

With the Long Bow

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

First Draft of the Famous North Dakota Ditty, "The Ballad of Walter Wellman," by G. E. Boyden, with Suggestion for an Additional Stanza in Case of Failure of the Expedition.

G. E. BOYDEN, the sprightly lyric poet of Lisbon, N. D., known in that part of the wheat belt as "the Lisbon Bard," has written "The Song of Walter Wellman" in several stanzas of which these are samples:

The motorcycle's scrumptious, the auto not so mean, The chauffeur is a dandy with his scent of gasoline. But earth's revolving axis is a scientific boon Which never can be cornered, 'cept by dirigible balloon.

So up in the balloon, boys, up in the balloon, Sailing round the North Pole, lighted by the moon. Snow and icebergs plenty, gulls all sing a tune, It's going some, I tell you, this dirigible balloon.

Then the orchestra plays a little interlude and the song starts in again with renewed fervor:

Six hundred miles of sailing, thru the ambient atmosphere, Before we reach the wondrous goal of all our hope and fear. Successful then, the sun will shine just one perennial noon, While science binds to progress' car our dirigible balloon.

If the expedition should result the other way, we submit to the poet the following stanza in place of his last one:

Six hundred miles of sailing and then within a trice Our sparkler fouls and falls to work and we hit the polar ice; We're gobbed by a polar bear at high eternal noon, And we cuss the day we trusted to our dirigible balloon.

The Wadesboro, N. C., Ansonian printed the following strong statement:

"We were presented with a large onion last week by Mrs. William Gulleuge of Gulleuge township. The onion measured eighteen inches in circumference, and we are unable to dispose of it, our family being away at this time."

Why not drop it carefully out of the kitchen window?

An Eldorado, Kan., hen has turned an egg that is not only a scientific curiosity, but, commercially, of considerable value. T. B. Murdock in the Republican vouchers for the story, having seen the eggs in the daytime. In Colonel Van Rensselaer's poultry yard is a low, swampy spot that seems to be the home of the freddy, or lightning bug, and one particular helpful hen stays out late to catch them. She gorges herself on freddies every evening before going to roost, and it was discovered a few weeks ago that the eggs laid by this helpful hen are nocturnally luminous; that each egg is of the brightness of an electric bulb, and that by coating them with an impervious preparation they retain their brilliancy for an indefinite period. So Miss Angelina and Miss Dorothea painted the eggs with all the colors of the rainbow—blue lights for the blue rooms, red for the red rooms, white lights for the rooms done in white, green lights for the haymow, always observing the proper effects. The seventeen rooms of the home, the barn and outbuildings, are all brilliantly lighted with these eggs.

Speaking of editors' troubles, the man behind the case at Carman, Okla., has just had his. The Headlight of that town says:

"In last week's issue of this paper the statement was made that from our information we believed that the present Mrs. Kieble, the wife of Jonas, was a lady of education and refinement. Since that publication we had a personal interview with that female person, and have revised our opinion. She struck us very forcibly (with the butt end of a buggy whip) as being more athletic than refined. Whatever else she may be said of, we can truthfully say that she is a good fighter."

Tobacco Plains is a reservation town somewhere up in Alberta, named not because of the tobacco grown there, but because of the plains. Some friend sends in a stray copy of the Tobacco Plains Journal giving an account of birthday party festivities at the reservation:

"The village band, which consisted of first bass drum, second bass drum, big drum and little drum, played selections of music between the events, making an elegant combination of harmony.

"The squaws were dressed like New York society ladies, with a slight difference, and looked as proud as a drove of peacocks.

"In the evening Miss Millie Bull Trout, 'The Speckled Beauty,' sang several selections by request, and was accompanied by Gall-in-His-Hand on the tomtom.

"The crowd dispersed singing the great Irish-American ballad, 'Auld Lang Syne.'" —A. J. R.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.



A Fitting Raiment.

This costume can very appropriately be worn by our prominent citizens in appearing before the board of equalizers.

THOUGHTS ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

"Love your neighbor as yourself." So the parson preaches; That's one-half the decalogue— So the prayer book teaches. Half my duty I can do With but little labor. For with all my heart and soul I do love my neighbor.

Mighty little credit, that To my self-denial; Not to love her, tho' might be Something of a trial. Why, the rosy light, that peeps Thru the glass above her, Lingers round her lips— you see E'en, the sunbeams love her.

So to make my merit more, I'll go beyond the letter— Love my neighbor as myself? Yes, and ten times better. For she's sweeter than the breath Of the spring that passes Thru the fragrant, budding woods, O'er the meadow-grasses.

And I've preached the word I know. For it was my duty To convert the stubborn heart Of the little beauty. Once again success has crowned Missionary labor. For her sweet eyes open that she Also loves her neighbor.

—George Augustus Baker.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

We're all aware that Anna Held Exactly what John Drew. But what we'd like to know is just How much coin Kyrle Bellew. Does Hackett cut the ice he did? Does Tony Pastor pray? If you can't answer these perhaps Our old friend Edna May. Does Lillian Russell thru her laces? Is Cissy Loftus tall? Is Sothern cold by nature, and When Primrose did he fall? Is Mansfield tract-able? If so, Can he be called a plot? Would Goodwin be a bad one if Gillette him? Maybe not. But all these questions simple are Compared with this, to me: Was Meyerbeer a relative Of Mr. Beerbohm Trees?

—Judge.

"Nick Carter" in German

Translation of an American Dime Novel.

Owing to the fact that youths are accustomed to emulate the deeds of the heroes of American dime novels the German authorities in Berlin have issued a decree against the sale of translations of the works of Carter, Harkaway and others. The following is a rendering of the concluding portion of one of these volumes, taken literally from the German, and entitled "The Wild West King's Suspense, or Stella's Busiest Day."

CHAPTER XXII.

"COMPANIONS, I do not trouble seek, but if four times a fushing one my path crosses as certainly as marksmanship there will here a shooting fest be."

Teddy Tupper, the young King of the Wild West, was to Stella Stout and Bud Buller this language addressing. They had seeking gold gone and Stella was keen when she wealth sought. Teddy and Bud then struck when the girl said that she accompany them would, and when she in sight, with her maiden aunt as chaperon came they glad were and also content. Stella, the Lariat Queen, was a vision for infamed optics, and they gave to her a joyous hand. No katzenjammer exist could when the little Stella to horse took.

Hardly had Ted these words of bravery uttered than his view loomed One-Eyed Bill, the Scourge of the Level Places, with his wide-brim hat over his eyes down.

"Dumb Head, also availer of nothing," cried One-Eyed Bill. "With also half an eye I see that you are making a large mountain, and I call it."

"Every mountain I make," was the stern reply, "I excellent make. Out with you or I will a little gun play have."

Ted his six-time-shooting revolver pistol from the little box of leather at his saddle about to take was when the trigger in his stirrup caught.

"Up with hands!" yelled One-Eyed Bill. "Already it is my time to be in, and I play some baseball."

But it was with too much of soonest that he spoke had. Stella, Queen of Lariats, quick as lightning her rope threw and caught the arm which the six-times-



"AT LAST YOU I DISCOVERED HAVE"

turning pistol held. The shoot was then, and the bullet, instead of striking the Wild West King, glanced away and itself in the leg of the evil man buried, causing him to say "Donnerwetter!" in a loud tone.

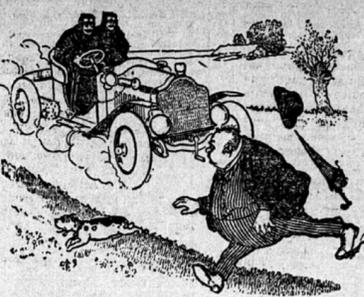
While this done was, Ten-Ichi, the friend of One-Eyed Bill, up behind with a rapidness sneaked and threw the Wild West King into a large valley (which they in the United States a gulch call).

Then our always brave and never-to-be-forgotten hero caught a large crab by the horn and there hung Stella, the Lariat Queen, to a tree tied had been, and Bud on his ear stood was.

The wicked villain, One-Eyed Bill, on the verge of the precipice his stand took, and in his hand a large stone poised.

"Inexpensive skate," he began, speaking in a voice of a savageness, "you once seen never to be forgotten, ever to be detested, unspeakable, and also afraid of your own horses, miserable, and also far

AUTO HUMOR.



"See, this is the way to remove a grease spot with benzine!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

from high-born personage, I here in my hand hold that with which I soon shall be able to—"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I fear not," replied brave Ted. (N. B.—Americans are so impatient in the west that they shoot before one gets to his verb.)

So saying, he excavated down into his jeans and drew a bowie knife, which he with such force threw that it the hand of One-Eyed Bill to a hemlock fastened and made him the six-times-turning weapon drop.

"I was only going to say," said the Argus-Eyed one, "that this stone is solid gold, if you had only the manners to wait until I my speech finished had, but now it is for you three and twenty."

"I from Missouri am," was the reply of the brava lad, "and to me must be an exhibition made."

"I no trouble seek," answered our hero, "but presently I shall hand you a citron of Sicily, which you shall have for keeping."

Stella, the Queen of the Lariat, had meanwhile not in idleness been. Her maiden aunt, who had threatened to the rear in a chuck wagon been, rode up with great fastness and with a pair of scissors the ropes which Stella bound had cut.

"Soak him, my dear niece," said the aged aunt of the brave Stella. "I will to this little truncated human pyramid well attend."

She then small Ten-Ichi quickly seized and with rapidness stepped on him. Stella was entirely to the good. Six times around the waist of One-Eyed Bill he a steer resembled, for when it came to cattle Stella certainly in her element was.

Hardly had she this wonderful feat performed when on the great plain one saw assuredly a speck with a swiftness altogether moving.

It was a solitary horseman quite by himself yet. Soon he had Stella approached and looked hard into the face of her captives.

"Jump! sandhills!" exclaimed One-Eyed Bill, "where have I seen you before?"

"I am Nick Carter, the detective," was the reply of that person. "Sir William Cavendish Singlelamp, at last you I discovered have. This brave girl shall also the great reward offered by the Scotch Garden possess."

Just then from the bottom of the precipice there came a faint cry.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Stella. "It's been my busy day for roping and tying and I plum forgot."

"Curse him!" said One-Eyed Bill. "I hope he breaks his neck, base eater of prunes."

Stella then the greatest rope hurl of all made. Over the precipice in the grass plain she leaped, threw the noose about the projecting crag and brought it quickly up to the level. Hanging to it, unconscious, was none other than Ted, the King of the Wild West.

"Truly a near summons," said Nick Carter, "but well done, my boy, well done."

"I ain't 'for trouble looking," replied Ted in his stage dialect, "but when it comes it gets the best in me battery."

With a groan like an ox in the shambles One-Eyed Bill sank to the ground.

"Galloping gassells!" cried Bud, "this here as easy yet is as fish in a barrel shooting."

"Come, men, back to the herd," cried Ted, the Wild West King. "Nick Carter, who never fails, has again his man found. Let us go hence, where something more is likely to be conducted."

Sir William Cavendish Singlelamp is now a term in prison serving, and to Stella, the Lariat Queen, and to Ted, the King of the Wild West, the reward for his capture went.—New York Herald.

THE ONLY PLACE.

REPORTER (to the manager of the menagerie)—I understand there was an accident of some kind here. Where shall I get reliable news of the affair? Manager—At the gun's stand.

Walnuts and Wine

—From Lippincott's.

TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE OPENING. NOT many men were as ready in reply as was the late Patrick Collins, mayor of Boston. At the very opening of his mayoralty came full proof of this.

There was a knock on the door of the municipal chief executive's office, and in response to Mr. Collins' "Come in" entered a diminutive messenger boy.

"Oh, excuse me," he said, in a tone that suggested both disappointment and apology; "I was looking' for de mayor."

"Well, I'm Mr. Collins," replied that official reassuringly.

"But I 'ought you was short?" stammered the other.

And his honor replied: "You're quite right. Can you lend me five?"

A LOYAL YOUNGSTER.

MR. OGLE, a "blueblood" from Virginia, had recently moved to Washington, where he purchased a handsome house on a fashionable street; but, as is often the case in that city, small frame houses were in close proximity, and from these houses numerous little urchins issued and played on the pavement near his home.

Little Beverly Ogle, aged 6, watched the children longingly. One day his father saw him playing with one of the dirtiest of these little boys. He called the child to him.

"Did I not forbid your playing with those children?" said he sternly to his son.

"Yes, father, you did; but Robbie is a Virginian, you said had boys."

Mr. Ogle was silenced.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

PEEPED into her retreat— A deep, old-fashioned window seat I found behind me. So meditative seemed her mood, Did I, I questioned her, intrude? Soft blushes mounted to her hair; She smiling said, with gentle air, She didn't mind me.

Long since I won the dainty maid; A family man, sedate and staid, You now may find me. Sometimes I give, for her own need, A few instructions she should heed; But little deference she pays, And, even as in olden days, She doesn't mind me!

A QUIANT APOLOGY.

SENATOR JAMES A. HEMENWAY often falls into the habits of the lower house (of which he was formerly a member) when addressing the senate.

When speaking before the senate not long since he repeatedly referred to Senator Heyburn as "the gentleman from Idaho," the term always used "at the other end of the capitol" when speaking to or of a colleague, while in the upper chamber they refer to their colleagues as "the senator from" whatever state he represents.

Senator Hemenway's repeated reference to "the gentleman from Idaho" caused considerable merriment among the old stagers, both on the senate floor and in the galleries. Finally the astute old senator was prompted by a well-meaning colleague who went to him and whispered something in his ear. Senator Hemenway's eyes twinkled as he turned to Senator Heyburn and said:

"I hope the senator will pardon me for calling him a gentleman."

The house broke down and the gavel fell.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

JACK was making a visit to his grandparents, who owned a large dairy. He had been forbidden to touch the tempting pans of rich cream. One day his grandmother caught him coming up from the cellar with a very suspicious white rim over his upper lip.

"Jack," she said, severely, "I am afraid you have been disturbing my pans of cream."

"No, I haven't, grandma; I just ran my tongue gently over the top."

ONE OR 'TOTHER.

AN ACROBAT I chanced to meet, And these wise words he said: "We must be light upon our feet, Or light upon our head."

AMERICAN JOKES IN ENGLAND. THESE American jokes seem to be good only in the states, don'tcher know? I was dining with an American lawst summer, and after he had finished his fish he said to the waitah: "Bring me a glaivs of watah; this fish wants to swim."

Good joke, bah Jove. When I got back to Lunnon I tried it at my first dinah. We had a fish, so when we got to the veal chop, I said: "Waitah, bring me a glaivs of watah; this calf wants to drink," and, don'tcher know, they laughed at me and not at the joke.

The Little Boy Who Made His Mother an Unpopular Woman

The little boy's mamma was a popular young woman before she married.

Her nature was gentle and helpful, and she was famous among her friends for her consideration of others' comfort. She was bright and merry, too. On the whole, there were envious feelings in many manly bosoms when he who was to be the little boy's papa took out a patent upon her affections, so to speak, and carried her away to make his home happy.

She did. She made it so happy that her popularity did not stop with marriage. Her friends were ecstatic about her system of housekeeping. Her husband's friends thought it a huge favor to be asked up to dinner, and that not only because her cooking was perfect, herself always bright and trim and pretty, and her husband one of the best fellows in the world; but also because of an indescribable sense of comfort and cordiality which she somehow infused into the very atmosphere of her home. You felt it as soon as you stepped over the door sill. Every-body loved to go there.

Then the Little Boy came. Now, of course, a home with a Little Boy in it can never again be just the model of neatness and order it was before his advent. Most people understand that Little Boys begin to upset the domestic routine at a very tender age—sometimes before they are more than a few hours old. After that they go right on overturning the established order of things—trying at any hour of the day or night, necessitating that the house shall be littered up with infant garments, and making selfish demands upon the time and attention of that lady who hitherto belonged only to her husband and her friends.

tired woman in an old frock, with uncombed hair. These are heavy sins to rest upon the head of a year-old baby. Yet there they seemed to be, long, so Papa smiled wearily and accepted his altered home with a resignation beautiful to see.

Not so his friends, however. Somehow, they could not adjust themselves to the theory that a baby is the most important person in the house and that the entire domicile should be turned topsy-turvy at its pleasure. This state of mind may argue a lamentable ignorance of Little Boys. One of these friends had a Little Boy of his own, it is true—a sweet, sunny little chap, who laughed all day and slept all night, and who played quietly in the background until asked for, and was then brought forward not at all as an extraordinary wonder, but just as a dear little child with good manners and quiet, modest behavior.

But a man whose offspring is only a happy human child cannot be expected to comprehend the necessary environment of a Prodigy. Anyhow, this man was among the first to cease his visits to the home of the Little Boy Prodigy's parents.

This was about the time that the Little Boy made his debut at the family table, and amused himself by tossing salt-shakers at the guest, throwing his bowl of milk on the floor, and diving into his mamma's plate with both hands.

When he took to climbing up and walking on the piano, seizing costly vases and crashing them to fragments, opening the bookcase and demolishing editions de luxe, and similar brilliant little feats, his mother's friends also began to drop off.

And as he was not at all particular whose piano and whose vases and editions de luxe they were—in fact, he was most in his element if they were in the parlor of the lady whom his mamma had taken him to visit—people not only ceased to call, but carefully refrained from inviting the Little Boy's mamma to call on them.

Thus it is that in the seventh year of the Little Boy's life his mamma has ceased to be a popular woman. One can care to visit her, not to receive her visits, because it necessitates visiting the Little Boy and being visited by him. Even those who love her best cannot stand that ordeal. They will wait till the Little Boy grows up to renew their old vows of friendship.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

Perfume for Clothes. Dear Miss Lee: Will you tell me how to make my clothes smell of sachet powder? I have put little bags of the sachet powder into my dress box, but the scent of them does not remain on my clothes. Will you advise me in regard to this matter? —A Reader.

One of the best methods of perfuming one's belongings is to make thin pads the size of the receptacle protecting them. Two pieces of thin silk or cheesecloth cut the size of your dress box or bureau drawer, as the case may be, should have a thin sheet of wadding placed between them that has been freely sprinkled with sachet powder. This should be bought in quantity, and used lavishly, because the perfume will last all the longer, and so be found more economical than using small quantities at a time.

Then an aid is tiny little sachets sewn into one's corsets, or the same thing attached to stocking suspenders. Another mite of a thing may be tucked away in the hat lining. Then perhaps you have heard of the maypole petticoat. This is made with ribbon, first a belt and then long strands of ribbon sewn to it, each ending a foot or more from the lower edge of the skirt in a sachet bag.

CONCERNING WOMEN

The duchess of Westminster has the latest fashioner of turbans used by any private individual. The duchess of Sutherland possesses the only complete necklace of black pearls.

DEATH TO MOTHS

Benzine and carbolic acid, one gallon to one ounce, is sure death to moths. But it cannot be used in delicate fabrics, and from its inflammable character must be used with great caution. A hand atomizer is the easiest way to apply it. The fumes of burning camphor gum or sulphur will suffocate moth millers. It is a disagreeable operation, but is so effective that any room where they are known to be should be fumigated this month. To do this with entire success remove the contents of trunks and wardrobes and hang on backs of chairs; close doors and windows; set a panful of water in the middle of the room, at a safe distance from all the hangings and furniture; in this place a small iron pot half filled with ashes and camphor; for a room 15x15 feet use a piece as large as a walnut; saturate with alcohol and set the camphor on fire. It will burn fiercely at first, but if proper precautions are observed there is no danger; leave the room as soon as you are satisfied that your furniture is in no danger of taking fire; allow the mass to burn itself out, which it will do in half an hour; open the windows and doors for an hour. Moths prefer soiled to clean garments. The first step toward the safety of garments before putting them away is to turn pockets inside out, beat out all dust, saturate and clean with benzine if necessary. Allow the clothes to hang in the sunlight for several hours. Moths hate the light. They work in the dark.

WHY SHE CHOSE VICTORIA

Foreign court gossip says that the reason why the new Spanish queen did not choose to remain "Ema," but chose "Victoria" as her name of state is because the young princess's brothers, when her marriage was arranged, began by way of a joke to call her "Quinine, ah." As she possesses a sense of humor, she became prejudiced, it is said, against being "Quinine Ah" for state occasions, and for this reason dropped the pretty name by which she has always been called and selected Victoria, a name which loyal subjects of Edward VII. still venerate. There are others who maintain that she merely sought to remove from London editors the temptation to use a pun so labored as to approximate the lugubrious.

What the Market Affords

Shoulder steak, 9 cents a pound. Green corn, 20 and 25 cents a dozen. Telephone peas, 18 cents a peck. Lettuce, head, two for 5 cents; bunch, three for 5 cents. Cornstarch, 4 cents a pound package. Raspberries, 10 and 12 1/2 cents a pint box; \$2, \$2.25 and \$2.50 a crate, twenty-four pint boxes. Cantaloupes, 10 cents each. No excuse now for a lack of variety in meals. All the vegetables have come into the market, and green corn is the latest. In many households, corn is served every day, in market, just as, earlier in the season, strawberries hold a regular place on the menu.

CARELESSNESS CAUSES FIRES

Few women know the value of stewed lettuce. The Boston Cooking School Magazine gives this recipe for stewed lettuce: Remove the outer imperfect leaves and cut off the roots from one or more heads of lettuce, then wash carefully, without disturbing the shape of the heads. The each head

with a strip of cotton that it may not fall apart while cooking. Cover with boiling water and let simmer until nearly tender (about an hour). Drain carefully, remove the cloth and set in a saucepan. Pour over about a cup of broth for each head of lettuce, add salt and pepper and let simmer gently about twenty minutes. To serve, pour the broth over the lettuce. The broth may be thickened with flour and egg yolks, one or both, before serving.

Raspberry ice is simply made and most gratifying at the close of a dinner. Boil together two cups of water, with one cup of sugar, for three minutes, and pour this over a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine mixed with a quarter of a cup of water. Stir well and when dissolved add a quart of berries, mashed fine, and the juice of two lemons. Strain and when cold fold in the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff, and freeze very solid. After the dashes are removed the ice should stand two hours.

WHAT EVERY GIRL CAN DO

Every girl can do one thing well if she will take the trouble to find out what that thing is. The difficulty is that she often looks in the opposite direction; she wants to do something great and showy or nothing at all. But there are other talents within her reach if she will only look, and these talents may be such a comfort to her in her dark hours that they will make life better and happier both for herself and those about her. It is the girl who does things in the world who is attractive to men and to her own sex. You may not be able to do great things, to paint great pictures or to sing in grand opera, but you can learn to make bright little things for yourself and your friends, and perhaps to play the light "catchy" airs of the day, so that your friends will enjoy them, and if you can't do anything else, cultivate the art of talking brightly and of being sympathetic. The girl who puts her own gifts as much as possible aside— who takes a wholesome interest in life— is happier herself and makes those about her happy.