

With the Long Bow

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

Sugar Cured Egyptians of the Times of the Pharaohs Turned Out in Large Quantities from a Los Angeles Laboratory

"PROFESSOR" J. E. FISHER of 525 South Spring street, Los Angeles, has a laboratory where he manufactures mummies and freaks for museums and traveling shows.

In making mummies, Professor Fisher secures his teeth from the dentists, with whom he has a pull, and his bones from the medical colleges.

"I manufacture old flint-lock guns, swords, Indian, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian and old-world relics, pottery, vases, urns, spears, beads, bracelets and Sanscrit and Hebrew parchments of genuine papyrus.

"While in the Smithsonian institution at Washington," said Professor Fisher, recently, "I saw countless mummified objects and curios, freaks and war relics which I recognized as of my own handiwork.

"I am tired of seeing people humbugged, and I want to tell these things."

If any man is resting calm and satisfied in the great peace that comes from feeling that he has a pickled Egyptian in his collection, it might be well for him to look into the remains a little further and see if the initials J. E. F. are not carved on the mummy somewhere.

This work of making freaks may not be a prison offense, but it ought to result in warts on the conscience of the maker, and it doubtless does.

A genius who lives in the suburbs of Cincinnati and has hung from a streetcar strap for years has invented a folding, portable swing for use in crowded cars.

The St. James Plaindealer says: "Auctioneer Shanks will sell this afternoon at the Union Hotel barn, a miscellaneous collection of personal property, consisting of useful household articles, such as cows, horses, farming tools, chickens, etc."

There is no more useful "household article" than a cow, tho we should keep her in the basement, if it is warm and dry.

Editor Harvey Johnson of the Battle Lake Review, in putting in his garden, utters this threat:

"If the string beans sent by Knute Nelson this spring should fail to string properly, Knute may as well stop running for office right now. We don't intend to be gold-bricked by the government."

It is likely that each bean will have two twisted strings that you can't bite in two.

Ballooning as a sport is growing in favor in the east, and is getting people accustomed to the air, pending the coming of the right airplane.

"The predominant emotion is one of intense peace. We shot up rapidly enough, and, for about five seconds, I experienced the same sort of feeling one does in going up in an express elevator of a skyscraper.

"Another very peculiar sensation is that you always seem to be going toward that point of the compass toward which you are looking. It's weird. If you look out to sea you feel that you are drifting toward it; if you turn your back and look toward Jersey you are just as firmly convinced that you are being blown inland.

"Then we started down. At least, they told me I was coming down, but I couldn't feel it for a long time. We had been up 3,500 feet, according to the instruments. We came down without as much of a jar as you get in an office elevator."

People who have looked over the edge of a skyscraper will have some difficulty in understanding where that "feeling of intense peace" comes in when you consider that the twelve stories under you have been cut away and that you are held up in the air by a little bag of gas.

THE DARK FOR HIS.

"A H, DOCTOR," said the student, "it must have been a touching and dramatic moment when the bandages were taken from the poor fellow's eyes, and he saw again for the first time in sixteen years."

"It was," replied the doctor. "The man groaned, wept, and reached for the bandages again. You see, the first thing his eyes rested on happened to be a girl in one of those new spring hats with the paradise plume."

BRIEFS.

GRAY horses live the longest. White cats with blue eyes are always deaf. New York consumes ten tons of salt daily. Domesticated dogs only—wild ones never—bark. Oysters are not good to eat till they are 4 years old. The average Atlantic fog is thirty miles in diameter. Of every nine accidental deaths, eight are men, and one a woman. The ant, in proportion to its size, has the largest brain of any living creature. A man, shaving regularly till his seventieth year, cuts off thirty feet of beard. London spends \$50,000 a year in sprinkling her streets with sand to keep the horses from slipping.

THE JOURNAL'S HOME EXERCISE SYSTEM.



Exercise No. XVI. Carpet Beating. (To relieve the mind.)

This is much superior to bag-punching, tho hard on the carpet. Imagine the rug your dearest enemy and treat him as he deserves.

An Old Grafter's Bluff Called



SPooner, ex-newspaper man and grafter extraordinary, may be telling his luck story in some newspaper office today.

But for many, many months he has not been seen in Iowa. There was a time when from Davenport to Council Bluffs and from Mason City to Keokuk there was not a daily newspaper office in which Spooner was not known.

When the presses were running and the stress of the day's work was over, Spooner would tell his story. It varied with the telling, and there has always been some doubt as to whether Spooner himself knew where he came from in the first place and on what papers he had worked, so differing were the stories which he told.

But the main theme of Spooner's story was always the same. Fate had played him false; he was tired of life; there was nothing in the future for him. He was going to "end all." At this point in the story someone—perhaps the disgraced reporter—would slip a dollar into Spooner's hand.

One day Spooner was given \$10 instead of \$1. But in accepting the generous gift Spooner made the mistake of his career.

It was in Des Moines. Spooner was late; the paper had gone to press and the office seemed empty as he walked in.



THE STORY WHICH HE HAD TOLD OVER AND OVER AGAIN

A girl was sitting over by one of the windows. Spooner had never seen the girl before. What is more to the point, the girl had never seen Spooner. He had not visited Des Moines for almost a year, and it was during that time that the girl had come up from the country town which was her home to work in the capital city.

Then he told the story which he had told over and over again in that office. But he had never told it to so appreciative an audience before.

The girl's hands, which had been out over her typewriter, were pressed together in her lap. She had her face turned away from him, but he could see her cheek was very pink. When she looked at him there were tears in her eyes.

"Please, please take it," she said. "I don't need it, and you do. What if I am a girl and you a man? Must I be kept from helping you because of that?"

And Spooner, being a chivalrous man and fearing to hurt the girl by not allowing her the luxury of being generous, took the money. The girl was not one of those who tell of the good deeds they do; but she feared that her \$10 might not save the man with the broken heart from suicide.

"She hasn't any home or people and not a cent of money except what she makes," he said, "and she is frail in the bargain. And then an old loafer like you takes money from her. I'm surprised that even you would do such a thing, Spooner."

That speech would have been enough for anyone but Spooner. Yet three months later he came to Des Moines again. He did not go to the office where the girl reporter worked. He went to one of the morning papers. But the story of the way in which he had taken money from the girl was known. And every newspaper man in Des Moines was that girl's friend.

"I'll get rid of him for good and all," had said one man. It was to him that Spooner was talking the night of his return. The paper was going to press. It was quiet in the city room except for Spooner's voice. He was telling the old story.

"Look for me in the river, Ollie," he said. Ollie looked duly impressed.

"Do you mean it this time, Spooner?" he asked. "Indeed I do. This is no bluff."

Then the reporter opened the drawer to his desk and took out something. He handed it to Spooner. "This will be easier and more comfortable and a lot nearer," he said. Then, as Spooner looked at him inquiringly, he said: "Sure thing, it's loaded. I've had it ready for you since your last visit to Des Moines."

Spooner said not one word. But he laid the revolver back in its drawer. And he has never been seen in an Iowa newspaper office since that night.—L. P. H., in Chicago Post.

What the Market Affords

CALF'S liver, 20 cents a pound. Evaporated corn, two pounds for 25 cents. Egg plant, 20 cents each. Cauliflower, 40 cents a head. Lettuce, two bunches for 5 cents. Whole-wheat wafers, 25 cents a package. Blood oranges, 20 cents a dozen.

Strawberries dropped with a thud today, and the pint boxes of splendid Texas berries sold for only 12 cents. Strawberries are often cheaper in April, when they are brought from the south, than in June, when they come from the home gardens.

Have you ever tasted boiled or steamed lettuce? It is a fair dish and a dainty. Wash well firm heads of sound, fresh lettuce and cut the stalks close to the lowest leaves. Tie each head separately with a piece of tape or soft string and lay close together in a wide saucepan. Cover with consomme and cook slowly for half an hour or until the heads may be pierced by a straw. Take out carefully and drain each head separately in a colander, taking pains not to bruise. Place on a hot platter. Keep hot while you stir a white roux into the pan gravy and boil up once. Pour over the lettuce when you have clipped and removed the strings.

Steamed lettuce is picked apart first and the loose leaves are placed in a steamer over a kettle of hot water. Lay a folded cloth upon the lid to keep in the steam. Boil hard for half an hour, then lay the lettuce leaves upon a hot plate; sprinkle with pepper and salt and pour over it a sauce piquante.

COLD DAYS IN CANADA.

"THIS winter, for a change, I went to Canada instead of Florida. Instead of a tropical, I tried an arctic winter. And I enjoyed it immeasurably."

The speaker, a rich young bachelor, lighted a cigaret, and continued, smiling at the blue smoke, as he lay back in his big chair:

"I spent a month in a temperature of 50 degrees below zero, and it was glorious—a white world, a deep blue sky, a pure air that cheered me like champagne.

"The Canadian hotels were all comfortable. In a continuous temperature of 70 degrees I enjoyed my bath of a morning as well as I'd have done at Palm Beach. And, after a hearty breakfast, I put on a fur coat, a fur cap, fur gloves and 'arctics' and went out for a day's sport at tobogganing, or curling, or skating, or skiing.

"Everybody wore furs. Everybody looked like a millionaire. The pretty little shopting in her coat of bearskin or fox fur for once looked quite as fine as her sister, the banker's daughter.

"No one dared to touch metal out of doors with the bare hand. If you did so, you were burnt, as with a hot iron, and also there was an electric shock—a flash of blue at your fingertip, and a sharp pain running thru you. It was quite easy to accumulate a store of electricity by shuffling the feet on the carpet, and then, turning on the gas, to light it by touching the burner with the tip of the finger.

"I gained in weight and strength in this intense, still, windless cold of 50 degrees below zero. Under the blue sky of that white, frozen world, skating, tobogganing, sleighing, I was happier as I breathed the air like champagne than I had ever been of a winter in Monte Carlo, or Cairo, or Florida."

USELESS MUTILATION OF ANIMALS.

"THE horse is not the only animal man cruelly mutilates," said a veterinary surgeon. "The game-cock is clubbed, the dog is wormed, the cat is cropped, and so on.

"Worming, the world over, is believed by the ignorant to be a preventive of canine madness, and hence many a good dog is put thru it. The worm is a small tendon, connecting the under part of the tongue with the floor of the mouth, and to cut the worm pains the dog cruelly, gives him a sore mouth of long duration, and makes lapping difficult for him for the rest of his life.

"Dr. Samuel Johnson evidently understood that there was something absurd about worming, for in his dictionary he says of it that 'the worm is a substance, nobody knows what, extracted nobody knows why.'

"Yet worming is still practiced on dogs."

THE DEADLY AUTO.

HE RETURNED with an empty gamebag. "Nothing?" said his wife, incredulously.

"Nothing," he repeated, laying down his gun. She smiled. "Why, dear," she said, "you have better luck than that with your automobile, don't you?"

Daily Puzzle Picture



April 10, 1896.—Ten years ago today one hundred and fifty Matabeles were killed in a fight with Captain Brand's patrol. Find an English soldier. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. (Left side down—turban at chief's waist.)

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Eyeglass Advice. If you have any present use for a little more peace and comfort in eyeglass wearing, the present is a very good time to inquire about it. Ask to see the Pivot Guard and have it tried on. E. P. Meyrowitz, OPTICIAN, Inc. 604 NICOLLET AVE. (Near Sixth St. S.)

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