

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
**COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,**  
**CONSUMPTION**

**PAYING THE POSTAGE.**

Postage was always a sore point in the old days. It might be either prepaid or collected on delivery, and unlucky recipients of long-winded epistles or other useless matter often had a substantial grievance. The author of "The Old Farmer and his Almanac," gives a few of Mr. Thomas' frequent hints to his contributors to pay the postage on what they sent to him.

His first allusion to the matter was in the Almanac for 1800, and is appended to a compliment which he pays to a highly respected Quaker correspondent:

"Friend R. D. is tendered the editor's best thanks, for his several valuable communications, at the same time solicits a continuance of his correspondence. The postage the editor will ever be happy in paying, though in some it is a great loser."

One of the "loosing" cases appears in 1800:

"A. R. Q. is thanked for his reasonable information. Though we would remind him that his communications come so coated up that we are obliged to pay double postage on them, we would advise him in future to leave off the wrapper or pay the postage."

Again in 1810: "E. W. and others will be kind enough to pay postage on answers to Riddles in future, or they will not be noticed."

A little later: "G. S. our Boston querist, have no objection to his asking questions every day in the year, provided he pays the postage."

E. F. in 1812 appears as a sinner against several principles: his "anecdote is of the coarse kind, and not capable of being polished without injuring the pith. His Meteorological observations, if correctly taken, would be useful. He will do well to remember the postage in future."

By 1814 the postage nuisance seems to have become intolerable. "J. H. Jr." is informed that "we conceive his questions to be unimportant, and not worth the money we paid for them," and finally there is an emphatic pronouncement to the world at large: "No notices will in future be taken of any answers to queries unless post paid."

**Different Views of It.**

(Nellie Munson Holman in "Success Magazine.")

"What is the secret of success?" asked the magazine.

"Do write," said the pen.

"Be progressive," said the eulchre pack.

"Be exact and on time," said the clock.

"Be careful not to break your word," said the typewriter.

"Don't be afraid to strike when you find your match," said the lamp.

"Push and pull," said the door.

"Stand firm and unyielding," said the flagstaff.

"Don't change with every wind that blows," said the weather vane.

"Never become dull and rusty," said the hoe.

"Climb steadily up," said the hill.

"Keep bright and don't mind the clouds," said the sun.

"Cultivate a calm exterior, but be ready for emergencies," said the innocent flower; "even I always carry a pistol."

**Not a Favorite Breed.**

Lovers of good, plain dogs, which have been allowed to grow naturally, will appreciate the story of the English poddler who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted:

"Hi! wants a kind of dog about so 'igh an' so long. Hi's a kind of gry'ound, an' yet it ain't a gry'ound, because 'is tyle is shorter nor any of these 'ere gry'ounds an' 'is nose is shorter, an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind of gry'ound. Do you keep such dogs?"

"No," replied the dog man. "We drown 'em."

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**OLD Favorites**

**The Miller of the Dee.**

"There was a jolly miller,  
 Lived on the River Dee;  
 He danced and sang from morn to night;  
 No lark so blithe as he,  
 And this the burden of his song  
 Forever used to be:  
 'I care for nobody; no, not I,  
 If nobody cares for me!'"

These lines, no doubt, suggested the poem of Charles Mackay, here given:

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,  
 Beside the river Dee;  
 He worked and sang from morn till night—  
 No lark so blithe as he;  
 And this the burden of his song  
 Forever used to be:  
 'I care nobody—no, not I,  
 And nobody cares me!'"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal;  
 "As wrong as wrong can be;  
 For could my heart be light as thine,  
 I'd gladly change with thee.  
 And tell me now, what makes thee sing,  
 With rales so loud and free,  
 While I am sad, though I'm a king,  
 Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;  
 "I earn my bread," quoth he;  
 "I love my wife, I love my friend,  
 I love my children three;  
 I owe no penny I cannot pay;  
 I thank the River Dee,  
 That turns the mill that grinds the corn  
 That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,  
 "Farewell, and happy be!  
 But say no more, if thou'dst be true,  
 That no one envies thee.  
 Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;  
 Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;  
 Such men as thou are England's boast,  
 O miller of the Dee!"  
 —Charles Mackay.

**The Child's First Grief.**

"Oh, call my brother back to me!  
 I cannot play alone;  
 The summer comes with flower and bee—  
 Where is my brother gone?"

"The butterfly is glancing bright  
 Across the sunbeam's track;  
 I care not now to chase its flight—  
 Oh, call my brother back!"

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd  
 Around our garden tree;  
 Our vine is drooping with its load—  
 Oh, call him back to me!"

"He could not hear thy voice, fair child,  
 He may not come to thee;  
 The face that once like springtime smiled  
 On earth no more thou'lt see."

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,  
 Such unto him was given;  
 Go—thou must play alone, my boy!  
 Thy brother is in heaven!"

"And has he left his birds and flowers,  
 And must I call in vain?  
 And, through the long, long summer hours,  
 Will he not come again?"

"And by the brook, and in the glade,  
 Art all our wanderings o'er?  
 Oh, while my brother with me play'd,  
 Would I had loved him more!"  
 —Mrs. Hemans.

**WIVES OF THE HORSE TRADER.**

**Tricky Arts to Make Old Ones Young and Doctoring and "Doping."**

Probably in no business are so many tricks and wiles practiced as in that of horse dealing. It is safe to affirm that thousands of horses are sold throughout the country every year under false conditions, and so skillful have "fakers" become that it takes a very clever and experienced man to detect the doctoring tricks of those who are anxious to sell a bad animal to the best advantage.

Perhaps the commonest of all faking or blushing, as it is often called—a term derived from a man named Bishop, who during the eighteenth century obtained a great reputation for making old horses appear young—is in relation to a horse's teeth. At full age a horse has forty teeth, and not until the fifth year are they all visible. Six months later the "hippers" or front teeth become marked by a natural cavity and it is the presence or absence of these marks that certifies the animal's exact age.

As the horse gets older, these marks wear away, and it is then that the cooper or faker sets to work to make fresh cavities, as found in a horse of the age he wishes to represent. The surface of the teeth is cut out with a steel tool and the black lining of the groove, which must be visible, burnt in with nitrate of silver or some other chemical. In this way horses which are often over 8 or 9 years of age are sold as 5-year-olds.

The age of a horse is often increased as well as reduced by means of faking the teeth. A 3-year-old will often be transformed into a 5-year-old by means of chiseling out the side milk teeth with which horses are furnished up to their third year, when they are supplanted by the permanent ones. The extraction of the former, of course, brings on the latter much quicker than would be the case in the natural order of things, thus making a horse appear much older than it really is.

There are various other things, however, besides the teeth, which give away the age of a horse and which have to be faked if the animal is to fetch a fair price. In old horses there is generally a certain cavity or depression

of the skin in the forehead immediately above the eyes. This disfigurement is remedied by a process known as "puffing the gums." A fine-pointed blowpipe is introduced under the skin above the eye, through which the cooper blows gently until the deep hollow is filled and is replaced by a perfectly smooth surface.

The faking of broken-winded horses is an art in itself, so to speak. It is generally accomplished by means of drugs, arsenic being chiefly used. The "cooper" also pays strict attention to such an animal's diet previous to a show. If during the trial a horse is a little short-winded the owner will turn furiously upon the groom for giving his horse too much hay, when in all probability it has had nothing to eat or drink for hours.

The groom will thereupon explain how the animal got loose and ate a bushel of oats and half a truss of hay in the night and that he was afraid of losing his place if he said anything about it. This explanation will, in nine cases out of ten, satisfy the intending purchaser and remove any doubts which he might have had.

A singular dodge is resorted to by the "cooper" when he comes into possession of a lame horse out of which he desires to make some profit. The method is called "beating" and consists in making a horse which is lame, say, for instance, in the left fore foot, lame in the right one also.

Perhaps a small pebble is inserted between the shoe and the hoof of the latter foot, the pain of which causes the animal to limp with the right as well as the left leg, one thus counterbalancing the other and making it appear as though it was the horse's natural gait. In lieu of a small pebble a small iron wedge is sometimes driven underneath the foot corresponding with the lame one, thus causing both legs to go lame alike, which only gives the horse a different motion.

"Doping" is a term usually applied to the trick of making horses appear spirited and high-steppers by means of drugs or chemicals. An animal is often made to pick up its legs in the quick, nervous style of a thoroughbred by having the back tendons of the leg rubbed with turpentine, cow-tail and ammonia, which burns like fire and makes the animal prance with pain.

Occasionally, says a writer in the Boston Herald, the "cooper" is successful in selling what is known as a "rogue" horse—one who resists all attempts to be put into harness. With a sharp razor the sides of the horse will be shaved in certain places, making it appear as though the animal was just out of harness and a thorough carriage horse.

The same performance will be gone through just below the withers, where the collar chafes, while, if the horse be a tricky one, chloral hydrate and opium will be administered. It is not until the unlucky purchaser tries to harness the horse to a carriage that he discovers the animal's temper and its unmanageable ways.

**TAKES TOOTHPICK'S PLACE.**

**Dentals Cleared by the Use of a Gum Band.**

The dentists have been preaching for the past decade the virtues of dental floss and the dangers of the tooth-picks, but without much avail. Unfortunately, dental floss is not often conveniently available, and a good substitute that is always at hand is a slender rubber band. The illustration, to



TAKES THE TOOTHPICK'S PLACE.

repeat the circumlocution of the inventor, shows "a device for removing obstructions from between the teeth." It comprises a forked handle having branches provided with slots adapted to secure a rubber strip slipped there-in. Tiny knobs fixed on said strips prevent the rubber from pulling out and likewise serve to protect the cheek and tongue when using the device. The elasticity of the rubber permits it to enter the interstices between teeth, even when these are abnormally minute.

**Women Not Artistic.**

During the last hundred years in France and England the education of women has been more artistic than that of men. Far more emphasis is put upon music and drawing in girls' schools than in the corresponding institutions for their brothers. And yet Galton found, in investigating nearly 900 cases, that 28 per cent males and 83 per cent females showed artistic tastes. In spite of the larger opportunity which the modern woman has to develop her artistic faculties, the results in the two sexes are practically the same.

**A Discrepancy.**

Johnny—Pa, half-fare is 3 cents and whole fare 5 cents, isn't it?  
 Papa—Yes, my boy, that is right.  
 Johnny—But you said two halves always equal a whole.—Puck.



**JOLLY JOKER**

He—I hope you don't make a fool of your husband?  
 She—No; I don't have to.—Yonkers Statesman.

Appropriate.—A Southern cornetist, named Burst, has three children—Alice May Burst, James Wood Burst, and Henry Will Burst.

So Natural.—Mrs. Cassidy—"Twas very natural he looked. Mrs. Casey—Aye, shure he looked for all the world loke a love man layin' there dead.

Breaking the News.—Mistress—If you want eggs to keep you must lay them in a cool place. Bridget—O'll minton it to the hens at wanst, mum. Ills Experience.—

"Regarding a woman," said Henpeck, "To this said conclusion I've come: When man puts a ring on her finger. He puts himself under her thumb."

Awful.—Uncle Hiram—They say that the sun never sets on the British Empire. Aunt Hannah—Doesn't it now? And we have such lovely sunsets over here!

Very Likely.—"Have you any taste for Thackeray?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No, I can't say that I have," replied her hostess; "is that anything like this paprika they're puttin' in everything now?"

Correct.—"Pa," said little Reginald, "what is a bucket shop?" "A bucket shop, my son," said the father, feelingly, "is a modern cooage establishment to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung-hole."

Insinuation.—Patron (in restaurant)—What are you bothering me for? Head Usher—The gentleman at the next table wanted me to ask if you wouldn't please face the other way. He says he was nearly eaten by an alligator once and can't bear to see you eat."

The Realist.—Alexis came home one night with his clothes full of holes. "What has happened to you?" exclaimed his mother. "Oh, we've been playing shop ever since school closed," Alexis replied. "Shop?" echoed his mother. "Yes. We opened a grocery, and everybody was something," Alexis explained. "I was the cheese."

Could Do Without It.—"You remember that I gave an order for a pound of liver a while ago?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, I find that I do not need it, and you need not send it." Before she could put down the telephone receiver she heard the market-man say to some one in the store: "Take out Mrs. Blank's liver. She says she can get along without it."

Recommendable.—"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a car the other day. "Poor dear!" interrupted a good-natured looking woman with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at the lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "Have you ever tried rubbin' his joints with hartshorn liniment, mum? That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of."

The Secret of Harmony.—Young Mrs. Mead had just engaged two servants, a man and his wife. "I am so glad you are married!" she said to the man. "I hope you are very happy, and that you and your wife never have any difference of opinion." "Faith, ma'am, I couldn't say that," replied the new servant, "for we have a good many; but O! don't let Bridget know of this, an' so we do be getting along well."

Generals Saved Him.—When General Robert E. Lee was fighting Grant in "the last days" an old darkey besieged headquarters with requests to see "the gin'ral." "Well, where do you belong?" demanded General Lee. "I belongs to y'r company, gin'ral," returned the darkey. "No, you don't," declared the General, snarply. "Everybody in my company has been shot. How is it that you haven't been?" The darkey scratched his head. Then from his twisted mouth came, a confidential whisper: "Well, yo' see, gin'ral, it's this a-way. I ain't been shot 'cause when dey's a fight goin' on I always stays with the gin'ral's."

Took It for Granted.

When Lady Davy was advanced in years there came to Rome a very foolish Russian on whose credulity his friends used to practice. Among other things they informed him that there had till shortly before been in the city an English lady at whose house her friends used to assemble. After her death they found it so inconvenient to lose their point of meeting that they had her embalmed and placed every evening on her accustomed ottoman. As he became very anxious to assist at one of these strange reunions, some one agreed to take him there. When he arrived, there, sure enough, sat the shriveled old lady. He circumnavigated the ottoman several times, finding all that he had been told was too true, then threw up his arms and with the cry, "It is too horrible!" rushed from the room.—Sir Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary."

Took It as Personal.

Delay—Why was Maude Oldgirl so angry about her photographs? Didn't they flatter her?  
 Maude—Oh, they were as pretty as the artist could make them, but on the back of each one it said, "The original of this picture is carefully preserved."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are times when a man doesn't want things to come his way—bills, for example.

**THE MOTOR OMNIBUS.**

**Comparison of Merits of Electric Car and Self-Driven Carriage.**

In England, where the use of electricity for the operation of street railways is more of a novelty than in the United States, the wisdom of the practice is occasionally challenged. For instance, an engineering expert, writing to the London Times a few days ago, expressed the opinion that some of the smaller English cities which had authorized the construction of trolley lines might in time regret their "precipitation." He then proceeded to point out the merits of the self-propelled omnibus, which is probably more common in the streets of London than in New York or other American cities, although still too new to admit of a thoroughly satisfactory comparison with the electric car.

In at least one respect the omnibus is distinctly superior to its rival. In extremely narrow streets it is less of an obstruction to drays, cabs and private carriages and is less liable to be delayed by a blockade than a vehicle which must follow a line of rails. The first cost of a motor omnibus is estimated by the correspondent of the Times as about the same as that of the trolley car, but the latter requires an additional investment of capital for track, overhead wire or conduit and power house. An omnibus line, then, calls for a smaller outlay to begin with. On the other hand, less power is needed to move a car than a carriage which runs on the ordinary pavement of a street. Rails facilitate movement by reducing friction. Again, a vehicle which generates its own power experiences greater difficulty in climbing steep grades than one which derives power from a central station. Finally, the trolley car has from two to three times the capacity of the omnibus. Theoretically, if not practically, therefore, its earnings should be larger.

The contributor to our London contemporary has undertaken to get a little light on this last point, but confesses that he has not been able to obtain as much as he could wish. Here, however, is the result in a nutshell: For the omnibus the cost of operation is 9 or 10 pence per car mile and its receipts 12 or 14, an excess ranging from one-third to one-half. For the trolley car the cost of operation averages 6 pence and the receipts 10 pence, the margin being two-thirds of the operating charges.—New York Tribune.

**Just Discrimination in Railway Rates.**

All railroad men qualified to speak on the subject in a responsible way are likely to agree with President Samuel Spencer of the Southern railway when he says: "There is no division of opinion as to the desirability of stopping all secret or unjustly discriminatory devices and practices of whatsoever character."

Mr. Spencer, in speaking of "unjustly discriminatory" rates and devices, makes a distinction which is at once apparent to common sense. There may be discrimination in freight rates which is just, reasonable and imperatively required by the complex commercial and geographical conditions with which expert rate makers have to deal. To abolish such open and honest discrimination might paralyze the industries of cities, states and whole sections of our national territory.

This distinction between just and unjust discrimination is clearly recognized in the conclusions of the international railway congress, published yesterday:

"Traffic should be based on commercial principles, taking into account the special conditions which bear upon the commercial value of the services rendered. With the reservation that rates shall be charged without arbitrary discrimination to all shippers alike under like conditions, the making of rates should be as far as possible have a direct elasticity necessary to permit the development of the traffic and to produce the greatest results to the public and to the railroads themselves."

The present proposal is, as Mr. Walker D. Hines, of Louisville, showed in his remarkable testimony the other day before the senate committee at Washington, to crystallize flexible and justly discriminatory rates into fixed government rates which cannot be changed except by the intervention of some government tribunal, and by this very process to increase "the temptation to depart from the published rate and the lawful rate in order to meet some overpowering and urgent commercial condition"—New York Sun.

**Off Duty.**

"Hello!" cried the policeman, "reading a paper, eh? I thought you were a blind man."  
 "So I am during business hours," the blind beggar replied, "but I'm off duty now."—Philadelphia Press.

Idleness is many gathered miseries in one name.—Richter.

**Come Now Own Up**

You don't like those gray hairs, do you? And your husband certainly doesn't like them. Then why not try a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor? It restores color to gray hair every time, all the deep, rich color of early life. And it cures dandruff also.

"I certainly believe that Ayer's Hair Vigor is a splendid preparation for the hair and scalp. I have used it—more or less for six years, I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone in need of such a preparation."—MRS. KATE HOTT, Minneapolis, Minn.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
 Also manufactured of  
**SARSAPILLA PILLS**  
**CHEERY PECTORAL.**

**Is Nation of Chauffeurs.**

The French nation so closely guards her supremacy in the motor world that plans are being made so that every French boy will be made familiar with the operation and the principles involved in the construction of the automobile, says the Philadelphia Record. A course of instruction is being arranged for introduction into the public schools. There are a number of technical schools where the details of automobile instructions are imparted to those who desire such knowledge.

It is said that no city in the world gives the same encouragement to automobilism as Paris. It has been decided that all the public hospitals shall be equipped with self-propelled ambulances and a very speedy car has been ordered to be attached to the municipal laboratory, where all the bombs found on the streets of that city shall be taken for investigation and destruction.

**CASTORIA**  
 For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Fitch*

**Her Purpose.**

"Mother thinks you'll make me a good wife," said the girl's intended.  
 "Indeed?" replied the girl with the determined jaw, "you tell your mother I'll make you a good husband."—Philadelphia Ledger.

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Pilo's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

**A Nuts Suggestion.**

Father (cutting the whip smartly through the air)—See, Tommy, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all.  
 Tommy—Papa, why don't you spank us children that way?—Glasgow Times.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

**A Jealous Elephant.**

A large elephant, formerly the center of attraction in a certain Zoo, found itself supplanted in public favor by a new arrival—a young camel. This camel was the latest acquisition, and very naturally engaged the attention of visitors.

The elephant for a long time showed signs of dissatisfaction, and at last his jealousy reached a point where it must find expression. When the usual crowd gathered about the camel the elephant prepared for action. He filled his trunk with water, and with deliberate aim discharged the water all over the people who stood looking at the baby camel.

**FITS Permanently Cured.** No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free 24 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Too Deep for Him.**

"There's one thing I can't understand about farming," said the city chap who had contracted with a farmer for a week's board, as he watched the hired man turning the soil.  
 "What be that, young feller?" queried the honest old granger, as he bit off a generous hunk of home-made tobacco.  
 "I can't understand," said the city chap, "why the ground was placed bottom side up, so that it has to be turned over with a plow before the crops can be planted."

**ECZEMA A FRESH FIRE**

Those afflicted with Eczema know more than can be told of the suffering imposed by this "fresh fire." It usually begins with a slight redness of the skin, which gradually spreads, followed by blisters and pustules discharging a thin, sticky fluid that dries and scales off, leaving an inflamed surface, and at times the itching and burning are almost unbearable. While any part of the body is liable to be attacked, the hands, feet, back, arms, face and legs are the parts most often afflicted. The cause of Eczema is a too acid condition of the blood. The circulation becomes loaded with fiery acid poisons that are forced through the glands and pores of the skin which set the flesh aflame. Since the cause of the disease is in the blood it is a waste of time to try to cure it with local applications; the cause must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. has no equal as a remedy for Eczema; it enters the blood and forces out the poison through the natural channels, and builds up the entire system. The skin becomes smooth and soft again, and the Eczema is cured. Cases that have persistently refused to be cured under the ordinary treatment yield to its purifying, cooling effect on the blood. Book on Skin Diseases and any advice wished, without charge.

**SSS**

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.