

CHINA EGG **WON'T HATCH**
OUT A CHICKEN!

Neither will proclamations on dead walls revive languishing trade.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

Is the great

INK-UBATOR **FOR HATCHING**
OUT BUSINESS.

The RECORD is the medium that the People Read.

FOR HATCHING
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PUBLIC ROAD BUILDING.

New Good Highways May be Made Very

Talking to Mr. William Hunter, of Maryland, who has been building roads between Baltimore and the upper Potomac, he gave me the following information:

The latest thing is a road grader drawn by six horses, which excavates, fills holes and makes in general the grade conforming to your road; it does the work of about forty men, and men who work on roads require some competition of this kind, especially when the politicians control the roads. The best machine of this kind is made at an obscure town in Pennsylvania and costs \$200 to \$300. Counties are procuring the machines, which are especially effective for regrading old roads and opening new roads. Of course they will not pull out stumps nor go through solid rock, but you can dispose of many a cart and horse and wheelbarrow with such a machine.

I have recently been making a turn of six miles long from a little village called Downsville to Hagertown, the usual discouragements of men of public spirit came from men of that surly, gossiping class of neighbors who would rather smile at your failure than see you help the community. Sometimes you could not get enough persons to undertake to do anything; we had too many directors—twelve—and therefore were required to have seven for a quorum; seven directors and you can get four or five men together when it would be impossible to get seven. The old state of public spirit is painfully visible in old states like ours, especially in the old German parts where money and greed are the animating principles. Still, by perseverance, we got our road through, and so will those who work part and wait a very little. In our part of the country we have limestone, but have to send it half a mile to a mill, and sometimes longer than that, from the quarry. Limestone makes a road which quickly crumbles, but has to be replenished more often than harder stone roads. The limestone mountain sandstone, or even flint, will make a good road in time, and it will wear long.

To make a cheap road I prescribe as follows: Raise the middle of the road six inches above the grade; make your roadbed sixteen feet wide, so that heavy teams can get past; break your stone so that it will pass through a 24-inch ring; put six inches above the middle and sixteen inches below the horizontal line, and thus the average of your broken stone will be about 104 inches; this will spread three feet on either side by travel, making your road finally twenty-two feet wide. Stone ought to be broken and computed by the perch or rod, namely, a pile 164 feet long, 1 foot high and 14 feet wide; in our example it has cost thirty cents to quarry this stone fifteen cents to haul and twenty-five cents to break it per perch, or seventy cents per perch.

In a rock country it ought not to cost more than twenty-five to thirty cents to get the stone on the road; 824 perches of stone will make 100 feet of road 15 feet wide and 104 inches thick. It will take, therefore, about 3,800 perches to the mile, and suppose you get much of this at thirty cents to deliver the stone and twenty-five cents to break it, or fifty-five cents for a road favorably situated toward stone. With 2,800 perches to the mile, at fifty-five cents, the cost will be \$1,540 to the mile. You must add to this about \$100 to grade the mile. This includes taking the rocks out of the road, which are afterward used and broken upon it. It pays to use these stones in every case that I have found. You must grade them six inches high at the center, and then you begin the stone. By passing the rake over the top you can grade the ground well enough, generally speaking.

As to breaks in the road which are used in this part of the country to run the water off without underneath drains, it is still the cheapest to pass the water across the road top, and I suggest that you make these breaks about fifteen to eighteen feet long, so that your wagon need not be thrown violently against the opposite bank. In some cases it is best to pass the water under the road, and the cheapest way to do this is by boards; suppose you have your gutter twenty-two feet wide, made of 3-inch planks at 4 cents a foot; it will cost you perhaps five dollars apiece for each of these gutters. They can be made, however, out of the rough stone at a little more expense. The trouble with gutter gutters is that they will not let anybody go in and clean them.

Persons who build roads ought not to

pay more than twenty-five cents per perch to break stone; one man with a ring hammer, finding his own hammer, which costs him seventy cents perhaps, can break from four to six perches a day and thus make his dollar or more, according to his industry. They ought to break the stone sitting down; they can do it much faster in that way than by standing up over it. To break rock on the road into large stones ten pound sledge is big enough.—Guth in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Do You Know These Things?

If you are a farmer road this: Do you know that every time you haul a load over the bad roads in your vicinity that your horses have to devote more than half their power to overcoming the obstacles of sand or mud, and that only a small portion of their pulling force is devoted to drawing the load itself? Do you know that your taxes would be practically no higher than they are now if the roads in your county were intelligently improved with broken stone? Do you know that in every locality where roads have been improved land values have increased from 25 per cent to 300 per cent?

The state of Pennsylvania has roads far better than the average, and yet a writer of a prize essay on road making estimates that there is an annual loss, by reason of bad thoroughfares, of \$4,000,000.

The Iron Dog and the Hungry Alligator.

When a county is entirely within the metropolitan thirty mile limit it is counted entire; if it is divided by the circumference of the circle the towns within the circle are counted, and if a town is thus divided it is credited with a part of its population corresponding with the area which is within the limit. Thus estimated, the population of the metropolitan on the New York side is as follows:

New York county	1,515,301
Kings county (Brooklyn)	836,547
Queens county	218,060
Richmond county (Staten Island)	61,863
Westchester county (in limits)	115,536
Rockland county (in limits)	14,900
Total in New York state	2,767,608
IN NEW JERSEY:	
Hudson county (Jersey City)	275,120
Bergen county	225,220
Essex county	206,039
Union county	72,487
Passaic county (in limits)	101,047
Morris county (in limits)	52,101
Somerset county (in limits)	28,000
Middlesex county (in limits)	50,754
Monmouth county (in limits)	88,125
Total in New Jersey	853,246
Total in metropolitan	3,620,854

A very narrow strip of Connecticut, within the limits, and, of course, the federal employees at Sandy Hook and elsewhere, are omitted. But if any critic objects to the thirty mile circuit, let him describe a twenty mile circuit on the map and he will find all the considerable cities within it, and the aggregate will far exceed 3,000,000. And, contrary to popular opinion, the metropolitan area is gaining population faster than any other in the world, unless Chicago be an exception. Here is the per cent. of growth of the principal places in the twenty mile circuit in the decade of 1880-90: New York, 25.62; Brooklyn, 42.30; Jersey City, 35.02; Paterson, 33.33; Passaic, 39.45; Orange, 43.93; Newark, 23.20; and many smaller places at a much greater rate.

One fact which astonishes even the New Yorkers who have not made a study of it is that there is yet so very much room for growth within the metropolitan district. Accustomed to think and speak of Manhattan island as a "natural land monopoly," "an overcrowded hive," many long residents in the city do not know that there are still on the northern prong of the island miles on miles of timbered hills and secluded vales almost uninhabited, and similar regions of far greater extent on Long Island and in New Jersey.

If the general average for the area be maintained for twenty years, the "Greater New York" of 1910 will exceed London in population. New York and Brooklyn are rapidly approaching a union. That consummated, the New York of 1910 will be as completely a unit as London is, with a population not far from 4,000,000. Names of numbers still have such an influence on the popular mind that both cities will no doubt find it profitable to unite—"to beat Chicago," if for no other reason.

J. H. BEADLE.

The tea trade of Japan is constantly increasing, while that of China is diminishing. The increase is at the rate of more than 3,500,000 pounds yearly. Most of the Japanese tea is consumed in the United States and Canada.

Time Around the World.

The time required for a journey around the earth by a man walking day and night without rest would be 425 days; an express train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 24 hours; cannon ball, 214 hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second; electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little less than one-tenth of a second.—St. Louis Republic.

He Knew What He Wanted.

The waiter had brought Farmer Blossom a particularly diminutive "pat" of butter. The old man picked up the dish, looked at it closely and observed:

"Wipe that grease spot off that plate and bring me some butter."—New York Epoch.

The Collection Bag.

In some churches years ago the collection was taken in small, close meshed nets with short handles. The latest thing made for this use, the collection bag, is a modification of the old fashioned net. It is a cone shaped plish bag seven inches in diameter and seven inches deep. It is secured to a hoop to which is attached a handle two or three feet long, as may be desired. The collection bag sells for four dollars. It has been in use about one year.—New York Sun.

DON'T FLY A KIT

Soliciting Celestial Customers to visit your place of business.

It is equally unwise and imprudent to

Fly in the Face of Pedestrians

with a cloud of 6x9 Dodgers. They only encumber the earth and enrage the populace.

FLYERS IN WALL STREET, or any other street, are not only unwise but wicked, and carry their own punishment.

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Vigorous advertising in the VALLEY RECORD brings in the shekels.

THE GREATER NEW YORK

THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT CONTAINS OVER 3,500,000 PEOPLE.

At Their Present Rate of Increase New York and Brooklyn Will Have 4,000,000 or More in 1910—New York the Second City in the World.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, Oct. 28.—That New York is the metropolis of the nation and the largest city on the western continent is known to every one, but there are other New York facts of which many Americans are ignorant. The central fact has been stated thus: There are more New Yorkers living outside of the city proper than in it. This was some time a paradox, but the eleventh census makes it very plain.

Another, and perhaps a better, way of stating it would be thus: If all the people who live in the metropolitan district and make New York their place of business and pleasure could be counted in it, as is done in London, New York would rank next to London among the world's cities, and not very far behind it. The circle of cities and suburbs which are practically parts of New York is divided by rivers, bays, ridges and "dats," leaving them in different counties and states, and requiring engineering of the very highest order to combine them in one municipality.

The Hudson is fifty ten times as large as the Thames at Westminster bridge, East river and in all the London vicinity there is no elevation to compare with Hoboken heights. Yet the people of Brooklyn, of Staten Island's towns, Jersey City, Newark and the Oranges are every whit as much New Yorkers as the people of Chelsea, Kensington and Greenwich are Londoners.

The annexed table, therefore, presents the real population of the American metropolis. The city hall in New York is taken as a center and a circle drawn around it with a radius of thirty miles. Within that radius the people live on the business done in New York city, and about 600,000 of them are in the city every day. Trains leave their stations every half hour or so of mornings and return in the same order of evenings.

man-y a curv my banks I fret, By man-y a field and fal-low; And wind a-bout, and in and out, With here a bliss-ful sail-ing; And steal by lawns, and grass-y plots, I slide by ha-nel cov-ers; And



MAP OF THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT.

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THE BROOK.

Published through The American Press Association.

Words by TENNYSON. Music by DOLORES.

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man-y a fair-y fore-land set With willow, weed, and mal-low. I here and there a lust-y trout, And here and there a gray-ling; And move the sweet for- get-me-nots, That grow for hap-py lov-ers; I

slip, I slide, I gleam, I glance, A-mong my skim-ming swal-lows; I here and there a snow-white trout, And here and there a gray-ling; I mur-mur un-der moon and stars In bran-ly will-der-ness; I

make the netted sun beams dance A-gainst my sand-y shal-lows; I un-der a sil-ver wa-ter break A-love the gold-en grass-el; And in-ger by my shin-ny bars, I lo-ter round my cross-es; And

chat-ter, chat-ter, as I flow To join the brimming riv-er. For draw them all a-long, and flow, etc., out a-gain I curv and flow, etc.

men may come, and men may go, But I go on for ev-er, ev-er.

I go on for ev-er, ev-er. I go on for ev-er.

men may come, and men may go, But I go on for ev-er, ev-er.

Subscribe for the VALLEY RECORD. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

To A Man Up A Tree

It would appear that a place at The Top of the Column is desirable. Such space is expensive, but we can furnish it to enterprising advertisers. There is

ALWAYS ROOM AT THE TOP!

for the man who knows how to get there.

Call and see our new stock of display advertising cuts.

AN ABALONES SECRET.

IN AUGUST, 1890.

Under the moonlight and the restless waters of San Francisco bay flung diamonds and opals at such human eyes as chanced to look on them.

Two young people who strolled down to the Presidio beach, however, had no glances to spare for anything so commonplace as diamonds and opals. For Lieutenant Anderson was gazing into the depths of the great, soft black eyes of Miss Pachita de Sola, and Miss Pachita de Sola was looking up into the ardent blue ones of Lieutenant Anderson. She seemed to like it.

The tall young soldier with the fair hair, broad shoulders and square, manly Saxon face, had not been long released from the hard work and harder restraint of West Point, and in his new freedom of army life went at things with an energy of desire that was unresistible. Miss Pachita de Sola found it so, as had half a dozen other girls within as many months. "It was a wholly serious business with the lieutenant this time, though."

He had, despite California July's few weeks, and this daughter of an ancient though decayed Spanish family, as American in education and thought as himself, was ravishing in her beauty. Altogether demure and discreet, at one moment demure and chiding; the next worldly-wise and mocking; then, with the lids falling like lovely big eyes of hers, her whole aspect suggestive especially to the lieutenant, of a willingness to marry—possibilities of tenderness un-speakable.

No wonder that when Miss Pachita permitted Lieutenant Anderson to gaze down into her eyes and returned an answering look, giving a little sigh, too, his head went after his heart, which had been lost for an eternity—that is to say, for two terrific, sleepless weeks.

But the young lady was discreet, and, gently clasping his fingers, removed them from her waist, saying demurely:

"Don't be foolish, John. Somebody may be looking."

This, in a city of 300,000 inhabitants and in full sight of the ever vigilant garrison, struck John as being not improbable.

Instant in action, as became a soldier, Lieutenant Anderson executed a flank movement on a sand bank and seated Miss de Sola in his lap, on a large, white, sun-dried log of driftwood. Then this consummate tactician repeated the original attack with entire success.

"Pachita, oh, my darling," breathed the ecstatic lieutenant, straining her to his side and immediately showing a disposition to put a knee upon the beach.

"Well, John," said the smile of love and gratified vanity that smote his eyes "blinded them."

"Name the day, oh, Pachita; I cannot live till you do!"

Pachita pursed her full, red lips, puckered the midnight eyebrows, and considered profoundly, digging deep into the sand with his cane the while.

"The day, my own love—the day," gasped John.

"Dear me," Miss de Sola exclaimed suddenly, "what a beautiful shell!"

"Damn the shell!" cried Lieutenant Anderson, reaching for what she had unearthed, to cast it wrathfully out among the unnoticed diamonds and opals.

But he was restrained in wonder.

IN AUGUST, 1890.

The same sun was enriching the dancing waters of the same bay with diamonds and opals. A young couple who strolled down to the Presidio beach admired the view very much, and Senorita Pachita de Sola had no occasion to remind the lieutenant by her side that somebody might be looking. Lieutenant Juan de Echeandua would have liked greatly to coil his arm about the slim waist, but did not dare, though there was only a small and sleepy garrison, and no city at all behind them—only the padres and Indians at the mission Dolores, far over the sand hills, and a cabin or two down at the embarcadero, entirely out of sight. Pachita de Sola was niece of Commandante Don Luis Antonio Arguello, and though he, Lieutenant Juan de Echeandua, was a nephew of Don Jose Maria, of the same name, one, even though an aristocrat, has under all circumstances to show proper respect for his commanding officer. Besides, the Senorita Pachita had twice refused his friendly offer of hand. It was believed that her young affections were bestowed upon Ensign Tiburcio Mendez at Monterey, though this was not known to a certainty at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Juan de Echeandua and Senorita Pachita de Sola walked leisurely to the little wharf where that wonderful vessel, constructed but recently by a wandering British sailor, lay preparing for a voyage to Sanisidro, four leagues distant. It was a marvelous boat, with oars and a sail, and capable of accommodating no less than six persons. Don Luis Antonio Arguello himself had commanded her in person on the dozen passages which she had made to the opposite shore for timber. Previous to the creation of this extraordinary ship, which annihilated distance and obliterated time, timber was hard to get from Corte de Madera. Soldiers were sent around by way of San Jose, armed with axes, who crossed the Straits

of Capisaca on rafts, and in the circuit of several leagues encountered hardship and contending winds. And the timber was brought over by Chief Marin, an aborigine given to cruising on a float of logs and staves, who alone knew the wind and the way for the bay. It was but a matter of a day now to sail over for the timber and return with it.

Corporal Pedro Sanchez had made all the voyages with the commandante and passed now as a superior navigator, his marine fame being dear to him. Don Luis had swollen him with pride by placing him in command for this one trip. His engagement became perilous when Lieutenant Echeandua suddenly proposed to Senorita Pachita that they make the voyage, and she, being young and thoughtless, consented.

Brave Corporal Sanchez sailed the Mejico superstitiously as the appeal of those descending eloquently on the art and mystery of seamanship. Issuing to his crew of three soldiers sundry orders in a commanding voice of thunder, he prepared to pass the night on the beach.

Alas, an eastern wind came whistling through the trees on Raccoon street, and in spite of all Corporal Pedro's seamanship the Mejico was caught, and while Lieutenant Echeandua and Senorita Pachita were talking of the Golden Gate.

Senorita Pachita de Sola screamed, but there was no help sent down from heaven, even on the appeal of those pretty lips, grown quite white, or that pale face, with its big black eyes wild with terror.

Lieutenant Juan de Echeandua swore as swore at Corporal Pedro Sanchez, but profanity, though frequently an adjunct to navigation, is not of use in imparting knowledge thereto.

So out to sea they drifted, far out, almost to the Farallones.

For eight days and nights they were as a chip on the waves, the Raccoon guests having snapped the mast and carried away the sail. Corporal Pedro, famous as a mariner, had forgotten to bring oars.

Senorita de Sola gave herself up to Mary, mother of God; as did the corporal and the three men in the bow, who passed the hours in shuddering prayer.

But Lieutenant Juan had a soldier's soul.

On the second day he drew his sword, and at its point the men yielded such food and water as the boat contained. These he bestowed where his body was between them and recaptured.

The corporal Pedro, though a fool and unfortunate, was loyal. With him the lieutenant kept watch and watch, and through all those awful eight days and nights by my pen, it is true that the boat was gone that long, as you may read in Hittell's "History of California," the Senorita de Sola wanted for neither food nor drink, and the delicacy of Lieutenant Juan would have brought tears of gratefulness to any woman's eyes. He did wonder—was tradition has handed down—whether cloaks and coats and stray bits of rope to cabin the lady.

On the eighth day—sincere prayer is ever answered—a blessed wind sprang up from the west and, tide assisting, blew the Mejico back through the Golden Gate. The cruising chief Marin, on his tule float, was sent by Providence to tow her to the Presidio wharf, where the commandante and the cheering garrison awaited the return of the lost to life—the ones saved by an unquestionable miracle. The padres bore the lesson home in many a sermon.

As the Senorita de Sola rose in the stern to disembark she tottered from weakness and agitation. Lieutenant Juan stretched out an arm and preserved her from a ducking. She gave a little scream, not at the public embrace but because of throwing up her small brown hands she had broken a slender gold chain that hung about her neck—broken it, and over into the deep water it went—together with a locket that had rested on her virgin bosom.

"My dears," said Commandante Don Luis Antonio Arguello, when they had refreshed themselves at his quarters and related their adventures to my dears, I think that under all the circumstances the best thing you can do is to get married, and at once."

"I'm with you," exclaimed Lieutenant Juan de Echeandua in Spanish, opening his arms.

And Senorita Pachita de Sola crept timidly into them, hiding her lovely, blushing face upon his happy, weather-beaten breast.

IN AUGUST, 1890, AGAIN.

Lieutenant JOHN ANDERSON was restrained from throwing the abalone shell into the bay, after his indefensible language concerning it, because it lay embedded under a transparent, overlying, iridescent deposit, he beheld an open golden lock, showing the face of a handsome young man, evidently Spanish.

Miss de Sola, excited, took it from him, scrutinized it intently, looked up with sparkling eyes and pointed a slim, triumphant, olive finger at a name beneath the miniature.

"There!" she cried; "grandma did love that Monterey ensign, though she always denied it!"

"But Pachita—Pachita darling, do name the day," pleaded Lieutenant Anderson all in vain.

"Oh, bother!" impatiently returned Miss de Sola, absorbed again in the abalone. "Name it yourself."—Arthur Mowen in San Francisco Argonaut.

When the Breeze Dies Out

Take to the Oars!

When Business Languishes, push it.

The best advertising does not consist of wind alone. It has Strength and Power. It will propel your craft into the harbor of prosperity, against adverse tides and over dangerous shoals.

