbered she would have been condemned to straphanging, so far as Dolby was concerned, for he vowed at the beginning of the trip that he was going to play the hog.

"I'm dead tired," he said to Mr. Bowler. "Thank heaven, I've found a seat. I am going to stick to it, too. Nothing short of an accident or a woman with a baby can rout me out till I get home."

Bowler said "Humph!" as did several other passengers who overheard Dolby's selfish resolution. The young woman in the brown hat stood within hearing distance as Dolby thus declared himself, but she did not say "Humph!" She merely thought. Presently she edged down in the car until she stood directly in front of Dolby. About that time the baby began to show off. He kicked at Dolby's hat, first with the left foot and then with the right, and then with both simultaneously, and said, "O-o-o-o!" very plaintively.

Dolby looked up and met the baby's eye. The youngster's gaze embarrassed him somewhat, so he allowed his eyes to travel a little higher. That time he encountered an appealing glance from the young woman. Dolby became still more embarrassed; he sat still but a few seconds longer.

"Madam," he said, "will you have this seat?"

"Thank you," sighed the young woman. "You are very kind."

It really was not worth while to tell Dolby that. He already had an exaggerated idea of his own magnanimity, so to even things up he retired to the back platform and picked a quarrel with the conductor. When he got tired of that he stepped inside the car again. Directly in front of him, but under different guardianship, sat the baby that had so ruthlessly assaulted the rim of his hat a few minutes before.

"O-o-o-o!" cooed the baby.

"Hello," said Dolby; "aren't you the youngster that took liberties with my headgear a little while ago? How did you get down to this end of the car?"

The baby's reply was not exactly intelligible, so his mother supplemented it with a more lucid explanation. "He belongs here," she said. "The lady sent him back. She just borrowed him for a few minutes."

With one quick glance at the woman in brown, Dolby retreated to the platform again.

"That's—that's the limit!" he said to the conductor. "Hereafter I bar anything and everything in skirts. Why, 'Stop swearing or I'll t'row ye off!" said the unsympathetic conductor.—New York Press.

What Women Want to Know.

A SWEET CISTERN.—Please tell us how to keep a cistern from smelling bad?—J. H. M.
Fill a big bag of coarse sack with charcoal and throw into the cistern. The charcoal will absorb all the impurities in the water and keep the cistern sweet.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.
TO REMOVE WARTS.—Can you tell me what causes small warts to appear all over the hand, and how to eradicate them? That is, they appear on the back of the hand. Looking for reply in an early issue of your valued paper, I am—E. S. H.

ADVANTAGE OF FACIAL EXERCISE.
THEO the actor was an old man, his face was quite uncrinkled, quite unlined.
"You undergo a good deal of facial massage?" said a physician.
"My face has never been massaged," the actor answered. "It has kept full and firm because I have exercised it, because I have kept all its muscles supple."
"Facial massage is only a passive form of facial exercise, and all it does is to smooth and tighten the skin by building up the muscles underneath. I build up those muscles by working them, by causing them now to give me an expression of fear, now of rage, now of disdain, now of affection, now of villainy, now of hypocrisy, now of benevolence, now of greed, and so on."
"All actors and actresses, because they exercise their facial muscles thoroly, have firm facial contours and healthy and uncrinkled skins."

Jim Bludsoe.

WALL, no! I can't tell where he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludsoe passed in his checks,
The night of the "Prairie Belle"?

He warn't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here in Pike.
A careless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never piked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire,
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp'.
And her day came at last—
The Movaster was a better boat,
But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed,
And so came a tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnaces crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar.
And burst a hole in the night
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There' was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last gallez' ashore."

Thru the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludsoe's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word,
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell.
And Bludsoe's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of "Prairie Belle."

He warn't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chances with Jim
Longside of some pious gentlem'n
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He'd seen his duty a dead sure thing,
And went fer it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men. —John Hay.

What the Market Affords.

- PICKEREL, 10 cents.
Lake trout, 12 cents.
Crappies and pike, 12 1/2 cents.
Northern whitefish, 12 1/2 cents; Lake Superior whitefish, 15 cents; plankers, 22 cents.
Flounder, 15 cents.
Haddock, 15 cents.
Halibut, 18 cents.
Salmon, 20 cents.
Cod steak, 20 cents.
Bluefish and swordfish, 25 cents.
Mackerel, 50 cents apiece.
Lobster, 30 cents a pound.
Frogs' legs, 15 and 20 cents a dozen.
Shrimps, 40 cents a quart.

The fish market gives one a choice of nearly every variety known to this market, and includes some not often seen. Bluefish is only to be had occasionally. This should be either fried or broiled, preferably the latter. It will take a half-hour to cook a four-pound fish. No sauce is used with it but butter. Parsley is the best garnish for fish, but it may also be served on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Halibut steak a la Flamande is an improvement on the plain fried or broiled steak. The recipe is one of Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer's. Take a steak an inch and a half thick, wash and wipe dry. Butter the bottom of a roasting pan, sprinkle it with chopped onion, salt and pepper; put the fish on top of this, brush it over with the yolk of an egg, sprinkle thickly with chopped onion, parsley, salt and pepper, pour over it a teaspoonful of lemon juice, cover with a tablespoonful of butter, cut in small bits and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes. Serve on a hot dish with Bechamel sauce and garnish with lemon slices and parsley.

BEEF CONSIDERED ATHLETICALLY.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, when he was a reporter in Philadelphia, delighted to disguise himself as a "tough" young man, and to mingle with the odd characters of the Ninth street district of the Quaker city.

Mr. Davis got to know this district with peculiar intimacy. Its prizefighters he knew especially well. Not seldom, in the gathering of some odd news item, he would accompany a third-rate pugilist to his cheap boarding house, and dine with him on the most unpalatable fare.

"I used to know one fighter," said Mr. Davis recently, "who was a character, a wit, a man of no mean intellect."

"One day I dined with him at his boarding house, a typical boarding house, one of those where the landlady sits at the head of the table, and serves the dishes to the submissive pensioners ranged in two lines below her."

"My friend got a piece of steak that was full of gristle. Finding this steak intolerably tough, he began to amuse us all with burlesque attempts at carving it. He turned back his cuffs and carved. Then he took off his coat. Then he held his knife like a chisel, and pretended to hammer the handle with a biscuit."

"The landlady, up to this moment, had been too busy serving to notice the pugilist's antics. Now she spoke up. 'Is there anything the matter with your steak?' she said in a stern voice."

"The pugilist smiled politely and answered: 'It is a trifle overtrained, perhaps, madam; but, really, I never saw a harder muscle.'"

WHERE THE GANG RULES.

COLONEL SHELDON POTTER, who represents reformed Philadelphia in the headship of the city's police department, was talking at a dinner party about gang rule and municipal corruption.

"Gang rule," he said, "encourages bad habits, drunkenness, a hundred evils. This was well shown in a school board meeting in a New England town. Corruption, in that town, was rampant, and in consequence dissipation was rampant, too."

"Well, at the school board meeting I speak of, it was said that the clerk, long before the night's business ended, was signing checks with the whisky and drinking the ink."

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY

MINNESOTA DIVISION
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. President, Mrs. Noble Burrow, 816 Twenty-second and avenue S., Minneapolis. Telephone 2-41402.
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Life-Saving Stations. A circular has been issued from International headquarters in New York outlining the important work the southern division has undertaken this summer and fall. For several years it has been the wish of Sunshiners to be able to assist in some way in utilizing the apples, pumpkins, small potatoes, cabbages, etc., that are left to rot in the fields because they are not just what is wanted for the market. It would not pay the farmer to gather them in but he would give them to anybody who would clear the fields.

The courage and support of George Crater, Jr., of Long Island has enabled the society to try and save what has heretofore been called waste garden products. Mr. Crater, like Mrs. Alden, is from the west and is strong in the belief that it is wrong to stand by and see people in one part of the country suffering for the lack of food that is rotting in the fields, when a little effort would place the surplus where it could keep hundreds of men and women from hunger, starvation and perhaps crime.

The work for this summer will cover principally Long Island, but it is hoped that other stations may be opened until one will find Sunshine life-saving stations all over the world. A membership fee of \$1 will be asked of all who are able to enlist in the cause. With this money the society will be able to create a station, or depot, where the goods can be shipped and stored pending distribution, by which method the services of many members can be immediately secured. They will be able to arrange and ship to the distributing station thousands of tons of good, wholesome and life-giving food products now going to waste.

A few generous ones have offered to contribute the necessary means for beginning the work. Several railroads have promised co-operation, understanding, of course that the produce is not to be sold or given away to the sick and destitute who only need a helping hand to carry them thru. The object is not to support anybody. The distribution will be carried on with the aim that only the deserving shall receive.

Connected with each station will be a Sunshine restaurant, where for a 2-cent ticket any deserving one can have all that she can eat of what is on hand. It is not proposed to buy food but to give that which is sent in. It will be good, tho' the variety will not be great. Just as soon as it is learned that railroads will permit the produce to be carried on their lines free of charge, a letter will be sent to all members along these lines, so that they may be able to help and save the garden produce in their neighborhood which would otherwise go to waste. The officers are Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, president and treasurer, and Mrs. Nellie E. C. Furman, secretary.

A certificate of membership will be sent to all those who pay the fee and regular

information as to the progress in the work will be sent them.

The True Religion. I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat are not the better for it.—Rowland Hill.

Thy Place. Thou comest not to thy place by accident. It is the very place God meant for thee; And shouldst thou there small scope for action Do not for this give room for discontent.—Trench.

Our Way, Not His. That which is often asked of God is not so much His will and way, as His approval of our way.—Smiley.

Washington, D. C., Sunshine. The capital city has something over forty branches of Sunshiners now in full working order. The Sunshine department in the Washington Times is one of the largest departments now carried in any newspaper, one full page being given to the work every Sunday.

Who Will Help? Fannie Leeson, a young southern girl, has been chained to her bed for fifteen years. Her bones are ossified and she cannot move one inch; lies there like a marble statue. She is in great need. Her father can earn but little at any time and now is ill and out of work. The mother is slowly dying of cancer and only to give Fannie a drink now and then, or medicine, so the poor child is sadly neglected. One limb is drawn up and doubled into the hip. One friend has sent \$5 for her, which will be used to pay for her weekly bath and to have her clothes changed.

Her need is so dire that even the smallest contribution will be acceptable. Should any Minnesota Sunshiner wish to help the poor girl, their contributions can be sent to Dr. A. W. Curtis, Newberne avenue, Raleigh, N. C., who has kindly taken charge of any aid the Sunshiners may send.

Sunshine and Clouds. Give sunshine, add to the world's store. Into some shaded nook, your sunbeams pour. Is your offering small? Let me tell you there's cheer In a tone, a smile, yes, even a tear. Can there be sunshine in the tears that creep Into our eyes? Yes; when they weep With those who weep. For 'em the tears, which find birth in the heart throbs of sympathy, Then shine thru the tears that bedim your own eyes. The raindrops and sun make the rainbow skies. Shine, the adversity's clouds intervene. The clouds, if sun-kissed, but add to the scene. For many, life's path is stormy and rough. For all, however smooth, there are clouds enough To make of life's day a glorious ending. With sunshine and clouds in the sunset blending. Gertrude M. Deatty.

Special Umbrella Sale at Gannett's. Tape edge, guaranteed tafeta, with long, medium and short pearl, sterling silver and gold mounted handles. \$1.95 and \$3.50. Women's colored silk umbrellas with borders of latest design, black, navy, green, brown and red, etc. \$1.39 and \$2.50. \$3 and \$2.50.

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