

With the Long Bow

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

Something Peculiar About the Sudden Demise of Mr. Moses' Uncle, Especially as the Old Gentleman Took Such Care of Himself.

"UNCLE was not well all fall," said Mr. Moses, as he came into the exchange room to secure his copy of the Pewter Weekly Courier...

George was telling last night about a somewhat prim and elderly maiden lady who met with a slight accident at Oshkosh in 1892. They were all going on the excursion up the lake...

The Adrain Democrat says that the people of Rock Rapids were considerably excited the other day over a three-cornered dog fight and expresses no surprise that they were so excited.

So fierce is the demand for musicians in North Dakota towns that any one who can blow over the top of a glass bottle and make a musical note is wearing long hair and playing in the band.

Speaking of the outcry and depreciation that always meets every new invention or discovery, it must be borne in mind that it is not alone the voice of the rabble...

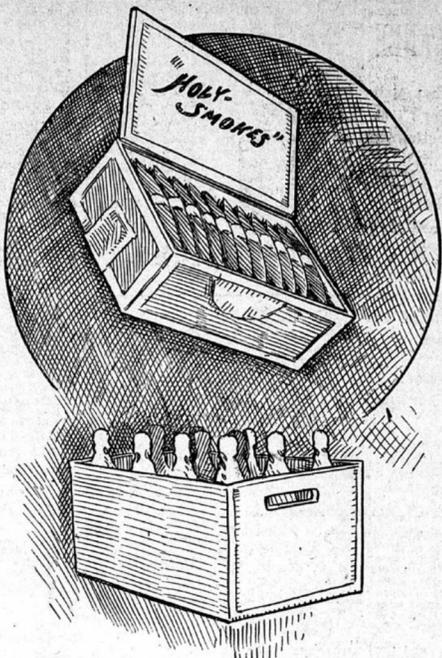
Nobody believed that a locomotive could be made that would draw a load at the rate of more than four miles an hour. But in 1825 Stephenson's engine drew a load of ninety tons at a rate of eight miles.

"Baby's first Christmas! Isn't it great! He just loves the excitement and the lights! Why, last night papa got in just in time. Tootkins was trying to swallow the Christmas tree!

"We have somehow lost the little wooden camel out of the Noah's ark and I am just worried to death for fear baby has swallowed it. It had red paint on it. Papa felt baby all over last night to see if there was any knob on his little person that might represent the ark, but he couldn't find any.

THE CYNIC.

THE cynic sat in a morose attitude in a darkened room. "Why do you always malign your friends?" we said, drawing back the curtains to let in the sun.



CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS. For Your Minister.

A String of Good Stories

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

A SPIRITED WITNESS.

SIR HENRY IRVING was once the guest of honor at a lawyers' banquet in New York. In the course of a graceful address he said:

"You, gentlemen, have given me most helpful advice on the art of acting—will you permit me to give you in return a piece of advice regarding your profession?"

"My advice, then, is that you make your cross-examinations less rigorous, less harsh. What is the good of treating an honest and sensitive witness in the witness-stand as though he were a sneakthief?"

"I confess that I am not in sympathy with harshness in cross-examination, and whenever I hear of a witness turning on an overbearing lawyer my heart rejoices."

"My heart rejoiced last week. A young man in my company was a witness in a case of robbery. He had seen a thief snatch a young girl's pocketbook and make off."

"Well, the thief's lawyer cross-examined my young friend shamefully. He roared at him, shook his fist at him, raved at him."

"And at what hour did all this happen?" the lawyer, sneering, asked towards the end of his examination.

"I think—" my friend began, but he was at once interrupted.

"We don't care anything here about what you think!" said the lawyer with a snort of contempt.

"Don't you want to hear what I think?" said my young friend mildly.

"Certainly not," the lawyer roared.

"Then," said my friend, "I may as well step down from the box. I'm not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking."

A TRUE HUMORIST.

"YOUR true humorist," said Jerome K. Jerome, "sees humor everywhere. Even in his own misfortunes, if there is humor in them, he laughs in a hearty, unfeigned way. Let us all cultivate this attitude, which I can best illustrate with the story of Sidi ben Hassan."

"Sidi ben Hassan lived in Bagdad, where he was noted for his thrift and his geniality."

"One December day he was summoned to the court of the caliph, a place he had never visited before, ground slippery and perilous, where it behooved one to walk carefully."

"The caliph was not Christianized, yet he permitted all his subjects to make him Christmas presents."

"The question was, what present should Sidi take? If he took something too costly and magnificent, he might be rebuked for presumption; if he took something too cheap, he might be rebuked for parsimony."

"Sidi thought this matter out carefully, and decided on a fine bunch of bananas, grown in his own garden. There were some superb bananas, and some superb coconuts. He chose, finally, the former."

"These bananas, in due course, he presented to the caliph, and, alas, they failed to please."

"The caliph considered the gift an insult in its meanness, and in a voice of thunder he ordered that the bananas every one be stuffed down Sidi's throat."

"So the poor fellow stood before the dais, the courtiers and the ruler looked on with smiling interest, and the bananas, one by one, were crammed down Sidi's gullet Christmas morning."

"At the eleventh, Sidi, tho black in the face, burst into loud laughter."

"Why laughest thou, sirrah?" said the caliph, waving aside for the moment the banana administrator."

"Oh, sire," Sidi cried, "I was just thinking—ha, ha, ha—I was just thinking what a good thing it was I didn't bring thee coconuts!"

MRS. PARTINGTON UP-90-DATE.

"DISCIPLINE, my dear Mrs. Newplace," said the Old Lady of the Old School, "discipline has always been my primary idea in bringing up my children."

"And I'm sure I quite agree with you," retorted Mrs. Newplace. "As I've often said to Charles, a parent's word should be unbreakable as the laws of the Swedes and Prussians."

"The Comforts" of Home



R. SPATTERLY surprised me the other night," said Mrs. Spatterly, in the course of conversation. "Yes?" said the caller, with a sweet smile of anticipation. "Yes," said Mrs. Spatterly. "He took me to dinner downtown."

"But that wasn't the surprise. I had some late shopping to do and he had an extra amount of work to do at the office, so it came about naturally enough. We met at the restaurant and went over to a table and sat down. The place was rather full and we didn't get a waiter right away and I got nervous directly. You see, Mr. Spatterly doesn't like to be kept waiting for his meals. That's something I have to be very careful about at home—the cook and I. We calculate carefully on the time it takes him to sit down and unfold his napkin, and right on that instant dinner is served. If it isn't he gets cross and makes remarks, so I expected him to slam his fist on the table and begin to roar and attract attention. But, really, he hardly seemed to notice it."

"He handed me a bill of fare and took one himself and decided that he would have a beef-steak with mushrooms. I thought he'd read over the list of things in tones of deep disgust and wonder why they didn't have something that a man wanted to eat. But he didn't. He just said he thought beefsteak would do for him and then calmly waited."



"THE MAN SAID, 'BEEFSTEAK WILL TAKE TWENTY MINUTES, SIR.'"

"The waiter came and James ordered. The man said, 'Beefsteak will take twenty minutes, sir.' I thought there would be an explosion at that, but there wasn't. He just nodded and began to sip at his glass of ice water. He waited for at least half an hour without a murmur."

"I looked at the steak when it came and I saw that it was almost blue in the middle, it was so rare. I trembled. I said, 'James, you can't eat that steak. I heard you tell the man that you wanted it well done. Send it back.'"

"Oh," he said, "it isn't worth while making a fuss about. I suppose he misunderstood me. I think I can eat it."

"Not a word more than that. And he did eat it. And the potatoes were burned and the butter was hard as a brick. It always irritates him so at home if anything is burned, and he dislikes to have his butter come right out of the refrigerator. But he wouldn't send it back to the kitchen to have it thawed out."

"And the pie was cold. He never eats cold pie at home. And the crust was soggy. My, if Mabel had put a pie like that on our table! The waiter kept him waiting for five minutes, too, before he could get him to take the dessert order. But James seemed quite satisfied and he gave that man a quarter for a tip."

"Now, will you tell me why a man can't act like that at home?"—Chicago News.

What the Market Affords

THE re-servng of the Christmas turkey will be a problem for housekeepers to solve next week. If there are any good slices left serve them cold or deviled but if the pieces are small try a turkey loaf. Chop the meat, season with salt, pepper and add a cupful of soft bread crumbs to a quart of meat, beaten egg and gravy enough to hold the mixture together when molded into a loaf. Pack in a greased pan and bake or steam until it is firm. In serving garnish with olives and the dressing molded into balls.

Turkey gumbo is a soup made from the turkey bones. Brown one-half cup of chopped onions in one tablespoon of butter. Add two quarts of hot water, one cup of chopped celery and the carcass of a turkey broken in pieces. Bring to the boiling point, cover, and simmer gently for two hours. Strain the soup thru a colander and add one cup of canned okra cut in small pieces, one pint of oysters with their liquor, three level teaspoons of salt and one-half teaspoon of pepper. Replace on the fire and cook until the juice of the oysters curl, then serve at once.

Nonpareil Salad.—Marinate in lemon juice, oil and seasoning, one cup of the breast of cold turkey cut in dice, one cup of celery in small pieces and one-half cup of chopped Brazil nuts with the brown skins removed, leaving it for several hours. When ready to serve, drain off the marinade that has not been absorbed, mix the salad with stiff mayonnaise to which has been added a little whipped cream, and stir in one tablespoon of capers. Use enough dressing to make the salad very creamy; garnish with stuffed olives cut in halves, lettuce hearts and curled celery.

THE AGE OF DETAIL.

"WE SPECIALIZE in this age," said Richard Mansfield at a dinner. "Each of us confines himself to one thing, studies out that one thing's last detail and thus comes nearer to perfection than was possible in the past."

"Let me illustrate the unexpected and amazing attention to detail that abounds in modern life."

"A friend of mine is a clergyman. Recently a new pulpit was placed in his church. Meeting him a few days after the pulpit's installation, I asked him how he liked it."

"Not at all," said he. "It hides too much of the figure, and I like every shake of the surplice to tell."



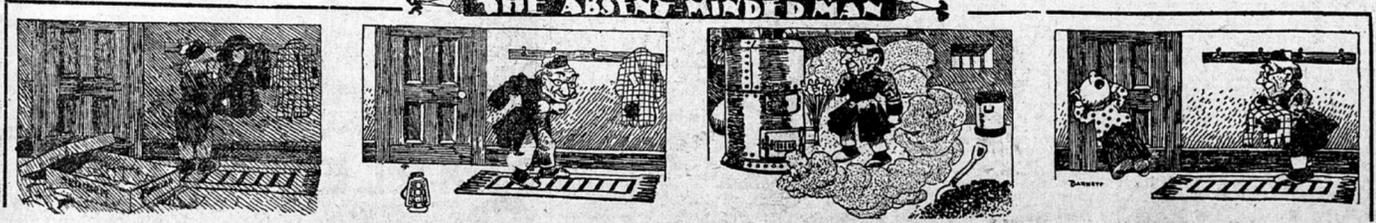
THE SHAME OF EUROPE. Dame Europa—Drat it all, I ought to have cleaned that corner years ago.—Philadelphia Press.

Advertisement for Newbro's Herpicide hair treatment. Includes text: 'GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!', 'Newbro's Herpicide', 'DON'T BLAME YOUR MIRROR', and 'The original remedy that "kills the Dandruff Germ."'

Advertisement for a new short line to Southern California. Includes a map showing routes from Minneapolis to Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, and a table of train schedules.

Advertisement for the State Mutual Life Assurance Company. Includes text: 'HOW TO JUDGE A LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY', 'One good way is by its record for honest and economical management.', and 'The State Mutual Life Assurance Company of Worcester, Mass., has a 61-year record upon these points...'.

Advertisement for Radway's Ready Relief. Includes text: 'RRRR', 'Radway's Ready Relief', 'CURES', and a list of ailments: 'Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Coughs, Grip, Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Gout, Pneumonia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism'.



Professor Mooner—"If this nice stylish seal-skin sack for Christmas doesn't please Minerva then I shall be surprised." (Next morning) "And now to put on my old working coat and shake down the furniture." "I must hurry, because Minerva will be up in a few minutes and I want to present that sack wit'."