

With the Long Bow

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

A Vindictive and Dangerous Church Mouse at Marion, Ohio, Causes Mrs. Wallace to Scream and Interrupts the Anthem—The Enraged Animal Finally Takes to Its Hole Without Injuring Anybody.

AS MRS. WALLACE sat peacefully in the Wesley Methodist church at Marion, Ohio, thinking of the shortcomings of the millinery of her neighbors, and incidentally listening to the choir breaking fiercely loose on "Come Forth, Behold the Light," she felt a mouse wiggling in the lining of her fall hat. She knew instinctively that it was a mouse, and she screamed. Her frantic efforts to dislodge the animal were finally successful, and the mouse leaped to the floor. There was an immediate scamping among the feminine portion of the congregation, and many stood on the seats and held up garments recklessly.

The mouse fiercely regarded the women, and with threatening looks seemed about to bite. "Come Forth," shrieked the choir, "Behold the Light," as the mouse finally disappeared without injuring a single worshiper. It was a narrow escape.

The other day the city opened an alley back of some Fifth street property, and a board of review, or something of that kind, assessed benefits and awarded damages. All the parties concerned got off pretty well except one widow, who was obliged to move a brick barn from the alley at a cost of about \$500. The board decided she was benefited \$450 worth by the alley and damaged \$200 worth by the loss of the land. Hence she was fined \$250 for the great privilege of moving her barn off of her own property at a loss to her of \$500 more. All that is now needed to increase our respect for good government is to have the health board forcibly vaccinate the inmates of all the houses on the block.

John D. Rockefeller showed up at the Fifth Avenue Baptist church in New York Sunday and spoke to a number of his friends in the vestibule about the action of his digestive tract. It was also Mr. Rockefeller's first appearance at a session of the celebrated Bible class since his return from Cleveland. With his friends in the vestibule John spoke of his favorite doctrine of salvation by cheese and chewing.

"Do you know"—and here the man of millions became animated and confident—"that when you have only half an hour in which to eat, the proper thing is not to eat very much, but to chew it well and not let anything worry you. Your food does you good then."

"For a number of years, for instance, I held the impression that cheese was not an excellent food. But now, when I think of all the cheese I missed, I feel sad, for I am extremely fond of it. I know it is very healthful, and eat a little twice a day."

We are glad to know that John does not have to worry. The size of that last dividend explains this wonderful freedom from care.

Doc Bixby has been having a controversy with a Lincoln pastor. Doc claimed a man should not "get mad." The pastor claimed it was right for a man sometimes to become angry, and the pastor used that old excuse called "righteous indignation" to show doc his error. "Seems if" something was fatally twisted when the pulpit argues in favor of anger and the press against it.

Valley City, N. D., has a new street railway line about ready to open for business. The day of the opening will be celebrated by free rides, and the conductors will serve "frap" from the front seats.

Thomas Burman of Cincinnati broke his leg short off at the ankle the other day.

"You see, it was this way," explained Mr. Burman. "I was riding on a Clark street owl car, going home, and I was standing on the rear platform. When the car goes around the corner at Twelfth street and Central avenue I loses my balance and goes off. Leg breaks. Been troubled with it some time. Knot hole been growing out right there where it breaks and I hadn't paid enough attention to it."

Burman was taken into the hospital. Dr. Stemer looked the injured member over, deciding that it was a ligneous fracture. In fact, the leg was wooden.

Receiving Clerk Joseph Shiff of the hospital remembered that a late deceased had left his leg, which he had worn when he entered, and he procured it. It fitted perfectly save for the fact that it was three inches longer than Mr. Burman's natural limb and gave him the appearance of a ship careening under full sail when he walked. But he was happy and proceeded on his way home.

"You'll have to trim the corns and bunions off that new leg to make it fit," was the doctor's parting injunction.

There are some advantages in a ligneous limb, but you have to watch out for ingrowing knot holes.

-A. J. R.

What the Market Affords

- SCALLOPS, 60 cents a quart. Lake Superior whitefish, 20 cents a pound. Sunfish, 12 1/2 cents a pound. Fresh salmon, 20 cents a pound. Clams, in bulk, soft-shell, 40 cents a quart; hard-shell, 60 cents. Spinach, 20 cents a peck. Cucumbers, 15 and 20 cents each. Green onions, 5 cents a bunch. Parsley, 5 cents a bunch.

We do not have scallops in the market very often, and those who like the tiny shellfish will welcome them. To cook, cover with boiling water and keep hot five minutes without boiling, drain and dry on a cloth. Sprinkle with olive oil, lemon juice and salt, add a sliced onion and strips of red or green pepper and let stand for an hour; then drain and dry a second time. Roll in seasoned cracker dust, dip in egg, roll again in the cracker dust, and fry in dip fat. Serve on a folded napkin with quartered lemon or with tomato sauce.

The scallops may be parboiled and then cut in small pieces, mixed with a cream sauce and placed in buttered shells and covered with bread crumbs. Cook in a hot oven ten or fifteen minutes and serve in the shells with a sprig of parsley on each.

A scallop salad will make a change, and is made by soaking the scallops in salted water, let them simmer five minutes in boiling water; drain, cool, cut in slices and cover with the oil, lemon juice, salt and paprika. When it is time to serve, drain and mix with an equal quantity of celery, dress with mayonnaise, shape in a mound, mask with mayonnaise and place slices of hard-boiled eggs with olives for a garnish.

Japanese women, in the past, had to marry. If they were single at 26, husbands were selected for them by law.



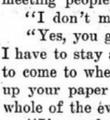
HEAD OF NAVIGATION.

Talking to Her



"YOU never will talk to me," complained the lady. "Now I just want you to put down that everlasting paper and make yourself agreeable. Some husbands enjoy a little conversation with their wives, but all you seem to care about is your paper."

"I don't think, my dear—" "I know you don't think. That's just the trouble with you. You don't consider that I'm here in the house all day with no one to talk to but the children and the servants and the tradesmen and peddlers and any friend who may happen to come in, unless I happen to go out, and you're in town all day long, meeting people."



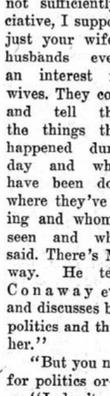
"I don't meet many people. I just go—" "Yes, you go. I know that. You go where you like, but I have to stay at home so that you can have a pleasant place to come to when you are tired of going. Then you just take up your paper and I can never get a word out of you the whole of the evening."

"I'm perfectly willing to talk, but—" "I wish you would not interrupt me when I'm speaking. Yes, you're perfectly willing to talk, but you don't want to talk to me. I suppose that's it. I'm not sufficiently appreciative, I suppose. I'm just your wife. Some husbands even take an interest in their wives. They come home and tell them all the things that have happened during the day and what they have been doing and where they've been going and whom they've seen and what they said. There's Mr. Conway. He tells Mrs. Conway everything and discusses books and politics and things with her."

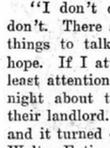
"But you never care for politics or—" "I don't care if I don't. There are other things to talk about besides books and politics, I should hope. If I attempt to tell you anything you never pay the least attention to what I am saying. I was telling you last night about the troubles the Gansprews are having with their landlord. I talked to you a straight hour, I do believe, and it turned out you thought I was saying something about Walter Entiece. You simply weren't paying the least attention to what I said. I might go on talking forever and you wouldn't. If I was any other woman she wouldn't stand it. I'm sure I sometimes wonder I have the patience that I have. John Henry Jillingworth, I don't believe you're listening to me now one bit. What was I saying?"

"You were saying that you wanted me to talk to you," replied the brutal husband, "but you don't give me any earthly show."—Chicago News.

A TRUE SNAKE STORY.



"YOU can't learn me nothin' about rattlesnakes," said the sailor. "There ain't no man livin' knows more about rattlesnakes than me. An' so I don't hesitate to tell you, my man, that that there rattlesnake yarn o' yours is a lie out of the hull cloth." The other man protested mildly. "Now," said the sailor, "if you want to hear a rattlesnake yarn with some facts behind, listen to this here. 'I was a-travelin' wunst in the Bad Lands when I seen a wounded rattlesnake layin' on its back, its tongue hangin' out, pantin' for water. I judge it had been fightin', and got licked. 'Well, I took pity on the critter. I guv it a drink outen my canteen, bound up its wound, and made a little bed of soft moss for it in the shade of a tree. 'And from that day, for a year or more, this here snake, natcherly, never entered my head. 'But, by crinus, the next spring, I found myself in that same neighborhood again, and bust me if a rattlesnake didn't come wriglin' an' rattlin' an' boundin' towards me with as gay a welcome as a dog gives, and it riz up on its tail, my man, and licked my hand. 'Of course, I reekernized it by the scar of the old wound. I couldn't get rid of it. It follered me home. 'And that night, in the village, it done me a good service. Along in the small hours I was woke up by the break-in' o' glass, and, rushin' downstairs, I found the snake had lashed a burglar to the table leg, while, with its tail out of the window, it was a-rattlin' for the police."



Before big guns are fired on modern battleships, the ears of all on board are stuffed with cotton.

Curios and Oddities

"Th' passing strange!"

BLOOD-STAINED TOMBSTONES.

"MURDER will out—nit," said Lecoq, the detective. "There is no truth in that old saw."

"Abroad, last summer, I found a number of tombstones with murder stories on them. The poor folk under the stones were the victims of murderers undiscovered and unhung."

"One inscription was in the English town of Merington. I jotted it down in my notebook. It was on the tomb of two murdered children. The detective read from his notebook:

"An unknown hand caused all our pain, Sleeping we were slain, And here we sleep till we must rise again."

"Another was in Samdridge, the tomb of a custom-house officer shot by smugglers. It said:

"Thou shalt do no murder, nor shalt thou steal, Are the commands Jehovah did reveal. But thou, O unnamed wretch, withouten dread Of thy Tremendous Maker, shot me dead."

"A tombstone in the cemetery of Cladoxton, Glamorgan-shire, said:

"To Record Murder

"This stone was erected over the body of Margaret Williams, aged 26, living in service in this parish, who was found dead with marks of violence upon her in a ditch on a marsh below this churchyard on the morning of Sunday, the 14th July, 1822."

"Altho the savage murderer escaped the detection of man, yet God hath set his mark upon him either for time or eternity, and the cry of blood will assuredly pursue him to certain and terrible but righteous judgment."

"Another stone made me laugh. It was in Dulverton. It said:

"Mrs. Jane Winsmore. Born 1794. Died 1851. 'Poisoned by the doctor, neglected by the nurse, The brother robbed the widow, which made the matter worse.'"

MEN TWO MILES HIGH.

"IF THE stars and planets are inhabited," said an astronomer, "it is natural to suppose that in size their inhabitants bear the same relation to them that we bear to the earth. What I mean is that, if a man is one ten-millionth of the earth's weight, a Martian is one ten-millionth of Mars' weight, and so on."

"Let us work this out. 'An inhabitant of Jupiter, according to our ratio, must then weigh 1,750 pounds. He is 60 feet in height. His chest measures 35 feet. Jupiter, you see, is over ten times the size of the earth."

"The sun is 100 times the size of the earth. A sun man, then, would be 600 feet high. He would weigh 17,500 pounds. His chest measure would be 350 feet. His front teeth would be 4 feet long."

"Sirius is the largest of the fixed stars. Sirius is the great central sun. It is 1,300 times larger than the earth. Thus a Sirian would be a mile and a half high. He would weigh 250,000 pounds. His front teeth would be 55 feet long. His nostrils would each be 50 feet in diameter. His eye would measure 100 feet lengthwise and 75 feet up and down. A hair from his head would be thick enough and strong enough to make a crutch for you or me."

PIGEON FAKING.

THE bird fancier took a young pigeon's beak between his finger and thumb.

"If I was a pigeon faker," he said, "I'd make this beak curve downwards more. Every day I'd bend it, this way, while it's young and soft, and when the bird would grow up it would have a beak of the correct shape. Before then, tho, it would have passed thru a lot of pain."

"Pigeon fakers are pretty numerous. They have tricks that will add \$25 and \$50 to a fine bird's value. 'One trick is trimming. They cut out feathers of the wrong color, and with their scissors they manipulate certain markings till they get them into the pattern that is considered best."

"They dye the birds' feathers, too. This work needs skill, and a good recipe. Judges, being foxy, often touch a finely colored bird with acid, to see if the color is faked or not. So the dye, of course, must be acidproof. 'Some men take young almond tumblers, and enase their heads for a couple of hours each day in a wooden mold. This causes their heads to grow into the blunt, round shape that prize-winning almond tumblers' heads must have."

"Pigeon faking, carried to excess, is cruel. The cruelty societies ought to put a stop to it. How can they, tho, eh? It isn't done in public, is it?"

HOW TO BUY SHOES.

"I AM going abroad," said the patron, "for two years. I want you to measure me for eight pairs of shoes."

"Yes, sir," said the bootmaker. "I shall be glad, sir. But I would prefer to measure you, sir, in the afternoon, sir, rather than the morning. Could you return, today or tomorrow, at 3 or 4 o'clock, say?"

"I suppose so," said the patron. "But why can't you measure me now?"

"It is too early, sir. Your foot has not yet acquired its size for the day. If I measured you now, the shoes would all be a little too small."

"Walking about on our feet as we do, sir, the feet grow, develop, swell—whatever you choose to call it—from rising time till about 3 in the afternoon. At 3 they have their full size for the day. They retain this size till we retire, when they shrink up again for the night."

"Hence, to have well-fitting, comfortable shoes, it is necessary to be measured in the afternoon, sir."

THE LAW'S CRUELTY.

"REVENGE is not the purpose of our laws and prisons," a penologist said. "Their purpose is to reform, to enlighten, to uplift."

"Hence hanging is illogical and cruel. No matter with what cruelty a man may have done murder, the cruelty with which the law murders him afterwards is greater, infinitely greater."

"Think of pacing a little, lonely cell for weeks and months, conscious all the time that on a certain day, at a certain hour, you are to be put to death. Thus the law murders. No man ever murders so cruelly."

"A few hundred years hence our present law regarding capital punishment will be considered as cruel as we now consider the English law of the sixteenth century, which meted out death to him who stole a shilling's worth, to him who burnt a haystack, to him who killed or stole a sheep, to him who wrecked the bank of a fishpond, to him who cut a tree in an orchard, to him who maliciously tore or defaced another's clothing."

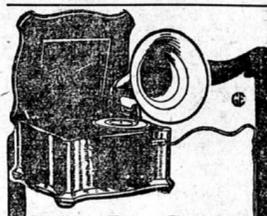
A DIFFERENCE.

AN ENTERPRISING gentleman of the breezy west, who superintends the "railroad eating house" in his town, has recently hung out a sign that furnishes considerable amusement to those who pass by. It read:

Pies like mother used to make. . . . 5 cents. Pies like mother used to try to make. 10 cents.



UMBRELLAS FOR LITTLE TOTS FOR SERVICE AND FOR PLAY 16-inch to 24-inch Little Women's and Little Men's Rain Sheddors From 50c to \$2.80 Just the thing for an Xmas present Half a store of Gloves—The other half Umbrellas. Gamossi No. 20.



THE JOY LINE

The Regimphone is a three-fold joy—a music box, a talking machine and a singing instrument all in one. And the price is just a very little bit more than a music box or a phonograph alone. It will entertain a roomful of people for hours—monologues, tunes, speeches, songs. Seeing and hearing it is the only way to know about it. So come in when you are around our way. You'll be surprised to find how different it is from the usual strident, gritty talking machine. It's the best of phonographs and music boxes combined in one instrument.



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OVER-WORKED Business Men

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Sept. 20th, 1901. 'Lauritzen Malt Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 'Gentlemen: I have used three cases of your Malt Tonic and find it a most excellent tonic. It regulates and builds up the entire system. Have gained several pounds of flesh and considerable strength since commencing to use it. 'Very truly yours, 'Mrs. Jennie McCann, 'Care James R. Carroll.

For sale by all druggists. One free bottle sent to any address in Minneapolis or St. Paul. Write Lauritzen Malt Co., Minneapolis, Minn., and mention this paper.

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