

## 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 smoked 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 track, near Washington, one day last week and found that a horse named Shrine was entered in the special 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 best sugar congressman who enjoys the game 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 and the state of Washington. "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 Kalliguan, a fishing center, to 500.

New York physicians report that a great many of their pneumonia 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 \$0 to 100 patients for a week.

## Easy Victory.

Suitor—Will you give me your daughter to marry?  
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 ache in the back, the pains of rheumatism, the tired-out feelings, You must reach the spot—get at the cause. In most cases 'tis the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys. Charles Bierbach, stone carver, living at 3235 Chestnut St., Erie, Pa., says: "For two years I had kidney trouble and there was 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 BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Coughs, Sore Throats, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and 90 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 DeLosh Patent Variable Friction Feed Saw Mills with 3 inch 2000 grain. Shingle Mills, Loggers, Trimmers, Planers, Cuts and Bore Mills, Water Wheels, Lath Mills, Wood Sheds and Hay Presses. Our handsome new catalogue will interest you. DeLosh Mill Mfg. Co., Box 837, Atlantic, Pa. Write for it.

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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 wits back to the duties in hand.

The evening of March 31 Jeffrey spent in getting his joke materials ready for the next day, and in disposing of those for which darkness was best. He mailed several invitations to parties that existed only in his fancy; he dropped false orders into the boxes of express companies and physicians; he mailed packages of confectionery and fruit; candies opened and filled with flour paste and skillfully closed again; oranges and bananas carefully refilled with damp sawdust and the skins carefully glued together. He had several temptingly fat looking pocketbooks to drop on the sidewalks and the store floor.

Jeffrey had a specially "good sell" prepared for Frank Burns, a former high school classmate, whose greater popularity and better school record had been an eyecore to him. Frank, who needed very much, his far being ill, had failed as yet in securing a position. Jeffrey felt no sympathy for him, but only triumph at his own success.

"In getting a joke on a fellow you want to find his tenderest point and touch him there with your arrow," was the principle on which Jeffrey said the joking genius rested.

Jeffrey wrote a letter to Frank saying that he had just heard accidentally of a fact not yet announced in the store, that one of the clerks was to leave, and that if Frank would apply for the place at once he might stand a good chance of getting it. "Bring your best testimonials," he wrote, "and go right to Mr. Sanborn's private office and send in your card marked 'important business.' Of course you must give no hint to any one of how you learned of the vacancy."

As Jeffrey well knew, but Frank did not, Mr. Sanborn, the senior partner, was a testy, quick-tempered old gentleman. Jeffrey thought with great satisfaction of the expression he expected to see on Frank's face as he came out of the office after asking for a position which "existed only on a first of April basis," as he was going to say to Frank.

Frank entered the store at the time Jeffrey had suggested, and as he passed his counter he clasped Jeffrey's hand, whispering: "How can I thank you for remembering me so kindly?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied Jeffrey, avoiding Frank's eager eyes.

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

"He's going to give me the place, old fellow! Won't it be great for us 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. He 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 unexpectedly 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 given of introduction addressed: "To whom it may concern," and written by his pastor, who was well known as 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. If

THE LAZY POULTRYMAN. I've nuthin' much to do; No, nuthin' much to do; There's shingles 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 nuthin' much to do.

There's nuthin' much to do, No, nuthin' much to do; The hens eats up each other's eggs And pull their feathers, too; I know there'll be no eggs to get, And I'm weary as I can be; There's nuthin' much to do.

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

There's nuthin' much to do, No, nuthin' much to do; Mr. Hook's all quills because they're mixed, 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 fees by gine! There's nuthin' much to do.

There's nuthin' much to do, No, nuthin' much to do; The net wire fence is busted up, And in a month or two The beastly bunch'll get the roop; They'll not be even fit for soup; I'll kill and sell—all burn the coop; There's nuthin' much to do.

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"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 work of 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 he read it that she clasped 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 puzzled about the odd expression about memory, and was hurt by the discourteous refusal of his proffered aid, that he called in his check and did not reply to Jeffrey.

Jeffrey lost everything and was obliged to start life over again. He was a traveling salesman, and was often in B— City. One day when he was in Blank & Co's bank the cashier said:

"Did you notice the death of Francis M. Burns in the morning paper? His will leaves very large sums to charity. Do you know, I always wondered why you didn't take that check for \$5,000 that he deposited here for you two years ago? He wrote us confidently that you would call or send soon."

So Jeffrey could not ask Frank's forgiveness for his selfish suspicion, as he sincerely wished he could, for his better nature asserted itself. But he went to the kind old minister to whom Frank's letter of inquiry had been sent, and told him the whole story, not sparing himself in the least.

Jeffrey's sons and daughters have been brought up to think the thoughtless folly of practical joking not only hurts the victim, but hardens and narrows the heart of the perpetrator.—Christian Work.

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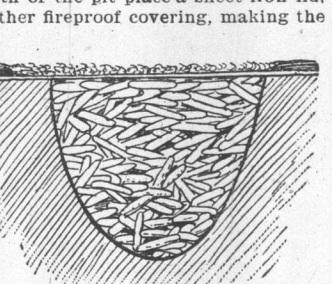
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## AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

### BURNING OF COB CHARCOAL

Its Use Is a Material Insurance Against Disease in Hogs and Poultry, Especially Cholera.

Cob charcoal is made by burning dry, well preserved corn cobs under a smothered fire. The simplest method is to dig a funnel-shaped pit, as shown in the cut, starting a fire at the bottom and so adding cobs that the fire will be gradually drawn to the top of the pit when completely filled. Over the mouth of the pit place a sheet iron lid, or other fireproof covering, making the



CROSS SECTION OF PIT.

edges of this perfectly airtight by sealing with earth. After this mass has smoldered for 10 or 12 hours, a very good quality of cob charcoal will be found upon removing the cover, when the mass should be shoveled out, and spread to prevent the possibility of combustion and burning to ashes.

Charcoal is as valuable for poultry as for pigs, because of its cleansing and absorbent properties, being a most efficient internal antiseptic. Its use is a material insurance against disease, especially cholera.—Farm and Home.

### GREAT NATIONAL HIGHWAY.

Good Roads Association Urges Building of One Between New York and Chicago.

The first annual meeting of the New York and Chicago Good Roads association, at Erie, Pa., closed with the adoption of a resolution favoring the building of a national highway between the two cities named through the southern tier of counties of New York and westward along the lake shore through Cleveland and Toledo to Chicago.

Joseph W. Hunter, state highway commissioner of Pennsylvania, was instructed to go over the proposed route and estimate the cost of construction. The association asks national and state aid for roads. The meeting next year will be in Elmira, N. Y.

John Farson, of Chicago, one of the delegates, pleaded for an interstate system of highways.

"The people of this nation are losing hundreds of millions of dollars annually from failure to provide ordinary good roads for the movement of farm produce," said Mr. Farson. "We may ask ourselves if the federal government has acted wisely in lending its aid to great railroad systems, in assisting the manufacturing and commercial industries of the nation with a prodigious hand, and at the same time withholding its support from the development of country roads. The tonnage of farm produce on country wagon roads itself reaches the enormous sum of \$600,000,000 yearly. Every penny of this is added to the price of the products, and it is the dwellers in cities and towns, as well as in rural districts, who pay the added cost."

GOOD ROADS A NECESSITY. Quite as Essential to the Development of a Government as Up-to-Date Railroads.

"Good plain roads are as necessary as good railroads to a well-ordered state," These are the words of a statesman and not of a good-roads specialist. They are the deliberate utterance of M. J. J. Jusserand, ambassador from France to the United States in the twentieth century.

Such words ought to go ringing through the length and breadth of the land, heard and heeded by selectmen, road supervisors, county commissioners and legislators, and not nations.

A second La Fayette is come to save us in peace as the first Frenchman did in times of war. Here is a paragraph written by M. J. J. Jusserand in Washington, for publication, on August 8, 1903:

"Whatever be your profession, cyclism will teach you some of the virtues which will insure your success. There is no exception to diplomats; cyclism teaches to be prudent, to move peacefully, and noiselessly, and mind their neighbor. Cyclism has lessons even for governments. To governments it will teach that good plain roads are as necessary as good railroads in a well-ordered state."

Improve Main Thoroughfares. Frequent complaint is made by people who live at a remote distance from the villages and public centers, that nothing is done to improve the back roads on which they live, and that they are taxed to benefit other roads in the more populous parts of the town. There seems to be some justice in this plea, and yet it would be poor policy to expend state money upon any but the main roads or thoroughfares. These roads belong to all. The persons who live in the most remote parts of the town have a greater profitable interest in main roads, and they are apt to realize. The nearest village is their village, and all public improvements there made enhance the value of their own property.—W. A. Thomas, in Farm and Home.

Durable Label for Plants. A label that will practically last forever, that can be written upon with a lead pencil and easily erased, but that will not bleach out by rain or sun is made of celluloid. I cut the sheet in strips 1/32 inches with a heavy pencil or shears. These strips can be thrust into the soil like a wooden label, but they never decay. Perforated by an awl at one end, fine copper wire can be attached to it. This is then readily fastened to plants or stakes, thus lessening the danger of mixing labels.—E. M. Lucas, in Farm and Home.

Prevent Potato Rosette. Disease That is Carried Over from Year to Year on the Surface of the Tubers.

Potato rosette is a disease that seems to be spreading rapidly and many reports are received as to the damage done by it. The tops are attacked, but the tubers are the parts of the plants that elaborate the food to make the tubers. Of course if the tops are injured in the growing season, the tubers themselves will also be injured. It is therefore necessary to take precautions to save the crop from this deteriorating influence. It seems that the disease is carried over from year to year on the surface of the tubers. The seed can be treated, however, very effectively. One pint of formalin in 30 gallons of water will prove a strong enough fungicide to destroy the spores referred to. The seed potatoes should be put into this solution and left there for two hours. The potatoes should then be taken out and dried and cut for seed. The expense of this treatment is small, and should not be neglected. Formalin may be obtained at any drug store. It is sold under the name of formaldehyde, which consists of 30 per cent. pure formalin and 70 per cent. water. That combination is the basis for the solution above. No allowance should be made for the water already combined with the formalin at time of purchase, else the solution will be made too strong.—Farmers' Review.

Always Turn to the Right. It is the long-established custom in this country that vehicles meeting on any street or highway shall turn to the right. Some suppose that this is only an unwritten law of the road, but as a matter of fact, it is on many statute books.

The law in many states clearly defines that carriages, wagons, carts, sleighs, sleds, bicycles, tricycles and all other vehicles must, when in motion, keep to the right. A person driving is very properly required to have the left wheels of his vehicle on the right of the center of the street. In other words this law is an authoritative adoption of the old motto: "Fair play and half the road."

COWS ARE VERY SENSITIVE. A Few Incidents from the Diary of a Dairyman Which Should Teach Others a Lesson.

It takes very little to reduce the daily milk yield. The cow is so sensitive, moreover, more so than the human mother, because devoid of understanding. Giving milk is a motherly act. It is a function of motherhood, and the more milk, the more maternity is expressed and implied. The other evening I lost five pounds of milk from six cows by delay and worry in giving the cows their meal ration.

As I went out to give the cows their grain I found that our Tanworth sows had got into the cow byre during the day, and payed sad havoc with the meal boxes. As we consider no place, even the houseyard or lawn, too good for those porcine mothers, they occasionally get into places where they had better not go. It chanced on this day the sows broke several of the meal boxes in splinters; so here I was with the meal, and the cows after coming to the byre and got into their stables, on top of me, and I had no place to feed the meal to four of them.

I had them staked, however, but could not give them their meal until I repaired their boxes with hammer and nails, and meantime milking commenced without the meal ration. Two of the cows had received their meal, and the others began to raise Cain, and could not understand why they, too, did not get their usual ration.

By the time I got the boxes fixed to receive the meal the cows had ceased worrying, stretching out their necks, bawling, and what not, and at last settled down on the assumption that they were to get no meal. When they eventually got their ration, the harm was done, and the result in the milk yield was as stated above—a loss of five pounds of milk from four of the cows.

Last summer we drove the cows to a somewhat out-of-the-way pasture, where there was a fine growth of white clover, and not an animal had taken a bite out of it, and where there was also a promiscuous growth of trees and undergrowth—an ideal place for cows on a hot day.

As the road to this field is quite circuitous, the cows to it, and into the field, there was some difficulty in getting them out of it, all of which caused the cows a great deal of worry, and some excitement. They were taken out of the field at noon and permitted to go to their accustomed pasture. That evening, however, notwithstanding being "to their horns in clover," they fell off ten pounds of milk for the six cows.—Country Gentleman.

SEED-TESTING MADE EASY. Two Ordinary Plates and a Piece of Flannel Cloth the Only Materials Required.

A simple germinating apparatus can be made from two ordinary plates and a piece of flannel cloth, as shown in the cut. Fold the cloth, a and lay it in one plate, placing the seeds between the folds of the cloth, which should be moist, but not dripping. Cover the whole with another plate inverted and

stand in a warm place. If the test is made during cold weather, care must be taken to stand the plates where the temperature will not fall much below 50 degrees at night, and will be about 65 or 70 degrees during the day.