

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITOL

Senator Quay is an inveterate smoker, having a cigar in his mouth most of the time when outside the senate chamber. About a week ago his physician ordered him to stop smoking, but the senator protested and the doctor allowed him to smoke half of one cigar a day. Then Mr. Quay had some 15-inch cigars made, and he smokes half of one each day, according to orders.

A good many members of congress belong to the Order of the Mystic Shrine and most of those who have crossed the hot sands wear the button of the organization. Twenty or thirty of them went to the races at Benning's track, near Washington, one day last week and found that a horse named Shrine was entered in the principal event. All the shriners bet their money on the animal named. It won and there was great rejoicing among the dignified lawmakers.

William Alden Smith, who touched off the Cannon boom in the house at Washington the other day, is a beet sugar congressman who enjoys the fame of having talked back to Mr. Roosevelt. It was on an occasion of instruction at the white house. "Mr. President," said Smith, who was one of the instructed, "I think I know what my duty is to my constituents as well as you do, and I may as well tell you that I am no western bronco that can be ridden against his will."

Senator Foster has a constituent, Samuel Hill, of Seattle, who tells an anecdote of how some people in this country distinguish between Washington that is a state of the union and Washington that is the federal capital. "When I was speaking at one time to an association of farmers in the state of Washington," said Mr. Hill, "an old man came forward and said: 'Young man, where do you live?' 'I live in Washington, sir,' was my reply. 'Which Washington,' he asked, 'tax-eatin' Washington or tax-payin' Washington?'"

A DOCTOR'S NOTEBOOK.

To test the mosquito theory of malaria, two French physicians propose to be bitten by mosquitoes fed on an ague patient, and to allow any fever contracted to run its full course without treatment.

The strongest argument in favor of Hutchinson's theory that leprosy is caused by eating decomposing or imperfectly cured fish lies in the fact that in India generally the incidence of leprosy is about three or four cases per 10,000 of the population, but in the island of Minicoy, devoted to fishing, it rises to 150, and in Kalgano, a fish-eating center, to 500.

New York physicians report that a great many of their pulmonary patients are bachelors and maids who are of the "roomer" class and have little or no home care. On this account they need closer attention than home patients. All the hospitals in the city are full and have been for months. Bellevue and its allied institutions turned away from 80 to 100 patients for a week.

Easy Victory.

Suitor—Will you give me your daughter's hand, sir?

Mr. Candid—Certainly; I shall be very glad to get rid of it, for it's always in my pocket.—Tit-Bits.

REACH THE SPOT.

To cure an aching back, The pains of rheumatism, The tired-out feelings, You must reach the spot—get the cause.

In most cases tis the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys.

Charles Bierbach, stone contractor, living at 3625 Chestnut St., Erie, Pa., says: "For two years I had kidney trouble and there was such a severe pain through my loins and limbs that I could not stoop or straighten up without great pain, had difficulty in getting about and was unable to rest at night, arising in the morning tired and worn out. The kidney secretions were irregular and deposited a heavy sediment. Doctors treated me for rheumatism but failed to help me. I lost all confidence in medicine and began to feel as if life were not worth living. Doan's Kidney Pills, however, relieved me so quickly and so thoroughly that I gladly made a statement to that effect for publication. This was in 1898, and during the six years which have elapsed I have never known Doan's Kidney Pills to fail. They cured my wife of a severe case of backache in the same thorough manner."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Bierbach will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSMAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Used at once, and the effect is felt after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

KANSAS WHEAT LAND

RAISING 25 TO 75 BUSHELS PER ACRE. PRICE \$6.00 TO \$15.00 PER ACRE. Near school and market—nice climate.

HILAND P. LOCKWOOD, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Saw Mills
The DeLoach Patent Variable Friction Feed Saw Mill with 4 h. p. cuts 5,000 feet per day. All sizes and prices to suit. Saw Mills, Water Wheels, Lath Mills, Wood Saws and Hay Presses. Our Patent Friction Feed will interest you.

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TWO APRIL FIRST LETTERS

By MRS. CLARA S. COLTON

JEFFREY RANSON prided himself upon his ability at getting off jokes on others and his shrewdness in seeing through any attempt at a return of the compliment. The month of March always found him busy planning new tricks for the first of April. He even let the subject absorb his thoughts during the day at the store. His absent-mindedness necessitated the repetition of questions by customers and directions by head clerks until a sharp reproof from the floor walker brought his uncle in the west sent him an offer of a place with him.

As Frank's position thus obtained was a higher one than Jeffrey's, his chagrin over the successful failure of his April Fool joke soon became envy and dislike of Frank's boundless gratitude to him. So Jeffrey was very glad to go when his uncle in the west sent him an offer of a place with him.

Five years passed by, bringing prosperity to both Jeffrey and Frank; and very rapid advancement to the latter. But in the financial crisis of a certain year in the west, Jeffrey's uncle failed, and involved him so heavily that the loss of everything stared him in the face.

"If I could only raise a few hundred dollars I might still save the business," he groaned.

But drought and cornering in cattle and banks closing had made it impossible to borrow ready cash except at enormous interest which he could not pay. Jeffrey looked around his cozy little study and thought of losing the pretty home that his wife and children loved so well. His little daughter opened the door softly, saying:

"Papa, here's a letter the postman left."

His face lighted up so as he read it that she clapped her hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, it's some good news!" But suddenly he smiled bitterly, threw the letter in the grate, and said: "No, it's nothing, Jeanie, run out. So" he continued to himself, "he has waited all this time to pay me back for that joke. I didn't suppose he would ever find it out; he thinks I've forgotten, but I'm too sharp for him. I never was caught yet on a first of April trick, and I'm too old a bird to be taken in now."

The letter was from Frank Burns, stating that he had just learned of Jeffrey's financial difficulty through a stray item in a western paper, which did not give his address. After much inquiry he sent this letter to the address named by a former friend of Jeffrey's, but of which he was not sure.

"I have placed a check of \$5,000 to your order in Blank & Co.'s bank, in B— City. I do hope it will help. It only partly expresses my gratitude to you for your favor to me years ago, which gave me my start in life," so ran Frank's letter; that it should reach Jeffrey on April 1st was entirely unthought of by Frank. After a few days he wrote one to the pastor of Jeffrey's town inquiring if he lived there still, and if not, where he was. When Jeffrey learned of this he wrote a postal card to Frank as follows: "Your favor of April 1st came duly to hand. Having a good memory, I am able to decline your offer."

Frank was a long time in the office so that Jeffrey was not watching him when he heard his voice close behind him.

"He's going to give me the place, old fellow! Won't it be great to be together here? I'll never forget this good turn you've done me as long as I live!"

Jeffrey stared in utter bewilderment at Frank's beaming face, but was too busy with customers to ask the many questions that rose to his lips.

Only a short time before Frank's call one of the clerks had entirely unexpected given his resignation to Mr. Sanborn.

As soon as Frank entered the office, Mr. Sanborn said, brusquely:

"Well, young man, what is it?"

Frank had a letter of introduction addressed: "To whom it may concern," and written by his pastor, who was well known as a author and pulpit orator. This he handed to Mr. Sanborn, saying: "Will you kindly read this short letter from Rev. Dr. Levering? He has known me all my life."

"I know him well, too," said Mr. Sanborn, opening the letter.

He read it, replaced it in the envelope and handed to Frank with the words:

"Do you want to start in with the place-to-day? Somers will be glad to leave just as soon as I can get a substitute." —Christian Work.

THE LAZY POULTRYMAN.

I've nuttin' much to do; No, nuttin' much to do; There's shrimps off the henhouse roof, The rain is drippin' through. It's wet within and wet without, So what's the use o' cleanin' out? It's useless labor—not a doubt; There's nuttin' much to do.

There's nuttin' much to do, No, nuttin' much to do; My fowls eat each other's eggs And pull their feathers, too; I know there'll be no eggs to get; And rainy weather is so wet; There's nuttin' don't—not just yet; There's nuttin' much to do.

There's nuttin' much to do, No, nuttin' much to do; The place is so broken down. So any fowl can walk right through; There's no use buyin' oats and wheat For neighbors' ducks and geese to eat, I'd sooner sit and rest my feet; There's nuttin' much to do.

There's nuttin' much to do, No, nuttin' much to do; There's a fence that's busted up, And in a month or two The beastly bunch'll get the roup. They'll not be even fit for soup; I'll kill them all and burn the coop; There's nuttin' much to do.

There's nuttin' much to do, No, nuttin' much to do; The fence is busted up, And then there's such a few; There's more cash made in marketing, 'Cause prizes stay within the ring; I'll kill and sell—save feed, by gosh! There's nuttin' much to do.

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