

With the Long Bow.

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

ALL the confirmed fans, watching this year's ball games, are in a chronic state of being about two weeps distant from heart-break.

Speaking of the Panama canal and looking forward hopefully to the glorious Minnesota winter, reminds us that there are some advantages in living in a country where you do not break your neck dodging the yellow fever germ.

Let old Rogers laugh. Lawson lost his voice in Kansas, but, by gee, there is no danger of pen paralysis.

The Minneapolis Chronicle man states that he believes that our “two by twice farm” is a fake. Referring to North Minneapolis, he says:

Come up where the good people live, and we'll show you a garden in which today there grows two weeds where yesterday there grew but one.

Weed, huh! We have to use a stump-puller.

Another “come-on letter” has been received from that whisky house that was so anxious to supply us with our riot water. The firm says:

We regret that you did not allow us to send you the quart of ten-year-old Bourbon whisky, as mentioned in our letter of June 10. We also regret that you did not return to us the post-card we enclosed with the letter.

Of course, we realize that you may not have needed whisky at that time. We wanted to get our card back, signed or unsigned, with or without order, therefore we are taking the liberty of writing you again today.

We enclose you another stamped card all ready for mailing. Won't you order a quart today? Just think, a full quart of absolutely pure whisky direct from the distillery to you for \$1.05, delivered free.

The 1-cent stamps on the post cards sent us always come in handy. We are glad to get them. But we regret to say that we get all our rum by patronizing a firm that sends it to us free in return for a letter of recommendation, stating that since using Phelan's Malt Whisky we have grown kinky and feel about eighteen years younger.

The Virginia, Minn., Virginian calls for the owners of dogs to put a soft pedal on their pups. It seems that the dogs give tongue all night long and don't care who hears it. Dog fanciers, however, state that this does not injure the dogs at all, as they can sleep in the daytime.

Do you know the rapture of having a “pair of twins” in the neighborhood? Twins, boys of course, indicate that there is an absence of stagnation in a locality. Look out of the window at any time of day up to 9 p.m. and there is a twin going thru the air somewhere, either on his bicycle or falling out of a tree or off of the house or on a neighboring boy, always accompanied by a sound of boy encouragement and remonstrance. When the twins are around, life becomes one prolonged baseball game, with the home nine scoring and the St. Paul nine drawing hippopotamus eggs on the score card in every inning with agreeable regularity.

“Huh! You can't hurt us,” remarked a twin when asked if a recent fall out of a tree had done his brother any harm.

But the time comes even for twins made out of horsehide and India rubber. The other day, while preparing for a circus in Johnson's barn, George, the other twin, stepped into the second-story floor hole thru which the horse's breakfast food is thrown down. The twin came thru by fast freight without stopping, and lit on his brow on the cold, plank flooring of the horse's reception parlor. Tender hands bore his unconscious form to his family residence, and doctors hurried to be in at the autopsy, and the boys stood around and told with a chastened glee how the twin looked in midair, how he alighted and the sound it made.

That evening I asked a neighborhood boy how George was, and he said:

“The doctor said it wasn't nothin' but concussion of de brain.”

After waiting a respectable time for the family agitation to subside, I took flowers and started to leave them at the twins' house and to inquire if there was any hope. As I approached the house, I heard fierce clamor and boy annoyance. The twins were out in front, both of them, apparently as good as new and on the point of licking a bigger boy who had stoned their dog.

I threw the flowers sadly over the fence and returned home. You cannot kill a twin. The air is now full of them again.

—A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

CANTELOUPES, 5 to 10 cents.
Tomatoes, 25 to 30 cents a basket.
Guava chutney, 45 cents.
Major Gray's chutney.
Cream cheese, 10 and 20 cents.
Watercress, 5 cents.
Boiled ham, 25 and 30 cents a pound.

Practically every viand known to the cook is in the market now, at a reasonable price and of fine quality. The choice is embarrassing, and it is largely dictated by the season, for, although the weather is cool, the cook has a traditional summertime aversion to spending her time larked in the kitchen. For that reason things quickly cooked are preferred. Delineator this month has the following recipes for attractive hot-weather dishes:

Cheese and Currant Salad.—Press two cream cheeses thru a sieve, form into flower petals; fill center with bar le due currants; garnish with watercress. If bar le due currants cannot be had use rich currant preserve.

Deviled Wafers.—Mix to a paste two teaspoonfuls of mustard with Worcestershire sauce; two drops of tabasco; add to three tablespoonfuls butter creamed; spread on saltines, with minced pecan nuts; brown in oven.

Aspic Ham.—Cut boiled lean ham into slices; arrange boiled egg whites in a layer of aspic; when partially set, put alternate layers of ham, watercress and aspic in mold; set on ice; unmold on bed of watercress by dipping the mold in warm water for a few moments.

Fruit Loaf.—Make custard of four eggs, one pint of milk, one cupful of sugar; add fresh fruit pressed thru a sieve; line a three-pint mold with beaten whites of two eggs; fill center with custard, cover with rice; cook for thirty minutes in hot water; serve cold.

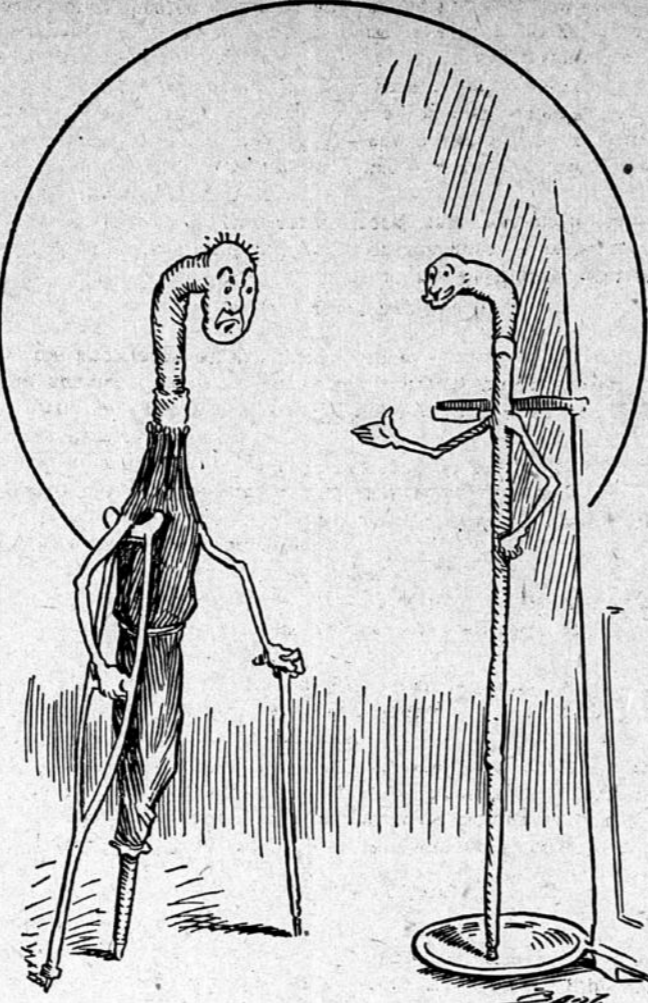
Fruit Dumplings.—Mix hot boiled rice with beaten egg; mold into balls; make hole in center and fill with cherries, currants or berries sweetened; steam half an hour; serve cold with custard sauce.

MOTHER WAS THERE.

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago the Rev. Charles G. Finney, former president of Oberlin college, was carrying on a series of revival meetings in Boston. One day a gentleman called to see him on business, and was admitted by Mr. Finney's daughter, perhaps 5 years old.

“Is your father in?” asked the stranger.

“No,” replied the demure maiden, “but walk in, poor, dying sinner! Mother can pray for you.”



The Umbrella—Yes, thanks, my rheumatism is better.

A String of Good Stories.

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

THE ABHORRED WIDOWER.

A CHICAGOAN, who had the honor, while in India, of visiting Lord Curzon of Kedleston, has come home with a number of stories of the young viceroy's humor.

“I heard Lord Curzon talking about widowers,” he said the other day.

“He said that a widower was more despised and abhorred than any other human type. In a widow, he pointed out, we all find something seductive. But a widower is as uninviting to us as a toad.

“What young maid, in her dreams of life,” said Baron Curzon, “ever imagines herself being wooed and won by a widower?”

“There was once a widower who proposed to a young woman, and, being rejected, tried to bring her to look favorably on his suit by praising his children.

“He said he had four children, and each was beautiful, and clever, and good.

“But the young woman sneered and retorted that children were like toothbrushes—we take no interest in any but our own.”

NOT THE PROPER SPIRIT.

SENATOR DEPEW was condemning an elderly millionaire who, having lost a lawsuit, had declared heatedly that the courts were unjust, and the entire government rotten to the core.

“He is not taking his defeat very gracefully, is he?” said the senator. “He is like the old bachelor whom the widow refused.

“There was an old bachelor who, after a brief courtship, proposed to a widow. But the widow very positively and coldly declined his offer.

“I can never,” she said, “be more than a sister to you.”

“The bachelor dropped her hand in a huff.

“Ah, madam, indeed you can,” he murmured in a strange voice.

“No, I cannot,” said she.

“But you have daughters,” said the bachelor. “You may yet be my mother-in-law.”

LINCOLN'S NON-SEQUITER.

THE late Charles W. Slack told the following of Peter Harvey, the friend and biographer of Daniel Webster: Mr. Harvey was a large man, with a small voice and that pomposity of manner that many very diffident men possess. Above everything he valued and prided himself upon his friendship with the “great expounder.”

The first year of the war of the rebellion he went to Washington, and on his return was asked how he liked President Lincoln.

“Well,” he said, “Mr. Lincoln is a very singular man. I went on to see him, and told him that I had been an intimate personal friend of Daniel Webster; that I had talked with him so much on the affairs of the country that I felt perfectly confident I could tell him exactly what Mr. Webster would advise in the present crisis, and thereupon I talked to Lincoln for two solid hours, telling him just what he should do and what he should not do; and, will you believe it, sir, when I got thru, all Mr. Lincoln said was, as he clapped his hand on my leg: ‘Mr. Harvey, what a tremendous great calf you have got!’”

A CRAFTY FATHER.

“I’LL HAVE to run down town tomorrow afternoon to do some shopping,” sighed Mrs. Squiggins, “and I hate to leave Freddy out to play without keeping my eye on him. I'm sure that he's only waiting for a chance to run off and go swimming in the river.”

“Don't worry, my dear,” said Squiggins, looking up from his paper with a crafty smile. “Just call Freddy in here and let me have a talk with him.”

“Now, Freddy,” said the father, when his scion appeared, “your mother is going to leave you to yourself tomorrow and you will have to go in swimming.”

The boy looked incredulous.

“Don't try to get out of it, now; you simply must! The doctor has ordered that you go swimming and take lots of hard work like that for your health.” He says it's just the same as medicine—

And as Freddy ran out of the room crying and protesting against this new medicine, Squiggins smiled exultantly at his knowledge of small boy nature.

AN ODD PRESCRIPTION.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER, in one of his Baltimore lectures, recited a quaint old cure for the gout—a cure, from a seventeenth century medical work, that was designed to show gout's hopelessness.

“First pick,” said this odd cure, “a handkerchief from the pocket of a spinster of 35, who never wished to wed; second, wash the handkerchief in an honest miller's pond; third, dry it on the hedge of a person who never was covetous; fourth, send it to the shop of a physician who never killed a patient; fifth, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client; and, sixth, apply it, hot, to the gout-tormented part. A speedy cure must follow.”

Revelations of a Shirt Cuff.



HEN Adolphus Fitz Brown stepped one morning into a convenient omnibus, he had not the slightest idea that he was absolutely unable to meet the modest requirement of the conductor. Yet such, indeed, was the case.

Mr. Fitz Brown was becoming very nervous and the conductor was waiting in stony silence to be paid, when a good-natured individual, observing the stranger's dilemma, said heartily:

“Come off without your money, eh? Do it myself sometimes. Let me pay it for you, sir,” and as he spoke the modern good Samaritan handed the conductor twopence. Adolphus thanked the gentlemen and insisted upon taking his name and address, which he wrote upon his shirt cuff, “M. Fortescue, 106 North Bank street, St. John's Wood.”

Arriving at his publishers', he was politely informed that the member of the firm whom he wished to see had been compelled to go out of town. “Would Mr. Fitz Brown kindly call at 4 on the next Wednesday?” Certainly he would and could. And down went another note on his cuff.

Walking thence to his banker's hardby, he paid in checks to the amount of some £50 and drew out a £5 note for petty cash. But as he was about to retire, a faultlessly attired individual emerged from some inner sanctum and reminded him that his account was overdrawn to the extent of £100.

“Gracious,” said Adolphus, “I have just paid in 50 and I will certainly pay in 25 more on Thursday without fail.”

He registered the vow in his usual way and then repaired to his club for dinner. In the smoking room he encountered his old friend Stebbins, a man he had not seen for years and who informed him that his eldest daughter was to be married on Saturday. After a dish of turtle soup and a large glass of punch, Adolphus decided that the young lady ought certainly to receive a present. What should it be? A diamond ring, of course! And he straightway booked the order, as it were, on himself. Then he went home and began to reread the manuscript of a novel which he had been about to submit to his publishers that very day.

“How lucky!” he presently exclaimed as he laid down one of the sheets. “My heroine has too many children. One at least must be sacrificed if they are all to be wealthy at the conclusion, but how can I do it unless I rewrite the whole book? I must make a note of it. It needs consideration.”

He had barely time to jot it down upon his cuff when the maid came in with two letters. The first was from Major Stegal to ask the great author to shoot with him (“I must see about my gun,” soliloquized Adolphus); and the second conveyed the intelligence that the celebrated detective, Sluskey Humes, had acceded to his long-standing request to show him over an opium den, and that he would await him on Tower Hill at 9:15 on the following Monday.

Adolphus was writing this on his now much-soiled cuff, when his wife called him for dinner.

A week later Mr. Fitz Brown was standing on Tower Hill awaiting Humes, when a well-known voice struck upon his ear. It was the same voice that had bidden him dress for dinner only seven days ago.

“What, you here, Edith?” said the astonished novelist. “What can this mean?”

“It means,” said she, as she led her husband away, “that I have, under Providence, been the means of preventing a great crime. I am, I know, too late to prevent a great wrong.”

“Explain yourself, Edith,” expostulated Adolphus, “I am here on business.”

“I do not doubt,” replied his wife, bitterly, “that you may seek in opium an anodyne for your corroded conscience, but that shall not prevent me from doing my duty and saving the lives of my innocent children.”

“I really do not understand you,” said Adolphus, simply.

“I have just come from North Bank—from Mrs. Fortescue,” Mrs. Brown replied, with haughty fervor, “but she was out. Gone out with her husband, they said. Husband indeed!”

For an instant the novelist was dazed. Then he remembered. Fortescue! Of course, the man in the omnibus. He began to laugh, as he explained the only personal knowledge he had of anyone named Fortescue.

“Why then go on Wednesday at 4 o'clock?” cried his wife.

“I didn't,” said Adolphus.

“Doubtless, tho you found the £25 by Thursday for her, and the diamond ring by Friday?” pursued the lady relentlessly.

The wits of Adolphus were returning to him. He had been nearly shaken out of them. Again he laughed, and the lady seemed maddened by his brutal demeanor.

“Brute tho you may be, so far as I am concerned, why should you also be a murderer?” she cried. “What have your children ever done that you should hate them?”

The poor woman burst into a fit of passionate weeping, and Adolphus, murmuring, “There, there, Edith, it is all right,” hailed a passing cab.

Shortly after the pair reached home matters were adjusted with many tears and smiles, but not until the previous Monday's shirt had been exhibited and Adolphus had explained the notes upon the cuff, which read as follows:

“M. Fortescue, 106 North Bank, St. John's Wood.

“Wednesday, 4 p.m. sharp.

“Find twenty-five pounds Thursday, without fail.

“Diamond ring not later than Friday.

“Must kill one of Edith's children.

“Get gun before 26th.

“(Opium den) Tower Hill, Monday, 9:15.”—Boston Herald.

What Women Want to Know.

TO CLEAN A MAN'S HAT.—Please explain in your question department the best way to clean a man's soiled stiff hat?—W. R. D.

The very best way to have a stiff hat cleaned is to send it to the cleaners. If you want to try it at home, use gasoline.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Can you tell me thru The Journal a simple yet positive way to remove mildew from muslin?—V. M. McEl.

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
96 Fifth avenue, New York, Cynthia Weston, founder and president general.
MINNESOTA HEADQUARTERS.
Room 64, Loan and Trust building, 313 Nicollet street SE. Mrs. Edna Fuller Kirk, president, president. The roll was called, each member responding with a quotation.
The secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and approved.
Eight members were present, and the report for the past month was forty-one calls made, sixteen magazines distributed, six letters written and over two dozen articles of wearing apparel given to needy ones. Flowers and delicacies were taken to three shut-ins. The next meeting will be held the first Monday in August.
—Mary J. Crawford, Secretary.

Crawford Branch Meeting.
The regular monthly meeting of the Crawford branch was held July 3, at the home of Mrs. Addie Thompson, 1322 Fifth street SE. Mrs. Edna Fuller Kirk, president, presided. The roll was called, each member responding with a quotation.
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Officers of Easter Lily Branch.
One of the flourishing branches is the Easter Lily branch, the members of which are all children averaging from 11 to 13 years of age. They have taken up the work of all the enthusiasm of youth and many a sick and lonely one has cause to bless the little members. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Miss Katherine Rollins, president; Miss Daisy Dunn, secretary; Miss Blanche Simmons, treasurer.

The Financial Side.
That Sunshine work has taken a strong hold in the hearts of the people is shown in the financial report of the International headquarters in New York for May. The revenue from all sources was \$2,872.88, and disbursements \$2,140.47. To have charge of this money and see that it is used to do the most good is alone a heavy tax of time and strength, yet the work of the headquarters with all its manifold and various duties is done by women who receive nothing whatever by way of financial returns. The growth of the work is plainly shown in the report of the treasurer-general, Mrs. Edwin Knowles, for the May of six years, as follows: Revenue, May, 1900, \$559.23; May, 1901, \$1,065.55; May, 1902, \$770.67; May, 1903, \$1,111.95; May, 1904, \$1,030.69; May, 1905, \$287.57.

A Request.
The Sunshine department has had a request that Susan Coolidge's poem “Every Day Is a Fresh Beginning,” be published in full. Will some member who may have the poem kindly send it to the editor of the department? The writer states for years the poem has been to her the very essence of help and cheer.

In Life, Not Death.
In life—not death
Hearts need fond words to help them on their way;
Need tender thoughts and gentle sympathy,
Careses, pleasant looks, to cheer each passing day.
Then hand them not until they useless be;
In life—not death,
Speak kindly, living hearts need sympathy.
—J. R. Miller.

London Sunshine.
Mrs. J. Milholland, the Sunshine president for London, writes that a cripple is being cared for and the efforts of the Sunshiners of Mrs. Milholland's branch are centered on trying to raise money to buy a typewriter to aid this invalid.

Another case is of a young girl, an invalid, and of whom hopes are held that she may be cured. The members will take her to a nursing home in London, where she will receive skilful treatment.

Great Bargains.
Closing-Out Sale
Gamossi Parasols

Good quality Silk Taffeta, reduced from \$1.35 to .85c
Two Tone Taffeta Silk reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.35
Regular \$5 Parasols, for \$2.19
610 NICOLLET Gamossi 610 NICOLLET

Apitezo
gives strength and rosy health

HER WEAKNESS GONE
HOT FLASHES AND SINKING SPELLS CONQUERED AT LAST.

Apitezo
gives strength and rosy health

THE WORST YET!
It's a problem, can you solve it? How to dispose of the sample lengths of woolens sent our 97 agents. We are calling them in—out full and winter line goes out to them this month. Will \$5 to \$10 less do it? Made to measure in our best manner. Buy \$15 to \$20.

J. A. RUSH & CO.
Importing Tailors
304 First Avenue S., Opposite Postoffice, Minneapolis.

NEUMANN'S
411 NICOLLET AVE.
\$2.00 Hats Are Good Enough

For those who don't have to care what they pay. They ought to be good enough for those who do.

SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES
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