

A HISTORIC CORNER.

Occupied Once by Washington's Best Known Hotel.

In One of Its Rooms Andrew Johnson Took the Oath of Office as President of the United States.

[Special Washington Letter.] THERE is a historic corner on Pennsylvania avenue which is now occupied by a hotel; and very few people now living know anything about the history of the locality.

For many years the building on the corner of Twelfth street and Pennsylvania avenue was occupied by the pension office, and then a dry goods and notions store built up a successful business there. Six years ago alterations were made which transformed the building into a hotel and cafe and now additions have been built along Twelfth street, completely obliterating all of the landmarks which were so dear to us old-timers.

Nearly 20 years ago "Boss" Shepherd, the man of energy and executive ability who changed the national capital from its condition of a sluggish southern town in a mudhole to a national city with broad avenues and concrete streets, built upon the corner referred to a six-story brick building, with mansard roof, and rented it to the government for the use of the pension office. It was so occupied until the architectural monstrosity in Judiciary square was completed, in 1885, and then the pension office was removed and the Shepherd building was taken by a prosperous storekeeper.

During the civil war the corner was occupied by the best known and most popular hotel in the city, called the Kirkwood house. Members of the cabinet as well as prominent senators and representatives resided at the Kirkwood house, and prominent officers of the federal armies were constantly



MESSSENGER THORNBYS JOKE ON GEN. CROSBY.

coming and going as guests of the same hotel. Vice President Andrew Johnson was a guest of the Kirkwood house on the night of the tragedy at Ford's theater, when President Lincoln lost his life by the hand of an assassin. On the following morning it was in the Kirkwood house that Mr. Johnson took the oath of office and became president of the United States.

In the spring of 1864, when the successful general of the Mississippi valley, U. S. Grant, came to the national capital to receive from the hands of the president his commission as lieutenant general of all the armies he was a guest at the Kirkwood house. From time to time Gens. Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, Logan, Meade and other eminent military men either had their rooms or took their meals at the Kirkwood house. It was not until several years after the war had closed, when the armies had been disbanded, the carpet-bag period had passed, and the unusual business incident to and dependent upon the civil war had ceased, that the Kirkwood house, being no longer the most popular hostelry in the city, was closed.

During the latter part of March, 1864, while he was planning the offensive campaign which commenced with the battle of the Wilderness on the 5th day of the following May, a banquet was given to Gen. Grant in the Kirkwood house, which was followed by a ball, and in the festivities of both events Miss Kate Chase, the accomplished, brilliant and beautiful daughter of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, was the social leader. Although the celebrated hostelry was a frame building of the olden style, it was an exceptionally large and roomy structure for those days. More than 200 men and women of distinction participated in the banquet, and, before the dawn of the morrow had dispersed the merry-makers, nearly 1,000 of the men and women of note in those days participated in the terpsichorean mazes.

For many years the best servant in the old Kirkwood house was a colored man named George Thornby. He acted as valet to Gen. Grant on that occasion and was subsequently detailed to look after the comfort of Vice President Johnson. So it happened that when the old house finally gave way to a more modern structure, Thornby, through the kind intervention of many men of prominence whom he had served, secured an appointment as messenger in the post office department, when Congressman Tycer, of Indiana, was made postmaster general. He remained there until a few years ago, when he died. Thornby was a very intelligent fellow and was made mail messenger to the first assistant postmaster general. During his latter years he took a great deal of pleasure in telling a story concerning John Schuyler Crosby, of New York, who was the governor of the territory of Montana for three years and became first assistant postmaster general when Frank Hatton was advanced to the position of postmaster general. Thornby

opened all the envelopes and laid the smaller ones, which ostensibly contained personal letters, upon the desk of the first assistant postmaster general; but the big official envelopes he distributed to the clerks in charge of the appointments in the different states, and he always did his work intelligently and with good judgment.

Gov. Crosby had only been the incumbent of the office of first assistant postmaster general a few days when he rung his bell, to which Thornby responded, and Gov. Crosby said:

"I want to know who it is that opens my letters every day before they are placed on my desk."

"That is my work, sir," said Thornby, bowing and smiling as one who knows his duty is well performed.

"Well, hereafter," said Gov. Crosby, "I do not want anybody to open my mail. Let the mail be placed upon my desk and I will open it myself. I do not wish to have my correspondence handled in this indiscriminate manner."

On the following morning, when Crosby entered his office he was amazed to see it transformed into a general delivery office and mail packing establishment. His desk was stacked three feet high with letters of every description, not one of which Thornby had opened. In a little space upon the desk before Crosby's chair were 150 or 200 small envelopes containing letters which might be presumed to be personal, but at least three-fourths of which must have been official.

Gov. Crosby was no fool. He simply lacked executive departmental experience. He saw at once that the colored man had a huge joke on him. He rang the bell, and when the polite Thornby appeared, he said: "Thornby, here is a five-dollar bill which belongs to you. Take all of this stuff off of my desk and say nothing about it to anybody."

The faithful and intelligent negro did as requested. But the clerks, who had been waiting for their daily work more than two hours that morning, had ascertained the fact that all of their mail was piled upon Crosby's

desk, so that Thornby violated no confidence later when he told the story with many a hilarious smile.

The old Kirkwood house is merely a reminiscence in the national capital. Its disappearance was voluminously commented upon when it was obliterated; and the story of the old hotel is brought vividly to memory by reason of the fact that another old hotel, within a block of the treasury building, has been torn down this summer in order to make room for an immense modern structure.

The old hotel was originally built in 1836, for the use of the post office department. Within five years the Doric columns of the new post office department were erected, and the postmaster general took possession thereof. Then it was that the hotel was opened. It has been known by name to all who have visited the national capital during the past 60 years. It was what the proprietor hoped it would be, as he expressed it with his New England nasal twang, "a very likely tavern." The hotel which will take its place will be a credit to this great and growing city.

The department of justice is in temporary quarters because its historic building, opposite the treasury department, has been torn down this summer, to make room for another, a bigger and better building. The old Corcoran art gallery is about to be taken down, in order to make room for a hall of records of the executive departments.

These are only a few of the improvements which are being made upon Pennsylvania avenue; and they have come none too soon. The principal thoroughfare of the national capital has long been regarded as the best paved ground in the world; but the buildings along that thoroughfare have never reflected credit upon the city, nor upon the people of the republic. The improvements briefly outlined here really constitute a great stride in the development of the national capital as a modern city.

SMITH D. FRY.

Perfect. "I wish I were nearer perfection," I said, as I sat on the sofa with her. The lamp threw a halo of gold o'er her head, Her breath was like orris and myrrin.

Her breath was like orris and myrrin. That's easy," she said, with a smile in her eye.

A trick she had gathered from Venus; And then, with a laugh and a fluttering sigh, She cast out the pillow between us.

No Ague Left. Boarder—I hear that there used to be a great deal of fever and ague around here.

Host—Yes; but none here now, not a bit. We've all got acclimated.—N. Y. Weekly.

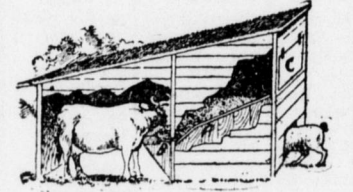
Bored Even Himself. Belle—Is Chappie tiresome? Flora—Is he? Why, they say he yawns incessantly when he's alone.—The Smart Set.



FATTENING CATTLE.

Convenient Self-Feeder That Is Sure to Keep All Sorts of Grain from Being Wasted.

In feeding fattening cattle, there is much waste of grain besides heavy work where it is necessary to keep feeding troughs supplied with grain with the usual method of carrying the grain to the troughs when emptied by the cattle. A method which will keep the troughs supplied and keep the grain from being wasted will recommend itself to the feeder of cattle. A self-feeder, as illustrated, can



FEEDING COWS MADE EASY.

be made of a size to fill the requirements of the feed lot. The feed trough, b, is at the lower side of the building, under the shed roof, which is merely a continuation of the feeder roof. The upper half of the building contains the grain. The floor of the grain bin, a, is built at an angle as shown, so as to slide the grain down to the opening into the trough. This opening extends the whole length of the trough and is about one inch wide—wide enough to allow the cattle to lick out the grain when the pressure above does not force it out. There will be but little of the grain at a time in the trough, but that little will be immediately replaced as soon as eaten. If hogs follow the feeders, openings can be made to allow them to enter the building under the grain bin, which will make an excellent hog house. The door for shoveling in the grain, c, is on the upper side, just beneath the eaves. Grain can be put in by the wagon load.—J. L. Irwin, in Farm and Home.

ADULTERATED FOODS.

Arsenical Butter Colors, Highly Injurious to Health, Discovered in Many Samples.

The Breeders' Gazette has been compiling some figures from a recent report of the Ohio dairy and food commissioner and makes the following exhibit:

Of the total of 1,471 samples of food collected in the open market by the Ohio dairy and food commissioner, under the new pure food law of the state, 99 were found to contain adulterants. In many instances the adulterants were highly injurious antiseptics, and coal tar coloring, which is very detrimental to digestion, was often detected. Of 15 samples of coffee only two were pure. One sample contained only seven per cent. coffee, and another none at all, while in no case was there more than 60 per cent. of the real berry present. Of 28 samples of cheese 19 were not pure. In one sample 80 per cent. of cottonseed oil and lard was found. In a second 80 per cent. of foreign fat and in a third no less than 87 per cent. of mixed fats and oils were found. As a rule the filled cheese contained only 30 per cent. of foreign fat. Of many samples of "pure fruit jam" every one of them was adulterated; all contained salicylic acid, and all were artificially colored. Raspberry jelly was found to be made of apples and glucose. The commissioner's report is couched in scathing terms, and it is to be hoped that the punishment of the dishonest manufacturers may be made to fit the crime.

It is to be noted that the report for the first time rebukes the use of the present arsenical colors found in butter, and justly speaks of its true character. Presently we shall have more of such reports from other states, and then the country will soon be ripe to demand restrictive legislation. Let the good work continue. Down with arsenical colors!

The Lawns in the Fall.

Where the grass is getting thin on the lawn and you want to avoid ploughing it treat it in the fall, after the lawn has become pretty well saturated with moisture; if not wet then, the following should be done in the spring, although it is best to treat the lawn this fall. Scarify it with a harrow, containing many small teeth, pretty thoroughly. Sow on blue grass and red top, reharrow lightly and roll. Apply, before the harrowing is done, 100 pounds of dried blood per acre. In the spring sow at the rate of 50 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre some white clover and roll. Dig out the coarser weeds. Should the blue grass and red top seeds on the fall sowing fail add these seeds in the early spring at the time of sowing the clover.

The secret of making butter that will keep a long time is having the age of the cream and its temperature right before churning. Set in common tin pans in an ordinary cool cellar, the cream should be skimmed 36 hours from the time it was set, and then kept not longer than four days in cool weather and two in hot.—National Rural.

To cleanse hand towels that may be used by operators in the dairy, boil in sal soda water.

A Thanking Woman.

On September 27, 1900, Mrs. Anna E. V. Bartley, of 1823 Baymiller Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, wrote: "My eyes were sore ever since I was eleven years old. My parents tried everything they could for me, used all the Eye Doctors and they could not do as much as relieve me. My eyelids at times would have ulcers on them, causing terrible pain, so I could neither sleep nor work, and besides were put on my head and temples to draw the blood away from my eyes. But your wonderful Lotion has cured me and I have been well now for more than five years. I am never without it at home and have been recommending it to dozens of sufferers because it cured me, and I cannot thank you too much for what it has done for me." If your druggist does not keep it, send to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl Street, New York, for sample of Lotion and Lotion Soap.

We do a good many needless things just because we suspect somebody thinks we can't.—Puck.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is often ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There should be less worrying about what the "unseen has in store," and more care of the health to be able to do the work it brings to everyone.—Acheson Globe.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick head ache. Price 25 and 50c.

"Do you believe in luck?" asked Edgely. "Depends on who is dealing," replied Stackler, sagely.—Town Topics.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Seeking the Details—"He died of heart failure," said the doctor. "Of course, of course," returned the perverse man; "everybody does that, but what made his heart fail?" Thus do the thoughtless ever make trouble for the learned.—Chicago Post.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The day is lost if you pass it without having laughed at least once.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

When a man is looking for trouble he never loses his way.—Town Topics.

Each package of PUTNAM'S Fadeless Dyes colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

The more a man talks, the less wood he saws.—Acheson Globe.

Lots of men who are short on sense are long on dollars.—Chicago Daily News.

Rentham—"How absurd it is! Everybody knows there is no north pole, and yet think of the money and the lives that have been thrown away in order to discover it." "Really, I don't think of the time and effort wasted in seeking the man or woman who comes up to our ideal! Neither exists, you know."—Boston Transcript.

It was the middle of the week when the young man appeared at the office to make his excuses and explanations. "You should have returned from your vacation last Monday, sir," said the proprietor of the establishment. "You were having a good time at that summer resort, I suppose, and thought you were entitled to three days of grace?" "Not exactly," stammered the young man, with heightened color. "Laura, sir."—Answers.

He was rather a rickety young man and kept very late hours. He was going on a long journey, and on bidding farewell to his beloved he said to her: "Darling, when I am far away, every night I will gaze at you star and think of thee. Wilt thou, too, gaze at my star and think of me?" "I will, indeed, dearest," she replied. "If I needed anything to remind me of you, I would choose this very star." "Why?" he asked. "Because it is always out so late at night and looks so pale in the morning."—Pick-Me-Up.

Ex-President Cleveland is widely credited with originating the phrase: "Public office is a public trust." Two years before he died in 1895, Charles Sumner wrote: "The phrase 'Public office is a public trust' has of late become common property." Dorman B. Eaton said in 1881: "The public offices are a public trust." Calhoun said in 1835: "The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts." Thomas Jefferson said in 1807: "When a man assumes a public trust he should consider himself as a public property."—Kansas City Journal.

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If you have been paying \$4.00 for shoes, a pair of W. L. Douglas shoes \$3.00 or \$3.50 shoes will positively outwear any other two manufacturers in the U. S. They are just as good in every way and cost from \$1.50 less. Over 1,000,000 wearers.



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THE TURN OF LIFE.

The Most Important Period in a Woman's Existence.—Mrs. Johnson Tells How She Was Helped Over the Trying Time.



Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying, and sometimes painful symptoms. Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are only a few of the symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. The three following letters are guaranteed to be genuine and true, and still further prove what a great medicine Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is for women.

Mar. 12, 1897. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:— I have been sick for a long time. I was taken sick with flooding. All my trouble seemed to be in the womb. I ache all the time at the lower part of the womb. The doctor says the womb is covered with ulcers. I suffer with a pain on the left side of my back over the kidney. I am fifty years old and passing through the change of life. Please advise me what to do to get relief. I would like to hear from you as soon as possible."—MRS. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monclova, Ohio.

Jan. 23, 1898. "I have been taking your remedies, and think they have helped me a great deal. I had been in bed for ten weeks when I began taking your Vegetable Compound, but after using it for a short time I was able to be up around the house. The aching in the lower part of womb has left me. The most that troubles me now is the flowing. That is not so bad, but still there is a little every day. I am not discouraged yet, and shall continue with your medicine, for I believe it will cure me."—MRS. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monclova, Ohio.

April 13, 1900. "I send you this letter to publish for the benefit of others. I was sick for about nine years so that I could not do my work. For three months I could not sit up long enough to have my bed made. I had five different doctors, and all said there was no help for me. My trouble was change of life. I suffered with ulceration of the womb, pain in sides, kidney and stomach trouble, backache, headache, and dizziness. I am well and strong, and feel like a new person. My recovery is a perfect surprise to everybody that knew me. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would not do without your medicine for anything. There is no need of women suffering so much if they would take your remedies, for they are a sure cure."—MRS. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monclova, Ohio.

When one stops to think about the good Mrs. Johnson derived from Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine, it seems almost beyond belief; yet it is all true as stated in her three letters published above at her own request. As a matter of positive fact Mrs. Pinkham has on file thousands of letters from women who have been safely carried through that danger period "Change of Life." Mrs. Johnson's cure is not an unusual one for Mrs. Pinkham's medicine to accomplish.

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

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Do You Know? Burnham's Hasty Jellycon will satisfactorily answer the question: "What shall we have for dessert to-day?" You have the choice of six delicious flavors: orange, lemon, strawberry, raspberry, peach, wild cherry, and the plain "calf-foot" for making wine and coffee jellies. Every where Jellycon is having a large sale. Your grocer sells it.

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