



MOUNTAIN HEROINE

FROM the Mowrie house one saw a stretch of rugged, wooded country, with a slender looking railroad bridge spanning the gorge between two hills. The tops of the high pine trees, which grow down in the valley below the cliffs, reached nearly to the rails of the bridge, and it was a thrilling sight to see the trains crawl about in the air over the trestles, twist down the slope on the left side of the ridge.

But the passing trains had another interest for the young Mowries besides this picturesque view. One day a passenger threw a newspaper out of the window, and to Alivia and little lame Hiram such a "find" was always acceptable.

Since her mother's death the household duties and the care of Hiram had devolved on Alivia, preventing her from taking advantage of the short school term. Mr. Mowrie was employed on one of the river boats, and his trips often compelled her to remain away from home for three or four weeks at a time.

The Mowries did not own a farm. Their place was a scrubby half-acre on the top of the cliff, and their house was but of mud and stone with two little chambers above the single downstairs room.

To the newspapers thrown from the passing trains Alivia and Hiram were much indebted for what they knew in the latest number of the paper.

"Say, Viry," Hiram would sometimes ask with a wistful look on his face, "do you s'pose that lame boy ever got well?"

"Yes, I thought it was working round that way, Hiram," Alivia would answer hopefully.

Hiram's lameness was the result of a fall over the rocks at the railroad bridge, and the village doctor pronounced it incurable. The knee was bent at an angle, and the boy could move about only on crutches.

One summer afternoon, as the sound of the locomotive whistle echoed in the distance, Alivia came into the house with a single page of a newspaper in her hand. It had evidently held some one's luncheon, but Alivia brushed away the crumbs carefully and smoothed out the wrinkles.

"I guess, Hiram," she said in her merry way, glancing over the precious bit of paper, "you'll find two or three whole pieces here, and some advertisements."

The boy took the bit of newspaper from his sister's hand, and was soon quietly absorbing its contents. Meanwhile, Alivia labored over a garment that she was trying to cut and fashion without any pattern. She was a tall, strong-looking girl of 17, straight as an arrow, and prettier in spite of her ill-fitting clothes. Presently Hiram broke out with a cry of delight:

"O, Viry! Hurrah!"

"What is it, Hiram?" asked Alivia eagerly, dropping her needle with a rattling noise. "Is it the continuation of that story about the lame boy, is it?"

"It's better than that, Viry! Just look! Here's a piece about a real doctor that cured a real boy! O, Viry, if I could only get well!"

With a great hope stirring in her heart, Alivia took the page and proceeded to read the article that Hiram had pointed out. It was entitled "A Triumph of Modern Surgery," and it detailed how a certain Dr. Delmore had performed successfully a difficult and dangerous operation on a lame child.

"Why, this is the best thing I ever heard of, Hiram," she said delightedly, when she finished reading. "I'm going right away to Mrs. Capner's to ask her about that Dr. Delmore. I guess Mrs. Capner'll know."

And she put away her sewing hastily, and set forth without delay. The carriage house was situated on the other side of the woods, about half way between the Mowrie house and Cresswell. Alivia had great respect for Mrs. Capner and for her opinions. When she was in perplexity about anything, it was always to Mrs. Capner that she went.

She found her neighbor seated on the back porch, and she at once opened up the subject of her errand. Mrs. Capner was not a little surprised. She supposed the girl had come to borrow something, for now and then Alivia asked for the loan of an "easy pattern," or for the weekly paper that Mrs. Capner subscribed for.

"Why, I never heard of Dr. Delmore," the woman repeated. "Why, he's that high-toned doctor from the city that the Balmes got to set their Jack's arm when it was broken so bad! But sit down, Alivia, and make yourself at home."

Alivia sat down on the edge of the chair that Mrs. Capner had placed for her. Her cheeks were red from running, and her eyes were brilliant and eager as she gazed at her neighbor.

"Mrs. Capner, does Dr. Delmore charge high? You see, I was thinking of getting him to look at Hiram's leg."

"Good gracious, Alivia Mowrie!" cried Mrs. Capner. "You don't know what you are saying! Dr. Delmore, why, you might as well make a tea party and invite Queen Victoria! All the money you could get for your place on the cliff wouldn't begin to pay Dr. Delmore's bill!"

"Alivia felt a sudden sinking in her heart. The color had left her cheeks as she gazed into her neighbor's eyes in a puzzled, helpless way. Meanwhile the woman thought that the girl either did not believe her, or that she was too stupid and ignorant to understand.

"Why," she went on, trying to make things plainer, "Dr. Delmore charged Mr. Balmes \$1,000 for the setting of Jack's arm! Of course he had to come a long distance, and it was a very hard case. The village doctor said the arm would have to be amputated; it was broken in three places, you know. But

is lame and I want to raise \$1,000 to pay a doctor for straightening his leg. I have \$320 now, and \$200 you see, would go a good way. The doctor makes up his mind if I could only think it right to take it!"

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, looking greatly interested. "And may I ask who is the doctor you wish to engage?"

"Dr. Delmore—the one that set Zaeg Balmes' arm," said Alivia.

The gentleman smiled as if he were both amused and pleased.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I am Dr. Delmore, and you had better will clear this obligation without any transfer of money. I will be glad to do all I can for your brother, in consideration of what you have done for me."

Alivia pressed her hands together, with a look of delight, and the doctor never forgot the look of gratitude with which she regarded him.

The coachman came down the road presently and resumed charge of the horse and carriage. The doctor was his way to Cresswell—a chance to play; and as for the streets, does any one imagine that New Yorkers will ever be persuaded to barter away their clean and noiseless pavements and pure air for the whirling dust-clouds, the summer stenches, and the winter sloughs of old, seasoned with no matter what mess of political potage? If so, he is grievously mistaken.

Col. Wadsworth, the chief of the streets of New York can be cleaned, and any future city government, no matter how corrupt or despotic, will have to reckon with him. And right well the enemy knows it; he may not refrain from picking our pockets in the future, but he will at least have to do it with due regard to the decencies of life.

Mulberry Bend is gone, and in its place have come grass and flowers and sunshine. Across the Bowery, where 324,000 human beings were shown a life of squalor and filth, a green spot, four of the most crowded blocks have been seized for demolition, to make room for the two small parks demanded by the Tenement House Commission. Bona Alley, redolent of filth and squalor, is to be razed to the ground, and the site of that tenement neighborhood are to have a veritable little Coney Island, with sandhills and shells, established at their very doors. Who can doubt the influence it will have upon young lives heretofore framed in gutter?

A Novel Writing Lesson.

The youthful heir to the throne of Japan is taught to write by a rose-without-a-thorn method.

The young Dalmian is surrounded by a bevy of beautiful damsels, who are constantly coming and going in order to supply the tutor and his pupil with all they may require.

One of them dissolves the India ink in a costly bowl, and smoothes out the paper which a third has brought in.

Dr. Delmore says I am going to get well, and he says, too, that some society is going to give you a gold medal. It has been in the newspapers that you stopped a runaway horse with a sunbonnet. I have the piece cut out and put away. It is a splendid piece. It calls you a heroine, and that is what you are, Viry.

HIRAM.

Alivia and Hiram did not talk any more about Dr. Delmore, but the girl did not cease to think of him. While her busy fingers plucked the wild blackberries that grew in the woods and the thickets, her brain was busy with devices for reaching the great man. Sometimes one might have seen her computing a "sum" that was set in the arithmetic with a stumpy lead pencil on the margin of a newspaper. She never finished this sum quite to satisfaction, but she often looked up from her work with a hopeful expression, saying something like this:

"If he'd only wait, I guess I could get the whole thousand paid up in about forty years."

One afternoon when Alivia was picking berries a few rods from the far picking berrie, a dog rode from the brow of the hill opposite to their house, she heard the sharp clatter of horse-hoofs on the stony road leading past the bridge.

The sound became more and more distinct, until presently the girl caught sight of a runaway horse dragging a carriage. Evidently the rider had been thrown from his seat, and the occupant of the vehicle was powerless to help himself.

Alivia had had some experience with horses, for she often drove Mrs. Capner to and from Cresswell, and sometimes she assisted Mr. Capner with his farm work. Besides, she was fearless. In a moment she had taken off her big sunbonnet, and was letting out the "dressing." She stood on the embankment side of the road as the horse came down the grade. A plan had occurred to her, one that she had heard of.

"It's the only thing to be done," she thought, as a few seconds later, she sprang as close as she dared to the flying horse, and deftly threw the bonnet over his head.

The "blind" acted as Alivia thought it would. The frightened horse leaped to the other side of the road and tried to shake off the unexpected obstruction to his vision.

Alivia had just grasped the bridle wheel by the door of the carriage opened, and a well-dressed man came out and hurried to her relief.

"Thank you very much," he said in a grateful, pleasant voice. "You did a very brave thing, and doubtless saved me from an accident."

"I was afraid the horse would reach the bridge and plunge through," said Alivia as she stood beside the panting animal and stroked its neck. "I guess you may trust me to mind him if you want to hunt up the driver."

"Thank you again," said the man. "But I know the coachman is not hurt, for I saw him pick himself up and run after the carriage. He will, I think, be the gentleman who spoke to me the moment he learned your name, and is permitted to reward you, in a measure, for what you have done for me."

By this time the horse was standing quietly, needing no one at the bridle. As the gentleman spoke, he produced his pocketbook and handed Alivia a gold coin.

"Don't hesitate to take it. Never was money better earned, or more freely offered," he urged.

Alivia had drawn back a little, as if frightened by the offer of the reward. All her native instincts were opposed to accepting money for a service of this kind. But there was also within her another thought, striving against these feelings. Should she not sacrifice her pride for Hiram's sake?

"Please take the money," insisted the gentleman, kindly.

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NATURE AND SCIENCE

It is reported that aluminum, which has never yet been used for coinage, is to be tested at the Philadelphia mint as one of the possible alloys for making the new coinage.

The suggestion has been offered that one-cent pieces composed principally of aluminum would possess the great advantage of being easily distinguishable from other coins of similar size by their light weight.

When Elephants Inhabited Europe.

Recent studies of the remains of stone and flint implements found near Abbeville, France, has strengthened the belief that when those implements were made by prehistoric men, elephants belonging to two species were abundant in that part of Europe. But of course the date in centuries, or even in thousands of years, is not ascertainable. No writings or inscriptions or traditions have been handed down from that early race of men to their civilized descendants of to-day. All we have been able to learn, from the remains of chipped stones and bones, that they lived among and frequently hunted and fought with, animals that had ceased to inhabit Europe when recorded history began.

A Bird of the Far North.

During Dr. Nansen's long voyage into the Arctic sea in search of the north pole, he came upon a group of four birds, which he named after the name of Franz Josef Land, near which he saw large numbers of a very rare and beautiful bird known as Ross' gull. It is described as "the most beautiful of all the animals of the frozen regions, and as the most beautiful of all his bird forms." It is distinguished from other species of gull by "its beautiful rose-colored breast, its wedge-shaped tail and its airy flight." Speaking of the discovery of these birds, Dr. Nansen says: "I have never before seen a bird so beautiful as this, and I have never before seen a bird so hardy as this. It is a bird of the far north, and it is a bird of the far north."

The Sheep of Seals.

Prof. H. C. Wood, of Geneva, has recently brought together many interesting facts about the latent life of seeds, and their ability to withstand very low temperatures. After recalling instances in which seeds have sprouted after lying apparently dead for hundreds of years, he says: "I have seen the results of experiments on subjecting seeds to a freezing cold. Corn, oats, fennel and some flower seeds were exposed during 118 days to a temperature of 40 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. Afterward, when placed in suitable surroundings, nearly all of the fennel, oat and corn seeds, and many of the others, germinated. He concludes that the protoplasm, or the principle of life, in a resting seed, is in a state of inaction, not comparable to the state of a smoldering fire, but rather like that of a chemical mixture which is capable of forming a combination whenever the required conditions of temperature and illumination are present.

The Efficacy of Vaccination.

The English Royal Commission on Vaccination, which has been busy during seven years obtaining information, recently made an interesting report. The commission concludes that the protection which vaccination affords against smallpox is not comparable to the protection afforded by the operation, and that while the time varies in different cases, the average period of highest protection may be fixed at nine or ten years. Afterward the protective efficiency rapidly diminishes, for which reason the commission deems that the value of re-vaccination can scarcely be overestimated. As to the injurious effects alleged to result from vaccination, the commission says that when considered in relation to the extent of vaccination work done, they are insignificant. Besides, there is reason to believe that they are diminishing under the better precautions of the present day.

The Companion of the Dog Star.

Sirius, the dog-star, which is the brightest to our eyes of all the fixed stars, has a companion which is not visible except with powerful telescopes. It was first seen in 1862, and in 1890 it disappeared, the reason of its disappearance being that it had moved so close to Sirius as to be lost in its brilliant light. The companion of the great star. During the time of its visibility the fact had been ascertained that it was revolving about Sirius at a rate which would carry it completely around in some fifty years. The strange period of its revolution, however, has not been determined. It is calculated, astronomer felt certain that in a few years the vanished star would reappear as it moved into a part of its orbit more distant from Sirius. This prediction has now been fulfilled, for recently the missing star was seen again at the Flagstaff Observatory in Arizona. Although it is probably half as large as Sirius, it is but one ten-thousandth part as luminous as that star.

A Suggestive Response.

Unconscious harmony between sermon and response was too much for the Rev. Simon J. McPherson yesterday morning. He preached on "Hell" in the Second Presbyterian Church, but found the response selected by the innocent organist was altogether inappropriate. The hymn was changed, but not before the air had been played, to an accompaniment of a broad grin upon the face of every present. Dr. McPherson does not consult with the organist, but he remarks as to the sermon he intends to preach on Sundays. Mr. McPherson does not worry the pastor about the hymns he selects for the worshippers to sing. Both trust each other, and the longer stem that the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes half a whiff, hands it to him and less him finish the whiff.

Japanese Women.

Everybody smokes in Japan. The pipes hold a little wad of fine cut tobacco and a pea. It is fired, and the smoker takes a long whiff, blowing the smoke in a cloud from the mouth and nose. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes half a whiff, hands it to him and less him finish the whiff.

It is always the man of whom nobody expects such a thing, who drops everything and runs.

Every one overlooks the martyr business.

let had not known the subject of the sermon when he selected the response, and thought no more about it after he had completed his list of hymns.

The pastor fumbled with the list, coughed, and looked a trifle embarrassed. The organist began to play the air pianissimo, and a broad grin spread over every face. Dr. McPherson looked appealingly upward to the organist, and then turned over the leaves of the hymnbook with desperate eagerness. Mr. McPherson left his pipes and hurried down to the pastor.

"We must change that response," whispered the pastor.

"Why?" asked the organist, innocently.

"I have been preaching on 'Hell,'" said Dr. McPherson, "and the response on 'Hell' is what I want. What is it to be? 'We cannot have that.'"

Even the solemn organist grinned as he climbed to the organ and started up "Art Thou Weary?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

COMPENSATION.

How the Short Fat Man Got Ahead of the Tall Lean Fellow.

A Chicago street car was crowded, and there was barely room for the tall, somewhat flashy dressed man who swung himself on the back platform. The short fat man, who had been offered a newspaper from his pocket, and in a moment was apparently absorbed in its contents.

He soon worked his way round until he stood facing a short, heavy-set man who was breathing with some effort, and who was the pressure of the crowd against him. The tall man's paper hid the fat man from view, and covered the upper part of his body like a blanket.

The car joggled along through LaSalle street tunnel, the crowd on the left swaying back and forth with the turning of the curves. As the car entered on the other side the conductor forced his way through the rear door and began collecting fares from the crowd on the platform. As he pushed his way out there was the usual squirming and twisting to make room, and the tall man leaned over his vis-a-vis and half smothered him with his newspaper.

A moment later the tall man hurriedly showed his way to the steps, and jumping off, walked rapidly down the street. The fat man put his hand up to his head inquiringly, and quietly remarked:

"That rascal has got my spark. I thought it was after it all the time."

"Why didn't you tell him before he got off the car?" exclaimed the conductor.

"Oh, I was not anxious to make any cause to complain. When I felt him sitting under a tree and taking his watch out of his pocket, holding it up, and as it is a gold one and looks to be worth about \$40, I guess I am ahead of the game. My diamond ring I never picked a man's pocket before, but under the circumstances I feel justified, and an really under obligations to the gentleman for affording me this opportunity to get a good watch so cheap."

Question of Luck.

"I hate to hear people say there's no such thing as luck," remarked the melancholy Mr. Doolittle.

"Because I see why," his wife rejoined with asperity. "A man can go on trying and trying and never get along. And some other person will go ahead and make it off with whatever."

"Hiram, no great man has succeeded without hard work."

"That's the kind of talk you always hear. But nine times out of ten it is all owing to the opportunity of a society to suppress them. The suggestion took root immediately. Dr. Gardner received letters from brother physicians commending the suggestion and telling of the practical impossibility of treating nervous people in London. The articles were copied across the Atlantic, and the doctor has been deluged with letters telling him what had been done to stop the din of London. The climax was reached the other day, when the society received a letter from a Chicago publisher, proposing to start a weekly journal called "Less Noise."

They Want Less Noise.

The screech of the peddler, the musical medicinal and a score of other disturbing and nerve-destroying noises in New York will probably be made the subject of legislative action this winter. The foundation has been laid for the Society for the Prevention of Noise. It was organized in London. Dr. John H. Gardner to write an article for the September number of the North American Review calling attention to the infernal noises of New York, and suggesting the formation of a society to suppress them. The suggestion took root immediately. Dr. Gardner received letters from brother physicians commending the suggestion and telling of the practical impossibility of treating nervous people in London. The articles were copied across the Atlantic, and the doctor has been deluged with letters telling him what had been done to stop the din of London. The climax was reached the other day, when the society received a letter from a Chicago publisher, proposing to start a weekly journal called "Less Noise."

Word-Blindness.

An extraordinary case of "word-blindness" is mentioned by Dr. W. Pringle Morgan, of Seaford, in the British Medical Journal. It is that of a well-grown lad of 14, the son of intelligent parents, who finds it impossible to learn to read. He has been at school or under tutors since he was 7 years old, and the greatest effort has been made to teach him what various combinations of letters spell, but in spite of persistent and laborious training he can only with difficulty make out words of one syllable. All following day the owner of the wagon found the carcass, and built round it a fence of thorn bushes with a narrow entrance, near which he fixed a spring gun.

Charging at the Flash.

When shooting lions at night a cautious hunter always uses a double rifle. He knows from experience that a lion, if once wounded, is apt to make a dash at the spot whence the flash of the gun appeared. It would not do hard then with a hunter, who had no other barrel or a spare rifle. Mr. Kirby, in his "Haunts of Wild Game," relates an instance of this kind of charging, which came under his observation:

"A lioness had killed an ox close to several wagons and dragged it off into the bush. The ox had not been tied up with the span, as it was lame. On the following day the owner of the wagon found the carcass, and built round it a fence of thorn bushes with a narrow entrance, near which he fixed a spring gun.

Substitutes for Nails.

The first nails were undoubtedly the sharp teeth of various animals; then, it is believed pointed fragments of flint followed. The first manufactured metal nails were of bronze. The nail with which Jaal killed Sisera was a wood-screw. The first nails probably pointed with iron. Bronze nails have been found in France and in the valley of the Nile.

His Thoughts.

W. S. Gilbert was chatting with some friends in a well-known literary club one day, when the late Edmund Yates entered, looking very much as he looked when he was in the matter with Yates," whispered one of the party; "he maintains quite a religious silence." "Yes," said Gilbert, "he is thinking of the next World."

Good Roads.

The good roads of Kansas, have organized a Good Roads society, and are actively at work circulating subscription lists for cash, work and material. The society's first endeavor will be to repair and improve the Wamego-Louisville boulevard, which is in an almost impassable condition. Great Interest is being taken by the townspeople in the movement, and good results are looked for.

A Winter Roadmaker.

How fortunate it is that Jack Frost comes to the assistance of the farmers about the holidays, and makes what might otherwise be impassable roads fairly good and hard highways. This fact is doubly interesting when we consider how much visiting back and forth the people of rural communities desire to do about this season of the year, when they have more leisure than at any other time.

The average earth road, when the ground is frozen and free from snow, becomes smooth and hard if beaten by hooves and tires. It teaches one of the fundamental rules of road-building. Makes the road hard, first of all, the smooth it, and the secret of a good highway is solved. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," but a soft road streth up anger.

The "breaking up" of the roads in the spring plunges the farmers from a solid "frost" foundation into the depths of mud. We can hardly wish that the frost would remain in the roads all the year round. The better way is to find some substitute for keeping the roads free from water in solution. Good drainage is the first requisite, and a roadbed of broken stone or sand and carth properly mixed, where macadam roads are too expensive, will go a long way toward making travel a joy all the year round.

We should not depend on the weather to make our roads.

Care of Roads.

The article in the Bulletin of Dec. 4, in regard to the maintenance of English roads, showing as it does, the benefit of constant care, should be brought to the attention of all those having charge of public highways.

It is a fact that a great many of the macadamized roads in this country, although well made, are allowed to be ruined for want of proper care and supervision to keep them in order; and it seems that a large number of those who have charge of roads do not appreciate what is required to maintain them in good condition.

To keep a macadamized road in good order the dust should be removed from the surface in dry weather and the mud when it is so, so as to keep the surface clean, and the drains and gutters kept clear, so that no water may lie on the surface.

In England the drainage of the roads is considered of so much importance that property owners, through whose lands any drain or ditch which carries off the water may run, are required by law to keep the drain or ditch in good order.

The practice of only macadamizing the central part of a road is bad, as the dirt on the sides is carried by the wheels on to the macadam, keeps it dirty, and where grass and weeds are allowed to grow on these dirt sides it soon forms a gutter at the edge of the macadam, as the dust in dry weather collects on the grass, and in wet weather it is washed on it, gradually raising its level and preventing the water from reaching the gutters.

There is one point in regard to the dust and mud cleaned off from the surface of a road which I have not seen mentioned, viz., its value as a fertilizer for grass lands, especially where limestone is used for macadamizing. In England it is the custom to collect the dust and mud from the surface of the road, in which water collects and still further spoils the road, and in wet weather the earth forms mud. As a fact, the dust part of the article mentioned, are made without the use of any earth, but care is taken to always break up the old surface and properly grade it before putting on new material.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE INDIAN MIND.

Slow in Wit, Poor Lo Generally Gets the Worst of a Bargain.

In a contest of wits the North American Indian is almost always at a disadvantage with the white man. His mind is not accustomed to the quick thinking which centuries of civilization have developed. An old resident of Spokane, Washington—Mr. Cowley—has told the Spokesman-Review of this city many stories of the quality of the Indian's thinking when he comes into contact with the white man's intelligence.

Mr. Cowley once carried on business as a buyer of grain, and Indian farmers brought him their produce. One day an Indian told him that he should no longer sell him his oats, because another white man would give more for them.

"Very well," was the answer. "I can not afford to pay you more."

But after a while the Indian farmer came back and offered Mr. Cowley a load of oats at the old price.

"How is this?" asked Mr. Cowley. "Doesn't the other man still pay you your price?"

"He pay me more for bushel," said the Indian, "you pay me more for load."

This was as much as to say that the other man had given him a greater price at the expense of the measure of the grain; but the untutored mind of the savage had taken in the fact only that the other man had given him more for his load.

Another story told by Mr. Cowley was of the visit of Gen. Philip Sheridan to the Spokanes in an early day. Sheridan related to the Indians, through an interpreter, the wonders of the railroad, and then waited to see what the Indians would say.

"What do they say?" he asked the interpreter.

"They say they don't believe it," was the answer.

Sheridan then described the steamboat, and the interpreter repeated this. "What do they say to that?" the general asked again, seeing the Indian faces all impassive.

"They say they don't believe that, either."

Then the general gave an account of the telephone, and told how a man at the end of a long wire had talked to a man at the other end of it. The interpreter remained silent.

"What do they say to that?" the general asked again, seeing the Indian faces all impassive.

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GOOD ROADS

The good roads of Kansas, have organized a Good Roads society, and are actively at work circulating subscription lists for cash, work and material. The society's first endeavor will be to repair and improve the Wamego-Louisville boulevard, which is in an almost impassable condition. Great Interest is being taken by the townspeople in the movement, and good results are looked for.

A Winter Roadmaker.

How fortunate it is that Jack Frost comes to the assistance of the farmers about the holidays, and makes what might otherwise be impassable roads fairly good and hard highways. This fact is doubly interesting when we consider how much visiting back and forth the people of rural communities desire to do about this season of the year, when they have more leisure than at any other time.

The average earth road, when the ground is frozen and free from snow, becomes smooth and hard if beaten by hooves and tires. It teaches one of the fundamental rules of road-building. Makes the road hard, first of all, the smooth it, and the secret of a good highway is solved. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," but a soft road streth up anger.

The "breaking up" of the roads in the spring plunges the farmers from a solid "frost" foundation into the depths of mud. We can hardly wish that the frost would remain in the roads all the year round. The better way is to find some substitute for keeping the roads free from water in solution. Good drainage is the first requisite, and a roadbed of broken stone or sand and carth properly mixed, where macadam roads are too expensive, will go a long way toward making travel a joy all the year round.

We should not depend on the weather to make our roads.

Care of Roads.

The article in the Bulletin of Dec. 4, in regard to the maintenance of English roads, showing as it does, the benefit of constant care, should be brought to the attention of all those having charge of public highways.

It is a fact that a great many of the macadamized roads in this country, although well made, are allowed to be ruined for want of proper care and supervision to keep them in order; and it seems that a large number of those who have charge of roads do not appreciate what is required to maintain them in good condition.

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Signaling Torch.

A new torch for military signaling consists of an asbestos ball in a wire cage, at the end of a long staff. Just below the asbestos ball is a copper drip cup. The ball is dipped in a bucket of kerosene oil, and is set on fire at a little bonfire, and is kept burning during the operation. As fast as the oil burns out the torch is dipped in the oil, and the greatest effort is made to keep it burning as long as possible. The torch is extinguished with a copper snuffer. The old form of torch was a large copper cylinder, with an ordinary wick at the end of a staff. The cylinder containing the oil could be used for only a few minutes at a time, because it became heated and caused the oil to explode. The new torch gives out a much larger flame, which can be seen as far as the naked eye for twelve miles, and through a field glass for twelve miles on clear nights and at a good distance in rain or mist.

Buckles in the Roman Army.

Several iron buckles were used in the Roman army before the Christian era. These buckles were provided with tongues which passed through holes in the belt. In the reign of Charles II. of England buckles instead of clasps became fashionable, and were made of great size, some covering the whole instep.

A Good Motto.

A boy walked into a London merchant's office in search of a situation. After being put through a series of questions by the merchant, he was asked: "Well, my lad, what is your motto?" "Same as yours, sir," he replied. "Same as you have on your door—push." He was engaged.

Railroad Figures.

Illinois has a greater number of miles of railroad than any other State—30,