

A String of Good Stories.

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

A CASE OF COLLAPSE.

OSCAR, the man of all work attached to an up-country fisherman's bed, board and bait dispensary, is the latest claimant to first honors in the most deliberate man contest.

In conformance with the canons laid down by Isaac Walton, deceased, a party of enthusiasts who were making the hostelry the headquarters of their piscatorial campaign got under heavy marching order early in the rosy morn and tripped across the dew-laden grass to the wagon which was to haul them to the lake marked down for the day's sport.

Just as the skipper of the craft was about to cast off the moorings of the high equine he was stopped by a loud hail from the foresighted member. An inspection of the bait box revealed a total absence of the unwilling but essential frog. The party was determined on bass; the bass were undoubtedly determined on frog.

Oscar was summoned and sent in quest of the working bait.

The impatient fisherman began waiting, continued to wait and then waited some more. The situation grew tense, and the language of the sportsmen became more vigorous and Anglo-Saxon.

No Oscar, no frogs, nothing moving except time and the mercury.

At last the frog hunter appeared above the horizon, tacked gracefully across the intervening meadow, hove to and came to anchor in the shade of the wagon. He was hailed with loud shouts of delight, relief and appreciation and bombarded with queries on what had detained him and the success of his hunt.

Oscar stood modestly swinging the frog bucket until the ovation had waxed and waned, waxed again and finally subsided into an expectant silence.

"Well," said he, "Ay vas in p-e-r-s-u-i-t of von, but hay yomped in revar."

THE USUAL DEADHEAD CRITICISM.

MARSHAL OYAMA, on an inspection of the captured village, paused before a house whence came loud and strong voices.

A thin old man hurried forth, and with a low obeisance invited the marshal in. A theatrical performance, of which he was the manager, was going on.

Marshal Oyama entered. He was the only spectator. He sat thru one act, and then he rose to go.

"I had hoped to do well here with my little show," said the manager, accompanying the marshal to the door. "But I am having the poorest kind of a season. I suppose it is the war."

Marshal Oyama smiled. "I don't think it is the war," he said. "I think it is the piece."

THE ABSENTMINDED MINISTER.

AT THE Chautauqua assembly a number of stories about absentmindedness were being told.

There was the story of the absentminded doctor who handed his patient a fee and took his prescription himself; the story of the professor who, coming down to dinner too early, and seeing the table cleared, went back upstairs again muttering that he had quite forgotten having dined; and there were many other stories told.

But Bishop Vincent, among all these anecdotes, carried off the palm with a story about an absentminded minister.

"There was a minister," the bishop said, "who was so absentminded that he once lathered and shaved his reflection in the mirror."

WORKED TWICE.

NOT long ago a stranger called at a Huntsville, Mo., hotel and told the landlord he was penniless and hungry.

The landlord ordered a good meal for the man. When the diner arose from the table a \$20 bill dropped from his handkerchief. A waiter picked it up and gave it to the landlord, who was mad and took 75 cents out of the bill to pay for the meal, returning the \$19.25 to the stranger. Later the landlord learned the bill was counterfeit.

OUTDONE.

AN ENGLISH and an American merchant were discussing the relative importance of their businesses.

"Why," said the Englishman, "in my firm the clerks use 30,000 gallons of ink a year!"

"Oh, that's nothing," retorted the American; "we saved that much ink in a year by ordering our clerks not to dot their i's."—Harper's Weekly.

What the Market Affords.

- SALSIFY, 5 cents a bunch. Head lettuce, 5 cents a head. Red raspberries, 7 to 10 cents. Black raspberries, 10 cents. Sour cherries, 12 1/2 to 15 cents; California cherries, 35 cents a pound. Green gages, 60 cents. Delaware grapes, 50 cents a basket. Pineapples, 15 cents; extra size, 60 cents. Seedless white grapes, 20 cents.

Salsify is nearly the last of the summer vegetables to come into market. With salsify and corn to use as substitutes no one need to mourn that August contains no "R," and therefore oysters are eliminated from the bill of fare. Cream of corn, corn chowder or cream of salsify are quite as satisfying and delicate soups as oyster, and corn oysters crisply browned rival the famous bivalve in savoriness. Here is a capital chowder:

Cut the kernels from a dozen ears of green corn. Peel and mince two onions and fry them brown in three table-spoonfuls of butter in a deep saucepan. Now put in the corn, four broken pilot biscuits, add a half-dozen parboiled and sliced potatoes. Season with pepper, salt and a table-spoonful of minced parsley, and cover with a quart of boiling water. Let all cook gently for three-quarters of an hour, then stir in slowly a cupful of boiling milk, thickened with a tablespoonful of flour rubbed into one of butter. Turn at once into a heated tureen. This is a large quantity and the receipt should be divided for a small family.

To make corn oysters score the ears of corn and scrape out the pulp with a dull knife; to every pint of pulp allow two eggs, two heaping table-spoonfuls of flour; one-half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and another of black pepper. Beat the eggs separately, add first the yolks and then the stiffly beaten whites, add the other ingredients, mixing lightly. Heat two table-spoonfuls of drippings or butter in a frying pan and drop the batter by spoonfuls in the shape of oysters; don't let run together; brown nicely on both sides, turning with a broad knife or cake turner. Serve very hot.



A VETERAN.

Mr. Peaceful Reader—You may not be over 47 hours old, but you are certainly old enough.

Breaking Up a Hoodoo.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—For the first time on record an Iowa court has put its ponderous machinery into motion for the sole purpose of breaking up a hoodoo. A few days ago Mr. Beecham walked nervously into the court. He seemed a wreck. He leaned heavily on his cane, his face was drawn and in spite of the dress of a dandy, which he is noted for wearing, he was a pitiable spectacle.

"It's a hoodoo, your honor. If you don't help me, I'm a goner."

"What do you mean?" demanded the court.

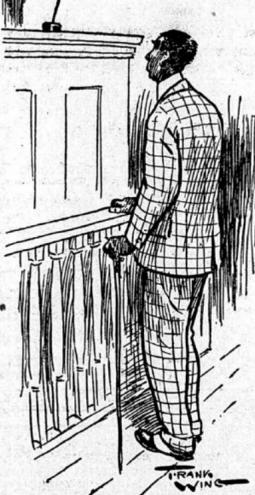
"Well, I was pretty close with Alyce Frazier some years ago, and I gave her my picture. And then we had a fuss and quit. She told me she'd get even and now she has. Well, I got married three months ago and Alyce declared she would stop the wedding. She didn't, but she vowed vengeance. Soon I began to notice I couldn't eat anything and I have been sick all spring, and every day or two I lose some money. My business hasn't been good at the store. Alyce laughed at me the last time she saw me, and that made me suspicious. So I sent a friend to the woman's house, and he came back and told me he found the picture. It is framed in crape and suspended from the bed-springs of Alyce's bed, by a string of the same material. On the back were a lot of voodoo sayings, and they have put me to the bad."

The court, having heard the tale, formally ordered Deputy Sim Huber to serve a paper replevining one photograph of Samuel Beecham, framed in crape and suspended from the bed of one Alyce Frazier.

After a week of maneuvering, Deputy Huber triumphantly delivered the picture into the court's hands, saying Alyce had told him she would forgive Samuel and send his picture back.

When the picture was duly delivered to Beecham yesterday, he rose and thus addressed the court:

"I am deeply grateful, your honor, for the great service you have rendered me. I feel you have not only saved my life, but my reputation in this community."



"IT'S A HOODOO, YOUR HONOR."

The Journal's Daily Fashions.

No. 2732—A Natty Coat for a Youngster.



HERE is a trim little coat for a small lad or lass, loose enough for any kind of sport and brimful of style. Made of red broadcloth, covert cloth or chevot and fastened with large pearl buttons in front, it will prove a bewitching coat with a proud wearer. The becoming sailor collar may be used or the small shawl collar; also the coat sleeve instead of the full bishop sleeve shown here. For developing this pattern in a medium size, 2 3/8 yards of 44-inch material will be required. Pattern No. 2732 is cut in 5 sizes from 4 to 12 years. This pattern will be mailed, postponed, in any of the given sizes by inclosing 10 cents and sending the size, name and address to the Pattern Department of The Minneapolis Journal.

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

GERMAN HUMOR.

A GERMAN gentleman was praising German humor. "I will describe a joke," he said, "that the students are continually playing in my country."

"You know those underground, cool rooms—cellars, rathskellers—where Germans go at night to drink beer and converse and hear music? Well, in such cellars there is always an abundance of beautiful mugs to sell, and it is a common thing for a gentleman, after he has spent a subterranean evening, to buy a mug and take it home with him. When he does this, the boss always gives him a receipt."

"Now comes the joke. 'Late at night there walks out of a rathskeller a young man. The policeman on the corner approaches him quietly, for he has something concealed in the breast of his coat. The coat is buttoned over something bulky. 'Friend,' says the policeman, 'excuse me.' 'The young man gives a guilty start. 'Friend,' the policeman continues, 'you have just come out of the rathskeller, and you have something concealed there in your breast. Your coat is buttoned over it. What it is I don't know; but it looks to me as if it might be a stein. I'll have to see it.' 'The young man is scared, and he doesn't want to open his coat. The policeman insists, though, and he has to do it. Sure enough, he has been walking off with a stein. 'The policeman begins, 'I'll have to arrest—' but the man says, 'Oh, hold on; I didn't steal this stein. I bought it.' 'If you bought it,' says the policeman, 'show me your receipt.' But the young man can't find his receipt, search his pockets as he will. So off he is marched to the police station, and there he makes a great protestation to the assembled officials. 'Here I,' he says, 'was going peaceably home from the rathskeller with a stein I had bought, when this policeman comes up and arrests me for a thief, notwithstanding everything I can say in my defense. It is not right, in a free country like Germany, to treat a man so.' 'The captain at the desk sneers. 'If you are innocent,' he says, 'if you didn't steal this stein, show your receipt.' 'The young man takes out his receipt and exhibits it quietly. It is correct, authentic, beyond shadow of a doubt, and so the captain at the desk has to apologize for the false arrest, and the policeman has to be reprimanded. The joker takes his stein and goes away. His joke has succeeded well. 'Sometimes, in the dead of night, a German policeman sees a half-dozen young men sneaking along with a heavy steel rail from the railroad on their shoulders. He makes for them, and they run; but hindered by their burden, they can't go fast—so soon overtakes them. They can give no account of themselves, and so they are hauled to the lock-up. There they produce a receipt from the railroad company for the rail, and there, too, the policeman must be scolded by his superiors for making a foolish arrest. 'German humor, believe me, is the best in the world.'"

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