

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

A protest has been registered against the retention of the new \$10,000 piano in the east room of the restored White House. The consulting artists who had charge of the furnishings and decorations have placed the seal of their disapproval upon the instrument, notwithstanding it is said to be the finest and most expensive piano ever manufactured in this country. The instrument looks as if it were carved from burnished gold, for its entire exterior has been heavily plated with gold leaf. But the objection is made that it is the only piece of furniture in the room which is not subordinate to a general scheme, and therefore its presence is not wanted.

Mr. McKim, the architect, insisted that only metal pieces and frames of mirrors be gilded in the decorations of the room, and the piano stands out in bold defiance of this artistic ultimatum. It blazes with splendor from the claws of its legs of carved eagles to the rich silken covering of yellow.

Mr. McKim does not think of criticizing its worth as a piano. No one could honestly do that. But he refuses to regard it other than as an intrusion and consequently has raised his voice in disapproval.

From White House to Beer Garden. In a Washington beer garden stands the magnificent sideboard which the young women of Cincinnati gave to Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes when she was mistress of the White House as a token of their approval of her action in barring wine from the menu of the presidential dinners.

The sideboard, which remained wineless during the Hayes administration, is now filled with siphons, blenders, decanters and liquor bottles. On the top shelf is a row of fine old German beer steins.

BEING A GOOD FELLOW.

It is a Losing Game in the Long Run For Most Men.

Any sensible young man ought to know that he can't be up late nights abusing his stomach and be in full possession of his faculties for business the next day, and he ought to know also that a man must be clear headed and in full possession of his faculties to hold his own in the keen competition of life. Your "good fellow" is popular for the time being, but when his money is gone and he has lost his job and is on his uppers the "good fellow" business doesn't get him anything. It's "poor fellow" then—another good man gone wrong, and "the boys" are ready to hail another "good fellow" who has the price.

We don't mean by this to say that "the boys" are mercenary. They don't altogether pass up a "good fellow" when he goes broke, but it isn't the same. They say he hit the booze too hard and couldn't stand the pace. They're sorry for him, but he is out of it. His good fellowship doesn't excuse him even in the eyes of his friends for having thrown away his opportunity.

The young man who gets the sleep his system needs, is temperate in his habits, lives within his means and shows up for work in the morning with a clear and active brain—that's the man business men are looking for. They want employees who can be trusted. Having worked hard and laid by a competence, they want to throw some of the burdens off, and they won't throw them off on the employee who is too much of a "good fellow."

Cut it out, boys. There's nothing in it. There's a whole lot of nonsense in that "good fellow" business. You can't fool the public very long by living beyond your means and keeping up appearances. There must be a showdown some time or other, and that means a loss of self respect and many bitter experiences. Many a bright and promising business man has failed because he tried to travel in too swift a class, whereas had he lived within his means he might have become a highly successful merchant.

The world doesn't give up its treasures easily. It isn't in the cards for few of us to be millionaires, and mightily few of the "good fellows" get into that class. It's better to earn your way first and go hunting for good times when you have reached the point where you can save both the time and the money. Then, possibly, you'll have more sense and have a different notion about what a good time is.—Toledo Bee.

WEAK IN THE ALPHABET.

Some Letters That Men Can Never Learn to Make.

"Why is it that with some men some letters of the alphabet are harder to make than others and, in fact, that there are some letters that some men never learned how to make?" asked a young man who takes considerable interest in the matter of handwriting in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "It is a rather singular fact that nearly every man outside of the experts is weak on one or more of the letters in the English alphabet. Sometimes the letter involved is a capital letter; sometimes it is of the smaller kind; sometimes it is one letter and sometimes another. In any event, you will find few men who are exempt from the failing referred to.

"I know of one man who in spite of the fact that he does a great deal of writing has never learned how to make a capital P. He simply makes a stagger at it, and, as a rule, the result of his efforts will look more like a small p than like the capital P. I know another man who can't make a small f to save his life. He can never get the lower part of the letter below the line. He makes it look like a clubfooted f instead of an f. There are others who, when they try to make the small b, give it the long shank, and it looks more like the letter f. It is rather singular that these traits should hang on to a man's writing for a lifetime, but they do it just the same, and if you make a few inquiries among your friends and acquaintances you will find that but few of them are exempt from this fault.

"It is very much like the habit of spelling certain words incorrectly. Many men who are rated as first-class spellers pass through life without error in a single instance spelling certain words correctly. It is due to habit largely. If you should ask them how to spell the word, they would tell you, but when they go to write it, that is quite different, and they will get it wrong every time. So they know, too, how certain letters should be made, but they simply can't put them down on paper. It is a curious but common fault."

An Enemy of Panics. There is one enemy for which the pansy lover must watch like a lynx, and that is a little green worm that seems made on purpose to devour panics. Where he comes from or why he should exist at all is a mystery. But if you find your little plants stop growing and see the leaves perforated with small holes and your blossoms gnawed behind, your enemy is there. Eternal vigilance alone will save you. A face must be brought to the surface of the ground. Kneel and turn up every leaf. Doubtless you will find the small green monster curled up and hiding, sucking out all the juices of the plant and so becoming exactly its color, which makes him difficult to find. In connection with the story of his retirement was some gossip about a successor. Until Mr. Palmer sees fit to leave his position no consideration will be given to the question of a successor to him by the president, and it is contemplated that Mr. Palmer will remain in his place a good many more years unless there should be a change in present conditions. CARL SCHOFIELD.

Her Fatherless Eyes. It was the hermit Thoreau, whose mistress was wood and stream, who wrote: "The lover sees in the glance of his beloved the same beauty that in the sunset paints the western skies. It is the same diamond here lurking under a human eyelid and there under the closing eyelids of the day. Here, in small compass, is the ancient and natural beauty of evening and morning. What loving astronomer has ever fathomed the ethereal depths of the eye?"

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Her Argument.

"I don't see why you have any occasion to complain," she said when he growled about the dressmaker's bill. "It seems to me that I have made a very fair division of labor."

"Division of labor?" he exclaimed. "So far as this gown is concerned what part of the labor do you do? I'm the one who has to work to pay the bill."

"Of course," she answered sweetly, "but I really have had the hardest work, for I selected the material and the pattern and gave up three mornings to trying it on. As a matter of fact you have all the best of it."

He couldn't quite see it, but he had to admit that he would rather not trade jobs.—Chicago Post.

THE BOW IN WAR.

How It Was Made and Used by the Asiatic Tribesmen.

The bow as used by Asiatic tribesmen is a curious shape. They were made of horn, generally buffalo horn, in two pieces, joined by a wooden center, and when unstrung had the form of a capital C, which enabled them to be hung over the arm on horseback. When strung, a difficult feat to those unused to them, they took the double curve of the antique bow as seen in the representation of Cupid. This was the "Tartar's bow," used by the Scythians, Parthians and Persians and up to quite recent times in India. It was drawn by the thumb alone, on which the archer wore a broad, thick ring of horn, ivory or corneal, on whose edge the bowstring rested.

The long bow was also much in use among Indian infantry of the middle ages, but neither they nor any other Asiatics appear to have done much execution with the English archers of the same period. Bernier, describing a battle between Aurangzeb and his brother Durg, "They draw their arrows with a marvelous swiftness, one man being able to draw six of them before a musketeer can discharge twice; but, to say truth, their arrows do but little execution. More of them are lost in the air or broken on the ground than the long had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

If the springbok travels in such times, how can those in the middle of the rear find food? In this wise: Those in the front ranks after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest and chew the cud, while the hungry ones in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.

THE FRAGRANT HELIOTROPE.

You may give a heliotrope, and not a very large plant, as much water as you give a geranium and think you are giving all that is required. Your plant will fail to make a vigorous and healthy growth because it is not moist enough at the roots. Examine it, and you will find that the tiny roots have extracted the moisture almost wholly. If not given more water at once, some of the young and delicate roots are injured, and the plant takes on a diseased condition, from which it often never recovers. Do not get the idea that the soil in which heliotropes are grown ought to be kept wet. Not at all. But because it requires more moisture than many plants, because it extracts more rapidly from the soil, water should be given oftener to keep the soil in the proper condition.

THE FINAL STRAW.

A story is told of a rustic who, after imbibing too freely, fell asleep by the wayside. The day was hot, and a swarm of flies settled on his face and proceeded to make his sleep anything but pleasant. In a little while a few mosquitoes came along to add their torture to that of the flies. Of course the man woke up after repeated attacks by the combined forces and vainly tried to recover himself. Finally, along came a big wasp and stung him on the nose. "Now, for that you can all get off," he said.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE FORK.

Some believe that the fork was in use all over Europe as early as the year 500 A. D., but if they were their use and the fork itself were lost sight of up to about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was either discovered or rediscovered and popularized. Walton, Weems and other antiquarians hold to the earlier date, because a stone vessel containing coins of the middle ages and some iron forks was found at Sevington, England, in the year 1834.

THE LAST DUETING CLERGYMEN.

"When did clergymen cease to fight duels?" is a startling inquiry in Notes and Queries. It will be news to many of us that there were some fond of that exhilarating pastime. But as a matter of fact, the Rev. Mr. Allan fought a duel with Lloyd Delany, Esq., and killed him in Hyde park in 1782. He was convicted of manslaughter and fined £1,000 plus six months in Newgate.

HIS USUAL PREFERENCE.

"What kind of meat have you this morning, Larry?" asked the board of trade operator. "Well, sir," said the butcher, "I've got some fine beef steak and some beef 'tats' just holly!" "H'm! Give me some lamb!"—Chicago Tribune.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

"He was unable to meet his bills, I understand?" "Well, that's where you're wrong. He couldn't dodge them."—Chicago Post.

FLASHED THE TEXT.

Approps of notices on houses, a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette relates that a man in Scotland wanted to have cut over the door of a new house the text, "My house shall be called a house of prayer." He left the workmen to carry out his wishes during his absence, and on his return his horror was great to find the quotation completed. "But ye have made it a den of thieves." "We had a wee thing mair room, ye see, so we just put in the end of the verse." Was the explanation given by the Bible loving Scot.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Fagoted Blouse.

This garment is called a theater blouse. It is of white silk covered with rows of fagoting and trimmed with intricate designs.

The long bow was also much in use among Indian infantry of the middle ages, but neither they nor any other Asiatics appear to have done much execution with the English archers of the same period. Bernier, describing a battle between Aurangzeb and his brother Durg, "They draw their arrows with a marvelous swiftness, one man being able to draw six of them before a musketeer can discharge twice; but, to say truth, their arrows do but little execution. More of them are lost in the air or broken on the ground than the long had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

THE SPRINGBOK TRAVEL.

The springbok, South Africa migrates vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march, as sometimes happens, it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the springbok army. An African hunter tells the strange story of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

A CHANGELESS NAME.

"Was that an unmarried woman you met just now?" "Yes, I knew her several years ago. How her face has changed!" "Has it? Well, when a woman's face changes as much as that she can never hope to change her name too."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HATING HIM.

Leo—I wonder why the Widow Smith married such a small man? Why, he is a regular mite beside her! Eric—H'm! He must be the widow's mite.

PROVED IT.

Mrs. Muggins—Did you hear about your neighbor? She was overcome by coal gas. Mrs. Buggins—That's just like them. I suppose they were afraid people wouldn't know they had coal.—Philadelphia Record.

THE CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY.

"Now, children, what is a cape? Well, George?" "If you please, ma'am, my ma bought a new one, an' when my pa seed the price he swore like a pirate."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WASTED.

Old Graybeard—It's a pity to keep such a pretty bird in a cage. Mrs. De Style—Isn't it a shame? How perfectly exquisitely lovely it would look in a hat!—New York Week.

MONEY MAKING.

Bill—Do you think a man can make \$1,000,000 honestly? Jill—Why, it's a pretty sharp counterfeiter who can make that much dishonestly.—Yonkers Statesman.

EXTINGUISHED.

"Oh, yes," he said boastfully, "I used to be an old flame of hers." "Ah! So you were. Her father was telling me last night how he put you out."—Chicago Post.

TO A PRETTY GIRL.

Ah, pretty one, you know you're fair. And, though you won't confess it openly, a hint shows through your sweet unconsciousness. You say that none has called you fair and that you could not know that you were beautiful unless somebody told you so.

I CANNOT DOUBT A LADY'S WORD.

I would not be so bold; But yet, if human tongues are still, Your mirror must have told, And if by some malicious grudge, Which every might inspire, It may have told you otherwise That mirror is a liar. —Judge

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MEN'S FIVE SENSES.

CURIOS FACTS ABOUT THEM NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

The Nerves of Taste Are Paralyzed by Either Very Hot or Very Cold Liquids—The Ear Is a Wonderful Organ—The Eyes Easily Deceived.

For some unknown reason different parts of the tongue are assigned for the perception of different tastes. With the tip we taste sweet substances and salts, with the back we taste bitter things and with the sides we taste acids. The middle part of the tongue's surface has scarcely any sense of taste at all.

The long named substance parabrombenzole sulphide produces a most remarkable effect, for it gives a sense of sweetness to the point of the tongue and of bitterness to the back. Pure water tastes sweet after sulphate of magnesia.

We can only taste things in solution; hence if the tongue were perfectly dry it would not be affected by the strongest flavored substance in a dry state.

The taste nerves are paralyzed by very hot or very cold liquids. After drinking very hot or ice cold water we could not taste even such a substance as quinine. This fact supplies a useful hint for consumers of ill flavored medicines.

Smell, though the least useful, is the most delicate of all our senses. We can smell the three-hundred-millionth part of a grain of musk. No chemical analysis can detect such minute quantities. The most powerful microscope would not render a particle ten thousand times as large visible. We could not taste it were it many thousand times as large.

While we taste liquids, we can smell only gases. Fill your nostrils with eau de cologne, and you will experience no odor whatever. Fine as our sense of smell is, it has deteriorated immensely since the time when our forefathers were wild men. The Calmucks can smell an encampment twenty miles away; the Peruvians can distinguish all the South American races by their odor.

But smell is a sense highly susceptible of cultivation even by the modern white man. Dealers in tea, spices, perfumes and drugs, in consequence of their training, can distinguish the faintest differences in odors.

The organ of hearing is one of the most marvelous pieces of mechanism in the body. In animals the external ear acts as a trumpet to collect the sound waves; in man it is little more than an ornament, but the internal ear is alike in both. So wonderful is its construction that we can distinguish sounds varying from forty to 4,000 vibrations per second. This feat is performed by a portion of the ear called the organ of Corti. What a wonderful organ that is may be understood from the fact that it consists of 5,000 pieces of apparatus, each piece being made up of two rods, one inner hair cell and four outer hair cells—that is, 35,000 separate parts. In some mysterious manner the rods, with other organs, are tuned to different notes, and when they vibrate they cause the hairs to transmit an impulse to the nerve of hearing.

To be musical, therefore, is to have a good organ of Corti.

Why is it that scratching a piece of glass with metal causes such an unpleasant sound? Because it is what is called the fundamental tone of the ear, which is very high. What the fundamental tone exactly is would take too much space to explain, but if you blow across the mouth of a bottle, a hollow globe, etc., you get its fundamental tone.

The ear is a deceptive organ, and it often a matter of guesswork to tell whence a sound comes. Indeed, if you place the open hands in front of your ears and curve them backward sounds produced in front will appear to come from behind.

Human beings and monkeys see most things with their eyes. Our whole field of vision extends over 180 degrees or half a circle. The middle part of this field we see with both eyes together, but the quarter at each side is seen only with one eye.

All other animals see most things with one eye only. Scarcely ever can they fix both eyes on anything at the same time. But there are considerable variations. A bulldog, for instance, somewhat closely approaches the condition of a monkey. The larger the pupil the greater the quantity of light which enters the eye. Large pupiled people, therefore, see the world in a brighter and more cheerful state than those with small pupils. They can see things better in the dusk or at night.

As every one knows from the optical illusion pictures, the eyes are easily deceived. A white square on a black ground appears larger than a black square of the same size on a white ground. Red near green looks redder; blue near yellow looks bluer; white near black looks whiter.

Touch really includes several senses. There are spots on the skin which feel heat only, spots which feel only cold, spots which feel only pain, spots which feel only pressure, and spots which feel only nerves capable of doing only one particular duty. The sensations of the skin are grouped by physiologists into three kinds—touch, pain and temperature. The skin which covers a scar has only one kind of sensation. It can feel neither pressure (touch) nor temperature, but perceives pain very acutely. The tongue is the most sensitive of all parts to touch, the forehead and elbow to heat or cold.

We only dream sights and sounds. We never dream tastes or smells. If we dream of a flower garden, we see the flowers, but do not smell them. If we dream of a dinner, we see the dishes, but do not taste them.

Hard Work. "I suppose you have heard about young Chumley? He is very seriously ill as a result of overwork."

"You don't say so! What has he been doing to bring it about?"

"Trying to collect his thoughts."

Giving Him a Chance. Master Pickles—I think that if I went out of the room Mr. Spooner would kiss you, Ada.

Miss Pickles (sternly)—Leave the room this instant, you impertinent boy!

BLAKE, NOFFITT & TOWNE

BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, WRITING AND WRAPPING... CARD STOCK

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INCURABLE.

That is What the Books Say of Chronic Kidney Disease, But the New Fulton Compounds Have a Record of 87% of Recoveries Among Chronic Cases Incurable by All Other Medicines.

Druggists know that kidney disease that has hung on eight or ten months has become chronic and that it is then regarded by physicians as incurable and that up to the advent of the Fulton Compounds that nothing on their shelves would touch it. It is a proven fact that nearly nine-tenths of all cases are now curable, and druggists themselves are taking the new compounds. One of the recoveries was Dr. Zeile himself, the pioneer druggist of 200 Pacific street, San Francisco, and he gave it to over a dozen others who recovered. Here is another interesting recovery. (We copy from the Sacramento News of November 16, 1902.)

"After a serious illness of over a year Judge J. R. Allen of this city has recovered and regards himself most fortunate in having been cured by what is generally regarded as a fatal malady, Bright's disease of the kidneys. In speaking of his case Judge Allen said: 'I believe that the treatment given me by my physician was in accordance with the best methods used in the regular practice of medicine, but it effected no cure. After several months before I noticed a change for the better. I used the medicine faithfully, awaiting the result and can now find no evidence of the disease and am assured it is entirely eliminated. My symptoms have all disappeared, and I feel in as good health as I ever was. I will be pleased to describe my case to anyone who may call or write.'—Sacramento News, Nov. 16, 1902.

The editor of the News himself was the friend who told Judge Allen of the Fulton Compounds. They are the only things known that cure kidney diseases after as well as before they become chronic, which happens about the tenth month. Equally efficient in dropsy, gout, rheumatism from uric acid and bladder trouble, Fulton's Renal Compound for Bright's and Kidney Diseases, etc., is for Diabetics, \$1.00. Fulton's Compound for Rheumatism, Gout, etc., \$1.00. Fulton's Compound for Dropsy, \$1.00. Fulton's Compound for Bladder Trouble, \$1.00. Fulton's Compound