With the Long Bow.

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

EIGHT BILLION small fish claim Minnetonka as their home. These figures are taken from a census started at Commodore Olds' naval dock at Big Island. Two little girls have been accustomed to sit on the end of the pier with a few slices of bread and to make fast friends with the finny monsters. The fish, with almost preternatural acumen, caught on to the fact that there was a pretty regular free food distribution at Olds' pier and got to loafing around the dock, leaning up against the piles, spitting on bottom and telling fish stories. It was soon noised abroad in the lake that fishes off Olds' dock were getting something for nothing, and a lot of the finny boys ran over to be in when the melon was cut.

Always interested in matters of this kind, I borrowed a slice of bread from the naval stores on the island and tried the game. As you walk the length of the pier, the fish keep even with your progress, each fish cocking one eye up and watching to see if any crumb drops in. At the end of the pier the water fairly boils with fish all the way from two to eight inches long. If you hold the bread an inch from the water a mass of fish will jump for it. It is all very exciting and interesting, but has this drawback, that you are not killing anything. How sad it is that little girls are not taught to kill something.

Fish have widely different characters, and their expressions of countenance are varied. We read of fishy eyes, but under water the fishy eye is bright, sharp and intelligent. The brows of the fish are not corrugated by care, and every fish seems to enjoy his existence and to be practically unhampered by the conventionalities of life. We wonder what all these fish are for, since we do not eat but an infinitesimal fraction of them, even "that large one" that you hooked getting away, as you well recall and have mentioned to several of your friends. Perhaps the fish is not concerned by philosophical doubts as to the usefulness or the whyness of his existence, but accepts it gratefully and enjoys it without making himself sick worrying about it. Foolish fishes, who might make themselves so uncomfortable! And their friends, too.

When we tried to go in swimming off the end of the dock, we were somewhat embarrassed by vast throngs of fishes who could swim so much better, standing around and smiling behind their fins at our efforts.

For the cool and quiet that the lakeside resorts offer, we went to the Tonka Bay rink the other night and wrinkled our person in several places in an attempt to get around the corners without cracking anywhere. It is a great sorrow that more elderly ladies do not skate. You do not want to butt in and get in the way of these young dudes, neither does the beauteous maiden of today wish to skate with her uncle. That is, not as a steady diet.

Incidentally, after an evening at the rink at Tonka, we detected the fact that if we were young once more, wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice and possessed of the requisite social graces, we should be a great annoyance to the families of some of the young ladies of ten or twenty summers, who are now queens of the rink at Tonka Bay. We name no names.

A new gambling game has been under way at Big Island for some days that the county authorities ought to look into. Six or eight of the sports who own cottages on the island sit in a circle on the green sward. In the center of this circle is a box. On the top of this box each sitter deposits 50 cents. The first person on whom a fly alights takes the money. This would seem to be a fair game for a quiet Sunday, but it was discovered that a gentleman named P——— was smearing sugar syrup on his face. The flies found it out, but Mr. P——— had nearly all the money on the island before the crowd became wise to this dark, Indian treachery.

The time to go in bathing at the lake is certainly after night falls. The moonlight is a keen, white sword that pierces the armor of the mind with treacherous thoughts of nights long past; world sickness and a yearning, savage tenderness seizes upon you as you stand on the darksome verge of the dock, clad in your dark blue bathing suit and in the sense of conscious strength like as a young menagerie lion about to be fed on the fore quarter of a tender sheep. Likewise seizes upon you, unless you duck under pretty quick, a large flock of poisonous cranes from Crane Island that people accustomed to the wild life of the lake tell you are nothing but mosquitoes.

Plunk!!

You are in! The long, trailing light of the moon across the lake is shattered into a thousand dancing lights as your person dents the deep. The bliss of the water seizes upon your consciousness. You are afloat upon colorless, liquid air. The weeds, the trailing garments of the lake, brush softly against you.

"Bang!" "Splash!" "Whoop!"

In drop all the children, who insist on riding upon your shoulders and showing you how they can swim under water and on top of it and out of it and thru it and beside it. A little hand runs down your arm and a little blonde head, with hair bobbed up, pops up beside you. Heaven bless all children. They are angels on land, and in the water language fails to express your feeling towards them.

Everything goes off with a whoop and a splash until the time is up and you are getting chattery around the gills. Then everybody makes a rush for the boathouse, and the air is full of waving towels—and mosquitoes—and flying garments and emerging heads and arms.

If you don't sleep after that, there's something on your conscience that ought to be told to the policeman.

—A. J. R.

What Women Want to Know.

VALUE OF 1856 HALF-DOLLARS.—Would you kindly inform me if the half-dollar of 1856 is worth more than 50 cents, and, if so, how much?—Ignorant.

There is no premium on the 1856 half-dollar, and it is worth only 50 cents.

TOBACCO STAINS.—I wore a white crepe de chine dress on the street and it shows several spots of tobacco spit around the bottom. Could you please let me know of some preparation that will take them out and yet not destroy the crinkle of the goods?—P. H. J.

Wash the spots carefully with gasolene and a good white soap, and then shake the crepe thoroly before hanging it to air.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

PIGEON FANCIER.—My pigeons are dying, and I do not know the cause. Some of them die almost at once; others droop for several days. I have lost a great many and fear the trouble is spreading thru the whole flock. They have a light, airy place; also a flying pen and a good variety of food. Kindly let me know what is the trouble with them and the remedy, if there is one.—Mrs. R. H. C.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR EX-GOVERNORS?
Why, move them to Minneapolis, to be sure!

What the Market Affords.

TOMATOES, 25 cents a basket.
Corn, 8 to 10 cents.
Watercress, three bunches for 10 cents.
Peppers, three for 10 cents.
Rocky Ford cantaloup, 20 to 25 cents.
Beans for shelling, 35 cents a peck; string and wax beans, 4 to 6 cents a pound.
Peas, 60 cents a peck.
Rhubarb, 1 cent a pound.

Homegrown tomatoes remain very high, the choicest keeping up to 15 cents, and the common grade selling for 10 cents a pound. Shipped tomatoes are most of them rather soft and watery and are poor for slicing. Corn is riper, and the ears larger and fuller. Shelling beans have just come into the market and the cranberry variety are very large and meaty. The combination of these beans and corn in succotash is one of the most satisfying of vegetable dishes. This may also have meat cooked with it for flavoring, like baked beans. The recipes for succotash all call for lima beans, but any shelled beans can be used, and some make succotash with string beans. In any case, first cook the beans until almost done; then, to a pint of beans, add the corn cut from six good-sized ears, cook half an hour gently, adding salt, pepper and two tablespoonfuls of butter. If meat is used, boil a pound of pork two hours; the beans may be added at first, or, if the cook is particular about keeping them whole, just in time to cook soft; add the corn and seasonings as above, omitting the butter.

Corn pudding is a delicious way to serve corn, and gives agreeable variety. Run a sharp knife down the rows of corn and press out the pulp or cut off the tops of the kernels thinly and press out; to a pint of corn take two well-beaten eggs, a pint of milk and a large tablespoonful of butter, with the necessary seasonings. Bake in a buttered baking dish half an hour, or until a knife thrust into the center of the dish will come out clean. Do not overcook, as the custard will separate.

The Journal's Daily Fashions.

Nos. 2760 and 2749—A Fetching Gown for a Maiden.

THERE is an indefinable charm about the lithe, willowy maiden in her early teens which finds its complement in the soft shirrs and gathers which Dame Fashion has bidden us favor. The accompanying sketch shows an unusually pretty gown, which will appeal at once to the girl whose instincts for the beautiful are already awakened. The triple rows of shirrings at the shoulders, back and front, furnish fulness for the natty blouse which falls slightly over the close-fitting girdle. The deep flounce on the skirt relieves that long appearance from waist to feet which so often appears where a girl is growing too fast. A soft silk or checked taffeta, with lace for yoke and cuffs, will make an attractive afternoon gown. The pompadour yoke may be omitted and the waist gathered into the collar in front. For medium size, 9½ yards of 36-inch material are required.

Pattern No. 2760 is cut in five sizes from 8 to 16 years, as is Pattern No. 2749. The Minneapolis Journal will mail one or both of the above patterns in any of these sizes, on receipt of 10 cents for one, or 20 cents for the two patterns together, and the size, name and address.

CLEAR ON THAT SCORE.

THE late Colonel Sanders of Montana was a noted character. Always refusing to speak of the part he took in the establishment of law and order, there were yet times when pride in his record manifested itself in words. One of these times was the occasion of his first visit to the tomb of an old associate, F. X. Biedler, the constant and determined enemy of all outlaws, and who had caught and led many of them to a deserved fate. Biedler's monument in Forestvale cemetery, Helena, is of rough granite.

"This monument is typical of the man it was raised to," soliloquized Colonel Sanders. "It has no polish, but is rough like him. And he was as solid and his name will be as enduring as the granite that composed it.

"Some day," he mused, "they will bring me out to Forestvale and throw dirt on me; but they can never say I ate any of it."

It would be a very bold man who would ever have thought of saying he had.

Expert Feminine Advice.

"NETTIE," said Mrs. Grantham, "you must be you that he wouldn't be home for dinner that more strict with John or you'll be sorry, mark my words. I noticed this morning when he told you did not ask him why. You seemed to take it for granted that it was all right. Does he often stay in the city at night without telling you what keeps him?"

"I wish," replied Nettie, "you wouldn't try to make me suspicious of John. I know he's all right."

At breakfast the next morning Mrs. Grantham, addressing her brother-in-law, said:

"I think I heard you come in last night, didn't I, John?"

"Oh, did you?" he asked, "I supposed I was quiet enough to keep from waking anybody."

"Quiet? You fell half-way upstairs. John, I want to give you a solemn warning. Now, I don't think I have any desire to interfere with you and Nettie, but do you know how many men fail in business and how many homes are ruined in this country every year on account of strong drink?"

"No," replied John Plunkett, "I have no head for figures. They make me dizzy. Nettie, I'm afraid I may have to stay in town again this evening. You won't mind, will you, dear? It's business, you know."

Nettie Plunkett looked steadily at her sister and saw that her darkest suspicions were aroused.

"It seems to me that it is necessary for you to be away from home a good deal," Mrs. Grantham remarked.

"Oh, no. I'm not likely to be away for months."

He went upstairs, whistling, and Mrs. Grantham turned upon her sister, saying:

"I'm sorry for you, Nettie. You see where you're drifting. There you sat and never made a murmur. That man is deceiving you."

"You always made your husband tell you where he went and why, didn't you?" Mrs. Plunkett asked.

"Not only that, but I made it my business to find out whether he was telling me the truth."

"Why, was he in the habit of lying to you?"

"You never can tell when a man will try to deceive you. It's best to be on the safe side. I wouldn't trust any man for a minute out of my sight."

Mrs. Plunkett rushed away from her sister and went upstairs. Half an hour later she and her husband returned to the library, where Mrs. Grantham was reading a pamphlet on "The Treatment and Cure of the Liquor Habit."

"YOU AND NETTIE ARE TRAVELING ON A DANGEROUS ROAD."

"Caroline," said the younger woman, "I have just had a serious talk with John, and he and I have some to the conclusion that we may as well make our case plain to you. We have been married nearly seven years. How long had you and George Grantham been married when you separated?"

"Twelve years; but I wish you wouldn't mention that man's name to me. John, I hope you will not think I am trying to interfere here, but there are certain things I can't help seeing. You and Nettie are traveling on a dangerous road, and you will both live to be sorry if——"

"Wait a minute, Caroline," her sister broke in. "I want you to tell John how—forgive me for calling him by name again—George got started on the downward path. He began by staying away from home at night and drinking a great deal, didn't he?"

"He didn't stay away from home at night while we were living together. I wouldn't put up with it. As for drinking, he never tasted whisky that I know of."

"But didn't business ever keep him away?"

"When it did I made sure that it was business and nothing else."

"I suppose you warned him daily of the evils of intemperance, didn't you?" Plunkett asked.

"Yes, heaven knows I did all in my power to save that man."

"Who paid the detective?" asked Plunkett.

"Why, I did, of course."

"But your husband earned and gave you the money."

Mrs. Grantham's face flushed angrily, but before she could give expression to her thought Nettie Plunkett asked:

"Did—did your detective ever find him where he had no business to be?"

"He claimed he didn't. But you know what I just told you about men standing together. I haven't any doubt that he was as bad as he could be."

"Still, you haven't any proof," said Plunkett.

"No, unfortunately, I haven't."

"Did he ever swear at you or beat you or throw dishes at you?"

"Certainly not."

"Why did you leave him?"

"He left me. I expect to get my divorce on the ground of desertion."

"Forgive me for asking you this," said Plunkett, "but do you think you are doing your sister a kindness in coming here and trying to get her to go the way you have gone?

"What do you mean?"

"You were not able to live with one of the best men I have ever known. I was with George last night. He told me all that you have been telling us here."

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Grantham.

"There's nothing to prevent a reconciliation, is there? There is no unpardonable sin on either side. He simply went away. There was nothing more than that, was there?"

"No. When did he come back?"

"He returned yesterday morning. I intended to bring him out here tonight, but I think I'll give up the idea."

Mrs. Grantham breathed hard for a moment, and then asked:

"Why?"

"After thoroly considering the case I find that I have nothing against him."

When Mrs. Grantham, miserable and lonesome, left the Plunketts that afternoon she looked back with mingled pity and contempt upon her happy sister and said half aloud:

"Oh, what fools some women are!"—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

AT A SPECIAL service in a Baltimore church a few weeks ago, a young lady was to sing "What Are They Doing in Heaven Today?" The members of the committee having in charge the printing of the program were not familiar with the exact title of the piece, and on the first copy prepared for the printer they had it: "Anything Doing in Heaven Today?"

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MINNESOTA DIVISION

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96 Fifth avenue, New York. Cynthia Westover Alden, founder and president general.

MINNESOTA HEADQUARTERS.

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An Appreciation.

The following beautiful editorial on Sunshine work was written by Charles Whittlesey Pickett, of the New Haven Leader. Mrs. Pickett, who passed away a few months ago, was one of Sunshine's most ardent supporters.

Sunshine Work.

The recording angel doubtless has full account of the good work done by Sunshine workers and Sunshine societies, but we are quite sure that no earthly record of that work is complete.

Many a deserving man or woman, many children—the most pathetic object in the world is a needy child—are aided every day and in the most considerate ways by these Sunshine workers.

Every day cannot be a thanksgiving day; some days in life are dark and dreary and those cheerful, sympathetic, helpful Sunshiners are every day helping somebody to feel thankful for the existence of kind hearts and generous, sympathetic impulses.

No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy. The Sunshiners come in the hour of need and their coming is a helpful blessing always.

Friendship, true friendship, can only be found to bloom in the soil of a noble and self-sacrificing heart; there it has a perennial summer, a never-ending season of felicity and joy to its happy possessor, casting a thousand rays of love and hope and peace to all around.

The big-hearted and noble-hearted women who are doing this Sunshine work in New Haven and in many parts of the country are truly "laying up treasures in heaven;" but, better still, they are giving that kind of help which is so often most needed here on earth.

This subject of friendship is a big one, and the Sunshiners are doing much to exemplify it.

What a blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly upon any subject; with whom one's deepest thoughts come simply and safely.

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh the thoughts nor measure the words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them; keep what is worth keeping, and then, with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away.

The Sunshiners make no parade of charity. Their effort is to help those who need helping at the time and in the way which will be most helpful. They work not for glory, but for good; they bring sunshine into places where there is sorrow, hope into the hearts that are despondent. They help to smooth the rough pathway of experience and they fill the very atmosphere with the incense of kind-hearted humanity.

The Sunshine spirit is the most helpful and uplifting spirit that exists in the hearts of the people today.

All honor to the Sunshiners and their noble work.

Look Ahead.

Rise! if the Past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever:
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife today.

—Proctor.

Scatter Sunshine.

The late Grand Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was a member of the New Haven (Conn.) Sunshine society. When invited to join the society he replied: "Sunshine. I like that name; I have tried to scatter that all my life." And the respect and high esteem with which he was held proves that he lived very near his ideal and has reached it now. The New Haven branch now numbers over 1,700 members.

The Little Things of Life.

Oh, does it sometimes seem, my dear, as tho
It didn't pay
To do the little things that come with each successive day—
The trifling things, so small and dull—oh, does
it seem to you
That life holds grander duties you long so much
to do?
Its prosy work to sweep and dust and set the
house aright,
To trim the lamps and render them all shining,
clean and bright.
It's dull to rock the baby when other duties
wait;
To patch and mend the little clothes and make
the tangles straight.

Oh, 'tis the little things of life that make us
what we are;
The happy housewife or the one whom little
troubles mar;
It is the little things we do that make us sweet
or sour;
That strew our path with thistles or with many
a flower.
Oh, let us just resolve, my dear, to do them
anyway—
The petty, trifling duties that come to us each
day—
So let us gladly do them, nor think them done
in vain.
And in our lives their melody will make a sweet
refrain.

—Harriet Francene Crocker.

All May Feel the Sun.

"If you all cannot live on the piazza everyone may feel the sun," says an Italian proverb.

"Life is full of sunshine for those who wish to absorb it. Difficulties and troubles bravely met make strong men and women."

The Four-Leaf Clover.

I know a place where the sun is like gold
And the cherry blooms burst with snow.
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for Hope and one for Faith,
And one is for Love, you know.
And God put in another one for Luck:
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope and you must have
faith;
You must love and be strong; and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—Ella Higginson.

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