THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Proofs That They Were Not What They Are Said to Have Been.

Men ninety years old remember when there were no steamboats, but all travel on the water was done by the slow uncertain means of sailing vessels, when if one started for New York it was doubtful if he would reach there in a day or a week. Now we know how many hours and minutes it requires to make the trip.

Men now sixty years old remember when there were no railroads, but all travel on land was done by stages, by wagons, by ox teams, on horseback and on foot. Now a network of railroads covers the whole country, and several lines run from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Now it requires only six or seven days to cross the continent. Formerly that trip required three months.

Men fifty years old remember when there were no photographs, but only paintings and drawings, made at great prices, of objects now done better in an instant at trifling cost.

Men of that age also remember when no steamboat crossed the ocean, and it was believed that they never could, but now hundreds of steamships are plowing every ocean, reducing the time of crossing the Atlantic from weeks to days.

Men forty-five years old remember when there was no electric-plating, but every thing in that line was done in the old-fashioned, slow way.

Men of that age also remember when there were no telegraphs, but all messages had to be sent by the slow-going mails.

Men twenty-five years old remember when there were no telephones, but all the messages now spoken through them had to be sent by note or special messenger.

All these grand and useful inventions have been made within the memory of men now living. The younger generation can never appreciate them as those do who remember the want of them and therefore the great convenience they are to the world.

We often hear of "the good old days of yore." Why deprive our children of the enjoyment of those old days? Why not pass a law forbidding steamboats from plowing the waters, railroads from running on land, telegraphs from sending messages, telephones from being used, all furnaces, steam heaters, etc., to be taken out of the houses and other buildings, all grates for burning coal to be taken out, all stoves to be melted for old iron, all water-works in cities to be left empty, the use of all gas and other illuminators, except dipped tallow candles, to be discontinued, and really to go back to the "good old times," say for five years. Then, if at midnight on a cold, stormy night a doctor is wanted, he must be sent for instead of telephoning for him. If one wishes to send a message to a distance, instead of telegraphing he must write a letter and send it by stages to a distant place and wait patiently for days or weeks for the answer.

When one goes home on a freezing night he can sit by a wood fire, roasting on one side while freezing on the other, and reading by the dim light of a tallow dip instead of the blaze of a gaslight or the more agreeable light of kerosene. If he undertakes a journey, instead of getting into cars and going where he wishes, the best thing he can do is to take a stage at four times the cost and ten times the discomfort of the cars. Let these and other modern improvements be forbidden and the "good old days" be brought back, how long would it be before an extra session of the Legislature would be demanded to knock the "good old days" into splinters, and to restore the much better modern days which we now enjoy, and for which we ought to be most devoutly thankful?—*Bridgeport Standard.*

CARELESS FARMERS.

Inexcusable Negligence Which Would Bankrupt Any Other Business.

Capital in tools with which successfully to work a farm is no insignificant sum, and if they be well cared for, well housed and intelligently handled it will prove a profitable investment, a joy and a satisfaction. But to the discredit of many of us as farmers (honored with the name at least) as the season approaches when the implements are needed they are found where used the year previous. Farm tools of all descriptions can be thus seen in many portions of the country. On a place of less than one hundred acres, which I passed last winter, the tools mentioned below were noticed exposed to the elements and will be brought into use the present season: Reaper, mower, wheel drag (new), wheel rake, plow (new), roller, potato coverer and hiller combined, potato digger, corn cultivator, forty-tooth square drag and hay rack.

The extra time, labor and expense involved in getting those tools in running order for use will detract from the satisfaction of farm life. And this is only one of the fruitful sources of loss and unpleasantness, the result of neglect and mismanagement; others might be named, but we are all familiar with them. No other business followed by man could long survive the methods of the prodigal and slipshod farmer—proving beyond question that a calling that abundantly affords the necessities of life under such adverse circumstances to so large a class of the human race must be one of profit, and also one of the best. But let us mend our ways, increase efforts against wicked waste, to the end that our farms may be a pleasure to ourselves, models of thrift and neatness to those around us, and a blessing to those who follow us.—*Irving D. Cook, in N. Y. Tribune.*

VALUABLE EXPERIMENTS.

Why Calves Should Not be Deaconed Even If Not Fed a Drop of Milk.

Profs. Henry and Armsby, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, have been making a careful and elaborate series of experiments in stock feeding. Among others was one in raising 16 common calves picked up in the dairy districts, that would have been deaconed if they had not been reserved for a better purpose, and a butter making farmer, by examining the facts in the case, can see how he can make most money from his calves by raising them, without interfering with his regular dairy business. Prof. Henry gives us the facts covering four periods in the year and the weight of the growth in each and the cost of live meat during each.

The first period, embracing 14 weeks, ended with the calves weighing 4,494 pounds. We will suppose they cost $2 each, or $32. They were fed $28.80 worth of ground oats, corn, wheat and barley, bran, shorts, hay, corn fodder, grass and pasture, together with 20,645 pounds of thoroughly skimmed milk. If they were then worth five cents on foot their value was $224.70. Deduct the cost of them at $2 each, and the value of the grain and forage, and we find $163.90 remaining to pay for the milk, which would show it to be worth 79 cents per 100 pounds. Take another view, that of charging the calves 25 cents per 100 pounds of milk; add that to other costs, and we find there was $7.01 net profit in feeding each calf. Compute the meat at four cents, expenses the same, and we find there was a net profit of $4.21 on each calf if 25 cents per 100 pounds are charged for the skim-milk, and it would make the milk worth 57.6 cents per 100 pounds if no sum is assigned as profit for calf. Calves thus fed, it would seem, could hardly fail to be worth as much as four cents per pound anywhere, and more than that in Eastern cities.

Let us take the calves at the end of the second period—after 12 more weeks—and we find they weighed 6,139 pounds, which, at four cents per pound, would be $245.56. Deduct the actual cost, including milk at 25 cents per 100 pounds, and there is a profit of $77.54, or $4.84 per calf, or 65 cents per 100 pounds for all the skim-milk fed in 26 weeks—if we call for a profit on no other food. From that time on no milk was fed, and we find the calves weighed at the end of 12 weeks more, 7,021 pounds, and at four cents per pound they would be worth $304.84. Cost up to that time $249.21; net gain, $55.63 or $3.47 per calf. This computation allows 25 cents per 100 pounds for all the skim-milk eaten.

At the end of six weeks more, the calves weighed 8,137 pounds; which, at four cents would make them worth $325.48; and it had cost $43.16 to feed them for this period. Adding all the costs, we find them $292.37, leaving $63.11 or $2.07 per calf, net gain for feeding 50 weeks.

The lesson in this is, that the time to have sold the calves was at the end of the second period, ending December 21st, or probably a little earlier in the fall; for it seems that absence of milk, and presence of cold weather, made the growth of the last 18 weeks cost $44.43 more than the gain would sell for. Keeping them 18 weeks in winter gnawed that much into the profit of keeping them 26 weeks—during the first and second periods. The butter-making farmers will see that the time to make money at calf-feeding is when the calves are young, when they have milk, and when the weather is warm. The warmth they can give in winter at small cost, if they have the young calves and the milk. The "boss" lesson is, "Don't 'deacon' the calves, even if they are not fed a drop of milk." I have no doubt that feeding sweet whey instead of the sweet skim-milk, would have made it show up fully half as valuable as the milk.—*J. A. Smith, in Rural New Yorker.*

How Long Is a Woman Young?

When does a woman cease to be young, or rather to be entitled to that epithet? This is the delicate question which a French Prefect has undertaken to answer. Some years ago a certain will left the sum of 10,000 francs, the interest of which was to be given annually to a young, unmarried woman of the working classes, who, by her capacity and good conduct, should be in a position to marry with the help of a little money. In carrying out the will, it became necessary for the Prefect of the Seine to determine the exact significance of the words "young woman," and he has decided that they include the period between twenty-one and thirty. At thirty, then, an unmarried woman may bid adieu to youth and resign herself to be an old maid. This extremely ex-cathedra pronouncement may win a feigned or forced assent from the candidates for the Barbet-Batifol prize, as this kind of prix Monthyon is called, but it will meet with only contemptuous rejection from the sex at large, at least that portion of it which has passed the fatal limit. A woman is as young as she looks, just as a man is as young as he feels, and a really capable woman is never thirty until she is forty or married.—*Oregon Ant.*

—Make all your hives and frames from one hive fit accurately into another, and you will thus be able, in future management, to get some benefit from the movable comb principle.—*Golden Rule.*

—"I say, my man, are those grapes fresh?" "Oh, yah; schust picked." "Well, now, how about the chickens?" "Dem is schust picked, too."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE WOMEN OF TURKEY.

They Are Neither Sentimental Nor Corrupt But Overly Fond of Sweets.

The dress of the women at home is not very elegant, nor does it fit them very well. It is usually a loose garment made of glossy calico in gaudy colors, tied around the waist with a cloth belt, and wadded and padded in winter like a mattress. Underneath they wear a kind of wide pantaloon, fastened at the ankles. On their feet they wear low shoes without heels or soles, made of yellow morocco. Their headgear consists of a kind of embroidered *calotte*, around which is wound a strip of very fine muslin, allowing one to see the embroidery and the color of the cap. When women belong to wealthy Turks, their ears, necks and fingers are loaded with gold jewelry or precious stones. If their owners are not very well off, their vanity does not give up its right, but it has to content itself with similar jewelry and paste diamonds. All of them stain their eyebrows, powder their face with rice-powder and coat their nails with a reddish substance, *henne*, making their hands look like those of children that have stuck their fingers into a can of preserves.

Neither the rich nor the poor among Turkish women own watches; they do not know how to use them. Nevertheless since commerce has been able to extend its influence to the harems even clockmakers have succeeded within recent years in getting their goods into the haremliks of a few wealthy Pashas. It is hardly necessary to say, however, that the beautiful inmates do not use them except as playthings.

The dress that the Turkish women wear when they go out is simple, uniform and absolutely free from caprices of fashion. Moreover, it is, with very little change, the same to-day that it was a hundred years ago. It consists of a kind of simple cloak, without tucks, folds or ornaments, and almost without any other seams than the hems. This cloak, or *feredje*, which is almost always of a light color, falls like a sack from the shoulders to the ankles, and conceals entirely the clothing under it. It is impossible to recognize a woman in this ungraceful sheath, which effaces every line.

Their veil, or *yachmak*, is made of two muslin bands more or less thick, one of which covers the forehead, and the other the lower and upper part of the face as far as the eyes. Therefore, the only part of a Turkish woman's face that can be seen is the pupils of the eyes, which roll between the two veils, and which, on this account, exhibit a wonderful sweetness or a wonderful brilliancy. It is noticeable that the young and pretty inmates of harems usually wear veils much more transparent than the ugly and old. I have myself often admired—but very discreetly—the marvelous beauty of these terrestrial houris. The veil, floating like a thin vapor before their face, gave them a new charm, effacing all the imperfections of feature and color. They smiled behind their white cloud, with a little provoking air, as if to thank me for my admiration.

The head-dress that the young inmates of the harems wear when they go out consists of a small light and graceful cap, which holds the edges of the veil, and varies but little in form and color. Here again fashion, which has not been able to give a month's respite to the hats of our Christian companions, has been as powerless as elsewhere. The only victory that it has gained over the toilet of the Turkish women, pertains to footwear. There are but few women of the lower classes that wear yellow Turkish slippers on the street. Most of them imprison their little feet in graceful and quite civilized slippers, and even in high Parisian shoes with pointed toes and high heels.

The Turkish woman is neither sentimental nor corrupt, neither passionate nor cold, neither good nor wicked; but she is a gourmand. She is fond of sugar-plums, comfitures, sherbet and especially tobacco, which she rolls into slender cigarettes, and the smoke of which she swallows with delight. She is inquisitive, indiscreet, greedy for things that glitter—rings, necklaces, bracelets and beads. She is vain, but not coquettish. Indeed, of what use would coquetry be to her? From the age of thirteen or fourteen she belongs to a husband, who is her master, or rather her owner, whom she obeys passively, whom she fears but does not love.—*Cosmopolitan.*

The Young Man Waited.

A West Virginia farmer and father, who was asked for his daughter in marriage by a young man in Wheeling, thought it over for awhile before replying:

"George, you'd better wait a few days."

"For why?"

"Wall, as it is now I kin only give Sarah a cow and a feather bed. Some fellers from New York are looking at my hill to see if there's coal there; some chaps from Cincinnati are goin' to bore in the medder for natural gas, and a party from Pittsburgh are explorin' 'tother hill arter iron. Guess I'll wait and see if I can't also buy her a kaliker dress and a pair of calfskin shoes."—*Wall Street News.*

—A great marble deposit has been found in Inyo County, Cal. The marble is of superior quality, hard, solid and free from flint. A recent test resulted in crushing an inch cube of the Inyo marble at 26,900 pounds pressure, while Vermont marble was crushed at six thousand pounds and Italian marble at ten thousand pounds. The varieties are of almost every color known in marble.—*N. Y. Sun.*

BAPTISM OF A BELL.

A Curious Ceremony Recently Performed in an Old French City.

An imposing ceremony took place on a recent Sunday in the Church St. Ouen, of the baptism of a bell. We went early to secure good seats, but were far too late. Every place in the center of the building from entrance to choir was so closely packed that there was no room for "just one more." We had to find our way around by the side entrance, and yet there were no seats. As we could not think of standing for three hours, we went across the "Place" to the house of an acquaintance and asked the loan of two chairs. Armed with these we once more made our way through the crowd to a position where we could hear quite well, and when the time came for seeing we followed the example of our devout neighbors and stood up on our chairs. The church was elaborately decorated with tall palms and beautiful flowers, as well as with rich gold-embroidered silk banners. The tall candles about the altar were burning with a soft, pure light, while the glorious sunshine pouring in through the stained glass windows diffused over all their bright, harmonious light. Nothing so expressive, so real, as these marvelous pages of glass in which the old painters have been able to rival in brilliancy, vigor and originality the canvas of the best masters. The large bell was suspended by stout ropes just without the entrance to the choir, and the top was concealed by a mass of choice exotics, and around it was tied a broad pink ribbon with flowing ends. The godparents were Madame Lafond and Father Laurent. Chairs were placed for them beside the Archbishop's throne. The Archbishop officiated and the bell received the name of Marcelle Julie. The music was fine, a strong band aiding the grand organ, which is one of the finest in Rouen. The ceremony ended with a lavish distribution of sweets. Each box contained quite one pound. These sweets, called "dragees," are of divers colors and are what we call burnt almonds, the nut in some of them being replaced by liqueur. The boxes were pretty pale rose color, tied with ribbon, and on the cover was the bell in gold, underneath the name, and above the Archbishop's hat. The Church of Saint Ouen is unquestionably the finest in Rouen as well as one of the most ancient. Its erection covered a period of five hundred years. It is impossible to view it without being impressed by the grandeur of its proportions, the harmony in the details, the purity of its lines. You can admire it from all sides and in full light. It stands in the middle of a large garden. It has suffered many vicissitudes. During the revolution it was successively transformed into a museum, a hay loft and a manufactory of arms. It is this that has discolored the stones, giving it a smoky tint. The statues that stood in niches in the massive stone columns were taken down at this time and have never been replaced but stand along the walls. Against one of the columns near the western door is a large marble basin of holy water. Looking into it you see reflected the vault of the church in its whole extent.—*Rouen Cor. Albany Argus.*

AUTHENTIC FIGURES.

Value of the Leading Farm Products of the United States.

Prof. Wiley, Chemist of the Department of Agriculture, in an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, from figures obtained from the statistician of the department, placed our leading farm products at $4,014,500,000 annually. The itemized statement given below will show quantities and values:

Indian corn	1,900,000,000 bu	$627,000,000
Wheat	450,000,000 bu	440,000,000
Dairy (Milk, Butter and Cheese)		370,000,000
Hay	45,000,000 tons	360,000,000
Beef, Veal (dres'd)	4,000,000,000 lbs	360,000,000
Pork (dressed)	5,600,000,000 lbs	280,000,000
Cotton	3,120,000,000 lbs	250,000,000
Poultry Products	(Estimated)	200,000,000
Oats	600,000,000 bu	168,000,000
Potatoes	200,000,000 bu	100,000,000
Fruits		100,000,000
Vegetables		50,000,000
Wool	300,000,000 lbs	45,000,000
Mutton	500,000,000 lbs	45,000,000
Tobacco	485,000,000 lbs	42,000,000
Barley	60,000,000 bu	33,000,000
Rye	15,000,000 bu	14,000,000
Sugar	250,000,000 lbs	12,500,000
Molasses (syrup)	45,000,000 gals	11,250,000
Buckwheat	13,000,000 bu	7,280,000
Rice	98,000,000 lbs	1,900,000
Honey	20,000,000 lbs	4,800,000
Beeswax	1,300,000 lbs	325,000
Other soil products, seeds, wines, etc		68,945,000
Total		$4,014,000,000

The Indian corn and half the hay produced may safely be relegated to the production of butchers' meat and fowls, other grains eaten being fully sufficient to cover export corn and that used as human food. This would leave the value of the products of the country, other than butchers' meats, at over $3,250,000,000. Comparisons will show some interesting data. Beef, pork, mutton, dairy products and fowls constitute about one-third of the total value of all products, and far more than all the cereal grains—hay, cotton, rice and tobacco. Again, our meat products are worth more than all other agricultural products, except those just enumerated.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

The Dear Little Baby.

"Ma," said the baby at the supper table, "I know why this cake is called angel cake."

"Do you?" replied the mother without much interest.

"Yes; it's because it's made by an angel. That's what pa told the cook."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A laborer in Vermont recently bought a lot of land which subsequently developed into a very rich marble quarry. His was a hard lot, but it had its compensations.—*National Weekly.*

AMERICAN GYPSIES.

A Startling Statement Made by a Well-Posted Friend of the Race.

That there are from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 Gypsies in America to-day is an assertion I confidently make, based upon a quarter-century's earnest study of, and more than three years' actual companionship with, this people in their homes and tents and upon the road; from careful inquiries in all parts of the country involving much correspondence; from actual lists of Gypsy families and heads of families in my possession, and from most moderate computations made with these aids after careful scrutiny by reliable Gypsy chiefs has been secured. This is a startling statement to thoughtful men. The Gypsy has been merely regarded as a romancer's bugaboo, or as only existing among us as an occasional straggler among the pleasant countrysides. But their presence and marvelous growth in numbers, must be recognized. They will shortly comprise an important factor in social, economic and ethic consideration. How the shy fellows have come is no special marvel when known. Before the revolution several thousand were here. During that period many thousands more came as impressed British soldiers, deserted, and remained, or at the close of the war mustered themselves out and merged into the large nucleus already formed. These were the pioneers which swiftly sent secret word to every part of the habitable globe that America was the Gypsy's heaven, and to come to it without delay. Meanwhile every imaginable effort toward their extermination was going on in Europe. Personal investigations assure me that during the ten years subsequent to the establishment of the rural police in Great Britain, fully one hundred thousand English, Scottish and Irish Gypsies fled from the "Move on, you Gypsy dogs!" of the mounted "bobbies" to America. It is of the disappearance of these that Borrow, sorely lamenting the downfall of the Gypsyism he loved, but not realizing that its life and essence had been merely transferred from the roads and lanes of Great Britain to innumerable welcoming country-side nooks of our own land, plaints in this wise:

"Walk from London to Carlisle, but neither road's side, nor on heath or common, will you see a single Gypsy tent."

No emigrant vessel has landed in our ports during the last hundred years without having brought us bands, families or individuals of this trans-Atlantic hunted race. So that from Siberia to Ceylon, from Achil Head to Shanghai, these tawny sons of the Orient—sly and cunning as foxes, secret and still as embodied silence, saturated to the soul's core with memories of persecution and dread, inconceivably different than all other humans in motive, thought and life, retaining a secret tongue as pure as when the eighteen Puranes were made by the mystic Vyasa—have quietly come among us, all unnoticed in the vast influx of foreign peoples, until, as Moorish and Arabian Charami, Transylvanian Cyganis, Turkish Tschingenes, Hungarian Tzlganys, Italian Zingaris, German Zigeuners, French Bohemians, Spanish Gitanos, Portuguese Siganos, Holland-Dutch Heydens, English, Scottish and Irish Gypsies, they now comprise a reunited, reblended people among us, whose remarkable fecundity and material gainings must arrest serious attention along with other portentous phenomena of our marvelous national development.—*E. L. Wakeman, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

COURT ETIQUETTE.

The Queen's Rigid Regulations in Regard to Divorced Women.

One of the papers recently announced that the Queen had sent a message to a lady who was divorced from her husband a few years ago, but who was perfectly blameless, and whose position excited general sympathy, that her Majesty was prepared to receive her at court. There is no truth in this statement. The rule that divorced ladies can not either attend or be presented at court is rigorously enforced. The Queen was exceedingly anxious to relax this regulation in cases where the lady's conduct had been unexceptionable, but after the advice of the highest legal authorities had been taken (including the late Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne), it was decided that it would be injudicious to make any exceptions. A few years ago the most desperate efforts were made in the highest quarters to pass a well-known lady who had divorced her first husband under somewhat sensational circumstances, but they failed, to the great discomfiture of the lady, who, being badly instructed in such matters, had deemed herself so certain to receive the magical cards that she had not only ordered her dress, but had exhibited it to many of her intimate friends. On the other hand, a lady who is judicially separated from her husband is at liberty to go to court if the separation were brought about by his misconduct.—*London Truth.*

A Mighty Bright Joke.

"Eight dollars and seventy-five cents for gas," exclaimed Jenkins, angrily. "Just think of it, Mrs. J. Eight seventy-five."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't raise a fuss about it."

"Not raise a fuss about it! You don't expect a man to make light of a gas bill like that, do you?"

"You might as well. I have never yet met success in making light of the gas."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—The modern waltz is called "the fashionable shamble" by a disaffected observer.

INFLUENCING A RULER.

How Oriental Nations Make Their Desires Known to Their Sovereigns.

The oldest way probably is to approach the ruler in a respectful way. A crowd appears before the sovereign or satrap on his day of audience, tears its clothes, casts ashes on its head, and cries aloud as one man for mercy or justice, specifying afterward the particular cause of its great grief. The sovereign, who even when bad is usually conscious of some responsibility to God, as a rule listens patiently, and unless his own interests are directly affected, grants the prayer of the petitioners, more especially if they are only asking for a life or two. To execute somebody in a public way, and thereby at once to strike terror and conciliate the populace, is an exercise of power which, to men who are at once intensely willful and desirous of producing great effects, is exceedingly pleasant. When Constantinople was in its glory, a request for the head of the Grand Vizier properly made by a great crowd was very rarely refused. A city in petition in Asia usually obtains its petition; and this method of demonstration might deserve praise but that is seldom or never applicable to a whole country, and that is of little use if the sovereign or his satrap is less than absolute. A Sultan would not move a Home Secretary much more than a deputation. Next there is the expedient of quitting the city and camping outside for the time, which is highly impressive and dramatic. One of the Muscovite Grand Dukes was, if we remember aright, replaced in that way on his throne by the people of Tver, his rival, momentarily successful, being overawed by the silence which suddenly fell around his throne. The deserted city, yesterday so full of life, strikes awe by its desolateness, and the ruler, beside feeling boycotted, is put to exceeding inconvenience. The demonstration, of course, can not be mistaken, and moreover, must be sincere, decent Asiatics liking a "camp-out" quite as decent Londoners would. They will not, it is true, afraid of the east wind, or likely to be wetted through; but they can not cook, they get water with much difficulty, they are exposed to the midday sun, and they dislike exceedingly the contaminations inseparable from a camped-out crowd. The method, however, would in serious emergencies be admirable but for one defect. If the ruler is a patient man, he sits still, and nothing comes of the demonstration. The people must return to their dwellings by and by, and, when they return, they are just where they were, except, perhaps, a little crestfallen. Finally, there is fire-raising. In Constantinople or Teheran, or we believe, Pekin, when oppression or neglect becomes unbearable, fires begin. A dozen buildings are burned every night, the circle of fire closing in on the palace, until the sovereign is at last aroused, and the grievance, whatever it be, is, if removable, removed. This is a very striking method, and has been known to succeed perfectly; but it has the drawback of a certain vagueness. Nobody knows exactly why the fires are kindled, or what will put them out, and unless the dismissal of a Vizier stops them, or the hanging of a few bakers, there is no reason why they should ever stop. Still, an Oriental sovereign who honestly wants to know what is "up" in his capital when the fires begin, usually has the means of knowing; and as the fires imply revolt in the immediate future, he often thinks it wise to be instructed and obey the public wish.—*London Spectator.*

ROAD CONSTRUCTION.

The Old Way of Working Roads Superseded by the Contract System.

The annual gathering of farmers to work out their road tax with pick and shovel "as the law directs," to use an old phrase, is fast giving way even in the West to better methods and implements. Even the plow and dump scraper are now being largely superseded by machine labor. And the contract system, by which township trustees form roads through firms owning machines, is now not rare. According to an Eastern paper the old way is no less objectionable in the East, and in relation to the better way there says:

The prevailing arguments against the contract system are that persons not owning real estate or personal property are, of course, exempt from taxation, and consequently from road-working; under the old system they are assessed one day at least, and must work or commute. And taxpayers, already burdened, it may be, object to the payment in cash for labor which they can perform themselves without great inconvenience. Here the objection to the old system may be mentioned, viz.: that labor on the highway is one thing, on the farm another. Every one knows that, as a rule, the day's work on the road is "cut short at both ends;" that boy's labor often counts as man's labor; that the roads are worked once in the spring for all the year, and at a time when such work may not be most needed; that the day is often nothing more nor less than a holiday. If perfect roads are the desideratum, the old system fails to furnish them, or only in exceptional cases. The contract system is more expensive until the road-beds are once more put in good order, then less money need be expended upon them. And yet, if a man values his time and labor at the low price of one dollar per day, the expense objection is largely overcome. Where the contract system is adopted and once fairly tried it is not often rejected.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*