With the Long Bow

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

Carefully Wrought Out Argument Showing Why the Blue Earth Register Is in Favor of Public Speaking by Small Boys Whether They Are Fitted for It or Not.

THE Blue Earth Register states that after a boy "has braved the battery of speaking in public until it loses its terrors—as it surely will in time; after he has become able to speak not only other people's pieces, but his own; after he has mastered debating, has acquainted himself with parliamentary practice, and, with clear reasoning powers and freedom in speech developed, has been able to make things go his way and accomplish some little good thereby; after honors have come to him because of his influence in society, due more than anything else to his ability to handle himself and his subject in an able manner—then he will look back and thank the wise instructor and the faithful parents who refused to let his dislike for speaking pieces decide the question."

The Register then sternly reproves this column and slaps our frivolous wrist for backing up the boy who ran away rather than undergo the exquisite torture of speaking in public.

Perhaps the Register is right. The argument sounds plausible. But then, on second thought, we might naturally expect the Register to favor hot air.

is busy laying in his second batch of coal
e same variety of pleasure as that enjoyed
man taking his first turn on roller skates.

ıronology dates back—at least that is what
2,267,000 years. This must have been about the age when Ed Bromley secured that splendid daguerrotype of the first bridge down by Colonel Stevens' house.

It is dangerous to have some one will you a handsome sum and then die and forget it. In England an accentric gentleman named Wright was left $25,000. Having a great distrust of banks, he had always kept what cash he possessed in his house. But with such a substantial sum as his legacy, would he be immune from burglars? So much, indeed, was he exercised in his mind that his health broke down, completely. He took to his bed, and, ere the money came actually into his hands, he had passed to his last account.

On inheriting a legacy of $50,000, a small Birmingham tradesman, who had retired on a weekly income of $10, began to retrench expenditure, on the ground that he was now liable to income tax, and, altho it was explained that, even after paying that impost, his means were enormously augmented, he failed to grasp the situation, and died shortly afterwards an embittered and, as he thought, a ruined man.

If any enemy thinks he is going to embitter our young life by leaving $25,000 to the worthy poor we defy him to do his worst. We are prepared.

A letter full of fears for us has just been received from the comfortable old sanitarium. Casual inspection of the envelope aroused the mean suspicion that the letter was from a sanitorium and it was about to be consigned to the waste basket when a second look showed that it was from the sanitarium and we were much relieved. The resort writes in this cheerful strain:

> Possibly you are just back from your annual vacation and in settling down to work again do not feel refreshed and recuperated as you hoped to be. You are looking forward with dread and apprehension to a long year of strenuous activity, struggling against pain, depression, lassitude and a constant sense of physical inability. You need some thing more than a vacation. It is more than probable that the fault is with your nutrition.

You see at once that the writer is pulling the law of suggestion on you. You are immediately to worry about yourself and begin to think, if you don't know, "well, I don't feel just right, that's a fact. I wonder if my nutrition isn't a trifle on the hog." The sanitarium then continues:

> The only substantial benefit for the man who is worn out with business cares, a sedentary life, and too extravagant expenditure of nerve force and vital energy in any way, is to be found in the application of those physiological agencies which appeal to, and reinforce, the natural powers of the body, which rebuild the tissues, restore wasted nervous energy, replenish the vital power, and reconstitute the man.

This sounds well. There, perhaps surrounded by hundreds of sick people suffering from mulligrubs and Charlie Hossitis, may be found the Fountain of Health, the spring of Eternal Youth.

Yet why should we go to the sanita—or to—rium when any well conducted drug store will furnish Dr. Amelia B. Twospot's Balm of Health, a Great Restorer for Man and Beast with nearly 20 per cent alcohol in it for the tired feeling?

—A. J. R.

STRANGE WATCHES.

"MANY rich persons collect watches," said a jeweler. "Here in this case I have quite a collection myself.

"Here is a watch made in the shape of a skull. To open it I press on the nasal cavity, and the top of the head flies back, revealing the dial. This watch was made in Germany.

"Here is a watch set in a shirt stud. Here is another set in the top of a gold pencil. There is a third set in a finger ring. These fine little watches keep good time. They come from Geneva.

"The richest watch in the world belongs to the Sultan of Turkey. It is 5 inches in diameter, its case is of twenty-two-karat gold, and it strikes the hour with a deep, resonant note like a cathedral bell.

"Here is a blind man's watch. There is, you see, no crystal, the figures are raised, and the hands unusually stiff and strong."

PUBLIC DRINKING TROUGHS A CURSE.

"PUBLIC drinking troughs for horses, as they are usually arranged, are a curse, not a kindness," said a veterinary surgeon, "for they spread glanders, farcy and other diseases.

"They who leave large sums for costly marble drinking troughs make a great mistake. They should leave the money for a fountain, a spigot—a generous flow of good water, with buckets hung on either side, and no trough.

"From such a fountain horses would drink fresh water from a separate bucket, rinsed before using. But, the other way, the horse drinks from a trough wherein a hundred noses, no matter how diseased, have previously been dipped.

"There should be a law against that horses' curse, the public drinking trough."

WOULD IF HE COULD.

"BY JOVE," said Quarter, as he tore a pack of cards in two, "did you see that article on 'The Brutality of Football' in today's paper? The falsest, most unjust thing! I bet the captain will go round and lick the editor."

Half sighed, and broke a crowbar over his knee.

"No," he said; "the captain won't."

"Why not?"

"He's in the hospital with a broken leg and fractured skull."

Rice paper is never made of rice.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

For the Country Cousin.

Living in the "quiet places," he will naturally appreciate the loudest things you can find.

The Haughty Lady

MRS. TRYON found herself standing beside a haughty-looking woman at the bargain counter that morning. They both seemed to be interested in the same pieces of goods, and as soon as Mrs. Tryon would drop a sample the other woman would pick it up. And Mrs. Tryon was always sure to snatch the piece the other woman laid down. They were only a part of a big jam of people, but the crowd was so great that they did not seem to be able to separate. So Mrs. Tryon made up her mind to make the best of it.

"This is a beautiful piece of goods, and cheap at the money. Don't you think so?" Mrs. Tryon at last volunteered, holding the choice morsel of cloth toward her neighbor.

The haughty lady only stared and seemed to be utterly unconscious of a presence near her. Now Mrs. Tryon was not in the habit of speaking to persons with whom she was not acquainted, but she had thought that the exigencies of the occasion were such that she would be impolite if she did not in some manner recognize the inevitable presence of the other woman. It was as if the two had found themselves jammed together in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car. So Mrs. Tryon was hurt at the indifference of the other woman, but she reflected that she might have been over bold in addressing her, and decided to apologize.

"I didn't mean to offend you, madam," she began again, "but the goods seemed such a bargain that I was forced to speak of it, and you were the nearest person and I naturally addressed you. I think the goods positively splendid and I'm going to take a dozen yards of it."

Having unburdened her soul, Mrs. Tryon looked in vain for a response from her neighbor, who seemed impatient at her holding the goods so long and almost snatched the cloth from her hand. She vouchsafed no answer to Mrs. Tryon's apology and seemed more than ever ignorant of her presence. This naturally aroused Mrs. Tryon and she made no further attempt at concealment of her feelings.

"MADAM, YOU ARE THE MOST IMPOLITE, UNBEARABLE——"

"Why, you infernal old cat—you impudent old hussy—you—you infamous scorpion—you—you——"

By this time she had squared herself around in front of the haughty dame where she could not possibly avoid paying attention to her. The woman, seeming to notice for the first time that she was being addressed, arranged her face into a bland and unconscious smile. This more than ever aggravated Mrs. Tryon.

"Madam, you are the most impolite, unbearable——"

The woman smiled sweetly by this time, and reached into her hand bag.

"I only wish there were words that I could utter to——"

The woman drew forth a black-looking trumpet and placed it to her ear, holding the mouthpiece where Mrs. Tryon's next expression could not help being heard. She was smiling most beautifully.

"What did you say?" she asked.

Mrs. Tryon turned cold for a moment. Then she turned hot. Her embarrassment almost overcame her.

"I say I think this cloth is a great bargain," Mrs. Tryon stammered.

"Oh, I don't think so," the woman vouchsafed. "I've seen much better goods in New York at half the price."

"Well, then, why——" Mrs. Tryon began.

"You'll have to speak louder. I don't hear very well," the haughty woman said, bending toward her.

"Why in the world——" Mrs. Tryon shouted spitefully.

"Oh, I'm just looking around," said the haughty lady.

—Kansas City Star.

THE CHINESE ARMY.

TWO Chinese officers, Lieutenant General Tschang and Colonel Wei, who are now on a special mission in Europe, say that it is hoped to complete the reorganization of the Chinese army within a year and consolidate under one direction as an imperial national force the several armies of varying value into which the military forces of China have been divided. This will give China a regular army of 400,000 men, which, it is expected, will be increased to 1,200,000 in the next ten years.

Curios and Oddities

"'Tis passing strange!"

THE SEA-SICK ALBATROSS.

"DID I ever tell you," said the sailor, "about the sea-sick albatross?"

"No," said Carlos Ribera.

"Well, it was off the Horn. A dozen o' them there big birds was floatin' in our wake, and the boatswain took a long, stout line with a big hook on to the end of it, and he fastened on a hunk o' meat for bait, and he slung her overboard.

"Down like a dart dropped an albatross, swallered the meat, and come reluctantly aboard. He was a big feller, too.

"We didn't need to cage him, for he couldn't fly no more'n if his wings was broke. Them superb pinions o' hisn' was useless, for they could only raise him from a high place, where he could take a run, like a cliff or a housetop. Our deck, with its solid railin' confined him to earth as secure as a ton weight would ha' done.

"So back and forth he waddled, ungainly and mad, and soon he got sea-sick. Yes, sir, that seabird, that albatross, got seasicker'n a lady. Finally he lay down on his side, too ill to move. I shoved him out of the way with my foot like so much rubbage.

"Next mornin' we let him go. We took him to a high place, give him a good start. Away he went, up, up; soon he was only a black speck in the blue. I bet he never forgot his dose o' seasickness."

"Ketchin' albatross that way and makin' them sea-sick is often done," said Carlos Ribera. "Another good trick is to take a 6-foot string and tie a hunk o' meat to each end of it. Two gulls'll swallow the two hunks, an' then, you bet, there's a circus up in the air all right."

BLUSHES MADE TO ORDER.

THE ornamental surgeon, or beauty doctor, took down a cut-glass bottle with a gold lid, such as is used for smelling salts.

"Our latest, our most marvelous idea. Take a whiff," he said.

The visitor pushed back the lid, smelt something pleasant and sharp, and felt a pleasant glow of heat pass thru his frame.

"Now you are blushing," said the surgeon. "You are blushing beautifully. You are a living proof that at last we ornamental surgeons can make blushes to order.

"Yes," he went on, "for a long time we have been remaking complexions, straightening noses, removing scars and birthmarks, but the manufacture of blushes seemed beyond us. Now, tho, we can make them, and see how simple it is—a mere matter of chemicals.

"A young man proposes to you, or you are detected in a generous action, or a remark in bad taste is made in your presence. You should blush. So, presto, you whip out this bottle, and are blushing beautifully.

"We make a smaller blushing bottle, one so small it can be concealed in a handkerchief. With this, you merely seem to pass your handkerchief across your lips, and lo, a blush like roses."

THE LABELED LUGGAGE FRAUD.

GAY with labels were the man's kitbag and trunk—labels of London, Paris, Shanghai, Bangkok. Here a long blue label said "Naples." Here a red one said "Berlin." The luggage was a veritable patchwork quilt.

Regarding it, a man sneered.

"That chap begged, borrowed, or stole those labels, and pasted them on himself," he said. "Whenever you see luggage so beplastered, rest assured that its owner, a vain and silly person, made a fool of himself in the beplastering.

"Consider what labels are for. They are guides, they tell the trainmen where the luggage is to go—to London, or Paris, or Vienna, as the case may be. For on the other side, you see, they don't use the check system in transportation. The luggage's label is the only guide to its destination.

"Hence every new label is pasted on top of the old ones by the trainmen. If a trunk were covered over with labels for Vienna, for Stockholm, for Moscow and so on, how would the trainmen know where to send it? The trunk, on each trip, gets a new label, and this new label is either pasted on the old ones, or the old ones are torn off, or scratched out."

What the Market Affords

CRYSTALLIZED cumquats, 50 cents a box.

Crystallized ginger, 35 and 60 cents a box.

Salted pistachio nuts, 50 cents a pound.

Paradise nuts, 40 cents a pound.

Chinese Lichi nuts, 35 cents a pound.

Crystallized fruit, cherries, pineapples, etc., 40 cents a pound.

Stuffed prunes, 60 cents a box.

Stuffed dates, 25 cents a box.

Dessert raisins, 30 cents a pound.

Pepper nuts, 30 cents a pound.

Norwegian Christmas cake, 10 cents each.

German honey cake, 10 cents each.

What a lot of delicacies there are in the market for Christmas! The German cakes may be obtained at nearly all of the delicatessen shops this winter, as well as at the places that have made a specialty of that sort of thing for years. Many people are planning to send the boxes, tins and jars of crystallized and preserved fruits, stuffed figs, dates and prunes instead of flowers to people they wish to remember with impersonal gifts, and most attractive presents they will make when tied with a bright red ribbon.

A correspondent would like to know how to make Waldorf salad, which is a combination of apple, celery and nuts. Crisp the stalks of celery by letting them stand in very cold water with a slice of lemon for half an hour. Then cut the stalks into bits and take the inside from rosy-cheeked apples and cut in small pieces. Sprinkle them with lemon juice to prevent discoloration and also to flavor. Mix equal portions of apple and celery and add English walnuts, pecan nuts or blanched almonds, cut in pieces. Mix with mayonnaise dressing in which a spoonful of whipped cream and a spoonful of cream cheese have been stirred. There is a subtle relation between the apple and cheese that is very agreeable. To make mayonnaise dressing, mix one-half teaspoonful of salt with a few grains of cayenne or paprika, add the yolks of two raw eggs and beat with a wooden spoon until well mixed and the yolks are slightly thick. Then add a teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, and when well blended add one pint of olive oil, drop by drop, beating constantly. When several teaspoonfuls of oil have been added a small egg beater may be used in place of the wooden spoon, and the oil may be added faster. When the mixture becomes too thick to beat well, add a little of the lemon juice, then more oil, and so on, alternately, until all the ingredients, the pint of oil and another tablespoonful of lemon juice have been used. A teaspoonful of powdered sugar and one teaspoonful of mustard may be added with the salt and pepper, if desired. Mix the dressing with the apple, celery and nuts, and fill the hollowed apples with the mixture and top with salt dressing, or with the bits of apple that were cut off the blossom end when the fruit was scooped out.

One lighted gas-jet consumes as much air as four adults.

BEIN' GOOD JES' 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

Then ol' Sport he hangs around, so sollum like an' still—
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's er matter, little Bill?"
The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin' what's become
Uv them two enemies uv hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite and stick so earnestlike to biz,
That mother sez to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me,
When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

—From "Jes' 'Fore Christmas," by Eugene Field.

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