

THE POSTOFFICE PEN.

Who does not know the P. O. pen—
Its rasp and scratch, its balks and
splutter?
The P. O. ink likewise, and then
Do not forget the P. O. blotter.
They're on a desk along the wall.
When bad men buy a money-order,
A certain angel they appeal—
I mean the angel who's recorder.

The P. O. pen is sharp and fine,
Much sharper than a serpent's eye-
teeth.
And as it scrapes along the line
It puts on edge each one of my teeth.
A P. O. stub was never known.
I hate to pose here as a carper;
But it's a fact that can be shown
That P. M.'s nightly file 'em sharper.

As just now said, the P. O. ink
The pen itself almost surpasses;
It's thick and copy—some folks think
Its basis really is molasses—
It's dark and mucilaginous.
In it the pen you deeply smother—
It drops about promiscuous,
Or else it sticketh like a brother.

The blotter next, as said above:
Of for three-fifty shoe-soles fitted;
Again a rag like an old glove—
I neither case you're to be pitted
If you attempt its use. Beware!
The school boy plan you'd better fol-
low,
And wipe your writing on your hair—
The promise of that blotter's hollow!

with.
The government, we're told with pride,
Is getting better things to fight with;
It seems to me it might provide
Some better things for us to write
Some pens that do not scratch so shrill,
Some ink not made from huckleberries,
Some blotting-pads enjoying still
A fair use of their capillaries.
—Sunday Magazine.

HOW MOLLY WAS WON.

If you love the girl and she loves
you, if you are sure you can love
and cherish her forever and care
for her properly, then take her and
marry her, and don't wait for the con-
sent of mortal man.

"A man has a right to a wife. He
has the right to marry the girl he loves
if she is willing, and there is no one
or nothing should come between if a
man and a woman are sure alike they
want each other and no one will be
wronged by their marrying. Take her,
boy, if you want her. Steal her if need
be; it won't hurt you with her. A
woman likes to know once in a way
that the man she loves is her master,



TEN MILES TO THE PARSONS.

even though he trembles under the
touch of her hand. Take her, I say,
don't sit around whimpering and wait-
ing for her to ask, 'Please sir, will you
run away with me since father says
I may not marry?'

"I stole Molly and a good job it
was the night I carried her away, and
the old folks lived to see the day when
they thought it a good job, too, and I
the only living man to make their
daughter happy.

"In the beginning they thought I was
a wild, whooping outlaw, a prodigal
and an outcast not fit to enter their
doors. They'd lived all their lives in
the snug, self-satisfied East where they
thought there was nothing but woods
and a few clearings beyond the New
York State border. They came out to
a ranch for the old man's health,
though he wasn't old then, and they
brought with them the Eastern opin-
ions of the West and thought that
every man they met was a road agent
or an Indian.

"I'll own that in the start we hu-
mored them some, and we ranchers
acted to make them think we were
surely bad, but we never fooled Molly
for all our daredevil ways and riding
past the house shooting and screech-
ing to get them stampeded.

"Molly was standing at the gate one
day when I whizzed by, swinging my
gun especially reckless, and she
laughed in my face. I knew then she
had the Western woman's spirit even
if she had come out of the East, and
I felt pretty certain from the way she
faced the wind blowing fresh across
the plain, that she loved the open and
the wide spaces where the air was free
and plenty and a man could fill his
lungs without crowding another's
breath.

"After that we cooled down, but it
was too late, we'd made our reputa-
tion and her father acted as if he want-
ed to lock the doors and bar the win-
dows whenever he saw any of us com-
ing, and her mother was just the same.
Though I had a good ranch and was
making money, I hadn't thought of
having a wife until I saw Molly.

"There's the girl for me," I said,
when she stood at the gate and laughed
in my face, with her red lips parting
over her white teeth and her black
eyes shining in the warm pallor of her
face. Molly never had much color ex-
cept in her lips—they were a thread
of scarlet—but her cheeks had the tint
of a cream-white rose and her hair

was as soft and dusky as the shadows
at night.

"With me to want was to have if ef-
fort of mine could get it, and I soon
made my way to Molly. I wasn't wel-
come at the house. The old man met
me with a manner that said plainer
than words, 'state your business and
be gone,' and the old lady covered in
her chair and watched me like a fright-
ened hen.

"I was sorry then I'd played bad
man so successfully, and I was sorry
for their ignorance in thinking they
were in a God-forsaken country. I
was sorry, too, I had to worry them by
marrying their daughter, but that was
something which was written and Mol-
ly was for me.

"Molly, I said, the third time we
were together, I love you as much as
a man ever loved a woman since the
world began. I'll not die for you, but
I'll live to love you and make you hap-
py so long as we both shall live, and
you must marry me. Do you love me,
girl?"

"She stood up tall and straight, with
her eyes almost on a level with mine,
a grand and gracious figure of woman-
hood, nobly planned. There was no
nonsense about Molly.

"I do love you, Jack," she answered,
'with all my heart, but we cannot
marry. Father and mother fear and
dislike you. They will never consent.'
'I'm not afraid to ask them,' said I,
'you were meant for me and I for
you. No one has a right to come be-
tween.'

"She smiled at me proudly. 'Win
me if you can, Jack. I want no other.'
'It was as she said. The old man
despised me so much he would not
even answer when I asked him for his
daughter. We were in the yard and
after I had spoken, he turned and went
inside and locked the door with a click
that was final.

"Molly, I called—she was in the
house—your father says no. Will you
marry me over his word?"

"Not yet, Jack," she called back;
'maybe he'll change his mind.'

"I knew he wouldn't. He was stub-
born in doing what he thought was
best for Molly, and his wife would
probably have been as willing to see
her married to a Digger Indian as to
me. I knew I could make her happy,
and I knew I meant well by her and
by her father and mother if they could
only get understanding.

"They watched Molly like a hawk
watches a chicken after they know we
wanted to marry. We saw each other
sometimes, but it was seldom. Molly
scorned to sneak, and I would not have
her. There was no reason, we had no
cause to be ashamed because we loved
each other. We talked together where
her father and mother could see us if
they cared to look. They could not
keep me from the public road that
passed in front of the house, and they
could not deprive Molly of her liberty.

"Molly, I said one day, when things
had dragged along for a month and no
change in sight, 'do they feel any dif-
ferent?'

"Not a bit," she answered, 'they're
planning to go back East and I shall
have to go with them.'

"Will you marry me now? I asked.
'Not unless father and mother give
their consent,' she said.

"Suppose you should be forced? I
hinted.

"Oh, that would be different," she
returned, with a smile that put de-
cision on the plan I had in mind.

"I kissed her on the lips in full sight
of her father and mother sitting on
the porch.

"This for my wife," I said.

"There was a case of house-breaking
and robbery that night. A good friend
of mine who understood matters helped
me with the thieving. There were
three horses tied at the gate of the
house where Molly lived, about nine
o'clock one evening. Two men,
masked and with soft hats pulled down
over their faces in real highwayman
fashion, and with their guns conspicu-
ously in hand, picked the lock of the
door and stole into the room where
Molly's father was sitting. Her mother
had gone to bed, so she escaped the
scare and a good thing it was.

"Hands up!" one of the outlaws
commanded. 'You keep him covered
while I search the house.'
'My friend stood guard while I
went after Molly. 'Sorry to trouble
you,' I heard him say. 'Just keep quiet
and it will soon be over.'

"I saw then where Molly got her
spirit. The old man was game and
more than half suspected. 'If I had
my revolver there'd be some for sure
shooting instead of this play acting!' he
fumed, and it was neither bluff nor
brag—he meant it.

"Molly, you're wanted," I whis-
pered, tapping at her door.

"She flung it open and faced me.

"Get your hat and come; you must,
girl," I insisted, seeing her hesitating
and not wanting to give her time to
think.

"But father—" she began.

"Come, there's no time to lose; you
must," I repeated.

"I put my arm around her waist to
lift her. 'I'll carry you,' I said. 'You
must come.'

"No," she whispered in return, point-
ing to the window, 'that way.'

"The house was built all on the
ground floor so it was nothing to step
through the window to the outside.
Then it was a long, low whistle to call
off my friend, and Molly into the sad-
dle like a bird, and the three of us off
for a ride of ten miles to the parson's,
where Molly was made my wife, and
then back again over the long trail to
Molly's father's, where forgiveness
came sooner, perhaps, than we had any
right to expect.

"It all happened years ago, but none
of us ever found cause to regret it.
We've been happy and the old folks

settled down out here to stay and be
happy, too. Molly was mine, I knew it
from the moment I saw her, and being
mine, no man could show just cause to
stand between.

"What's that, boy, you say? It's my
daughter you want to marry—Molly
the second? That's an entirely differ-
ent matter. I'm not ready to have her
marry yet, and mind you, hold-up
games won't go in this family."—Tole-
do Blade.

THEY COULD NOT HELP IT.

Result of a Compact to Entirely Ignore
Temperature Comment.

Six young gentlemen of this city,
each of them an employe in one of the
executive departments, are in the habit
of meeting frequently in a down-
town billiard parlor in the evenings
and testing their abilities as amateur
champions of the cue. At a recent as-
sembling one of the party expatiated
emphatically concerning the torrid
condition of the prevailing tempera-
ture.

"Oh, let up on the weather," petu-
lantly said another of the party. "It
only makes one hotter to be con-
stantly referring to the heat." The oth-
ers joined in and discussed the mat-
ter. It ended in an agreement to meet
the next night, and if any man in the
party mentioned the weather he was to
be fined 50 cents, the sum total to be
expended for refreshments some time
when the temperature had lowered.
The genial proprietor of the billiard
parlor was to record and collect the
fines.

The first man who made his appear-
ance on the next evening was a clerk
in the interior department and the
first word he uttered was: "Great
Scott! but ain't this a scorcher?" And
down on a little book that was in read-
iness the boss of the place recorded a
fine of 50 cents against him. Two oth-
ers of the gang came in. One of them
remarked to the other: "I must cool
off. This is the hottest day I ever
struck."

"Yes," said his companion, "mercury
stood 100 in the shade at what's his
name's place to-day." And down went
\$1 more in the billiard man's book.
The fourth of the friends appeared.
He said never a word at first, but took
his station at a window and sighed. It
was not long before he had to record
his "kick." "I knew a man once who
committed suicide on account of the
heat," he said. "If there was ever a
day when one could be justified in tak-
ing his life on such an account it's
just such weather as we've had to en-
dure to-day." Then the little fine book
showed a financial exhibit of \$2.

The remaining two members of the
party came in soon afterward. "Fine
me right away," said one of them.
"I'm going to abuse the weather as
much as I want to. This is by all odds
the hottest weather I ever experienced
in my life." "Me, too," said the last
man. "I was in southern Arizona on
a surveying expedition one hot season
and I never suffered as much from the
heat as I have to-day." It didn't take
long to gather in that \$3 for refresh-
ments. In the meantime the man who
owned the place had never opened his
mouth. He attended strictly to busi-
ness and fined the men who had agreed
not to talk about the weather with ex-
act impartiality.—Washington Star.

AFRAID IN THE DARK.

Radium Exhibition Spoiled by Childish
Persian Fright.

There was an element of humor in
the interview which took place in
Paris between the Shah of Persia and
M. Curie, the French scientist. His
majesty had expressed his desire to see
the wonders of radium, so a telegram
was sent to M. Curie asking him to
present himself at the Elysee Palace
Hotel.

"Your name and your great discov-
ery are known to us in Persia," said
the Shah, after the manner of an
"Arabian Night" potentate addressing
a magician. "I wish to see this famous
radium, which is described as having
the most marvelous powers."

"Sir," replied M. Curie, "I can sat-
isfy your curiosity, but not here, for
the light is too strong. In order that
you may properly see the brilliance of
radium, I must show it in a room
which is dark—entirely dark."

The Shah, whose nervousness is very
well known, did not take kindly to the
idea of a dark room, and called his
grand vizier, who suggested drawing
the curtains of the room, but M. Curie
persisted that blackness was neces-
sary. Thereupon the Shah called M.
Paoli, the French detective protector
of royalties, who assured his majesty
that there was no danger. So the party
descended to the underground apart-
ment in the hotel known as the safe
room.

M. Curie began expounding the prop-
erties of radium, and then gave a sig-
nal for the electric light to be switched
off. Immediately a panic seized the
Shah's suite, and all cried out in Per-
sian and in French, "Light! Light!
Turn on the light." The electricity
was switched on again, and the disap-
pointed savant was forced to show his
radium in a lighted room.—London
Daily Chronicle.

The Only Sure Crop in Kansas.

I have lived in Kansas only twenty-
eight years, but that has been long
enough for me to learn that a crop
here is never a cinch until you have
it harvested, sold and the money all
spent.—Osborne Farmer.

A Daily Thought.

Women respect a man whom they
cannot deceive, but only when he has
the generosity to warn them of his
discernment.—John Oliver Hobbes.

If a man were his own enemy, what
stories he could tell on himself!

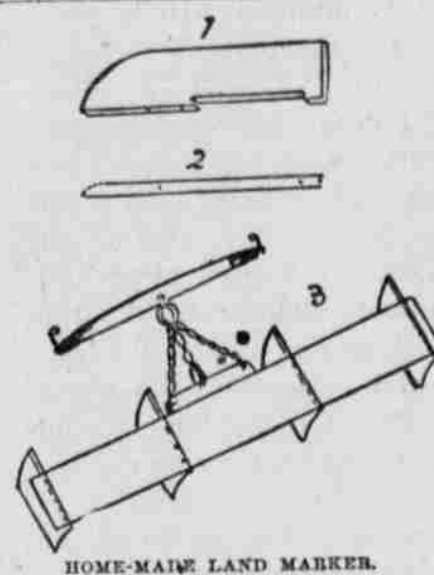


Home-Made Marker.

The marker shown is a handy tool
on any farm and while it is especially
useful in the garden, it may be oper-
ated for larger areas. The marker is
shown complete at figure three in the
cut. Cut a plank twelve inches wide
by two inches thick, the desired length.
The runners are cut from plank in the
form shown at figure one.

By cutting a groove as shown in the
runner just wide enough to let in the
plank greater strength is secured than
would be possible if the runners were
simply nailed to the plank. As the
horse pulls forward the notch offers
considerable resistance which prevents
the runners from being knocked off
should the marker strike some obstruc-
tion.

At figure two is shown a piece of
hoop iron which is designed to nail over
the top of the runner and plank thus
giving additional strength. A marker



HOME-MADE LAND MARKER.

made as directed will last for years
and do excellent work. It is so sim-
ple in construction that any man who
can handle tools can make it.—Indian-
apolis News.

The Effect of Nitro-Culture.

Erroneous statements which have re-
cently been appearing in the public
press regarding the free and unlimited
distribution of inoculating material for
leguminous crops is likely to cause
those who apply for these cultures to
be disappointed. A circular of the de-
partment of agriculture now announces
that the results obtained with pure
cultures in inoculating leguminous
plants has resulted in such a demand
for this material that the facilities of
the department have been taxed to
their utmost, and for some time it has
been impossible to meet the demand.

The patent which the department
holds upon the method of growing and
distributing these organisms was taken
out in such a way that no one can
maintain a monopoly of the manufac-
ture of such cultures and so as to per-
mit of its being taken up and handled
commercially. The commercial prod-
uct is being handled quite generally
by seedsmen. Upon application the de-
partment has furnished all necessary
information to the bacteriologists rep-
resenting properly equipped concerns,
but it cannot assume to make any
statement which could in any way be
regarded as a guarantee of the com-
mercial product, nor is it prepared to
indorse each and all of the somewhat
extravagant claims occasionally made
for this discovery. The latest of the
department's authorized statements
may be found in farmers' bulletin 214.

Well Houses and Pulleys.

A tourist
in the West
has pub-
lished the
accompany-
ing illustra-
tions of



METHODS OF HOUSING WELLS.

houses and pulleys on wells which he
saw in Colorado.

Of course, these are familiar ob-
jects to almost all country people;
but nevertheless there are many wells
that go uncovered. It is not a great
matter, it is true, but still it is worth
the cost and trouble to put a neat
roof, closed in, over the well, for the
protection of the rope, if one is used
and also for keeping dirt from falling
into the water, not to speak of pre-
venting danger to life.

The old-fashioned open well is no
longer used to any great extent, but
when it is, using a bucket and pulley
or windlass to draw the water has the
advantages of economy and simplicity,
not to speak of picturesqueness, but
the water is not made any better by
the well being open.

Feeding of Injured Horses.

Feeding plays a more prominent part
in the healing of wounds in farm an-
imals than is commonly supposed. This
applies in particular in the case of
horses. It is a well-established fact
that liberal feeding with grain is very
injurious when animals are suffer-
ing from severe wounds. Such feeding
is found to "inflamm" the system, and

to retard rather than hasten the heal-
ing of any injuries from which the
animals may be suffering. For this
reason veterinarians always recom-
mend the use of cooling, laxative foods
such as bran mash and green stuff,
in all cases where animals are laid up
with deep-seated injuries, such as
broken knees or deep cut wounds.

Big-Boned Steers Not Best.

There was a time, though it was
many years ago, when the big-boned
steer that weighed 1,800 to 2,000
pounds, was looked for by the buyers
of beef, but now the animal that is
sought by the butchers is one that
weighs from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds.

We have long since found out that
the cheapest meat is made on young
animals, and the money thus invested
is soonest ready to be turned over.
Not only is the money tied up longest
in old animals, but the cost of pro-
ducing meat on them is so great that
our best beef feeders are no longer
attempting to do that. The method
now is to keep the animals growing
right along from birth to the period
when they weigh what the market de-
mands.

Steers are now ready for the market
at two years old or under. If all the
animals shipped to the stock yards
were of this kind there would not be
much complaint about poor returns in
stock breeding and beef-making. A
good many farmers are still trying to
make profitable beef on old steers. But
the young steer is the only animal that
gives us any promise of a profit.—Ex-
change.

Lining Eggs.

Take one pint of lime, half a pint of
salt, one and a half tablespoonsful of
cream of tartar, mix these well in a
porcelain kettle. Pour two gallons of
water over them and stir until dis-
solved. When cool put in a stone jar
(will not keep in wood), then set away
in a cool place in basement or cellar.
Have the eggs perfectly clean and
fresh. Wash them if soiled. Put in
cool, clean water when taken from
the nest and then into the brine. Large
jars are best. I generally put up about
thirty dozen in this way in July and
August and use them through the win-
ter and until next June for bread, cake,
etc. The only difference from a fresh
egg they show is that the white is a
little thinner and tastes very slightly
of the lime.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Japanese Phoenix Fowl.



This type of long-tailed Japanese
Phoenix fowl is owned by S. G. Egger,
Lewisville, O.

The Cost of Making Butter.

In a recent report, published by the
Iowa State Dairy Commissioner, the
average cost of producing one pound
of butter is given as follows:

In the creamery that makes 40,000
pounds of butter per year it costs 4
cents to make one pound of butter, and
in a creamery producing 50,000 pounds
it costs 3.4 cents to make one pound,
while in creameries making 150,000
pounds per year it costs only 1.85 cents.
In some of the very central plants
that are producing over 200,000 pounds
of butter per year it costs 1.4 cents
per pound.

These figures clearly show that the
larger the creamery the cheaper but-
ter can be manufactured, and they also
show that it takes about 400 cows
tributary to one factory before a profit-
able creamery business can be estab-
lished.

Cow Feeding.

The food supplied to the dairy cow
is designed to serve two purposes.
The first, and the one that always
does and always must take precedence,
is the keeping up of the machinery of
life. The animal heat must be main-
tained, and the constant wear and
waste of the bones and tissues of the
body must be replaced. All this must
be done whether any milk is produced
or not. If suitable material then re-
mains it will be utilized for the sec-
ond purpose of the food, which is the
production of milk. The man who
gives his cows but little food can ob-
tain but little milk from them, simply
because they have very little material
from which to make it. This rule ap-
plies just as fully to the best cow in
the country as it does to the poorest
one.

The Profit in Spraying.

Doctor W. I. Chamberlain, of Omo,
keeps a strict account with his ten-
acre orchard, and says: "Since I be-
gan to spray, much and cultivate my
orchard there has been money in ap-
ples for me. Before I began to spray
the net receipts from my ten-acre
apple orchard were but \$70. I will
give figures for the past nine years:
In 1895, gross income, 20, net 0; 1896,
gross income, \$980, net \$540; 1897,
gross income, \$142, net \$90; 1898, gross
income \$814, net \$515; 1900, gross in-
come \$932, net \$720; 1901, gross in-
come \$1,750, net \$1,500; 1902, gross
income \$1,915, net \$1,850; 1903, gross
income \$2,771, net \$1,808."



Stephen E. Cotter, recently ap-
pointed general superintendent of the
bush system, was born in

ton and
his early
education
in railroading.
He is one of
brothers, 13,
whom have
ed distinct
The case is
William Cot-
now general su-
per of the
Marquette
He is the el-
dest of the
four. John, next in age, is
intendent of the Southern, with
quarters at Birmingham, Ala. He
is general superintendent of the
radio Southern, with headquarters
Fort Worth, Tex. Stephen was
1870 and his brother George
youngest, in 1873. They are be-
lieved to be the youngest general su-
perintendents in the United States.

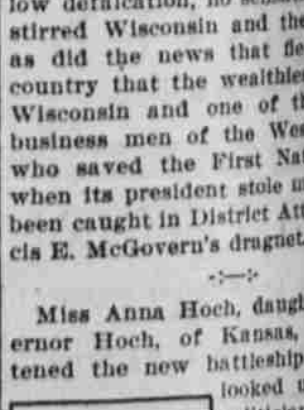
Robert W. Brown, newly ap-
pointed Grand Exalted Ruler of the
been affiliated with Louisville
No. 8 of that order
since 1887, and it
has been through
his efforts that the
fraternity was en-
abled to build a
magnificent home
in that city costing
upward of \$20,000.
He is a Kentuckian
by birth, about 40
years old, and for
twenty years has
been a newspaper
man. The only public office Mr. Brown
has ever held was that of private
secretary to the Mayor in the ad-
ministration of Charles P. Weaver, his
managing editor of the Louisville
Times.

Kogoro Takahira, who ended
the peace preliminaries at Wash-
ington, has been minister of the
at the im-
perial cap-
ital since he
He began his
diplomatic career
in this country,
coming here in
as attaché.
1881 he was
pointed mem-
ber of legation,
after two years
service returned
Tokyo to be
secretary of the foreign office. He
charge d'affaires in Korea in
consul general at New York in
and subsequently minister to
land, Italy and Austria, and he
was vice minister for foreign af-
airs. He is of middle age, tactful, dis-
creet and diplomatic, and is said to
stand the Russian people though
Mr. Takahira does not belong to
titled class in Japan. Through
his efficient work he has risen from
ranks.



Charles F. Pfister, Milwaukee
ing capitalist, manufacturer,
street railway magnate, news-
owner, hotel man
and head and front
of the stalwart or
anti-La Follette fac-
tion in Wisconsin
politics, was indicted
by the grand jury to-
gether with four other
victims of the
graft investigation.
Aside from the Bige-CHARLES
low defalcation, no sensation creat-
ed stirred Wisconsin and the Nation
as did the news that few other
country that the wealthiest citizen
Wisconsin and one of the
business men of the West—
who saved the First National Bank
when its president stole millions—
been caught in District Attorney
C. E. McGovern's dragnet.

Miss Anna Hoch, daughter of
ernor Hoch, of Kansas, who
tended the new battleship Kansas
looked upon by
politicians of
State as one of
strongest influ-
ential influences,
though she is
just past her
ity she is close
father in all
administrative
ties, and it is
that she consi-
derably influ-
enced the
political leaders in Kansas
been slow in making the
that Governor Hoch is a
specter of his daughter's opinion
many of them are wont to carry
woo to her first and beg her
cede for them with the Governor.



Frederick W. Smith, a grandson
Mormon prophet Joseph Smith
of the present head of the Latter-
Saints, has started a propaganda to
vert the Mormons of Utah to the
principles of the church as ex-
posed by the prophet.

Hilton Perry, the sculptor of
bronze fountain of the library of
Congress, is modeling an equestrian
statue of Gen. G. S. Green for the
battlefield.