

With the Long Bow

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

Grand Old Eagle Eye, the Long-Haired Border Terror, Who Has Buffalo Billed All Over the Known World, Now Spending the Twilight of His Days on a Neat Little Flower-Embowered Skunk Farm in Noo Hampshy, Next Door to Maine, b'Gosh.

POSSIBLY you know all about Eagle Eye, the crack wild western rough rider and renowned rifle shot, who has Buffalo Billed and Barnum & Bailey'd all over America and Europe, and who never yet has cut his hair? Whether you do or not, he has settled down to run a skunk farm at Warren, N. H. Eagle Eye is easily the greatest character in Warren. His appearance in the road riding his bucking broncho, with his leather trousers and sombrero, is that of a genuine cattle puncher. That he never had his hair cut is one of his boasts, and his heavy locks, like ours, when loose fall far below his waist and are more than four feet in length.

His father's name was Hawk Eye, who was a part Indian and the other part Mexican. And his mother was always referred to as Mrs. Eye, so that the present member of the family jocosely says that he has three eyes, himself and his two optics.

Mr. Eye says that there is money in skunks. He has a ready market in Boston for all the pelts and oil he can produce. But the Yankee farmer, every one of whom has had a skunkus Americanus under his barn at some time or another in his career, looks with an evil eye on Eagle Eye's trade and gives the skunk farm a wide berth. But Eye says he does not care one cent for that. He finds the skunks very companionable little fellows and as mild as kittens unless they are disturbed.

Unfortunately, it is necessary to disturb about two thousand of them a year in order to rip off their pelts. This process the skunk finds serious objections to and he takes his own way of expressing dissatisfaction with it. This protest of the skunkus may be described as "loud." It can be heard all over Warren, New Hampshire, and out into the country.

This continued protest has somewhat aroused the citizens of Warren, but as Eagle Eye is said to be one of the kind that shoots, nobody has yet taken up the matter with him and probably will not.

It seems beautiful to hear of a grand old border character like that of Eagle Eye spending the twilight of his days on the farm, surrounded by skunks and the trophies of the chase.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "seems to 'magine dat no matter how much dey tromps on yoh feet, de's puffek gentlemen if dey says 'scuse me-afterward.'" —Washington Star.

The gentleman takes some little pains not to step on your feet in the first place, instead of planting himself forcibly upon it and then making it all right by a "beg pardon" or something equally as good.

Now and then you see a man at a restaurant who thinks it is a mark of culture to pick his teeth at table, provided he does it behind his napkin.

You know the difference "on sight." There is the real gentleman and there is the boy who steps on your feet or your feelings somewhere and then "makes it all right" by saying "excuse me." It is something like making a donkey into a horse by clipping his ears. He does not carry the donkey appearance quite so openly, but he is still thinking the donkey thought.

Arrests of a number of automobile people, who have been skimming around the town in a way that suggests sudden death and other forms of violence, show that the chauffeur is still underrating the particular form of bonebreak that he is handing out to the public. But his brand of danger will be a small matter ten years from now when we read in the papers news items and dispatches like these:

"Mrs. Johnson Badly Hurt. "In bringing his aeroplane to earth this morning, George Henry, son of P. H. Henry, our wealthy banker, alighted on Mrs. C. Carter Johnson, an aged woman who lives on Fourth avenue. She was badly hurt and was taken to the hospital.

"Careless Aeroplaning Again. "Anoka, May 3.—In making a flight yesterday, J. Lavender Selover scraped the chimneys from a row of flats at Rum River place and Sixteenth street and was himself violently thrown to the ground with his plane, breaking his arm. Aeroplanists are getting so numerous now that the accident list is becoming appalling. Measures are to be taken by the city to abate the nuisance."

Poultney Bigelow, who spent several hours on the isthmus a few months ago and came back and was severely roosevelted for reporting things down there as strictly bad and unamerican, has been down again, as he says, "to make sure I was right." It was perhaps a good deal to expect that he would come back and report him a liar, so he finds finally that "even a caser glance at conditions on the isthmus tell that they are bad."

We pause pending the scurrying sound made as Bad Bill Taft carefully sits on the intruder. —A. J. R.



(Speedemica Runemineum.) An expensive orchid now coming into blossom in Minneapolis and vicinity.

ADVANCE IN FOOD PRICES. THE New York World publishes the following table showing the advance in prices in ten years. These are New York prices, but the relative advance there is probably not different from that experienced everywhere in this country. These are wholesale prices:

Table with columns for year (1896, 1901, 1906) and various food items like Butter, Cheese, Macaroni, etc., with their respective prices and percentage increases.

GIVE HIM TIME. TWO men were traveling in one of the hill counties of Kentucky not long ago bound on an exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The logs lay where they had fallen, the thin clay-bank mule grazed round and round in a neat circle, to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the clay-bank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"Where are they?" "Here," said the apparition, touching a hidden spring in a painting on the wall. "Give them to your solicitor in the morning and the thing is done."

"I can hardly do that," put in the ghost; "but I'll show you where they are. Five hundred thousand a year—you had come pretty low."

"Where are they?" "Here," said the apparition, touching a hidden spring in a painting on the wall. "Give them to your solicitor in the morning and the thing is done."

"But why didn't you tell me before?" "I tried to, as I said; but one man went insane with fear, and the other turned mauve and died shortly afterward. Hardly a compliment to one's appearance—what?"

"Wait—it's too late!" exclaimed the quix. "It's no use—I've let the estate for twenty years; and I'm lessor is signed."

"Soon manage that. I'll haunt the place for a week or two, do some growling, wave my arms over a few of the beds and the new tenant will be only too glad to give the estate up and pay you a lump sum down for breach of contract. As he's a rich man he's sure to have an uneasy conscience."

"Saved!" exclaimed his great-great-grandchild.

A Business Ghost

IT WAS 12 o'clock on a dreary night. Thru a hundred chimneys in the old walls of Bleakleigh Towers the wind shrieked diabolically. It was the one night in the year when, it was rumored on the countryside, the ancestral ghost appeared to the reigning duke and revealed some dreadful secret of his family.

And the young duke of Bleakleigh sat waiting for it. Not that he was frightened. He was too much occupied for that. For this was the last night of his ownership of Bleakleigh Towers. All was lost. The ducal income had shrunk to a mere 500,000 a year. The hundred thousand necessary for the annual upkeep of the castle—the painting and upholstering essential for the barest comforts of life—could no longer be spared. The stud of motor cars had been cut down to twenty. Retainers had been dismissed one by one until but sixty hung mournfully about the estate.

The ghost came. He groaned, he growled, he shrieked, he waved his arms. But the blasé duke looked coolly on.

"Well, if you refuse to go mad or turn your hair white, it leaves me hardly anything to do," said the apparition. "I've been avoided so much by everyone, I've lost all my small talk."

"You've got the people in the churchyard, haven't you?" "They're so horribly common. Why, Giles the chandler is next to our vault—and he's so pushing!"

"I take little interest in the matter," said his grace wearily. "I'm giving up the place."

"Giving it up—after we've had it 1,600 years! What ever for?" "Can't keep it up. My rents have fallen to 500,000 and I have to let it to a rich man."

"But that's exactly what I came to tell you about," exclaimed the deceased duke. "I wanted to show you where those Bleakleigh deeds are hidden. If you find them you have an income again at once."

"The Bleakleigh deeds—I should think so! Put me on to them at once—look alive!"



HE JWRICKED HE WAVED HIS ARMS

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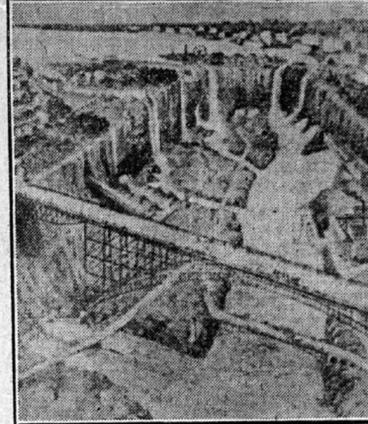
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DESTRUCTION OF NIAGARA.

An artist's idea of how the famous falls will look before long if further diversion of the waters for manufacturing purposes is not stopped. Recently President Roosevelt earnestly recommended to congress the enactment of a new law to preserve this great scenic wonder.—New York Tribune.

"You are a Bleakleigh. They always stood by each other."

"Hush!" said his ancestor. The church clock struck 1. "My time is up," he said; "business hours, you know—see you again—this day next year."

He moved away across the 500-guinea carpet and vanished.—The Sketch.

MILLIONAIRE EXTRAVAGANCE. ZOLA, in his youth, before fame came to him, wrote some stories about millionaires, wherein it seemed to him that he exaggerated shamefully in his descriptions of the costly homes and habits of the rich.

But later on, when Zola became a friend of millionaires, he found that his accounts of their extravagance had fallen far short of the truth.

In the same way, stories about the extravagance of American millionaires that sound like exaggerations, may also fall short of the truth. Here, for instance, are some facts that an interior decorator of New York supplied the other day. They sound extreme, but let Zola be remembered:

A man bought for his hall twelve antique marble columns at Pompeii. Finding he could only use eight of the columns, he had the remaining four destroyed, and he had paid \$5,000 apiece.

Abussou carpets, with a pile three inches thick, are often made to order at a cost of \$40 a yard. Such a cost, too, is nothing beside what is ordinarily paid for antique rugs. They measured by the yard, often cost \$500 or \$600 a yard.

Chairs of ivory, inlaid with wood, are occasionally sold at \$500 apiece. One millionaire's piano cost \$150,000. A five-inch band of ivory, four years in carving, runs around the case, which was decorated by Everett Shinn.

The gold and silver plate of one household requires an expert to look after it. The man is a goldsmith, and his salary is \$2,000 a year. Billiard rooms sometimes cost \$50,000 to furnish. The tables and cues are inlaid with ivory and gold.

Certain wines—Schloss Johannisberg, for instance, stamped with the crest of Prince Metternich—are sold at private sales to millionaires for \$40 and \$50 a bottle. Riding and driving horses cost \$5,000 apiece.

Automobiles, of ninety or more horsepower, made to order, will cost from \$30,000 to \$40,000. Some millionaires keep a dozen or more automobiles, with a head chauffeur at \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year salary, and two or three assistants at \$25 a week each.

Then there is the ocean-going yacht, which cannot be maintained in the most modest way at a smaller expenditure than \$25,000.

In value of product in America, the automobile is running neck and neck with the piano, has flashed past the fur trade; the oldest American business, is 40 per cent ahead of the sewing machine, and is seventy times larger than the wheelbarrow.—Pearsons Magazine.

A String of Good Stories

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

CHANDLER GETS IT ON RECORD.

A SHORT time since a lawsuit in which ex-Senator W. E. Chandler was much interested was being tried at Concord, N. H., before Judge Edgar Aldrich as referee. General Streeter, counsel for the Boston & Maine railroad, was the lawyer opposed to Mr. Chandler, and at this trial Mr. Chandler by Mr. Streeter was long and somewhat severe, and Mr. Chandler felt that he was not fairly treated. There were several sharp altercations between them, and Judge Aldrich informed Mr. Chandler that he was entitled to explain or add to his testimony, if he wishes, after he had answered Mr. Streeter's questions. Finally Mr. Streeter, with some remark which Mr. Chandler did not like, announced that the cross-examination was ended. Thereupon Mr. Chandler, turning to the court, said: "May I now add to my testimony what I wish to say?" "Certainly," said the judge. In his most cool and cutting manner, and with great deliberation, Mr. Chandler said: "I have often had occasion to say that Mr. Streeter is neither by birth, education, nor practice a gentleman, but I have never before had the opportunity of testifying to this fact under oath. I now avail myself of the opportunity afforded me, that it may be part of the record in this case."

PLATT'S LITTLE BAG OF DOLLARS.

THE stepdaughter of Senator Platt, of New York, was married a short time ago. The senator wanted to give her, as one of his presents, \$1,000 in gold. He asked his secretary to go to the treasury and get \$1,000, newly minted and never used. The gold was obtained and placed in a bag, tied with a ribbon and sent to the capitol.

The senator was in his seat when the gold arrived. It was sent in to him by a page. He examined the bag, tossed it back and forth in his hands a few moments and then let it drop to the floor, thinking to pick it up at once. Something interrupted him, he forgot all about it and went to his apartment. A few moments after Mr. Platt left his secretary found the gold and put it in the safe in the senator's committee room. He knew the senator would ask about it sooner or later.

Next morning at 4 o'clock the secretary's telephone bell rang. He got up sleepily and answered the call. "Hello!" came over the wire. "Is that you, Howe? Well, I wish you would go up to the senate chamber right away and see if you can find that \$1,000 in gold. I dropped it up there and forgot all about it."

Howe told him he had it in the committee safe. "I am glad of it," said the senator. "It might have kept me awake a few minutes thinking about it."

A CIGAR BOX FAME.

SOON after David J. Brewer was elevated to the United States supreme court bench a Topeka cigar dealer named a mild, free-drawing 10-cent cigar in his honor, with a picture of "Our Justice" on the box. A few years ago the justice was in Topeka on a business trip. The hotel clerk recognized him; and the negro bell boy, altho he had no idea who the newcomer was, knew from the way he was ordered about that the patron was of some consequence. Going up in the elevator, the negro stared constantly at the tall, dignified man. Suddenly the black face was wreathed in smiles, and the boy said: "Sense me, Boss, but ain't you de gemmen dat invented dese 'Ouah Justice' cigars?"

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S CONFESSION.

IN ORDER to settle, once for all, the controversy as to who wrote "What the Matter with Kansas?" William Allen White makes this confession: "The article was really written by Alexander Dowie as a musical comedy for Grover Cleveland and Lydia E. Pinkham, who were thinking of going on the stage. When the theatrical trust refused to stage the piece, owing to its elaborate scenic requirements, the Gazette took it, revised it from a musical comedy to a geometrical proposition, and printed it. This really should end the controversy."

What the Market Affords

- FRESH cod, 20 cents a pound. Flounders, 15 cents a pound. Spanish mackerel, 20 cents a pound. Shad roe, 35 cents. Lake Superior trout, 20 cents a pound. Frogs' legs, 10 cents a dozen. Potatoes, 75 cents a bushel. Beet greens, 35 cents a peck. Asparagus, 10 cents a bunch. Lemons, 15 and 20 cents a dozen.

One of the most attractive offerings on the fish stalls at the present time is fresh cod. A variation from the usual fried fish and one that is especially economical in that it entails little waste is fresh cod steaks, breaded. Have the fishmonger cut you as many slices as you have persons to serve. A half-inch is a good thickness for each steak, and if the middle portion of the fish is sliced, you may not require the full number of steaks.

THE EMERGENCY CLOSET

A supply drawer containing bandages, plasters and other necessities, in case of sudden illness or accident, is as great a household convenience as the medicine chest.

The drawer or shelf that is to hold the emergency supplies should be near the medicine chest, and it is most important that it should always be in order.

The nature of the supplies must depend somewhat upon the needs of the family. If there are many children, with their various childish aches and pains, the closet should hold a generous supply of old muslin for plasters as well as a roll of flannel for hot applications.

Where there is a band of turbulent boys to be considered, bandages plaster will be required and surgical plaster for the many cuts and wounds.

For general home supplies, first in importance is the hot-water bag. It is well to have two of these useful articles, a large one holding two quarts and a small one holding a pint of water. The smaller size is much better to use about the face and neck.

The closet should also contain one two-ounce package of absorbent cotton, one roll of one-inch wide surgical plaster and one-half yard of oil-silk.

Where Feminine Fancy Lights

KEEP YOUR TEMPER

It is in making the home a comfort and a pleasure that the real skill in housekeeping may be exercised. A good housekeeper must not only know how to make plans for her work, but she must also know how to change her plans easily, or even do away with them altogether for a time, if it seems best.

No housewife can hope to have a pleasant home for her family, or be herself anything but a careworn woman, who does not always provide for the unexpected, and one of the important provisions is to always keep her temper.

If the unexpected happens, and it is continually happening in all active and hospitable households, meet it without any fretfulness, and it will not be half so difficult to deal with.

One of the secrets of being able to have one's plans frustrated without any serious inconvenience is in being beforehand. Never allow work to accumulate if it is possible to do it.

Keep everything in such order that a little neglect will not show. And yet even here one may become a slave to being beforehand, and so rush into the other extreme. But one will be safe if she try to do work ahead of time only when it may be done easily, and at such convenient times that it will hardly seem to be work.

LADIES' APRON

What would womankind do without the ever useful apron to protect her gowns? In performing any task about the house, dirt is sure to get on one and the wise woman knows that an apron at the right time is worth the cost of a dress. The sketch shows a new design for an apron which covers one completely. It is the only sensible kind for real service, as it insures the safe wearing of any gown into the kitchen, and is yet not unattractive. The fanciful yoke may be edged with plain white bands or be neatly stitched. The full blouse portion is not only pretty and becoming but practical, as it allows plenty of room for the waist beneath. The square Dutch neck is neat and easily finished. For an apron of this kind an inexpensive gingham or percale would prove most service-

NEVER STARCH LINEN

Linens should never be starched. It is a common mistake that many housekeepers make, but nothing so detracts from the appearance and life of good linen as starch. Some women imagine that everything that goes thru the laundry should be bathed in starch. One fair matron is said to have starched her handkerchiefs.

Perhaps there is some stuff that masquerades under the name of linen that one has to fortify with certain starchiness, but the genuine linens, never. One should be careful to rinse the piece thoroughly in good, clean water and then give it plenty of light and air. It should be ironed damp so as to get the fine sheen characteristic of well-laundered linens. If linen is ironed dry or nearly so it gets fuzzy.

It pays to take abundant time and pains in the laundering of table linen. For nothing except perhaps a fine horse responds with equal rapidity to good handling. There is a sheen and gloss and a general well-groomed appearance to properly laundered linens that is unmistakable.

No linen will become yellow when packed away if it is rough dried beforehand. It must have no starch in it and should be folded without ironing. In this condition it may be kept for years without showing the least sign of decrepitude.

DRESSMAKERS' SUPERSTITIONS

There seems to be a rooted conviction among dressmakers that if a dress is sent home with even one basting-thread left in it by mistake it will surely be returned for alterations. In some establishments it is also believed that putting a black pin instead of a white one in a dress will surely cause its return. If the maker of a wedding dress pricks her finger, so as to draw blood while sewing on it, it is a bad omen for the bride.

Such superstitions die hard and are akin to the saying that if the petticoat comes below the dress the wearer loves her father better than her mother, and if an undergarment is inadvertently put on wrong side out and worn so thru the day it will bring good luck to the wearer. One may not really believe such things, but still their repetition keeps them alive and passes them on to the younger generation.

In laundering embroidered linens the designs will stand out beautifully if they are ironed on several thicknesses of Turkish toweling.



PATTERN NO. 6429. UPON RECEIPT OF 10c. THE PATTEEN DEPT. OF THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL will send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below. (Write the name carefully.) Name: Street: Town: State: Measurement—Waist: Bust: Age (if child's or miss' pattern): CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 36, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When miss' or child's pattern write out the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

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