...PAYING A DEBT...

STILLMAN GRANT had come to the end of his tether and he knew it. He made no fuss about the matter, and any of his freinds who met him that evening could not have told from his manner that anything was wrong. Grant had taken big chances to increase his fortune and now he realized that the jig was up, exposure might come in a week, or it might be delayed for a month, but it was sure to come, unless he had £1,000 in hard cash, and that amount he knew he could not get. Of course if exposure could have been staved off for some years everything might come out all right; old Monckton might die and young Monckton come into the business.

Old Monckton, Grant's employer, was a hard-hearted skinflint who would have no mercy when investigation showed that his assistant was a defaulter. He was hard, even to his own son, and it wasn't likely that he would show mercy to one who was no relative of his.

On the other hand Stillman Grant, who was a calculating young fellow, had many times helped young Monckton when in trouble of a monetary nature. He did this not because he liked the young man particularly, but because he was his employer's son and would some time come into the business.

Young Monckton owed Grant money, but even if he paid it all that night it was not enough to cover the defalcation, and so was useless.

Grant had taken the money, not in any momentary weakness, but because he calculated he could make himself a rich man by the use of it. These calculations turned out to be erroneous, and for months Grant had been exercising his ingenuity to stave off exposure. He had not deluded himself with any false views as to what would happen when exposure came. He had made up his mind. There should be no trial with imprisonment at the end of it. He knew an easier way out of the difficulty than that. He had bought a quantity of morphine which he knew, when the time came to take it, would insure him a swift and tolerably easy death. He knew that six or seven, or perhaps ten years' imprisonment was the penalty for his offense and he had no desire or intention of facing such a punishment.

He walked that night to his rooms everlooking the Thames embankment. He went to a cupboard and spent some time in choosing with particular care a bottle of wine he intended to drink. He poured out a small draught of the beverage and taking the paper of morphine he opened it carefully and sprinkled the white contents on the surface of the wine. He watched it as it slowly settled and finally disappeared in the liquid; then he poured another glass of wine and drank it off. There was no hurry about drinking the poisoned cup; he had all the night before him, so he drew his comfortable arm-chair up to the fire and sat down wondering who would find his dead body in the morning. At last taking up the poisoned glass he paused for a moment with it in his hand, thinking he heard a step on the stair. The next minute his surprise was a certainty as someone rapped at his door. Hastily putting down the glass, he shouted, "Come in," forgetting the door was locked; then he rose hurriedly, drew the bolt back and opened the door.

"Hullo, Charley," Grant said when he saw who it was. The son of his employer entered with a radiant look on his face.

"Well, Stillman, I have come to secure my debt to you. I have made up my mind that you shall not suffer by my having borrowed money from you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Grant carelessly, "I don't need the money."

"No, I know you don't need it," said Monckton, "but it struck me that if anything happened to me my father would never acknowledge the debt and you would be out of just that much."

"It doesn't really matter, you know," said Stillman Grant in the same unconcerned voice. "I shall always be happy to lend you money when you need it and I have it."

"Thanks, old fellow, I know that," said Young Monckton. "You are as generous as the old man is stingy. Nevertheless, I got a windfall the other day and the minute I received the money I thought of you."

"Ah," said Grant, with his eyes brightening somewhat. "How much was it?"

"Five hundred pounds in one lump," answered the other.

"Oh," said Grant in a disappointed tone.

"You don't congratulate me," cried young Monckton. "Five hundred pounds are not to be scoffed at."

"No," replied Grant; "still £500 isn't a fortune, you know."

"It isn't, but it might be turned into a tidy sum of money. Now let me tell you what I have done, Grant. I know I will never be able to pay you that sum of money; if I became a partner in the business it might be different, so I took part of the £500 and insured my life for £2,000, making it payable to you at my death. If I live I will eventually come into the business and then you will get back the money you have lent me with handsome interest; but if I am cut off in one of my sprees, which is more than likely, then you will get back all your money with interest at several thousand per cent."

As the young man said this he drew from an inner pocket what Grant saw was evidently an insurance policy.

"There you are, my boy, with the first year's premium paid," said Monckton, as he threw the policy on the table. "I'll leave it with you, because you are a steady, sober fellow. If I can't pay the next premium when it falls due you'll pay it for me and charge it up to the account I already owe you. You see, my friend, you are quite safe as far as your money is concerned, whether I become a staid, respectable and rich man of business, or whether I am cut off in the flower of my youth."

COME, I'LL SHOW YOU OUT.

Grant lay back in his chair with his eyes partially closed as he picked up and examined the document. He saw it was all right and perfectly legal. At last he said, in a low tone and with deliberation: "I think you might have spent your money much more profitably, Monckton, than in paying a year's premium on your life. Bless me! you will live till you are 90."

"I hope so," said the young man, "but meanwhile you take care of that document, and if the time ever comes that there is money collectable on it you are the man who is to have it. As you see, I have made the policy solely to you."

"Thanks, old man," said Grant, as he placed the policy on the table.

"Well," said Monckton, "I must be off. Won't you come out and take a drink?"

"I think not," said Grant; "I'm busy to-night, but if you wish a drink, have a glass of wine with me."

"I don't mind if I do," said young Monckton.

Grant pushed towards his the glass of wine in which he had sprinkled the morphine, then he poured out wine for himself in another glass. "Here's to you," he said, drinking.

Young Monckton drank off the wine and smacked his lips after. "That has a curious taste, Grant," he said; "what is it?"

"Oh, it is a special brand I drink when I am not sleeping well. You will find it very soothing."

"Well, good night, Stillman, old fellow."

"Good night to you, Monckton, and pleasant dreams."

"Oh, I'm not going to dreams yet awhile," said Monckton. "A few of us are to have some games at the Raquet Club."

"Ah," said Grant, "that's a long distance from here. Better have a hansom. Come, I'll see you out."

They walked down the stair together and at the door young Monckton said: "Yes, I think I will have a hansom. I feel rather drowsy."

"Oh, you'll be all right when you get into the fresh air," rejoined Grant. The young man staggered slightly, as if he were intoxicated. The other watched him go down the street and hail a cab.

"Poor devil," said Grant to himself, as he turned away. "He was an unlucky chap to come in at that moment on that particular errand. There is a time for everything, and that was not the time for insurance policies. I suppose that, not having premeditated the murder, I have left some loose clew that will enable the police to trace the thing to me. Still I shall be no worse off than I was an hour ago, and after all, nothing matters very much. Bet a fiver I'll be caught."

But he wasn't. The medical men said the young fellow had died of a disease with a long name, and then the insurance company claimed it had been defrauded by the fact of his having the malady concealed from them. Thus was the honest man defrauded out of his insurance money, and he was nabbed by the police for his defalcations before he could purchase more poison. In one of her Majesty's prisons he now regrets the fate of his friend.—Detroit Free Press.

HE WATCHED IT AS IT SLOWLY SETTLED.

Perfumery from Flowers.

Heretofore perfumery has been detached from flowers by soaking them in lard. A Parisian named Passy has now found a way of gathering the fragrance by simply soaking the flowers in water, a process which can be repeated several times without destroying the flowers.

The hotel clerk who puts on a brilliant front is not the only pebble. A great many newspaper men use paste too.

The druggist would rather sell a pound of cure than an ounce of prevention.

SAWING UP A LOG.

How Planks Are Cut in a Great Western Sawmill.

W. S. Harwood contributes "The Story of a Pine Board" to the St. Nicholas. After telling of the cutting down of the tree, and its progress from the forest to the mill, Mr. Harwood says:

Up from the yellowish-brown depths of the slow-moving river, flowing so steadily on its way to the sea, comes a huge, dark-brown thing with a shining, dripping coat. It is our log, entering upon its last stage. It passes at once up a long incline called the "slit"—a trench of wood about eight inches deep and two feet wide at the top, so hollowed out that the largest log will lie in it securely as it is being drawn up the incline by the stout chains with which the slit is equipped. Projecting pieces of steel on this chain serve to keep the log steady, its great weight causing it to sink upon these pieces of steel, which are like sharp teeth. A workman, standing at the side of the slit, by means of a lever throws up two powerful steel-pointed arms which lift the logs out of the slit and throw them upon tables, from which they are rolled down to the carriage which leads to the saws. When the log reaches the carriage it is thrown upon the framework by the "nigger"—a long, ratcheted timber or piece of steel. This framework is like a section of an ordinary flat-car running on a regular railroad track. Two men stand on the moving carriage, and at a signal from the head sawyer, who directs the cutting of the log, regulate the thickness of the plank or board by the levers of the carriage.

When the log has been adjusted it rapidly advances to the saw, and in a very few seconds its water-soaked sides have been trimmed by the sharp teeth. The carriage flies back to the starting place with the swiftness of the wind; and it is enough to make one shudder to see it go. You expect every instant that one of the men will be thrown off and terribly injured. They learn to balance themselves, however, though there are frequent accidents. One instant of inattention on the part of the head sawyer, who regulates the speed of the carriage by his lever, would send the carriage flying back to the end of the mill with tremendous force, and probably kill both of the men. One of the men on the carriage, called the "setter," fixes the width of the board to be sawed, on signal from the head sawyer; the other man is the second sawyer.

As I stood one day in one of these mills, watching the men flying forth and back on the narrow carriage, and almost expecting that one or both of them would be thrown off in the swiftness of their flight, I took out my watch and timed them; and I found that they traveled on an average, on this little railroad not more than twenty feet long, one hundred and sixty-eight thousand feet a day, or about thirty-one miles.

Stung by Cactus Plants.

Several men employed about Horticultural Hall, in Fairmount Park, are nursing very sore hands, and one of them is just sure that he is out of danger from blood poisoning from stings received in handling prickly cactus plants. All summer the tall, slender cacti have stood with soldierly erectness in a bed at the east end of the hall. When frost threatened the head gardener gave orders for their removal into winter quarters, and the men having the job went about it without the usual precaution of wearing buckskin gloves. They were stung in many places by the needles that bristled from the stalks, but as the pain at the time was not great, they kept at work until all the cacti had been housed. A few hours later their hands began to puff up, and soon swelled to ungainly proportions, as the poison of the stings took effect. They suffered intensely for several days, and even now, after a week has elapsed, have to use their hands in a very gingerly manner indeed.—Philadelphia Record.

Making Combs.

The cheapest combs are made from hoofs, but are subjected to costly and ingenious processes of manufacture. A circular saw cuts the horns in assorted sizes, the tips being used for the handles of knives and umbrellas. Very high degrees of temperature are necessary as the hoofs and horns have to be heated to make the fiber soft. When the pieces are cut they are placed between screwblocks and pressed flat. Acids are frequently used for staining an imitation of turquoise-shell, and this cannot be detected by a casual observer. The rough surfaces of the comb are smoothed by wheels covered by walrus skin. Polishing is the last process, which is done by wheels covered with leather of different degrees of softness. —Elgin Courant.

The Era of Peace.

Great Britain is now building eighty-nine war vessels; France is a close second, with eighty-three; Russia is now working on thirty-nine peacemakers, Italy on thirteen and Germany on nineteen, but the late large appropriation for the German navy will greatly enlarge the Kaiser's operations. Explosive bullets have been long excluded from civilized warfare as barbarous, but sensitive Britain is chuckling over a new missile designed to convert heathen Afridis and Africans from the error of their ways, which simply means murder, expanding from a clean, round hole at the point of entrance to a ragged chasm three or four inches in diameter.

Woman Engineer.

The only woman engineer in the United States, so it is claimed, is Mrs. Annie Shanivan of Tulare, Cal., who, by all accounts, is a real Tom Groghan. She runs a planing mill at Mountain Home, and the mountaineers thoroughly respect her. They call her "our new woman."

An Unfortunate Offer.

Adolphus Dudington (pleadingly)—Don't be cruel and hard-hearted, colonel. Give me your daughter's hand, and I promise she shall never be separated from her family.

Col. Bluntly—That's precisely why I object to the marriage.—Detroit Free Press.

Might Be True.

Doctor—There is one thing in the scriptures that puzzles me, and that is to what the longevity of the ancients can be attributed. Have you any theory to offer?

Minister—It may have been owing to the fact that there were no physicians in those days.

A New Envelope.

An envelope for carrying merchandise through the mails is so constructed with reversible flaps and a stiffening strip attached to the closing flap that the inside of the envelope may become the outside, and the same envelope used to return merchandise in the same manner in which it was forwarded.

We always have a kindly feeling toward a dog that has no pedigree. Somehow, a dog with a pedigree always seems to look down on us.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Potash Fertilizers as Protection Against Frost—Profits in Sheep-Raising—Value of the Silo—Watering Stock in Winter—General Notes.

Protection Against Frost.

It has been noticed that the liberal application of potash fertilizers, especially the crude salts, lessens to a certain extent the injuries which the crop may suffer from frost. This is an item of considerable importance, especially in the case of tobacco, which is often greatly injured by frost in early autumn. The cause of the protection which kainit, for instance, offers to plants against frosts is found in two sources. In the first place, on account of the hygroscopic nature of the salt, the moisture of the soil is more securely held, and there is less rapid evaporation. One of the prime conditions of the formation of frost is a rapid evaporation and consequent cooling of the surface of the soil. Anything which prevents this, of course, tends to diminish the intensity of the frost. In the second case, the presence of a potash fertilizer produces a more luxuriant vegetation, and thus secures a more perfect cover of the soil, affording in this manner a less rapid evaporation. These two causes combined undoubtedly have a tendency to diminish the danger from frost to which a crop may be exposed.—Portland Transcript.

Profits in Sheep.

The profits on our sheep are governed by the cost of production, by the use of the fodders and straw, the coarse feed, which will not bring anything in the markets, especially corn-fodder, and by the cheapness of grain. We can make the fleece pay the keeping of the sheep for one year, on good, fine-wooled sheep and from these calculations it would leave the owner the lambs and manure for his profit. One hundred merino sheep, given abundance of bedding, will, between December 1 and May 1, make at least forty two-horse loads of manure. I scarcely need to say that both the summer and winter manure of the sheep is far more valuable than that of the horse or cow. Its manure on high-priced land that requires fertilizers cannot be estimated at less than fifty cents per head per annum, and I should be inclined to put it still higher. The profit increases just as the market value of land and the cost of keeping increases. The Western grower gets the lamb and about one-half of the fleece as the profit on each sheep.—Indiana Farmer.

Value of the Silo.

On any farm where corn does well, more cows can be kept on a given number of acres by using a silo than without one. Corn produces more cow food per acre than any other of the ordinary crops raised. When it is made into silage there is less waste than when dry-cured. Cows eat the whole plant, ears, butts and all, and do not leave the coarse stalks, as when field-cured. The ears of corn are soft and easily masticated and digested; so there is very little waste of grain. So the silo saves a great amount of work in husking and grinding corn, which is necessary when it is dry, to get it in proper condition for the cow to get the full benefit of it. Another thing: If one has a silo, the harvesting, cutting into short lengths and storing the fodder in condition to feed is all done at one wholesale job early in the season, when the days are long and the weather good.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Watering the Stock.

A good well of soft water is necessary, especially for cows giving milk. The water should be pumped directly into the trough of a morning; after the stock have all been watered, let the rest of the water out. The cattle should be watered twice a day. Water freshly pumped from a well about twenty feet in depth, will be about the temperature of 60 degrees; this water is pleasant for the cows to drink, and they will drink a large quantity of it. Let the water out of the trough after the cattle have finished drinking, especially of an evening, and with a board cover the trough over. This takes but a few minutes, and it prevents ice and snow from filling up the trough. This is one way of keeping up the milk supply and keeping the stock in sound health. Horses, sheep and hogs need water frequently, but if the water is ice cold they will drink but little of it.—Baltimore American.

Methods of Preserving Eggs.

In the consular reports for December an interesting account is given of experiments made in Berlin to test various methods of preserving eggs. All were treated on July 1 and opened at the end of the following February. Salt water, salicylic acid, rubbing with salt, covering with bran, etc., did not prevent the eggs from spoiling. But eggs varnished with vaseline were all good at the end of February, and so were those preserved in lime water and those preserved in a solution of water glass. The lime water sometimes gives the eggs a bad taste, the solution of water glass causes the egg shell to break easily on immersion in boiling water and putting the vaseline on eggs takes too much time.

The Hot Shoe Evil.

Fitting the shoe hot, so frequently practiced, cannot be too strongly condemned, as the sensitive structures beneath the horny wall are seriously injured, the pores in the horny tissue closed, and the secretion of the hoof seriously interfered with until the hoof finally becomes brittle and easily broken. The majority of shoeing smiths argue that it requires too much time to obtain a perfectly plane-bearing surface on the both the foot and shoe with the tools intended for that purpose; that the shoe can be made to bear all around alike much easier and quicker by placing it on the foot hot until the foot is charred wherever touched by the hot shoe. No doubt this is the most rapid way of fitting shoes, but when we take into consideration the harm done by such practice we find that nothing has been gained, but that much of the value of the horse has been lost: for of what value is a horse without a sound foot? It is also important that shoes should be reset every four or six weeks. With the above precautions the horse's foot may be kept reasonably sound.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Hogs in Small Lots.

It is neither profitable nor always entirely safe to keep great numbers of hogs together. Besides the liability to disease getting among them, there is always a certainty that the stronger will crowd the weaker from their feeding places, so that the inequality in size will increase instead of decrease. In every litter there are always one or two weaklings that were born runts, and unless given a better chance than their fellows, they will always remain runts. The best way to manage this is when the pigs are seven or eight weeks old, take out the stronger ones and wean them, giving them plenty of the best food that can be got to make growth. Then the runts left to suckle the sow alone will in two or three weeks more take a start that may make them as good as the others, so that in later life all can be fed together. No other feed, without the sow's milk, will do this, though such other feed should be given and the pigs be encouraged to eat all they can be made to eat.—American Cultivator.

Artificial Duck Hatching.

This is a great feature in the local native industries of Formosa. This is how it is managed: A long, low shed is built, mostly of wattles and mud, which has a thick thatched roof. All around the inside walls are arranged rough wood troughs, which are filled up with grain and roasted paddyhusk, on which the eggs are placed as fast as they can be procured. In the summer particular precautions are taken, but in the winter the eggs are covered over with quilted coverlets, and far more care is taken to exclude cold draughts than is ever dreamt of in a native dwelling house. The grain, which is sprinkled with a little warm water, sets up fermentation, and that with the help of the warm paddyhusk, which is continually being changed, hatches the eggs in about thirty days. By this simple and inexpensive process the breeder is enabled to sell young ducklings at about a penny each.

Retaining Moisture.

The farmer who has a little rill, ravine or draw running through his farm along which a line of shrubbery has grown up, when cleaning up his land, offended by the sight of this, is careful to clear it away, lest he be charged with negligence and unthriftiness. The consequence is that when the rain falls the water is carried off rapidly, taking more or less of the soil with it. The warm sun coming out, soon dries up and evaporates the moisture. This is a great error. Every one of these ought to be carefully preserved by retaining the shrubbery, if already there, or planting it, if already taken away or wanting. Want of proper care in this respect more than counteracts the beneficial effect of all the trees that are planted. Another method of assisting in retaining moisture is by forming ponds, and surrounding them with shrubbery and trees. This might and ought to be carried on to an hundredfold greater extent than is at present done.—Western Ploughman.

Straw for Fattening Stock.

In all grain-growing districts straw is plentiful, and where it is used as feed it is reckoned, and rightly, as food of very inferior nutrition. The idea of using it to feed fattening stock is said to have originated with Joseph J. Mechi, a London alderman, who a generation ago made his name famous by his writings in agricultural topics. He largely imported linseed meal for fattening beeves. But he found that if cut hay was used to extend the ration, only a small amount of the linseed meal could be eaten without cloying the animals. If clover was used still less of the oil meal could be eaten. But when he used cut straw which has not proteids, a good deal of meal could be eaten with relish, and the animals fattened faster. But when he fed Indian corn meal with cut straw, less of the corn meal would be eaten than when fed with cut hay. This vindicates the practice of American farmers, who feed much Indian corn, and comparatively little oil meal.

Value of a Bone Mill.

The bone-cutter is as necessary to the poultryman as his feed mill. It enables him to use an excellent and cheap food, and gives him a profit where he might otherwise be compelled to suffer a loss. It is claimed that a bone-cutter pays for itself in eggs, and really costs nothing. Bones are now one of the staple articles of food for poultry, and no ratio should have them omitted. They are food, grit and lime, all combined in one, and the hens will leave all other foods to receive the cut bone. If cut fine, even chicks and ducklings will relish such excellent food, while turkeys grow rapidly on it. To meet with success requires the use of the best materials, and green bone beats all other substances as food for poultry.—Poultry World.

Keeping Grade Fowls.

The grade fowl is all right for poultry keepers who keep fowls for eggs or for sale as poultry, without trying to begin as breeders for sale alive. The grade can never be depended upon, and the grade roosters should be killed off every year, and only the pullets kept. When it is desired to replenish the flock a full-bred cock of one or the other of the breeds from which the cross is made should be used. If a third breed is introduced into the strain the progeny will be mongrels, and good for nothing for any purpose. Most farmers try to experiment with too many breeds. More than two will result in practical ruin to their flocks.

Kansas Judge Coins a Word.

They were discussing various things in the clerk of the Supreme Court's office the other day; that is, a party of judges were.

Finally the talk drifted on to the subject of coining words and phrases.

Mr. Justice Allen made the remark: "I coined a new word the other day. It is a good one, I think, and perfectly natural, but I have been unable to find it in any dictionary. The word is 'enforcibility.'"

The lawyers present studied awhile and finally all agreed that the word would be very useful and fit certain cases exactly.

Chief Justice Doster declared that he once used a word that exactly described a certain case, and it seemed to him that it was by far the best term to apply. The word he used was "obtention," meaning the act of obtaining. Judge Doster finally discovered the word in a rare old work on interstate law.—Topeka Capital.

The Thermometer Button.

Have you a thermometer button? It is the latest thing out, and consists of a tiny spiral of glass tubing containing the quicksilver, which is fastened to a small metal disk or button that may be worn on the lappel. A circular scale locates the mercury with reference to the heat. So when any one wants to know whether it is hot enough for you, all you need do is to point to the button.

Misunderstood.

He asked the maiden to fly with him,
But ah, what did she do?
She merely said: "Are you one of
Those crazy inventors, too?"

The world will never get any better until children are an improvement on their parents.

A cheap watch is usually in sympathy with the eighthour movement.

Steel Roadways a Success.

For the first time there has been carried into practical operation a plan for the improvement of public roads that has heretofore been regarded merely as an interesting theory that would never rise to the region of fact. The plan is to lay steel tracks along our roads so that the wheels of wagons may run on a smooth surface instead of on the rough and soggy path, over which for the greater part of the year horses are compelled to flounder dragging heavy loads. The results of one series of experiments, made by Mr. Abel Bliss, of New Lenox, Ill., are interesting, as will be seen from the following signed statement of Mr. Bliss, written for the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"I have laid about 100 feet of steel road in the public highway near my home at New Lenox, Ill. The road was first graded in proper shape. The rails are of steel, one quarter of an inch thick, eight inches wide, with a downward flange of three inches on either side, and a nupward flange of one inch on the outer edge to keep the wheels on. These rails were laid on the crown of the grade and pressed into the soil to the depth of the flange, or until the soil supported the rail. The downward flanges prevent the soil from being pressed away from the rail, and hold it there, making a firm foundation, so that no ties are necessary on which to rest the rails. These rails are made continuous by the fastening of the ends together with fish plates.

"When I mentioned my idea of this roadway, it was suggested that the rails would sink under heavy loads in wet weather, and soon become covered with mud. Others suggested that they would tip to one side, becoming useless, and also that unless they were laid on ties they would spread and get out of line. This track was laid to satisfy myself on these and other points. During a wet period mud holes were made at the ends of the track by the wheels dropping always in the same place. This very severe test, however, did not affect the rails except at the end. On a continuous line of track severe and uncommon usage would not in any way have injured or changed the rails, hence I should not expect this roadway would need any repairs after a wet period. The earth between the rails is removed to a depth of five inches and the excavation filled with gravel for the horses' tread. This road has now been in use for 18 months, and has been tested with all kinds of traffic, including traction engines. I have never seen a horse slip on the rails, but they might occasionally do so. A horse is most likely to slip when pulling hard, which he will not be obliged to do on this road, and there is little occasion for a horse to tread on the rails, as there is room enough between them.

"A mile of road requires about 60 tons of steel, which can be produced in quantities for $1,800 or less. One cubic yard of gravel is required to the rod.

"For this roadway I make the following claims:

"1. It saves power. A vehicle may run on it with the least possible draft. It is estimated by engineers that the required draft is one fifth of that on gravel and one twentieth of that on the average dirt road.

"2. It saves wear and tear to wagons. A vehicle is always on a level, smooth surface, and is not subjected to irregular strains, as when one side of it is much lower than the other, causing two wheels to carry most of the load, or when a wheel drops into a rut. A town will save enough in vehicles alone to pay a large portion of the cost of the road.

"3. It saves time. With a load of two or three tons a team will trot as easily on level ground as it will walk on a gravel or dirt road.

"4. It is a perfect bicycle road, and will be greatly appreciated by wheelmen.

"5. It is extremely durable and the repairs will be nominal.

"6. The dust which is so annoying on a gravel or dirt road is caused largely by the grinding of the wheels. On this road there can be no such grinding.

"7. It is a motor cycle road, and a speed of 20 miles an hour can be obtained with safety.

"In conclusion, the universal use of this road will increase the value of the farm; it will beautify the street, because when we cease to rut the road grass will take the place of weeds. It will make possible the free delivery of mail in rural districts by bicycle or other swift vehicle. Traveling will be as safe at night as in the day, because the team will keep the road.

"ABEL BLISS."

Mrs. Andrew Jackson Made Them.

Mr. Edward Dawson of Cincinnati has a rare relic, which he values very highly. It is a suit of clothing, "homespun," made by Mrs. Andrew Jackson for his grandfather, Moses Dawson, a stanch Democrat and a warm friend of Gen. Jackson. Mr. Dawson frequently visited the Hermitage. On one of his visits to Gen. Jackson Mr. Dawson admired a suit of clothing of homespun cloth that Gen. Jackson wore.

"They are the result of home industry," remarked Gen. Jackson, "and Mrs. Jackson made them. I have no doubt she will make you a suit."

Mrs. Jackson made the suit while Mr. Dawson was their guest. On his return Mr. Dawson spent several days in Nashville, where he contracted a cold. After he returned home he, desirous of exhibiting his suit, attended several Democratic meeetings and wore the clothing. He neglected his cold, and it grew worse, and developed into pneumonia, and he died shortly afterward.—Nashville Banner.

Wages of Columbus' Crew.

A curious discovery has been made in the archives of the Spanish navy—the bills of payment of the crews who composed the caravels of Christopher Columbus. The sailors, according to their class, received from 10 to 12 francs a month, including their food. The captains of the three large caravels had each 80 francs a month. As for Columbus himself, who had the title of admiral, he was paid 1,600 francs a year.

Where Languages Abound.

Dr. Samuel G. Brinon, the archaeologist, said in a recent lecture that in North and South America no fewer than 120 or 130 absolutely distinct languages exist.

Soap from Grasshoppers.

A Spanish inventor renders from grasshoppers a fatty substance which is declared to make the finest soap yet produced.

THE FULLNESS THEREOF.

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March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

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LUCAS COUNTY.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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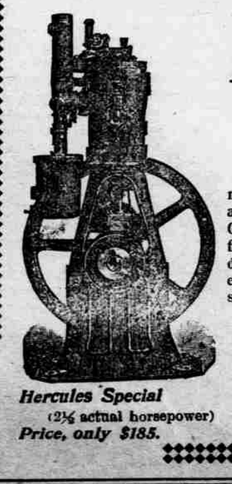

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