

With the Long Bow

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

Connecticut Cows Astonish Farmers Near South Spectacle Lake by Chewing Tobacco—None of Them Caught Smoking Cigarets Yet.

Connecticut cows have astonished some of us eastern farmers this fall by taking up the unpleasant habit of chewing tobacco.

Old man Roberts, who has a tobacco plantation near South Spectacle lake, where real Havana is raised, introduced the chewing habit among the cows.

Roberts' cows ate all the stalks and mowed for more. Their milk was not affected either in color or taste. The good news spread, and now everybody's cows in the Housatonic valley are chewing the real cod.

"Gosh hang it," said Bill Parcell of Kent, Conn., "they'll be smokin' cigarettes next. There's too much education floatin' around."

So far the cows seem to be unaffected by the diet, except in one minor particular. When they chew too much they grow a bit cross-eyed and their mouths hitch up at one side. This is supposed to be a nervous affection. A professor from Yale is to look the cows over.

Whether the experiment succeeded or not, we must say for the cows that they do not stand around the railroad station with one shoulder leaning against it while they spit on the sidewalk. The cow seems to draw the line somewhere. Just what the oxen will do when they are turned into the patch is another matter.

Beginning next season, Barnum & Bailey announce that the circus and the animals will travel by automobile and the people along the country roads will have the excitement of their lives.

For many years the expense of railroad transportation has been a source of growing alarm to the circus proprietors. Several railroads have gone to the extremity of positively refusing to accept the business and others have made rates so high circuses cannot travel on their lines with profit.

The circus numbers 125 wagons and the average daily run will be about sixty miles. In this transcontinental parade will be the elephants and tigers sitting in their own automobiles, then the camels and giraffes, then the steam calliope as each town is approached, playing away with the verve and abandon of G. L. Marrill unloosening the offortory on the big organ. Then come the freight automobiles with tents, etc., etc., and last the employers in plug hats and the beautiful equestrians. Chickens along the route will have to look out. But what a day it will be for the boys and the dogs! And when this glorious Arabian Nights goes past the little white schoolhouse! Can such wonders be and not o'come us like a summer cloud?

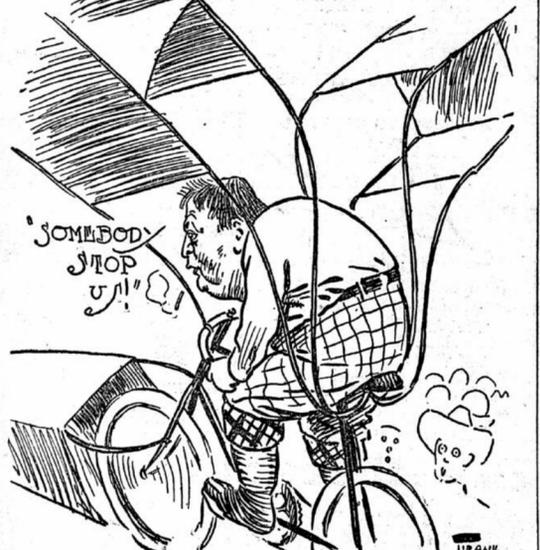
Santos Dumont's wonderful flight Monday in his aeroplane, "The Bird of Prey," recalls to all of the older habitues of Fourth street in Minneapolis the flight made by Smith Hall in his aeroplane, "The Winged Mercury," during the bicycle excitement of 1895.

Mr. Hall was a devotee of the wheeled steed and was so deft and light upon it that he finally worked out, in a moment of inspiration, the idea of attaching to it side wings made of box kites extending fifteen feet on either side. A tail-like projection extended behind and a canvas "nose" was pushed out in front for elevating and depressing the angle of flight.

Smith talked so much of the possibilities of this invention that Joe Mannix finally bet him \$10 that the contraption wouldn't lift him a foot from the pavement. The money was at once covered and deposited in the cigar store. The trial was to be made one Sunday on Fourth street between Hennepin and First avenue S.

There was great excitement in newspaper circles over Smith's aeroplane and considerable money was put up. Smith kept his preparations a deadly secret and none of the boys saw his bicyclopplane until it was wheeled out on Hennepin avenue.

The vast crowd formed into two long lanes down the center of the street. There was a general hush as the wheels began to turn under Smith's vigorous



logwork and then a shout of satisfaction as it was instantly noticed that at last the flying bicycle bounded off like a flash, and within twenty yards was tearing thru the air at nearly twenty miles an hour.

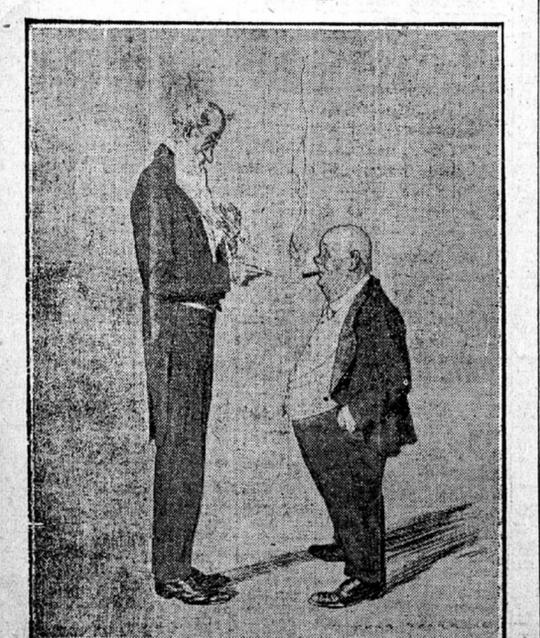
Down the long lane of people about ten feet in the air, Hall steered his wonderful ship, perfectly balanced and steady as a veritable bird. All along the line a roar of triumph broke out, and in the general excitement those people grouped further along the street closed in on the advancing aeronaut's path.

It was now clearly seen by all the spectators that Smith had lost control of the affair. His eyes were wandering out of his head and he was heard to cry out: "Here, stop us, somebody!"

With rare presence of mind Joe Mannix reached up and grasped him by the legs, was dragged along past Stearn & Van Winkle's place, but brought the whole affair to the ground in front of the Phoenix building. Hall was not hurt but he had lost his cigar and he remarked that he knew when he had enough. He stated that \$5 wouldn't tempt him off the surface of the planet again. The wreck of the machine was exhibited for several weeks in Stearn & Van Winkle's place and drew crowds from all over the state.

—A. J. R.

A BALD ASSERTION.



The Gentleman With the Beard—Surely you are splitting hairs, professor! The Gentleman Without—No, I'm merely stating the bald facts. —The Sketch.



OVERHEARD AT ST. PETER. Visiting Politician—Well, young man, what are you going to be when you grow up? St. Peter Hopeful—Why, governor of Minnesota, to be sure! What 'yer s'pose?

BREECHES FOR BETTING PURPOSES. A Massachusetts man tells a story of "Old John" Langley, a veteran Worcester horseman, that is illustrative of Yankee astuteness.

One day Langley bought his tailor and in somewhat profane terms demanded "a pair of breeches of the best stuff in the shop."

Of the many samples submitted, "Old John" hit upon a beautiful silky broadcloth, the most costly piece of goods the tailor had, and altho this was most unsuitable for the purpose Langley insisted that it was just what he wanted.

The tailor expostulated in vain, but the trousers were made as per specifications, and delivered.

A day or so thereafter a friend, calling on Langley, remarked on the trousers in uncomplimentary language. Langley said he was satisfied. More saying resulted in a casket lined with the heaviest grade of white satin, with dashes here and there of heliotrope.

"Well," said he, "as to the casket, I should advise you to line it with white satin if the lady was unmarried. If she was married heliotrope would make a pretty lining."

The actress pouted. Then she said, "I will consult her old friends, and went away. Later in the day she came again.

"Sir," she said with dignity, "we have reached a decision. We should like to consult her old friends, and never a word o' merrying. So at last I said to him: 'If you've no mind to take me, Rab, ye can just say so, and I'll spend me more on bright ribbons to fit up 'ye, but I'll tak my money and buy one o' those talking machines that plays tunes, after I've paid for a strip o' new olecloth to cover the floor where you've worn out the old one, and then I'll tak my religious books and settle down in quiet."

"Rabbie was so concerned at my dear prospects and the thought o' my savings he said he would have me when ever I got ready." —Philadelphia Ledger.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES. "Now, Willie," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me why Satan tempted Eve first?"

"Oh, I suppose he wanted to be polite," answered Willie, "and ladies altho ways come first, you know."

"Johnny," said the stern parent, "my father used to whip me when I behaved at the table as badly as you are doing."

"Well," rejoined the precocious youngster, "I hope I'll never have to make a confession like that to my little boy." —Chicago News.

GEORGE—HE TRIES SO HARD TO PLEASE HER. "ANY MORE CANDY TO BE HUNG TO THE WINDOW?" "SURET THEY CAN GET THEM THROUGH THE WINDOW IF THEY WANT TO TRY."

"ALL THESE CARPETS ALL OF RABBY'S BEST CLEANING SHE THINKS I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE'S BEEN."

"DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT SHE'S BEEN DOING?" "SHE'S BEEN CLEANING HERSELF."

IT DODGED. Senator Flinn, the republican leader of Pittsburg, smilingly denied the other day that he was a victim of automobile heart, the new disease.

"Here, tho, is an automobile story just as good for you," said Senator Flinn to the reporter who was questioning him.

A man in Altoona, the owner of a very fine 40-horsepower Limousine motorcar, failed last month, and while his affairs were being settled up the car disappeared. As soon as everything had been adjusted, tho, the car reappeared in the Altoona man's garage again.

"This angered one of the creditors, and the first time he saw the bankrupt, he took him bitterly to task.

"'Ance bankrupt!'" he said. "How does it happen, if you're a bankrupt, that you still have that automobile?"

"Well, you see," said the other, smiling, "I went thru the bankruptcy court, but the automobile went round."

A String of Good Stories

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

ACTED LIKE A DOG. William B. Bidgely, controller of the currency, was talking to a Philadelphia reporter about bank frauds.

"The defrauders of banks," Mr. Bidgely said, "know the precautions that are taken against them. Hence they lay their plans very craftily to defeat these precautions."

He paused and smiled. A middle-aged couple were awakened in the middle of the night," he said, "by a strange sound.

"John," whispered the wife, "did you hear something like a noise under the bed?"

"It seems to me," the husband murmured, "that I did. But I guess it was only the dog," he added.

"Just put your hand under and see," said the wife. "If it's Carlo, he'll lick it."

"The husband withdrew his hand from beneath the covers, and put it under the bed, and the burglar who lay there stuck his tongue far out and licked the hand assiduously till, with a relieved, 'It's all right, dear,' the husband withdrew it.

"The couple went off to sleep again, and when they awoke in the morning the house was bare of valuables."

JULIA MARLOWE'S WIT. A comedian was praising the art of Miss Julia Marlowe.

"And she is as brilliant as she is artistic," he said earnestly. "A wonderful young woman!"

"Do you remember her impersonation of Juliet? A doctor saw her as Juliet one night at Pittsburgh, and was tremendously impressed. Only, in the powerful death scene, there was one technical error.

"Miss Marlowe," the doctor said at a reception the next day, "I admired your Juliet profoundly. The impersonation was a work of art. But—pardon me—don't you know that a corpse doesn't stiffen for at least six hours after death?"

"Miss Marlowe answered, in the drawl that she reserves for such speeches: "Now, doctor, do you think I'm going to keep my audiences waiting six hours for me to stiffen?"

BALM FOR A WOUND. An editor was praising Lord Northcliffe, the young and famous newspaper proprietor of England.

"Lord Northcliffe," he said, "began life as a reporter. At 23 he was rushing to corner-stone layings and lectures and what not for a London journal at a salary of \$15 a week.

"Then he started 'Answers,' a little 2-cent weekly. It succeeded. He started other weeklies—Home Sweet Home, and Forget-me-not, and Hearts-ease—and they all succeeded. He started the Daily Mail, and soon he was making a million a year out of that.

"This young man, on being elevated to the peerage, found the sleepy atmosphere of the house of lords very different from the bustling atmosphere of the offices of his innumerable weeklies and monthlies and dailies.

"He lived in Berkeley square, in a very tall and elegant house of pale stone, and two or three doors distant the Earl of Rosebery lives in a tremendous double house of brick, six stories high, and with ten windows or more on each story fronting the street.

"As Lord Northcliffe was getting out of his motorcar one day, a little after his accession to the peerage, Lord Rosebery was also getting out of his. The two nobles shook hands, and Lord Rosebery said:

"How do you like the house of lords?"

"Like it?" exclaimed the active Lord Northcliffe, "to feel there as tho I were dead and buried alive."

"He paused, and, noting the look of discomfiture on Lord Rosebery's face, added quickly:

"And in the land of the blessed!"

FOR EIGHT SEEDS AND BELIO HUNTERS. Secretary Bonaparte, at a dinner in Washington, described with a smile a letter that had come to him in explanation of the exclusion of sailors in uniform from dance halls.

"The letter," he said, "was from the secretary, 'informed me that the jacksies were kept out of these halls because they were too attractive, because they captured all the ladies, and the civilians were left in the cold.'"

"That reason was amusing, striking, flattering, but, somehow it was not quite satisfactory.

"It suggested to me the remark that a stage driver made to a friend of mine. 'My friend, a tremendous admirer of Edgar Allan Poe, boarded the stage to drive to Fordham, where, in a small cottage, Poe wrote 'Berenice,' 'Ligeia,' and other immortal tales.'

"The stage driver was of an inquisitive turn. He said to my friend:

"Why are you so anxious to go to Fordham, sir?"

"Because Poe lived there," said my friend.

"The driver granted. "Poe wouldn't ha' been much thought of if he'd only lived at Fordham," he said. "It was on that account he's famous; it was on account of them there pomes and tales."

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