

With the Long Bow

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

How the Crib of Mrs. Stephenson Was Cracked by Our Social Circles in "Gladstun"—Exciting Event Taken from the Society Page of the Delta County Reporter.

EXCITEMENT has seized on Gladstone, Delta county, Michigan, where the Soo road comes from, and this excitement has warped our social circles into wobbly parabolas. The Reporter, as is its duty, tells how a party of fierce "mesdames" cracked a social crib at "Gladstun." The Reporter says:

"Last Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Stephenson was the victim. The foe stormed the citadel, front, back, windows, but in vain. They were certain the lady had entrenched herself within. Finally a cellar window yielded. With a wild shout of triumph Mrs. Harris, wife of our popular Methodist minister, leaped thru the opening, quickly followed by Mrs. Woodruff. They landed in the potato bin, scrambled thru the coal and finally emerged sooty, but smiling, into the kitchen to usher in the remainder of the party. Still the object of their search eluded them. After tracking her to an upper chamber, and an ineffectual attempt to force the stronghold, the conspirators returned below stairs. To the accompaniment of wild, stirring music, they plotted their next deed. Chaos should reign in that house—not an article of furniture should remain untouched—when suddenly into their midst dropped a deadly missile (commonly called a shoe), narrowly missing the head of Mrs. Goldstein, the chief plotter, and above them stood the object of their search. After such a gallant resistance, she had decided to capitulate rather than have her house despoiled. A truce was declared and the balance of the afternoon spent in peace and harmony.

"Just a word of warning to Mrs. Harris. Neither iron bars across the windows, dynamite bombs under the doors, nor a cordon of watch-dogs around the house will avail her when her time arrives."

After studying this carefully it was discovered from the headlines that was a surprise party, and no fight. As in the case of Sarah Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris, we are almost in doubt as to whether "there is such a person" in Gladstone, but if there is, let her beware!

A poet in St. Peter (city, not asylum) has suddenly burst into the first spring poem of the season. He declares that:

The sun is bright and warm,
The robin shows his sporty vest;
And all the farmers start to farm,
And cats their voices test.

Fair hope again grows green
In all despairing human hearts,
That long have cold and frozen been—
And Cupid shoots his darts.

Come, let us all enjoy
In full the spring's renewing bliss,
And watch how Sun, the gay old boy,
Gives Mother Earth a kiss.

Well, he can't do it any too quick to suit us.

An old paper from the far north, dated November last, makes interesting reading. The Nome Nugget, speaking of the "Great White Silence," of which Jack London writes, and which he never saw, his visit to Alaska and Yukon territory having been confined to one brief summer, states that it has again settled down over Alaska. The Arctic ice pack came this year, as it usually does, silently, shutting out the expanse of sea, which it will hold in its stern, unrelenting grip until the sun and the winds from the south break its fetters.

But the isolation of this year, says the Nugget, is not of the kind that the pioneers of this country knew prior to the coming of the telegraph. In the winter of 1900 the first news that the people of Nome received from the outside was on March 1. It was in the form of a newspaper, the Yukon Sun of Dawson, and was of date Dec. 19, 1899. It contained news of Oct. 14, relating the outbreak of the Boer war. The paper was brought to Nome by W. Y. Fisher, who is still a resident of Nome. So anxious were the people for "outside news" that a hall was rented and the people packed it to its utmost capacity. Attorney R. B. Milroy read the contents of the precious sheet. After the reading was over the paper was sold for the benefit of the fire department and was "knocked down" to the proprietor of the Nugget for the sum of \$6. A portion of its contents again did service as news in the paper he was publishing.

In 1901 news of the election of President McKinley, in November, 1900, was received on Feb. 6. Last year the people of Nome knew the result of the presidential election on Nov. 9.

Before many more years have elapsed Nome will see the "iron horse" daily pulling a train of cars into the city from some point on the North Pacific coast.

This horse has now reached Lincoln, Neb., and the people in that icebound clime are rejoicing to learn that the senate is taking up the reconstruction bill. Dr. Bixby, with his team of spotted Elks, Speck and Span, hitched up last week and took the latest news across the frozen waste from Lincoln to Nome.

"Old Kennedy," who has been a familiar figure in Baltimore, is said to be "all in." Old Kennedy himself acknowledges it, and this week he asked his honor to let him go to the poorhouse.

"Squire," he said, "I'm down and out. A few more months and I'll have to take the count and hand over the belt to rum. It's got me going, an' I've got to run away from it. My legs will hardly hold me. My head burns. My heart burns. I'm an old has-been. You understand? Squire, you've always been my friend. Now, I want to go to Bayview."

To the reporters Kennedy said: "Seventeen years continually drunk. Thoroughly saturated with all kinds of alcohol. All kinds of exposure, alleys, cellars, rain or snow. Nothing but whisky; no food. Literally burnt out, heart, lungs, stomach, brains, kidneys and the whole business."

So passes Old Kennedy, a pretty good fellow, but all bunged up, the victim of the greatest hypnotist on the face of the earth today. You may fool with the Old Man Booze for a while, but in the long run he will get you stretched between two chairs and will be making passes over you and breaking rocks on your form. Cut him out. —A. J. R.

THE PRIVATE'S PRIDE.

"THE late General Joseph Wheeler," said a southerner, "was one of the bravest men who ever lived. He was wounded three times during the civil war, and sixteen horses were shot under him.

"Yet it was not his military, but his literary achievements that he took most pride in. He knew this was foolish, but he could not help it. He said once to me, apologetically, that he was not the only man whose pride was misplaced.

"He said that, in a certain engagement in his youth, he once heard a private swearing and cursing most frightfully. 'Lieutenant Wheeler, as he was then, went up to the private and said sternly:

"Where did you learn to swear like that?"
"The private, at this question, smiled modestly.
"Ye can't learn it," he answered. "It's a gift."



GROWING NICELY, THANK YOU.

The Tall Girl's Adventure

"THERE'S a good deal of advantage in being tall," said the 6-foot athletic girl, who is proportioned accordingly. "Especially when it comes to going out with a fresh fellow. Wait till I tell you my experience with the little fellow from Hoboken.

"He was about 5 feet 3, with short legs and arms and a little tiny face. Somebody introduced him to me, I have forgotten who it was now, and he asked me right off the reel to dine with him. It seems a sort of shame for a girl who has to support herself to let any opportunity to dine at anybody else's expense go by, so I willingly assented, and upon the evening named he came lumping around.

"Where shall we go?" he asked, throwing back his head and looking up at me.
"I think the Waldorf would be rather nice," I answered, looking down at him.

"So we took a cab and went sailing up to the Waldorf, which is only about half a mile from where I live. Still, when you have to walk all the time, why not ride when you have a chance?

"When we got there the cabby robbed him, of course. Anybody could see he was from the country; but I didn't let that worry me. I walked right in and the little fellow followed as if nothing at all had happened to him. I will say that for him. He's got a lot of pluck. The first thing he did was to order cocktails. Then oysters. Then a little white wine with the oysters. Then he asked me what else I would have, and, after studying the menu a while, I ordered the dinner.

"I know a few things about ordering a dinner when I can think of them. The consommé in cup was all right. So was the fish. There wasn't a thing the matter with the reed birds or the duck, and if you could have tasted the ice I ordered! I never saw anything like the attention of that waiter.

"I thought he would turn himself inside out with his serpentine twists. We had crème de menthes and benedictines and finger-bowls, and the little fellow laid a yellow bill down for the waiter to take out and bring back the change.

"When the change came it wasn't enough for the waiter's tip. And the little fellow was so plucky he never cracked an expression when he went down in his pocket for more and told the kow-towing menial to send out to the office and find what tickets could be got for I WALKED RIGHT IN AND THE LITTLE FELLOW FOLLOWED. what theater that evening.

"When we had decided on the theater we walked proudly out, he about two feet below me and everybody looking, and took another cab. Do you know, I really had some computations afterward about taking that second cab? The theater was only right around the corner, and the cabby, seeing us get in at the Waldorf, charged him like anything, I know, but you can't always think of such things at the time when you are out for the evening. Can you?
"He certainly was a generous little fellow. After the theater he took me somewhere, another cab for four blocks this time, and we had a few oysters and a little white wine. It was a lovely place, with flowers and music, so we lingered a while, enjoying ourselves. Then we came away and took another cab to my home. This is the story. We had no sooner got in that cab than the little fellow put his arm around me—it was so little it only went half-way round, and said: 'Won't you give me a kiss?'

"Now, what do you think of that? Wasn't it impertinence for you? And from Hoboken, too! I laughed it off and said, 'I haven't any kisses to spare.'

"Then, what do you think happened? That fresh little fellow raised up and tried to steal a kiss. I frowned sternly and raised up my head till it nearly went thru the roof of the cab. I was nearly as tall sitting down as he was standing, you must remember.

"Sir! I said, but I said it in such a way that the little fellow shrunk to nothing in his side of the cab. He looked pretty nearly scared to death. I believe he thought I was going to stab him with a hatpin. Then I sat there with my head touching the roof of the cab until we got home. Then I said, 'I thank you for a pleasant evening,' and sailed into the house.

"That's the last I have seen of him from that night to this. Oh, no. I don't believe that little fellow will try to be fresh with another tall girl—not while he remembers me."

—New York Press

A String of Good Stories

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

NOT VERY LOGICAL.

POULTNEY BIGELOW was arguing with a local New York man about the Panama canal.

"You are not very logical," Mr. Bigelow said at length. "Indeed, you are as illogical as an old man I used to know in Berlin.

"This old man, umbrella in hand, set out one morning on a shopping trip. He visited the shoemaker's for shoes, the hatter's for a hat, the grocer's for groceries, and so on; and when he got back home in the evening he found that he had left his umbrella behind him somewhere.

"Accordingly, the next morning, the old man set out again in quest of the lost umbrella. He was unlucky at first. The seventh shop he visited was the one wherein his umbrella turned up.

"Well," he said, after thanking the shopman, as he started out with the recovered umbrella under his arm, 'I must say you are more honest here than they were at those other shops.'"

TO BREAK THE MONOTONY.

IRVING G. WADSWORTH of the Congregational Home Missionary society of New York, was describing professional beggars and their ways.

"There was a beggar with a wooden leg," he said, "who for many years plied his trade near the Battery. The old fellow is dead now. He left a good bank balance behind him.

"They say of this very successful beggar that one afternoon a delivery man, seeing him unbuckling his wooden leg in the cheap lodginghouse where they both lived, said, in a reproachful tone:

"'Wot, Bill, knockin' off work already? It's only 2 o'clock.'

"The beggar continued the unbuckling of his ligneous limb.

"'No, ye dolt; I ain't knockin' off; I'm only changin',' he said. 'Ye can't expect me to beg all day on the same leg, can ye?'

WHEN PUSHED.

M. J. IRONS, who has been growing plants with wonderful success under an acetylene light at the Cornell department of agriculture, said recently:

"Plants are like men. They adapt themselves to the conditions confronting them. If a plant can't have ten hours of sunshine it contrives to get along somehow on five hours.

"It is like mankind. A man said to his friend one day:

"'Do you think two can live as cheap as one?'

"'Before my marriage I thought they could,'" the friend replied.

"'And afterwards?'

"'Afterwards I found they had to.'

RESOURCEFUL.

CORTLAND F. BISHOP of Lenox, Mass., is a noted automobilist," said a dealer in motor-boats, "and he merits his fame, for there is not to be found a more resourceful man than he.

"Once, in a desolate part of Vermont, quite ten miles from a house or a human being, Mr. Bishop and I, in a touring-car, came to four crossroads.

"We had expected to find a signboard at the crossroads. Well, the signboard was there, but it had blown down. It lay in the dust.

"To you or me this overturned signboard would have seemed useless. But not so to Mr. Bishop. He stood it up so that it pointed the way we had come, and behold, it was an accurate guide again."

What the Market Affords

VEAL steak, 20 cents a pound.
Strictly fresh eggs, 18 cents a dozen.
Creamery butter, 30 cents a pound.
Flour, twenty-five pound sack, 60 cents.
Celery, 15 cents a stalk.
Okra, 20 cents a quart can.

The season is about over for celery. What is in the market comes from California and is rather high. A vegetable soup is a very nourishing luncheon dish. The Louisiana creoles use okra as a basis for their vegetable soup, and to make it as they do wash and cut into thin slices half a dozen good-sized okras; place them in a saucapan with a pint of stewed tomatoes and one thinly-sliced onion, advises Madame. Cover the whole with two quarts of cold water and simmer for two hours; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of butter; when the butter is dissolved, stir in a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup and one tablespoonful of chopped green sweet pickle. Serve with triangle of toasted bread.

To scramble eggs with tomatoes, fry one small slice of onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter for five minutes. Add one cup of tomatoes, one teaspoon sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, a little pepper, and cook for five minutes. Add four eggs slightly beaten, and cook the same as scrambled eggs.



Bill—How ye got the price of a drink in yer cloze? An' do ye think I'd be after standin' out here if I hed.—Exchange.

Daily Puzzle Picture



March 7, 1899—Seven years ago today many lives were lost in severe earthquakes in Nippon.

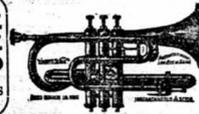
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.
Upside down, in building.



The Gamossi Kid Says:

"Hello! Minneapolis Boys. I've come all the way from San Francisco to meet you, and I'm glad to see you all wearing the Gamossi Kid Goggles." 50c to \$1.00 Pair. 610 Nicollet Ave. GAMOSSI Glove Co., No. 20.

TRUE TONE BAND INSTRUMENTS



"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 Met. Music Co.'s Bldg. CATALOG FOR THE ASKING.

FINE CUTLERY

A full line of Carving Sets, Manicure Cases, Shaving Outfits, Toilet Articles, Cutlery Grindings. R. H. HEGENER, Minneapolis. 207 Nicollet Ave.

Do You Know That the Only Safeguard

To comfort is to wear a Truffitt Bifocal Eye Glass or Spectacle made by

C. A. HOFFMAN, THE OPTICIAN, 624 Nicollet Avenue.

Anything and Everything Optical. Kodak and Supplies.

INSIST UPON



CRESCENT CREAMERY BUTTER

The White Laundry

925 Washington Av. S. A postal card or either phone will bring our auto to your door.

A Grocer recently said—

if possible make Wilbur's Cocoa not quite so good, and charge me a little less for it, so I can sell it a little cheaper, I'll not need any other kind on my shelves—it sells on its 'name.'

The Grocer who said that—

is still selling more of Wilbur's Cocoa than any other. So does almost every grocer, because it's best for five reasons.

To that Grocer we said—

and we say it to you, Wilbur's Cocoa will never be made less perfect than now. We've a name, a reputation and a policy to live up to. That's the grocer's gain and the public's protection.

Grocers sell most of

WILBUR'S COCOA

It's pure, delicate, nutritious, easily digested, maintains its delicious flavor.

Try Wilbur's American Milk Chocolate.

Quick Trips to Chicago and St. Louis

are assured patrons of the Burlington's electric-lighted "Limited." It leaves Minneapolis at 7:50 p. m., arriving Chicago next morning at 9:00; St. Louis 5:35 p. m. Every possible comfort for every minute of the journey! A thro' train that is unexcelled.

Burlington Route

Less elegant, but very satisfactory, is the Scenic Line Express leaving Minneapolis 7:30 a. m., arriving Chicago 8:35 p. m., St. Louis 7:15 a. m. Tickets—Third and Nicollet. Both Phones. J. F. McBLEBY, City Passenger Agent. V. D. JONES, City Ticket Agent.