

With the Long Bow

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

Paris Dressmaker Plays It Low Down on Two Society Queens of New York—Two Social Leaders, Provided with Dresses Exactly Alike, Glare Furiously Across at Each Other at the Opera.

HEART-BURNINGS to burn were in order at the opera in New York the other night when two social queens sat in the higher society circles in gowns exactly alike. Both of these Parisian products were of amethyst-colored gauze, heavily trimmed with spangles. The women glared at each other, but braved it out, the music had no charms. Beholders were amused and made good-natured remarks at the expense of the social leaders. The next day the cable to Paris was kept busy roasting the "dressmaker."

Us men know exactly how they felt. Have we not blossomed out into new trousers only to have our entire business day spoiled by seeing trousers of precisely the same trousering on the shapeless limbs of a business rival? Incidents like this may well make one doubt whether the universe is designed to promote happiness.

The evening was passing pleasantly and socially in the basement when the furnace brought forward an idea that a labor union of all the underground workers ought to be formed.

"I'm agreeable," said the Coal Shovel, "but I think the Coal Bin ought to be arrested for being full again last week." "I don't know why the shovel should pick me out," said the bin in an injured voice; "I noticed that he 'had an edge on' after scraping out the last of the coal."

"Here, here," said the Check Draft, "stop that quarreling. I'm here to put a stop to this hot-air business." "O, you're getting as flighty as the cellar stairs," responded the shovel. "But let's get down to business."

"My attention has been called to this matter," continued the furnace, "by our friend the gas meter. He is being worked overtime right along now."

Here the screens that were resting peacefully at one side of the cellar broke in.

"Why can't you fellows let well enough alone? We are all right as we are. This is the easiest time we've had for a month."

"There are no flies on the screens," said the Ash Pan sotto voce.

Here the Cellar Broom fell down, and the cloud of dust that arose checked further conversation.

A correspondent sends in a legal description of certain real estate "situate in Lubec, in Washington county," which is in Maine. This piece of property "begins at the southwest corner of the house adjoining the street; thence westerly on said street 38 feet to land of Jabez Mowry; thence northerly along said Mowry's land 33 feet to a post; thence easterly adjoining said Mowry's land to a post; thence westerly about 12 feet to another post in range with the northerly end of the Mowry, formerly Root barn, to the northeast corner about 22 feet; thence southerly to said Mowry's barn and along the east side thereof 44 feet to John Harris' line; thence easterly along said Harris and Pike's land about 15 feet to James Boyl's land; thence southerly along said Boyl's and Clerys' land 3 rods and 9 links to the street first mentioned; thence westerly along said street to the corner of the house first mentioned."

Some scoundrel will pull up one of these posts some day and about all the real estate titles in Lubec will have a cloud on them.

You have noticed mama carrying baby in the streetcar, have you not? What would you think if baby should suddenly bark, leap from mother's arms and rush out into the street barking furiously?

This is exactly what happened at Louisville, Ky., Monday last. Miss Margaret Hickman had an experience at that time that she is likely to remember. There is a law in Louisville which prohibits the carrying of dogs on streetcars. Miss Hickman dressed her pet in long baby clothing, including frills, laces and baby shoes. Then, covering the "baby" with a thick veil, she boarded a Fourth street car. Now and then she leaned over and whispered to the sleeping infant and everything went well until the Seelbach hotel was reached. There the terrier gave a sharp, long-pent-up bark, and with a bound was out of the car and into the street.

Passengers laughed, Miss Hickman rang the bell sharply. The animal ran in and out of the passing cars, trailing the long baby clothes and creating excitement and wonder among females, who marveled to see a baby darting recklessly among the carriages. Miss Hickman finally captured her pet, laces and all, and fled. That night little Fanchette was put to bed without her usual bone. Naughty, naughty!! —A. J. R.

What the Market Affords

- PERCH, 12 1/2 cents a pound. Maryland black bass, 25 cents a pound. Scallops, 75 cents a quart. Halibut, 18 cents a pound. Blue Point oysters, in the shell, 25 cents a dozen; opened, 40 cents a dozen. Cotuit oysters, 35 cents in the shell, 40 cents opened. Beets, 20 cents a peck. Carrots, 15 cents a peck. Head lettuce, 10 cents each.

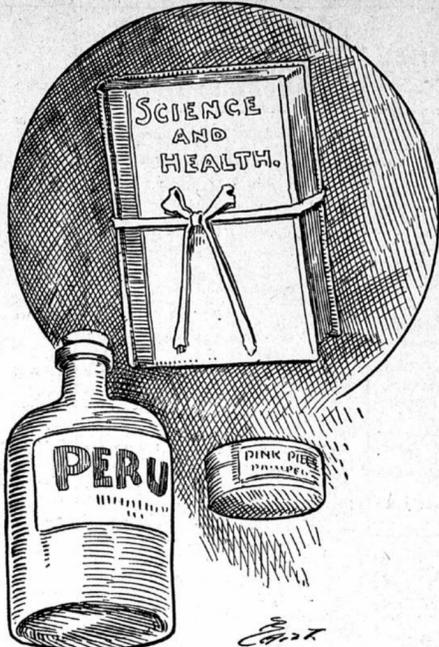
If you prefer the Cotuit oysters to the Blue Point for your Christmas cocktail, you will find them in the market. The Cotuit is a little larger than the Blue Point, and many people think that it is far superior. For the second time this winter scallops can be purchased, but they are even more expensive than they were on their first appearance, when they sold for 60 cents a quart. Maryland black bass and the perch will prove tasty to those who prefer fresh-water fish to salt. The perch are skinned and dressed, ready for the fryingpan.

The bass fried with bacon will make an unrivaled dish for the morrow's dinner. After the fish has been thoroly cleaned, cut in pieces, season with salt and pepper, roll in flour, then in beaten egg, and then in fine breadcrumb. Fry to a golden brown in deep fat. In a separate pan fry a piece of bacon for every fish, lay the bacon on the fish and garnish with parsley. Serve with mashed potatoes and sliced cucumbers.

Here is a recipe for bisque of oysters which is rapidly taking the place of the once popular stew: Drain a quart of oysters. Boil and skim the liquor; chop the oysters with a silver knife, and add them to the juice. Boil and skim again. Put a quart of milk in a double boiler and thicken it with two table-spoonfuls of butter, and three of flour rubbed together. It should be like thick cream. Add celery, pepper, and the oysters, and strain thru a sieve.

"ANTIQUITIES" OF THE SUDAN.

EGYPT'S governor general has promulgated an ordinance by which the government exercises its right of possession of any archeological remains and antiquities discovered in the Sudan. This decree will deal the deathblow to the Egyptian "fakers" and his nefarious traffic in coins, papyri and other spurious antiquities, in the sale of which he plies a thriving trade during the winter season among the credulous tourists.



CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS. For Your Family Physician.

A String of Good Stories

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

HOW PERKINS "DID" A CLAIRVOYANT.

SENATOR PERKINS of California was met at the door of the White House by a man whom he had not seen for twelve years.

"How do you do, Stone," he exclaimed, "you are looking better than you did the last time I saw you."

"Well, how on earth do you remember me?" cried the other. "I don't believe that you ever met me more than twice or three times in your life, anyway."

"Oh, it's an easy thing to remember a name or face," replied the senator, with a laugh, "that is, if only you have a system. Now, I have one. It is all by association."

"That reminds me of a little incident that took place long before I went into politics. I was 'merchandizing' then in a little store. One week there was a clairvoyant exhibiting at the opera-house, and his feats of memorizing were the talk of the town. One day this mind-reader happened to come into my store, and we got to talking about his work."

"I can do some of the things that you can do," I said, "and I think I can do some things that you cannot do." He wanted to know what, and I told him to take a pencil and paper. "Now write down names as I will give them to you," said I. He did so, and I gave him the names of 100 men, all citizens of the place. "Now," I continued, "fold that paper up seven times in your hand." He did so. "Now, turn around seven times." He did so. "Now, I will read you those names in proper order backward," I said.

"You cannot do it for \$10," he exclaimed. "I don't want to take your money, for it is too easy," I said, and then I repeated the names in the reverse order, without making a single mistake.

"That is marvelous," he exclaimed. "How on earth did you do it?"

"Oh, that is my secret," I said, and he never did know how I had performed the trick.

"As a matter of fact, I had not performed any trick at all. I had simply taken the residents of a couple of streets, had gone from house to house and had named the occupants. When I dictated the names to him I had gone down the street. When I read them backward to him I had come back."—Washington Post.

IT WAS WARRANTED DRY.

THE Rev. Edward Lloyd Jones, a Manchester (England) minister, tells a story of his experience in Fenian days. He was traveling from a Welsh village to Brecon, and had with him a strong wooden box filled with heavy theological books. At Shrewsbury the detectives, who were on the lookout for explosive machines and the like, suspected this heavy box, and word was sent on to Brecon. When the young minister stepped out of the train he was astonished to find a sergeant and several constables awaiting him. "I think you have a box with you," said the sergeant. "Quite right," said the preacher, who began to scent a joke. Out came the box, and its weight excited fresh suspicion about its contents. "This is your box?" "Yes." "It contains ammunition?" "It does." "Very well, consider yourself in charge. Open the box." The company stood away while the lid was cautiously wrenched off. When the sergeant found it contained nothing more explosive than Adam Clarke's "Theology," he expressed his indignation freely to the minister. "All that he got back was the soft answer: 'Why, bless my soul, man, you asked if the box contained ammunition. That is my ammunition. I'm a Methodist parson, and that's what I shoot with.'"

A STANDING ORDER.

NEWLIN HAINES, of the Atlantic City Hotel Men's association, was talking about the odd rules that prevail in many of the cheaper restaurants and cafes.

"For instance," he said, "I go in and order oysters, salad and dessert, and get a napkin; but the man next to me, because he has only ordered pie and milk, can't have a napkin on any account."

"A guest here last summer gave me the best example of these absurd rulings and differentiations that I have heard yet."

"The man said that he entered a lunch cafe in London, an ornate place with a counter where some of the patrons stood, and with a number of little tables where others sat. "The man gave a small order, and took a seat at one of the tables."

"Thereupon a waiter hurried to him. " 'Beg pardon, sir,' he said, 'but buns can't sit.' "

IN THE SHOOTING SEASON.

FOR every deer that is shot in the shooting season," said John W. Gates, at a dinner in New York, "two other living things are peppered—two cows, two horses, two men, or something of that kind."

"A young man returned hurriedly and unexpectedly from a shooting trip in the west the other day. He had been shooting over the preserves of a banker who has an estate that is conducted in the English fashion."

"What? I said to the young man. "Back already? Did you get a big bag?"

"Yes," he answered. "I did. The head keeper, the prize cow, my host's cap, and his son's favorite hound. I'm going to Florida tonight."

How Mrs. Bailey "Beat" the Store



SEVENTY-EIGHT cents—just think!" reiterated Mrs. Bailey, as the oblivious man opposite her at the breakfast table reached for his morning paper without responding properly to what she had been saying. "You don't seem to sense it, dear. I expected to pay at least \$2 and probably two-fifty for those bedroom curtains, and these are the sweetest things, all ruffled and with a blue figure that just matches our paper—for only 98 cents a pair! It seems a sin to get them for so little, but I must say it's convenient, just before Christmas!"

"H'm!" commented Bailey, as he opened the newspaper, "I see some advertised here for only 69 cents. They look quite grand, too."

"Let's see," demanded his wife, and, a moment later, the section of the paper which he had handed across to her was lowered to disclose a flushed, astonished face. "They're mine! The very ones, reduced to 59 cents! Of all the tricky, overreaching, dishonorable performances—to sell them to me for 98 last night and cut them to 59 the very next morning!"

"They should have put up a notice, saying, 'Do not buy these curtains yet. We are going to reduce them tomorrow, and you will save money by waiting!'"

"Oh, well, you can laugh, but I think it's an outrage. A woman has to be a regular sharper to shop successfully nowadays. I might have had two pairs for the price of one."

"Do you need two?"

"No; but I could have made dresser covers and things out of the others."

"I thought it was a sin to get them for 98. How about 59?"

"Well, other people will, if I don't."

"Yes, but I don't forget the Audubon glare I got when I proposed that argument in favor of a bird on your winter hat."

"This is different. Every woman I know will think I bought my bedroom curtains at this 59-cent sale."

"What do you care, if you like them?"

"I wouldn't so much if I had really bought them for that. I declare I believe I'll—" But Mrs. Bailey shut her lips suddenly and finished that sentence to herself.

Two hours later she stood in the basement of the big store, demurely facing the salesman who had served her the day before.

"I have decided to 'I HAVE DECIDED TO RETURN THESE CURTAINS,' SEE ANNOUNCED," she announced, with dignity. "You remember I was afraid when I bought them that the blue figure might fade." ("Which is perfectly true," she added to herself, as she darted a guilty glance of intention at a tableful of curtains, precisely like hers, but shamelessly placarded, "Today, only 59 cents!")

There was no objection to the return, and Mrs. Bailey received her cash credit slip and walked away with the air of a duchess. No one would have suspected her of a gleeful plan for approaching that department from another direction, securing a new salesman, and buying the same kind of curtains for 59 cents!

It looked simple, but it proved awkward. Women kept crowding about the table where her coveted purchase lay, all keen on the scent of a good bargain, and three times over Mrs. Bailey swooped down on a salesman only to find him "busy" selling the curtains she wanted to some other customer and herself in imminent danger of being turned over to the dapper young man whom she especially wished to avoid. And, three times over, she suddenly lost all interest in muslin curtains and became deeply engrossed in pillow covers and erettonnes.

The morning was passing and Mrs. Bailey was tired—but she persevered. After the fourth onslaught and retreat she felt like a shoplifter, and hurrying away from the department like one pursued, when she bumped into her friend, Mrs. Monroe.

"Angel! You've saved my life!" she cried. "Go straight over there and buy me a pair of the 59-cent blue and white muslin curtains on that table. Don't stop to ask questions, and when you come back I'll explain."

In less than five minutes Mrs. Monroe reappeared. "The blue and white ones were all gone," she reported. "The salesman said they were the prettiest of all, and they went off like hot cakes. There are some purple and green ones left."

"Oh, the miserable things!" gasped Mrs. Bailey. "If they haven't cheated me out of my curtains altogether! It's just as I told Mr. Bailey this morning—the shops are getting so tricky and overreaching in their methods that—but come along, dear, and I'll tell you all about it!"

NOT A PLEASANT SIGHT.

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, in his recently published memoirs, tells how, while in the United States he was taken to see an unnamed "pork-curing establishment, where, during the season, they kill 1,000 hogs a day." "The animals," he writes, "walk up an inclined pathway of their own accord, in a continuous procession, and at the top are caught up one after another by a chain round their hind legs and swung on to the men who kill, scald, scrape and cut them up; all the separate parts going thru the several stages of cleaning and curing till the result is bacon, ham, barrels of pork, black puddings, sausages, bristles. The ingenuity of the whole process is undeniable; but to go thru it all along narrow planks and ladders slippery with blood and water and in the warm, close, reeking atmosphere, was utterly disgusting. My friend was, however, quite amazed at my feeling anything but admiration for the whole establishment, which was considered one of the sights and glories of the city!"

WORKING THE GULLS.

NEAR the small town of Liegnitz, in Silesia, lies the village Knitz, which is the possessor of a small lake, having a rush and reed-covered island nesting in its center. This island has been selected by a native dealer as a breeding ground for sea gulls and thousands may now be seen there. The eggs of these birds are held in much esteem as dainties. The demand is so large and the quantity of eggs secured is so considerable that the owner is making money quickly. The birds do not seem to object to the removal of their eggs, but lay all the faster to make up for the loss.

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