

With the Long Bow

How Old Amenophis III of Egypt Worked a Gold Brick Game on His Great and Good Friend, the King of Babylon, and How the Latter Sent a Small Hot Brick in Reply.

OLD Amenophis III of Egypt once worked the gold brick game on his great and good friend, the King of Babylon, and Babylon hollered good and loud, too. It has all come out in a translation of an old brick which was one of what are called "the Tel-el-Amarna letters," written during the Eighteenth Dynasty, which long antedates the Hennepin avenue controversy. On this old brick his royal pookoos of Babylon accuses Amenophis III of Egypt of sending him a mass of base metal for gold. He says: "The twenty minas of gold you sent me contained, when melted down, only five minas of pure gold." Amenophis' answer is not recorded in imperishable brick, but he doubtless lays it all to his jeweler and promises to behold the villain and make the sum good by the next shipment, which he at once forgets to do. How human!

The Sheldon (N. D.) Progress notes that "when the doctors excavated in Kernel Brewer of the Forum this week they found and removed, in addition to his appendix, a quantity of bird shot. It is supposed that Brewer carried the shot away with him from a democratic convention in the south." It goes to show that Colonel Brewer has been a man of some weight in the community.

Since the Jingo spirit has waned in England, and strong opposition to moving down and wiping out inferior peoples has developed, it is noted by the Fargo Forum that Rudyard Kipling's popularity has waned, and Mr. Kipling's muse is silent, save for occasional faint and insignificant twitterings. He was the poet of imperialism, the Boer war and Cecil Rhodes. He incited England to conquest and force. The Forum thinks that Kipling himself must have come to see that the aggressions which he glorified are mean and horrible. There is too much mourning in England over the death of her most promising sons in South Africa, too much sense of shame over the inefficiency of the army and the physical degeneracy of the people to allow the songs of imperialism to be acceptable.

This killing off of people who are in the way, or who are of inferior civilization, or who do not wish to trade at our store, whether done by a man or by a nation, is assassination of your neighbor from behind the fence. It is not a popular form of amusement in this country—except in certain sections, and we all pray that it may not become a national sport like golf or marbles.

Postmaster Francis of Allegheny has thrown a bomb as big as a small shed into the camp of Cupid. He noticed that a large number of young people used the general delivery window for carrying on their correspondence. He has been conducting an investigation for months, getting the names of the young people who send and receive mail. All these letters have now been held up and will be delivered to their parents or lawful guardians. This has caused so much consternation among the young folks that it is suspected that some of the letters will prove to be very interesting reading. It serves them right. Young people who will use the postoffice instead of putting their missives into an old hollow tree or in a hole in the fence post deserve to be found out.

A mine owned by local people somewhere in the depths of old Mexico is furnishing them more excitement than a bunch of small boys gets out of a hand-organ monkey. The hole in the earth's crust is scheduled to furnish copper, but last week, in prodding around with shovels, drills and picks, the miners ran into what looked like a subterranean jewelry store. There was enough gold sprinkled around in the 3-foot vein opened up to run the ore up to \$1,000 a ton. Sunday last local stockholders who heard of the incident just sat around and held onto each other in a frightened sort of a way. The management have announced that small stockholders will not be frozen out, as it is part of their enjoyment to see a lot of little fellows killing themselves off with new automobiles.

The Adrian (Minn.) Democrat has been engaged the past week in killing a poet. It says: "The Brewster Tribune has discovered a poet of whom it is very proud. The name of this warbler is J. A. Spafford, and he lives in Ewington township, Jackson county. We must confess, however, that on reading some of his verses in the Tribune, we felt like going out and taking a shot at a friend. We are ready to bet the Panama canal against Bill Loper's ditch that we can name a dozen gentle souls in Nobles county who can write better poetry in their stocking feet than the sample that this man Spafford hands out. Bro. Randolph has no idea of the genius that is lying around loose right here on this reservation. If he has he would encourage it to come forth instead of going over into Jackson county and bringing Spafford into the limelight."

Brother Spafford should take courage from this. It is the mark of a true poet to have the boots thrown into you. When Keats started singing the notes could hardly be distinguished above the clashing of teeth and hammering made by the Adrian Democrats of 1820 or thereabouts. Now the knockers are all dead—and so is the poet. So what difference does it make. —A. J. R.

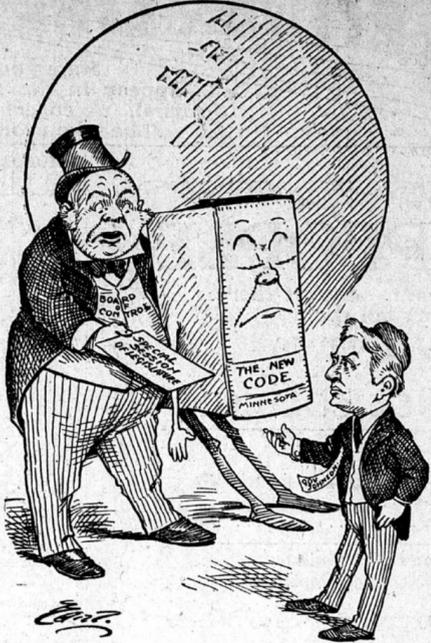
What the Market Affords

SPRING chickens, \$1.50 a pair. Shoulder of veal, 12 and 15 cents a pound. Rice, 10 cents a pound. Split peas, 5 cents a pound. Mushroom catsup 25 cents a bottle. Dried cherries, 35 cents a pound.

Spring chickens have appeared in the market, and they are splendid specimens. Poultry is always high at this season of the year, and other chickens have advanced almost 5 cents a pound. Milk-fed chickens are 22 cents a pound and are better than the grain-fed, which sell for 20 cents.

A veal potpie is always a favorite dish. To make it, wipe a piece of veal from the shoulder, and cut it into pieces for serving. Add a half-inch strip of salt pork or bacon for each piece of veal. Cover with cold water, put over the fire, and bring quickly to the boiling-point. Then, after boiling five minutes, skim, and let simmer until the meat is tender. When nearly tender, add salt and pepper to season, and, if desired, potatoes, pared, parboiled five minutes, drained, rinsed in cold water, and drained again. Have ready a steamer of boiling water. On the rack, thoroly buttered, place some rounds of biscuit dough. Let these cook fifteen or twenty minutes, covered closely, and without allowing the water to stop boiling. Serve the dumplings on the ends of the platter on which the stew is dished.

To make the dumplings, pass thru a sieve, together, two or three times, two cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix to a dough with about one cup of sweet milk. Then pat into a sheet, and cut into rounds.



A VERY SICK CODE. Board of Control—For heaven's sake, run for a doctor!

And He Was the Guest!

IT SEEMED years since Ethridge had seen Rogers, and when they met one afternoon in Union Square the latter wouldn't let him off until he had promised to come and dine the next night.

"I don't know of anything that could give me more pleasure, old man, than to buy you the best dinner that can be had in town," he said, and meant it. So the next night Ethridge met Rogers at one of the famous hotels uptown. It was the first time this winter he had been out anywhere, and the first time he had worn his evening clothes.

Rogers is popular. Everybody knows him. They had hardly met at the appointed restaurant before a party of six men in dinner clothes surrounded him, and there were introductions to Ethridge.

"Just going to dine? Come and dine with us," insisted the spokesman of the six. So presently the double quartet was ordering wine and high-priced delicacies, quarreling good-naturedly as to who should pay for the whole spread. The cigars, Ethridge remembers, were long, glossy, brown-skinned beauties with no special trimmings in the way of silver foil, but they cost \$1.25 apiece. The bill as a whole was pretty stiff, even for that part of town. By and by it was decided to hire a room, play a few games of poker and attend to the minor detail of who should pay afterward.

As soon as the game started a "kitty" was created to pay for cigars and drinks. Because the "kitty" paid everybody ordered more champagne. The play lasted till near midnight. Then, as a some of the party had to catch suburban trains, the game broke up, all declaring that it had been a long time since they had spent such an agreeable evening with good fellows. Ethridge had enjoyed himself as much as anyone, perhaps more. The question of who should pay came up again. Rogers grabbed the check when it was brought, but two of his friends piled onto him and took it away.

"Here, this is too much for any one of us to stand," they said. The items were: Dinner, \$47; wine, \$35; cigars, \$13.50; sundries, \$8. Total, \$103.50. "Let the 'kitty' pay for it."

The "kitty," however, tho a well-fattened animal, came \$40 short of paying the bill. Ethridge had lost \$25 at poker, but paid another \$5 toward squaring the evening's fun, each of the party bearing his share in the deficit. Then, as they started away, it suddenly occurred to Rogers that the waiter had not been tipped.

"We'll soon settle that," he said. "Here, cut the cards to see who gives him \$5."

Ethridge lost and handed over the tip. When he started home by himself he found that his remaining cash amounted to \$1.87. The evening had been so pleasant, however, that even then he did not grudge the outlay.

But as he turned into his door a thought suddenly occurred to him.

"By Jove, I was the guest!"—New York Press.

PROBLEM FOR THE PHILOSOPHY PROFESSOR.

A PROFESSOR in philosophy was lecturing upon "Identity" and had just argued that parts of a whole might be subtracted and other matter substituted, yet the whole would remain the same, instancing the fact that, although every part of our bodies is changed in seven years, we remain the same individuals.

"Then," said a student, "if I had a knife and lost the blade and had a new blade put in it would still be the identical knife?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then, if I should lose the handle from the new blade and have another handle made to fit it, the knife would still be the same?"

"That is so," said the professor.

"Then in that case," triumphantly rejoined the student, "if I should find the old blade and the old handle and have the original parts put together what knife would that be?"—Philadelphia North American.

A symposium of 100 scientists recently decided that the world's greatest writers were Darwin, Shakspeare, Schiller, Goethe and Humboldt.

Curios and Oddities

HOG TRIED FOR MURDER. A NENT strange cases, a lawyer said that a hog had been tried for murder, convicted and hung.

"At Clarmont-Avin, in France," he said, "a huge hog killed and ate a child. The people, horror-stricken, treated the hog as they would have treated a human being. They tried it."

He took down a book bound in gray calf. "Here is the verdict," he said, "the original of which is kept in the National Museum of Paris. It is dated June 14, 1494, and it reads:

"We, the jury, in detestation and horror of this crime, and in order to make an example, and to satisfy justice, have declared, judged, sentenced, pronounced and appointed that the said hog, now detained in the abbey as a prisoner, shall, by the executioner, be hung and strangled on a gibbet, near the gallows which now stands within the jurisdiction of the monk. In witness whereof we have sealed this present with our seals."

WHY LIFE-PRESERVERS ARE USELESS.

"ON MY ship," said the captain, "the stewards, the first day out, go to every passenger, and show just how the life-preservers are put on.

"Excuse me, sir; but do you know how to manipulate a life-preserver?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," the passenger replies.

"Then, sir, if you please—" says the steward, getting a preserver down, and he hands it to the passenger to put on.

"The passenger, eight times out of ten, either puts the life-preserver on wrong, or can't put it on at all. So the steward shows him how to do it. He is impressed and grateful.

"The life-preservers, in a shipwreck, would be of little use, for nearly all the passengers would be unable to get into them. There should be a maritime law requiring a passenger's drill with the preservers every voyage, so that each passenger, in a catastrophe, would know how to save himself with the means placed at his disposal. As things are now, there might as well be no life-preservers on ships."

ORIGIN OF BOW.

"THE bow," said an antiquary, "originated in a cower—the weak savage, to save himself from being knocked down by the stronger one when they met, groveled upon the earth, and thus the bow arose.

"The lifting of the hat is of much later date than the bow. It derives from the time when men wore armor.

"When two armor-clad knights met in those days, and fell into talk, they took off their helmets as a sign of mutual confidence. They exposed their heads to show that they respected and trusted one another, to show that neither was afraid of being brained.

"Hence the modern lifting of the hat, a salutation whose meaning is:

"I hold you in such reverence that without fear I place my life in your hands."

A TRAGIC PHOTOGRAPH.

A NEWSPAPER photographer of Philadelphia has a photograph that is probably the only one of its kind in the world.

This man was one day at League island navy yard, making a hand-camera snapshots of a body of marines at drill. High above him, on a trestle, a painter was painting a stack.

As the photographer worked away, he heard a horrid scream, and looked up to see the painter falling headforemost thru the air.

Involuntarily he leveled his camera at the spot where the poor painter would fall, and, as the crash came, snapped the shutter.

The result was a perfect 8-by-10-inch photograph of the painter striking the earth head first from a fall of nearly a hundred feet.

PERFUME 3,000 YEARS OLD.

THE curator of the museum uncoiled an ancient alabaster vase.

"Smell this," he said.

The odor was delicious. From the vase emanated an odor sweeter than violets, roses, or lilies of the valley.

"You are now smelling," said the curator, "an Egyptian perfume 3,000 years old. This perfume was made in Egypt before Christ's birth, and it was buried with an Egyptian princess—there she is, over there.

"How well it must have been made to keep strong and sweet for thirty centuries. It is only rarely that we find perfumes in mummy cases, but when we do, they are always delicate and pure.

"Marvelous perfumers the Egyptians must have been! Beat us all hollow!"

TRAINED FISH.

A PHILADELPHIA dealer in pet stock has an aquarium of trained goldfish.

These fish, when the man holds a small wand of red wood an inch above the surface of the water, leap over the wand in graceful dives. Indescribably pretty, like miniature porpoises of gold, they look as they vault over the red wand.

A little silver bell swings above the tank, and a silken cord descends into the water. The fish, when they are hungry, take the cord in their mouths and ring the bell.

They will feed from the man's hand. If he holds morsels of food just out of the water, they will leap up and snatch the food from his fingers. It took him nearly a year to train them.

BRICKLAYERS' SUPERSTITIONS.

BRICKLAYERS believe it is unlucky to lay the top brick at the north corner of a building. Some of them would lose a day's pay rather than imperil their future by doing such a piece of work.

A bricklayer often bricks up in the hollow of a wall a horseshoe with a cent tied to it. This he does for good luck. To lay the first and last brick of any building but a church brings good luck to the bricklayer.

Churches are the luckiest buildings to work on. Theaters are the unluckiest.

It is bad luck to break a trowel.

FACTLETS.

THE Japs invented the fan.

Americans have the best eyes.

Hens on an average lay ninety eggs a year.

The Chinese eat annually sixty-three ducks apiece.

A clock in Brussels is wound by the wind.

The condor flies at a height of six miles.

Eggs, 600 years ago, sold for 2 cents a dozen.

In Munich each inhabitant drinks a quart and a pint of beer a day.

The earth casts into space a cone-shaped shadow 864,000 miles long.

In medieval times cats were so scarce that to kill one involved a heavy fine.

Burman rubies, Russian Beryls and Persian turquoises are severally the best.

No less than 70,000 elephants are slaughtered annually for their tusks.

In the French, Italian and Spanish wine lands, the grapes are still trodden with bare feet.



HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

"And how old are you, professor?" "Eighty-one."

"Are you married?" "No—not yet."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Advertisement for NAPAUTO Greaseproof and Waterproof Auto Gannetts. Includes text: 'The only light weight glove that is tough and practical. Prices \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2 pair. Hundred other styles.'

Advertisement for THE BEST CLEANING. Text: 'of either ladies' or gentlemen's clothing, house furnishings, tapestry and even dyeing of carpets, can be done by us. Our facilities are best in the entire northwest.'

Advertisement for TRUE TONE BAND INSTRUMENTS. Includes an illustration of a trumpet.

Advertisement for ROSE Met. Music Co.'s Bldg. Text: 'True Tone' Quick Change Cornet. Best on Earth. \$1.00 a Week. When you want a musical instrument, go to one who knows—that's ROSE 41-43 S. Sixth Street. CATALOG FOR THE ASKING.

Advertisement for PRESTON, Optician. Eyes Examined. 620 1/2 Nicollet Avenue. Suite 204-205.

GERDRON MURDER AS POLICE PLOT

Bertha Glaiche Alleged to Have Been Pledged Immunity by Policemen.

New York, Feb. 27.—An unusual situation, temporarily overshadowing the real issue in the case, confronted the court and jury when the trial of Bertha Glaiche for the murder of Emil Gerdron was resumed in the criminal branch of the supreme court today. This was the inquiry into the part which certain policemen are alleged to have had in Gerdron's death. Charges were made at the opening of the trial yesterday by Assistant District Attorney Ely that two members of the police force aided the girl in her deed and promised her immunity. The largest part of the opening day was spent investigating this phase of the case. Mr. Ely brought out evidence that a letter was sent to Gerdron before his death, and that after it \$800 was reported to have been stolen from the body. Altho he obtained no evidence to show who wrote the letter or took the money, the prosecutor charged that policemen were responsible in both cases and that by the letter Gerdron was lured to the place where he was shot.

Bertha Glaiche herself apparently had only a minor part in the first day's proceedings except as a spectator. She frequently appeared to be greatly agitated, especially during the prosecutor's arraignment of the policemen.

Kodol digests what you eat. Relieves indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, belching. For sale by all druggists.

\$25.00 to the Pacific Coast Via the Soo-Pacific Line. The best of service via the "True Scenic Route" through the Canadian Rocky Mountains. Tickets on every day. For further information and tickets inquire at ticket office, 119 Third street S.

Git-La Grippe, contains no quinine—cures a cold in one day. At all druggists'. 25 cents.

OCEAN STEAMERS. New York, Feb. 27.—Arrived: Rotterdam, from Rotterdam; St. Laurent, Havre; Finland, Antwerp. Sailed: Steamer Brazil, Naples, Hamburg—Arrived Feb. 25: Steamer Bluecher, New York via Plymouth and Cherbourg; Steamer Victoria Louise, New York via St. Thomas, Port of Spain, etc.

Liverpool—Arrived: Steamer Curlic, Boston via Queenstown. Boulogne—Sailed Feb. 26: Steamer Patricia, New York. Gibraltar—Arrived Feb. 25: Steamer Konig Albert, New York via Paral fort, Naples and Genoa. Sailed: Konig Luise, from Genoa and Naples for New York.

Bremen—Sailed Feb. 24: Steamer Main, New York and Baltimore. Hamburg—Arrived Feb. 23: Steamer Pretoria, New York. Bremen—Sailed Feb. 23: Steamer stoans, Vancouver via Honolulu for Sydney, N. S. W.

Naples—Arrived Feb. 25: Steamers Italia, New York via Marseilles, and Perugia, New York. Naples—Sailed Feb. 26: Deutschland, from Genoa for New York. Bremer—Arrived Feb. 26: Steamer Kroonland, New York for Antwerp.

CANADA TO PROBE LIFE INSURANCE

Dominion Government Will Follow the Example Set in New York State.

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 27.—The Canadian government has been forced by pressure of public opinion to consent to the appointment of a royal commission to investigate the whole insurance question in the Dominion. Ever since the disclosure of extravagant management in connection with the big New York companies a distinct feeling of uneasiness has prevailed in Canada and newspapers have been pointing out that while the earnings of Canadian companies have enormously increased, the dividends to policy holders have been dwindling. It is also pointed out that the expense of management have grown beyond what might be considered a fair ratio. A commission of inquiry will be appointed by the cabinet on Tuesday next.

Photographing Mars. The so-called "canals" of Mars have been successfully photographed at the Lowell observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona. This is a feat which has never before been accomplished. Percival Lowell, in an article on the subject in Popular Astronomy, says that attempts to secure negatives that would show the canals have been made since 1901, but without success. Again we are reminded of what perseverance will do. It has taken years and years to reach the high excellence of golden grain belt beer, but you may now enjoy its superior qualities by simply ordering of your nearest dealers.

Very Low Rates to the Pacific Northwest. Many low one-way colonist excursion rates over the Northern Pacific Railway to points in Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia afford exceptional opportunities for visiting the great Pacific Northwest. Rich irrigated lands and very productive non-irrigated lands are selling on favorable terms. Crops are sure and yields are very heavy.

From St. Paul and Minneapolis to Billings, \$15; Helena and Butte, \$20; Spokane, \$22.50; North Yakima and Ellensburg, \$22.50; Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, \$25.

Tickets on sale until April 7, 1906. For full information, write or call on G. F. McNeill, City Passenger Agent, 19 Nicollet block, Minneapolis, Minn.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

The original "rubber shoe" was a "Glove Brand." 60 years the standard.

EFFECT OF OVERWORK. Chicago Tribune. Adam had just named the giraffe. "It really ought to have a longer name than that," he said, "but I'm all tired out from naming the megatherium and the ichthyosaurus."

Wearily turning away, he deferred the job of christening the ornithorynchus until the next day.

Advertisement for Is It Your Own Hair? Text: 'Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you will never be gray. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.'