

ANCIENT ROAD BUILDERS.

Babylon Had Paved Streets, and the Appian Way Was a Wonder.

When or where the first road was built is not known. Herodotus speaks of a great Egyptian road on which King Cheops employed 100,000 men for ten years. According to the historian, this road was built of massive stone blocks ten feet deep and lined on both sides with temples, mausoleums, porticoes and statues. The streets of Babylon are said to have been paved as early as 2000 B. C., and several well surfaced roads radiated to neighboring cities. Carthage before its fall was the center of a highly developed road system. The ancient Peruvians had a wonderful system of national roads connecting all the principal parts of their empire.

The first definite and fully authentic information concerning the systematic construction and maintenance of permanent roads comes to us from the Romans. It is generally understood that the Romans learned the art of road building from the Carthaginians. However, the construction of their great road was as perfect as that of any of their later ones.

The first of the great Roman roads was from Rome to Capua, a distance of 142 Italian miles, and was begun by Appian Claudius about 312 B. C. It was known as the Appian way or Queen of Roads. This road was later extended to Brundisium, a total of 360 miles, and was probably completed by Julius Caesar. About 220 B. C. the Flaminian way was built. It crossed the Nar river on a stone bridge which had a central span of 150 feet, with a rise of 100 feet. When Rome reached the height of her glory under the reign of Augustus no less than twenty-nine great military roads radiated from the city. These roads extended to every part of the vast empire and are estimated to have a total length of 50,000 miles.

The Roman construction was in general extremely massive. The Appian way is said to have been in good repair 800 years after it was built. On a carefully prepared subgrade were placed four successive courses of layers, the statumen or foundation course, the rudus or second course, the nucleus or third course and the pavementum or wearing surface. The top and bottom courses consisted in general of large flat stones, while the two intervening courses were built of smaller stone or other suitable material laid in lime mortar.

With the fall of the Roman empire the roads were neglected and gradually fell into decay, so that today but little more than a trace remains of these splendid achievements.—Good Roads Year Book.

A Widow Who Was Calm.

A lawyer was entertaining dinner guests recently with stories from his personal experiences.

"A woman came into my office one afternoon and said she wanted to see a lawyer on a rather important matter," he said. "She was very prim and self possessed."

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

"Well," she said in an easy tone, "my husband was hurt in the wreck the other day."

"I noticed she was dressed in mourning, but from her indifferent tone I gathered that it had no connection with her husband's accident."

"Was your husband badly injured?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered in the same quiet voice. "He got his head cut off."—Kansas City Times.

The Philosophic Fisherman.

"Command a certain type of fisherman for a real philosophic point of view as regards the fishes," says a well known congressman. "On one occasion at home I was passing a mill pond wherein a fat individual had thrown his line and was patiently awaiting results."

"Pardon me, my friend," I said to the man, "but you won't catch anything in that pond."

"Why not?"

"For the simple reason that there are no fish in it."

"Dear, dear!" murmured the fat person. "Why did you tell me? Now you've spoiled my whole afternoon's fishing."—Lippincott's.

Formidable Hailstones.

There are numerous pretty well authenticated cases of hailstones weighing half a pound or more, but claims far beyond that are made. Stones of six or eight pounds were said to have fallen at Namur in 1719. The missionary Father Hue records the fall in Tartary, in 1843, of a block of ice as big as a millstone, which took three days to melt. In May, 1802, a Hungarian village reported a 1,100 pound block, requiring eight men to move it, and in Tippoo's time one as big as an elephant was said to have fallen near Seringapatam.

JAPANESE SWIMMERS.

Experts That Can Almost Literally Walk Upon the Water.

It is a common practice for students of the universities and schools of Japan to go to the seaside during the summer months and there train systematically. Regular courses of instruction in swimming are given to those who wish for them. Mr. E. J. Harrison in "The Fighting Spirit of Japan" tells of some of the feats performed by the expert swimmers.

The Japanese are fond of swimming, and among the younger generation of students and the coast population there are some splendid long distance swimmers. Schools of natation teach the art in a systematic manner, and, although the best racing records in Japan are not equal to the western, a Japanese expert can perform some truly wonderful feats. For example, he can jump into deep water and maintain his position with the water no higher than the loins, while he fires a musket or a bow and arrow, writes on a slate, paints a picture on a fan with a brush or moves freely in every direction as if he were walking on solid ground.

The expert, while he rarely emulates the graceful high dive of the European or American, can leap from a great height and strike the surface of the water with his chest without sinking or wetting his face and head. In some mysterious way he contrives to escape the painful consequences which the impact would inevitably cause to the foreigner who should try this feat. It is said that the old time samurai frequently made use of this trick when crossing a river or stream. In such cases they carried their armor and weapons on their heads.

In illustration of the antiquity of swimming in Japan it may interest foreign readers to be told that the famous "crawl" stroke which occidental swimmers first acquired not very long ago, has been known and practiced in Japan for hundreds of years, in addition to several other methods of progression in the water that would come as a revelation to Europeans and Americans.

The Scallop.

The scallop accomplishes locomotion by a series of leaps. When it is alarmed or wishes to change its location it opens and energetically closes its valves, thus expelling the water. The reaction shoots it backward. By this means the creature is able to travel long distances. Sometimes scallops make considerable journeys in large companies. One can scarcely imagine a lovelier sight than that of a flock of these pretty creatures, with shell of every hue from purple and white to black, unlined with shades of pink, yellow and fawn, darting about in clear water. In their flightlike movements, vertical, horizontal and zigzag, they are more suggestive of a flock of winged animals than of bivalve mollusks.

A Broad Hint.

Two gentlemen who were playing cards at a club recently were very much annoyed by other members who stood behind their chairs and interested themselves in the game. Finally one of the players asked a spectator to play the hand for him until he returned.

The spectator took the cards, whereupon the first player left the room. Pretty soon the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for some time, when one of them asked the waiter where the two original players were.

"They are playing cards in the next room, sir," was the waiter's reply.—London Saturday Journal.

Real Train Talk.

A lady of uncertain age went to the bureau of information at the Grand Central station in New York and asked when the next train left for Boston and the answer she received was: "Twenty minutes to 11."

She looked doubtfully at the man and went to one of the seats. In a few minutes there was an exchange of clerks. She promptly went to the window and repeated her question. This time she was told that the train left at "10:40."

"There," said she in triumph, "I was sure that the other man didn't know."—New York Sun.

Discipline.

The rigor of discipline seems undesirable to many in the present generation. They are unaware that obedience is strengthening and peace giving. A military regime, with its ironclad discipline, does not break spirit. It makes men ready for forced marches and to meet death. If discipline hurt the human spirit, then soldiers would never win battles. Battles would be won by mobs. Discipline does not diminish life. It enhances life and so confers a sense of peace.—Collier's Weekly.

SOBS FROM THE EARTH.

Wallings From Within When the Land Trembles in Haiti.

Earthquake sounds have been variously described and might be expected to differ widely according to circumstances and locality. The island of Haiti, which is situated in a neighborhood where the earth is in continual state of tremor, is visited by a peculiar earthquake sound which is locally called the "gouffre," and an account of it appears in the Bulletin Semestriel of the Port au Prince meteorological observatory.

The region of the "gouffre" is in the mountain range of La Selle, which is about 7,000 feet high and which, unstable still, gives much evidence of past volcanic activity. The sounds are apparently the same as those accompanying noticeable earthquakes, and the name "gouffre" is applied to both. Its noise extends sometimes over periods of weeks, and the vicar of Croix-des-Bouquets, fifteen miles north of the mountain range, gives the following description of it:

"During the day the sound was heard from the southeast and seemed to come from a great depth. 'It was like a deep roaring and then at times like the howling of a dog. From time to time it stopped with a hollow boom which might be taken for a distant cannon shot."

"During the night it was different, although the sound came from a different direction. There was a perfect tumult, rumbling of thunder, howling and a sound like the rushing of a strong wind. There was no wind, however. Sometimes one heard all the noises at once. Generally and above all, from 7 to 10 o'clock at night, the sound ended with a loud detonation, much stronger than in the day, followed by a long echo. Then again would be heard an outburst that cannot be imagined. It was as if a mountain of glass were shattered and the noise echoed in all directions."

"At times it seemed as if one could hear the dull roar of the surf or even the dull thud of objects falling, such as blocks of stone rolling down precipices." As the vicar observes when these phenomena occurred at night there was something very sinister about them. They are not confined to the La Selle range, but are heard in other parts of the island. They are being carefully studied, and, though the inhabitants sometimes associate the sounds with hurricanes, it seems well established that they are not heard during storms unless an earthquake happens to occur.

Couldn't Controvert This Proof.

The reading class was in session and the word "furlough" occurred. Miss Thatcher, the teacher, asked if any little boy or girl knew the meaning of the word.

One small hand was raised and shaken vigorously.

"Furlough means a mule," said the child.

"Oh, no, it doesn't," said the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," insisted the little girl. "I have the book at home that says so."

Miss Thatcher told the child to bring the book to school. The next morning the child came armed with a book and triumphantly showed a picture of an American soldier riding a mule, under which was printed:

"Going home on his furlough."—New York Post.

First Newspaper.

The Acta Diurna (Acts of the Day), instituted by Julius Caesar, comes about as near being the first newspaper as anything we can find. There was an official editor, and the gazette was exhibited daily in public. It was copied by scribes, who sold it to their customers. The Acta contained announcements or decrees by the government, notices relating to the courts and other matters of public interest, such as births, marriages and deaths. It had a wide circulation and in many ways fulfilled the office of a regular newspaper.—New York American.

Taking a Mean Advantage.

On moving into a new neighborhood the small boy of the family was cautioned not to fight with his new acquaintances. One day Tommy came home with a black eye and badly bespattered with mud.

"Why, Tommy," said his mother, "didn't I tell you not to fight until you had counted 100?"

"Yes'm," sniffed Tommy, "and look what Willie Smith did while I was counting."

Proving His Trade.

Magistrate (to burglar)—What is your trade?

The Handy One—Locksmith, yer worship.

Magistrate—What were you doing when the police entered?

The Handy One—Making a bolt for the door.—John Bull.

FOUND ITS GOLDEN HEAD.

Riddle of a Marble Column in Italy Read by a Beggar.

Near the monastery of San Vito, in Naples, stood a marble column that had been erected by an eccentric Frenchman about the beginning of the last century. On it were written in French the following enigmatic words: "On May 1 every year I have a golden head."

The inscription sorely puzzled the inhabitants of Naples. On May 1 the year after the erection of the column a great crowd came to it in the hope of finding the top covered with gold pieces. Needless to say, they went home with their pockets as empty as they were when they came.

For several years people came to see the promised wonder and went away disappointed. At last the authorities had the column taken down in the belief that treasure would be found beneath it. Nothing but earth was found, and so the column was set up again. Obviously the words had a mystic meaning, but no one was clever enough to guess it and for years the riddle remained unsolved.

Finally in 1841 a ragged beggar named Annibale Toci noticed the inscription. He stood looking at it for a long time while he pondered its meaning. Then suddenly the solution of the puzzle flashed into his mind. He waited patiently until May 1 before he tested the accuracy of his interpretation of the mystic words.

On the day mentioned in the inscription Toci, bearing a pick and shovel, set out at daybreak for the column. He arrived before any chance visitors, and as soon as the monastery's bells tolled 6 he started digging in the ground covered by the shadow of the top of the column. He had not dug long before he came on a satchel that contained 80,000 francs. The inscription was a true one—the head of the column covered the golden treasure every year on May 1.

Annibale Toci, the beggar whose sharp-guess had given him comparative wealth, became a landowner near Mantua. He died at the age of ninety-four.—Youth's Companion.

HISTORIC RAILROAD TRIP.

Fillmore and Webster on the Erie's First Through Train.

The completion of the Erie was the most important event in the history of railroad building down to that time—a matter of national consequence. Recognition of this fact was made when in May, 1851, a special train carried on a two days' trip through the mountains and valleys of southern New York, sweet with the leaves and blossoms of early summer, President Fillmore, four members of his cabinet and other guests of national distinction.

Daniel Webster, majestic even under his heavy burden of age and ill-health, was secretary of state in Fillmore's cabinet and rode on that first through train. He made the journey in a rocking chair lashed to a flat car, that he might lose nothing of the scenery and the sweetness of the fresh verdure. Nor was he too feeble to enjoy the great barbecue at Dunkirk, where oxen and sheep were roasted whole, pork and beans were cooked in vessels holding fifty gallons each, bread was baked in loaves ten feet long and two feet thick, so heavy that two men staggered under their burden, and the whole was served at a table 500 feet long, spread under a specially built shed along Railroad street from Deer to Lion street.

It was a great day for Dunkirk; it was a great day for New York state and the nation, and it was a great day also for President Fillmore, who found the pork and beans especially to his taste.—Wells Fargo Messenger.

Soaking the Clothes.

Mrs. Browning had a new domestic named Agnes.

"Agnes," said the mistress, "did you put the clothes in soak?"

"Oh did not," answered the girl.

"Did you want me to, mum?"

"Why, certainly," was the reply.

"Very well, mum," said Agnes.

About two hours later Agnes presented herself to her mistress.

"Oh, hev put thim clothes in soak, mum," she said, "but the pawnbroker wud give me only chew dollars on the whole outfit. Here be th' money, an' it's sorry Oi am that ye bees so harrod up."—Harper's Magazine.

"Sapsy."

"At Liverpool street station, London," said an American. "I asked a booking clerk whether he could tell me where Sapsworth was. His answer was that he had never heard of such a place. 'But,' I urged, 'is not that the way the country people pronounce Sawbridgeworth?' 'No, indeed,' he laughingly replied. 'They call it Sapsy.'"

Kipling's Response.

The Cantab, the Cambridge university weekly, once asked Rudyard Kipling to contribute to its columns. In response came the following reply:

There once was a writer who wrote, "Dear Sir—In reply to your note of yesterday's date, I am sorry to state it's no good at the prices you quote."

Gymnaestic Stunt.

Barbour—You seem warm. Have you been exercising? Waterman—Yes, indeed. I went to the outer dance and swung dumb bells around all evening.—Michigan Garroyle.

Meteorological.

Wallie—When I called on Zella last eve she acted toward me like a weather forecast. Wardie—How was that? Wallie—Fair and very cool.—Kansas City Star.

CONFECTIONERY.

Centuries Ago It Was a Part of the Art of the Apothecary.

Curiously enough, the making of confectionery originated in a way with the apothecaries about 500 years ago. It was then that sugar was first imported into England, and it was then that "confections" first became known. For a time they appeared only in medical form, the apothecaries using the newly imported sugar as a means of mitigating the bitterness of their doses. In other words, they mixed their drugs with it, and therein lay the origin of many of the sirups and medicated candies, the ancestors of our cough drops and lozenges. The cost of sugar was far too high, and most people were far too poor to permit of its being eaten for its own sake alone and as a mere luxury.

It was only a couple of centuries ago that there began to appear a new phase of the apothecary's art. Confections began to be made more or less apart from any medicinal purpose and because people liked them, and eventually the confectioner's business became quite separate and distinct from that of the apothecary.

Although the confectioner's trade may be said to be about 200 years old, it was only within recent times that it became a real and extensive industry. At first sugar was heavily taxed, and the confectioner's trade was pursued upon very elementary principles. For a long time everything was done by hand. Implements were of the very simplest—candy kettles heated on small brick furnaces, pestles and mortars, rolling pins and scissors, etc. The output was very small, and, comparatively speaking, sweetmeats of all sorts were expensive and frequently unattractive.

All this has been changed, and nowadays the most improved machinery and implements combine to produce the most delicate and attractive sweets. Muscles have been superseded by engines, pestles and mortars and rolling pins, and scissors have given place to revolving pans and steam pans, and mechanism for beating and kneading and mixing, for cutting and slicing and grinding, for crushing ice and freeing cream and other processes.

While many of the best and most expensive candies are still very largely made by hand processes, by far the greater mass of sweetmeats is produced by machinery.—Harper's Weekly.

The Party Line.

Bubbs: Why didn't you come to the door and let me in? Wife: I couldn't. George: Our neighbor was talking to somebody and I was at the phone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.—Ramsel Johnson.

Wanted—25 to 50 pounds of clean cotton rags at 3 cents a pound.—Graphic office.

For Trade

270 acres near Corvallis, 15 acres in cultivation and in crop, good soil, no rocks, good springs, good land for all kinds of crops, under fence, good house, large barn for stock, tools and hay, all small buildings, on good road. 200 acres good pasture, all varieties of bearing fruit, 3 dozen young fruit trees. 3½ miles from small town and railroad. Phone and interest in phone line with place. Good team, harness and wagon, hack, mower, rake, plow and harrow. About 300 good grade goats, 3 cows, 1 bull, 1 brood sow, 3 dozen chickens, household goods, all goes at \$30 per acre. A fine dairy ranch and a bargain. Take small ranch up to \$4000 or \$5000, balance to suit at 6 per cent. Get your property on my list. Something doing at once.

G. S. Hoaglin,

West of Newberg.

Hop Pickers Wanted.

Wanted—200 hop pickers. Fine hops, excellent camping ground and good water. Prizes will be given at completion of the harvest to pickers picking the cleanest hops. Secure early position.

Phone Red 162 or address, Sandcroft hop farm, Dundee, Oregon.

tf.

Sack Twine

3-PLY SUPERIOR

10c per skein, 40c per lb.

for sale at

ZUMWALT'S

FEED STORE

Corner of First and Main Streets

WANTED AND FOR SALE

Newberg Lodge No. 104 A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome. By order W. M. R. H. C. Bennett, I. A. Hanning, Secretary.

Blackberries 2c a lb. Phone 9a15. 42-44 pd.

Dry fir wood for sale.—J. T. Everest.

For well digging. See F. M. Ross, Route 2. 42-46

Money to loan on improved farm security. Clarence Butt.

Three choice cows for sale.—J. D. Gordon. 2t pd.

Good line of paints at Harts Hardware store.

MONEY TO LOAN—See Atty. B. A. Kliks, McMinnville, Oregon.

For Rent—The Laurel Cottage barn. Call phone No. White 16.

Wanted—Dried Black Caps at H. S. Gile & Co.'s packing house. 41-tf

For Sale—Gerhard piano at a bargain. Inquire at Graphic office. 1t pd.

Wanted—10 men to dig ditch on Chealem mountain.—Adrian Bowman. 41-tf

Pasture to rent for cows and horses.—C. F. Schelly. Phone 15a62. 40-42 pd

Three houses and lots for sale.—J. O. Lyon, 10th and Pacific streets. 25tf

Leave orders for wood at Robt. M. McKern's barbershop or phone 33a52.

Fence and camp stoves at Harts Hardware store.

Wanted—Dried prunes and Loganberries at H. S. Gile & Co.'s packing house. 39-tf

Excelsior Motorcycles—World beaters on every line. See them at Newberg Auto Garage.

For Sale—A binder in good repair, or will trade for stock.—A. M. Staples, Route 2, Box 69. Phone White 159. 39-tf

For Sale—Young pigs and shoats. Inquire of Henry Havenman, Laurel, Oregon, or phone 45 line 8. tf.

What have you in Willamette Valley property to exchange for Oregon land. F. M. Tewksbury, 109 N. Meridian street. 42-45 pd.

For Sale at a bargain—Young Bouncer, the best known stallion in Yamhill County, is for sale at a very reasonable figure. Good reasons for selling.—Will E. Purdy. Phone White 16.

Wanted—350 pickers on our yard of 120 acres of fine hops. Good accommodations, new shacks and nice camp grounds, with wood and running water. For further particulars, phone White 168 or write Riverside Hop Farm, Dundee. 42-45

List your property with White & Co. for sale or exchange for dairy ranches in Tillamook or Lincoln counties or for Eastern Oregon wheat farms either in Sherman, Gilliam, Wasco or Morrow counties. We are in touch with reliable parties in all these places and can give you good bargains. List your property with us.—White & Co., the Real Estate Exchange, 705 First St. tf.

House Moving.

I have fitted up with new outfit and am ready to move or level up wood buildings on short notice. Will also handle heavy machinery. F. C. Mills. tf.