

Getting Him Married



MRS. RICKS stood alone, a wonder among mothers, for she actually wanted her son to marry.

Instead of weeping over the time when Robert should transfer his affections to some other woman than herself she urged him on.

Whether it was the natural stubbornness and disinclination of man to do that which is cheerfully permitted or whether he had a vague notion that somewhere he would run across the one girl in all the world nobody ever had time to find out, so occupied were they in wondering what Robert's mother would do next to lead her son down matrimonial paths.

Getting him settled for life was to her the same kind of mental relaxation that embrodering of pillows is to other women.

Every once in a while she would be cheered by thinking she had at last found exactly the girl who was calculated to appeal to Robert and then ensued a strenuous period in which the young woman was artfully thrown at his modest head.

If Emmeline chanced to be the favorite Robert had Emmeline with his oatmeal in the morning and at night the soup was flavored with her praises and the pudding sauce was tinted with Emmeline.

If he escaped having the young woman dragged in to play cards after dinner he was in luck.

Through it all Robert bore up patiently. To his mother's arguments he answered, with the simplicity of man from time immemorial, that he wouldn't get married because he didn't want to.

Then Mrs. Ricks returned from a visit to an old school friend in Boston and brought back with her the school friend's daughter.

She had written Robert reams concerning her new find, so he was prepared. He knew by heart that Constance was a brunette Juno, that her musical talent was prodigious, her sweetness a marvel, her tact and fascination above par.

The funny thing about it was that she lived up to the description. There was really no reason why any sane man should not have immediately fallen in love with Constance unless his mind was made up not to do so.

"But don't you think she's a lovely girl, Robert?" inquired his mother, almost tearfully, one evening after her guest had retired.

Robert always agreed that she was.

"Then why—" began his mother and continued at some length.

Robert pondered grimly for several days. Perhaps it was his mother said; maybe he didn't have any real heart.

Maybe he never would fall in love, as he dimly expected he would if he only waited till the right girl came along; he supposed possibly it was his duty to take to himself a wife and found a home and become an established part of society instead of a mere atom.

Above all, he was getting tired of his mother's continual din in his ears over his wasted life. He expected that he'd give in some time in a moment of sheer weariness and it might be better to do it now when he was calmly able to decide that he really was making no mistake.

He liked Constance sincerely, tho he had not observed any fluttering of his heart at sight of her and had not lost sleep composing poems about her. It might be well to marry Constance if she would have him.

So about a month after she had returned home Robert started for Boston. He did not say much, but his mother had wild hopes, for never before had he gone even as far as this.

"It will be the crowning joy of my life when Robert is married," she told her most intimate friends. "I shall feel happy and at peace then. I've never worried about what girl he would marry, because I know a man of his intelligence and intuition would never pick out the wrong kind of girl. And I expect—that is—well, you met Constance Rolfe when she visited me, didn't you? Such an entirely admirable girl! Robert has gone there now. I can hardly wait to hear from him. I am sure this time settles it."

It did. The first evening Robert called at the Rolfe's in Boston he fell a victim to a little blonde creature who couldn't tell a piano from a haystack and whose social tact was comprised in never opening her lips that any one ever knew of. He married her one week later and then remembered to write to his mother about it.

Well, his mother was so angry and upset that she hasn't shown the slightest signs of forgiving him yet and refuses to meet his wife. She says she has no desire to become acquainted with a snip of a girl who could steal away the only son of an old woman who has nothing else to live for.—Chicago News.

SWIFT REVENGE OF A SMALL BOY.

I WAS taking luncheon with a friend the other day who has a little boy about 3 years old, writes A. P. A., in Harper's Magazine. As a very special favor, and to please me, his mother allowed him to come to the table, telling me that she could not promise that he would behave in the proper manner, as she had never tried him before.

The bright little fellow behaved very well thru the first part of the lunch, and his mother was feeling quite proud of him. When the dessert came on the table, and proved to be ice cream, his favorite dessert, the small boy wanted a second help. This his mother would not allow him.

"If you don't give me some," he said, "I'll tell on you."

His mother still refused, and the youngster called out: "If you don't give it to me before I count ten, I'll tell. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten."

His mother still paid no attention to him, and he shouted out: "My pants are made out of the window curtain."

A JOKE ON THE DOCTOR.

A BALTIMORE physician says that recently he boarded a Charles street car that was sadly overcrowded. He soon observed a big German sprawled over an area sufficient to seat two persons at least, while just in front of him stood a poor, wan woman hanging to a strap. Indignant at this exhibition of selfishness on the part of the German, the physician tapped him on the shoulder, saying:

"See here! Why don't you move a little, so that this tired woman may have a seat?"

For a moment the German looked dazed. Then a broad smile spread over his countenance as he answered: "Say, dot's a joke on you, all right! Dot's my wife!" —Harper's Weekly.



MARSHALL AND THE METHODIST. Story of the Touchdown in the Northwestern Game.

What the Market Affords

- Turkey, 22 cents a pound. Young goose, 15 cents a pound. Duck, 18 cents a pound. Spring chickens, 15 cents; fowl, 12 1/2 cents a pound. Blue point oysters, 25 cents a dozen unopened; 40 cents, opened. Bulk oysters, 40 and 50 cents a quart. American cream cheese, 25 cents a pound. Cranberries, 15 cents a quart. Potatoes, 75 cents a bushel. Sweet potatoes, 8 pounds for 25 cents. Cider, 35 cents a gallon. Fresh eggs, 35 cents a dozen; storage eggs, 25 cents a dozen. Grape fruit, 8, 12 and 15 cents. Oranges, 25, 35 and 40 cents a dozen. Mixed nuts, 20 cents a pound. Figs, 15 cents a pound. Dates, 10 cents a pound.

Thanksgiving shopping will keep the housewives busy tomorrow. Turkeys remain at the same price quoted last week and the warm weather will probably keep them there. A young goose, duck or chicken will probably be chosen by the woman who has a small family to cater for, as a turkey would offer such an endless succession of made-over dishes after the holiday feast.

Chicken pie is a staple Thanksgiving dish among New England people and the fowl for it is much cheaper than the young chickens. There will be a splendid variety of greens for salads, lettuce, endive, water-cress, radishes and celery at the usual price, with tomatoes, cucumbers and green peppers for those who are willing to pay the higher price for delicacies out of season.

If the turkey is to be carved on the table it should be appropriately garnished. Tiny red apples may top the drumsticks, and the bird rest on a bed of cress or parsley in which sprigs of barberry or tiny cubes of bright red jelly are placed.

If the carving is done before the dish is sent to the table more elaborate garnishes may be used, and mushroom or oyster croquettes, baked onions stuffed with breadcrumbs and walnuts, or stuffed peppers are suggested as attractive and appetizing. Halves of sweet pickled peaches with an almond kernel are very toothsome, tho not so bright as the others.

The mince pie, which by no means may be omitted, may be slightly heated and then sent blazing to the table by pouring a little brandy over and lighting it. This is better than putting liquor into the pies.

A cold sweet to follow may be this very easy one: Boil a cup of sugar with a cup of water till it threads, then beat it slowly into the stiff whites of three eggs, and when cold fold this into a pint of whipped cream. Flavor, put into a small pail or mould, pack in ice and salt five hours, and serve in small glasses. A few macaroons, crumbed into powder, may be put in if you choose, as they are really an improvement.

A new way of preparing an after-dinner cheese will be found worth trying. Put two-thirds of a cup of salted almonds thru the meat-chopper, and mix with a cup of grated American cheese; add a very little salt, a pinch of cayenne, and a dessert-spoonful of brandy; mix well, press into a small mould until needed; turn out, and pass salted wafers with it.

GOT RID OF HIS DOG.

THE junior partner entered the office with his face aglow.

"What's up? Inherited a fortune?" asked his partner. "No. Better than that! It's about my dog. You see, when my wife went abroad this year she insisted that I spend the summer at one of the suburbs. To console myself last week I bought a dog."

"The first night the landlady informed me that the dog was mad, and that she would not keep him another day. So I started out to get rid of him. But this was sooner said than done. I tried to drown him, but I was so fond of him that when he struggled to come out I let him. I tied him to a cart at some distance from the house, but when I returned he was sitting on the doorstep, waiting for me."

"Finally, yesterday, I determined to bring him to town with me and lose him. So this morning I put him into the baggage-car, and when I reached the Grand Central I went back to the car to get him. There the baggageman met me. "Fifty cents," he said.

"What for?" "For taking care of your dog." "Not much," said I. "I won't pay it." "You won't," he snarled. "Then I'll keep your dog." "Thank heavens! I almost shouted. 'The dog's yours.'" —New York Sun.

THE CROSS-COUNTER.

TWO debutantes were lunching at a table by a window. "I've been wondering all day," said the blonde, "why you weren't invited to the Smith-Smiths'."

The brunette with a sweet, clear laugh replied: "The brunette with a sweet, clear laugh replied: "And I've been wondering all day, dear, why you were,"

A String of Good Stories

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

HEADQUARTERS NO GOOD.

"SPEAKING about hotels," began an old-timer, "I remember an old Indian who kept a hotel at White Earth in early days. The redskin made a good living. His place was popular with hunters because of the ability of the Indian to secure guides for them, but not on account of the accommodations offered in the hotel. It was, in fact, on account of the poor service in the hostelry that suggested the idea to a white man of opening a hotel near that kept by the Indian.

"Over the new hotel a bright new sign was hung. It read: HEADQUARTERS HOTEL."

"When the Indian saw his competitor's sign he at once decided that he should also have one, and the next day a sign was placed over the Indian's hotel. It read: HINDQUARTERS HOTEL."

"No one ever heard of a Hindquarters hotel," remarked a friend to the Indian one day. "Why did you select such a name?"

"Because hindquarters heap best," was the prompt reply. "Headquarters no good!" —Fargo Forum.

WATCH 'EM BOTH.

A WATCHMAN who has been engaged by the directors of an Australian bank had brought with him good recommendations. The chairman of the board sent for him and proceeded to "post him up" as to his duties.

"Well, James," he began, "this is your first job of this kind, isn't it?" "Yes, sir."

"Your duty must be to exercise vigilance." "Yes, sir."

"No stranger must be allowed to enter the bank at night under any pretext whatever."

"No, sir." "And our manager—he is a good man, honest and trustworthy; but it will be your duty to keep your eye on him."

"But it will be hard to watch two men and the bank at the same time?" "Two men? How?"

"Why, sir, it was only yesterday that the manager called me in for a talk, and he said you were one of the best men in the city, but it would be just as well to keep both eyes on you and let the directors know if you hung about after hours." —London Answers.

TWO INTERPRETATIONS.

REPRESENTATIVE BURLERSON of Texas raises what would be termed in his state a "mighty" lot of cotton. He is oftentimes unable to get labor to pick it. During the last cotton-picking season the negroes got up a big revival meeting, and there was little work done and hundreds of pounds of cotton were being lost. Some of the best pickers "got religion" and went off to preach. One of the best hands on the place went to Mr. Burlerson one morning and told him of a vision.

"I see de big white clouds a-rollin' aroun' an' a-tumblin' an' a-turbin', an' on dem clouds was de letters P. C. in blazin' fire."

"Well, what of it?" Mr. Burlerson asked, suspecting that his cotton-picker had "got religion." "What do you think those letters P. C. stood for?"

"Dey stan' for 'Preach Christ,'" declared the darky, "an' means I'se got to go out an' preach."

"Not at all, Moses, not at all," answered Mr. Burlerson. "The letters P. C. stand for 'Pick Cotton,' and you get your sack and go out or the devil will get you sure."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S REHEARSAL.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN was at one time rather given to "sawing the air" with his arms when alone, preparing one of his strenuous speeches. Once he issued an order that strangers were not to be shown his orchid houses.

"I will not have my orchids broken," he said to his gardener, pointing to a spoiled valuable specimen. "I suppose you didn't happen to see it done?"

"Yes, I did," replied the gardener. "What! You saw it done, and said nothing?" exclaimed Mr. Chamberlain.

"No, sir; I hardly dared," was the reply. "I insist on knowing who it was," angrily said the statesman.

"Well, sir, it was yourself, yesterday, while you were speechifying." —London Tit-Bits.

GET THE AX.

HECTOR DE CASTRO, the American consul to Rome, received last month from a friend in New York the following facetious intimation of a Roman visit:

"I will roam to Rome for the winter. "Has Rome an aroma?" "You cannot read in Rome at night, "So poor's the Roman candlelight. "As the Tiber is a swift stream, I suppose that to row on it one must be a good rowman. "If I meet any Roman beggars, I will do vatican forum."

THE UTILITARIAN SCOT.

SIR JOHN CARR was rather fond of telling the following story: While in Glasgow he was asked by the magistrate to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on the Nelson monument, then just completed. Sir John recommended as a brief and appropriate epigraph, "Glasgow to Nelson."

"Just so," said one of the bailies, "and as the toon o' Nelson's (Neilston) close at hand, might we no' juist say 'Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles,' and so it might serve as a monument and milestone too." —Tit-Bits.

READY FOR HIM.

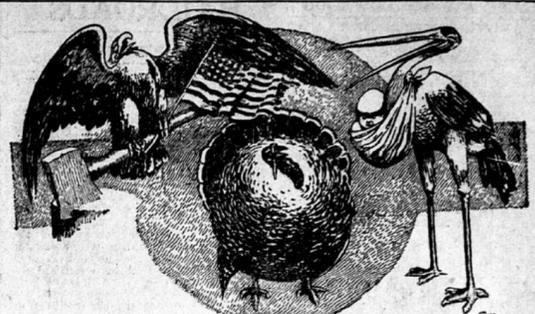
WHEN Representative Bartlett of Georgia was trying his first case the attorney opposed to him was brow-beating a witness.

"How far were you standing from this defendant at the time?" the opposing counsel asked the witness. "Seven yards two feet and seven inches," answered the witness.

"Positive about that, are you?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, I am positive," the witness said. "I thought some fool lawyer would ask that question and I measured it."

COULDN'T SEE WHY.

MOTHER, why should landladies object to children?" asked the son and heir. "How should I know," replied the parent; "but go and see what baby is crying about, and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street, and make George and Kate cease fighting, and tell Dick if he doesn't leave off blowing that tin trumpet I'll take it away from him."



NATIONAL BIRD TALK.

The Eagle and the Stork—"Why don't you get a steady job like ours?" The Turkey—"What! give up the fattest job in these whole United States with the guarantee of a final transfer to the department of the interior? Skidoo, you fellows—skidoo!" —Judge, Copyright, 1905.



A HURRIED SKETCH!—Ally Sloper.

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