THE FAMILY STORY

....HEARTSIE'S 'TONEMENT....

Whack! bam! whack, whack, whack! echoed through the country stillness of a South Carolina afternoon as the man, reaching upward from where he stood on tiptoe on the ricketty step of a cornhouse hammered the big nails steady and square and drove them home. Having fastened one end of a narrow board to the upper side of the wall he drew it down diagonally across the dwarf door and nailed it hard and fast, effectually preventing entrance. This done, he picked up half a dozen fowls which laid tied together on the ground and went to the open door of the cabin, brushing ruthlessly against the blooms of a red japonica bush in his haste.

All was dark inside. The wood in the fireplace was only smoldering, not burning. The daylight of the gray afternoon that stole in through the heavy shuttered window showed that a woman sat in one corner.

"Here, you there!" called the man: "you understand that if you rip off that board and use any corn out of that house you go to jail—you and your old man both! You understand!"

"I know, but you ain't doing us right," answered the woman. "We's paid out for the things, not 'scusin' (excepting) the picture what you fetched last. Here's the papers what the mens give us, every time they been here."

"I never authorized anybody to collect payment, and you owe me clear $15, not to say interest, since April. I'll send back in a week for that corn and if you've laid a finger on it you'll be sorry. Where's your husband?"

"I dunno; out gittin' wood, I reckon. Since you'se tooken the feather bed and the pick of the quilts we'll have to keep up a steady fire to warm by."

"Well, you make 'Riah understand what I say; you hear!"

"Mr. Beckwith ain't goin' to touch nothin'," said the woman in a depressed voice. "But you'se mighty hard on us old people. You ain't leave us even a pullet to raise from," eying wistfully the feathered bunch hanging limp and resigned by their yellow legs. "You couldn't 'low me dat speckled hen? She's a sure layer and an awful good mother. I'd save you a couple of the first chickens she'd hatch if you'd 'gree to it."

The speaker came forward and regarded her creditor pleadingly, a repressed eagerness in her manner as though she half expected he would comply. She was tall, with a smooth, shining, bronze-brown skin and good features, showing little trace of the thick lips, flat nose and receding forehead of the typical negro.

"Speckled hen, indeed!" said the man, waving her off. "I've got her now; the chickens she might raise I might never see. I'm up to your tricks! Get some of your neighbors to raise on shares with you. Don't meddle with the cornhouse, now," he called as he drove off in his rattling road cart. "The law drove them nails and it will be the worse for you if you draw any of them out."

Heartsie Beckwith stepped outside after he was gone and looked at the cornhouse door with the tell-tale board across its face, then she looked pathetically at the open trap door of the little fowlhouse opposite.

"It won't be no use to shut it tonight," she muttered. "We's ruinated, plumb ruinated, and there ain't nobody and nothin' to turn to."

Half unconsciously she looked in the direction of the long avenue of oaks that stretched across the big flat field in front of the cabin. As she stood thus an elderly negro in a tattered coat, with his head tied up in a motley collection of scarfs and strings, came up behind her.

"Is dat debil gone?" he asked in a thin, high voice.

"Yes, Mr. Beckwith. He's gone, and everything gone with him, 'scusin' the corn and that little handful of pea vines in the corn house, what we ain't to lay hands on. Everybody goin' to know now that we's been shut up and disgraced."

"Is you show him the papers what the mens give you in 'sideration of the 'taters and cotton and things what we pay out on de clock debt?"

"Yes. But that make no differ. He tell it as how we give the things to the wrong men, rapscallion men —hat he ain't send to fetch 'em. He wouldn't leave me so much as that speckled hen what's such a regular layer. It's wicked for anybody to eat a hen like that, what pays for herself over and over every year."

"Come in out of the damp, baby," was all that Mr. Beckwith said, and as they entered the cabin, where a light-wood knot in the chimney place blazed up abruptly in welcome, a brazen-tongued clock on a shelf struck thirteen in hurried, uneven tones. Mr. Beckwith's face brightened. "It's got us in a lot of trouble, but it's mighty good company," he said, looking up at the tall clock in its gaudy frame.

Peck! peck! as of a sharp bill striking on bare boards came from the inner room. Mr. Beckwith looked at his wife inquiringly.

"The rumpius pullet!" she explained. "While the buckra and the dog was runnin' down the other fowls it fly in there and squat down under the bed, so I just shut the door and ain't say nothin'. Seemed like the Lord aimed for we to keep it."

Her companion chuckled. "There's near 'bout four bushel of corn down yonder in the fence corner," he said, "but it ain't gone there itself. I took it out while he was gone to the sto' for nails. He ain't goin' to miss it out of the main batch."

The rumpius pullet, released from confinement, stepped out near its mistress, pecking at the oven, against the rim of which a few crumbs from the last cooked bread stuck fast.

The pullet's red feathers stood up mutinously; it was not prepossessing in appearance, but Heartsie took it up and stroked it gently. "It's one of the four that was hand raised," she said. "That what make it come in here to hide. That white hen what died on the nest was its mother."

A boy of about 10 years came in with his arms full of wood. He put his burden down, then drew near one corner of the fireplace and stood silent, looking into the flames.

"Is you hungry, bud?" asked his grandmother. "There's a piece of corn cake in the cupboard. Where's Bollum?"

"I left him in the branch. He had jump a rabbit," replied the child.

"That dog got sense," pronounced Mr. Beckwith. "He know when there ain't nothin' fresh in the house. If that clock man had knowed he'd a' carried Bollum off long wid the other things. You see! If he don't fetch in a rabbit tonight he'll get one by sunup. He's suttingly a knowin' dog."

Humpy was asleep and Bollum, the yellow spotted cur, dozed fitfully before the fire that night, but the excitement of the afternoon had banished slumber from the eyes of Heartsie and her spouse. They discussed and rediscussed every phase of the situation.

"Is you think to mention them things to him, baby?" the old man asked. "Them things is rightly worth a heap more than $15."

"I ain't crack my teeth on him about em," said his wife. "I just was all timersome like for fear he would go s'archin' about and stumble on 'em. It never 'curred to him though to look in that old trunk with the cover all teared loose and rags stickin' out. He'd'a' took 'em soon as his eyes light on 'em, but it wouldn't have been for no pay he would have took. He'd 'a' said as we stealed them things and had us up before the trial justice—you as a 'spectable member in good standin' and me what is always been held to be a righteous livin' woman. He'd a tooken that ground sure!"

"I believe you!" ejaculated 'Riah, looking admiringly at his quicker-witted partner. "I never thought of that!"

"Mr. Beckwith," said Heartsie at length in an impressive undertone. "I's got a notion that them things is a carryin' us to the devil. I's ponderated on it now a long time, when you ain't had no notion I was ponderatin', and accordin' to my stakin' off we won't have no letup this goin' down hill we're doin' till we gets rid of them things for good and all. Ain't we work hard this year every day the Lord send?" she went on.

"Dat's what we done," affirmed her spouse.

"Well! Ain't we try our best las' year?"

"Dat we did."

"And de year before that? Ain't we always been hard workin', and ain't everything gone against us? The cholera killin' off us hogs and fowl and t'ings and skippin' other people's? Our cow crackin' of her neck in the ditch and Black Sally just naturally gittin' poorer and more perish-away lookin', the more feed we give her? Till the boss say we can't keep her no longer? Ain't all this what I tellin' you precisely so?"

Mr. Beckwith nodded. His pipe had long since gone out and he did not know it.

"Well! Mark my words!" emphasizing them with uplifted finger, "just so long as that candlestick and that breastpin and that piece of watch chain stay there in that trunk where they is the old boy's goin' to follow us."

Mr. Beckwith groaned with excess of interest and belief.

"Well! what kin' we do?" he asked, helplessly. "Fling 'em away? Bury 'em, what? If we was to try to sell 'em we'd git took up."

"Fling 'em away! Bury 'em!" repeated his wife. "What good would that do? Uriah Beckwith, there's no such a thing as 'tonement, 'tonement for wrongdoin'! If we could hit on a plan to have them things go back to the fambly they b'longs to the old boy would quit noticin' of us so close and particular. We's in a worse fix than we ever been in yet to-night, and if we don't watch out plagues worse than the white preacher tell about is 'goin' to 'stroy us finally."

"But the fambly all is dead or else move off, even the house burn down and the land sell or goin' to be sell," said Mr. Beckwith.

"I know. Uriah, what was it the old boss used to think more of than anything else 'sides good eatin' and drinkin' and he wife and children?"

"A good horse," ventured Uriah. His wife looked disdainful.

"His hounds, fishin?" Heartsie shook her head.

"I dunno, less 'en you mean his niggers. Since you talk 'bout givin' of the things back, supposin' we dig deep in his grave and bury 'em there. He'll have 'em then for sure, nobody else. His grave right there by the church without no headstone."

Heartsie still looked inscrutable. "They ain't doin' nobody no good in the trunk and they wouldn't be doin' no good bury in the ground," she said. "Since you ain't 'member nothin' I mind you how the marster think a heap of he church, how he never miss a Sunday 'tendin' there and was a high sitting member—that's just the same as sayin' he give money reg'lar and a heap of it. Now, if we give them things to the church in he name it would be a 'tonement just like it tell 'bout in the book."

Mr. Beckwith was strongly stirred. He gazed at his partner as though he thought her inspired.

"If we could give them things to the same church," went on Heartsie, "my poor Regina would rest more contenteder in her grave and we'd have better luck to pervide for her orphan chile," glancing at the corner where Humpy, rolled up head and ears, slumbered peacefully. "I's wished many times I had had the spunk to own that my gal took them things and give them back as was right and proper. When 'Gina was little and used to lift things out of ladies' rooms and out of the pantry closet I used to steal 'em back in place and scold and whip her, but, after she got grow'd and was such a likely gal as could speak up so smart, I hated to own as she was a common nigger thief."

"How you am to give these things back, baby?" asked the old man. "The church is shut up these days. There never is anybody stirrin' 'bout there."

"I hear Em-line say yisterday that there's goin' to be preachin' there this Sunday. People is comin' over here from the city and they goin' to dredicate it over again. She say it's a 'versary and that it's the oldest church in the whole country. There's to be a' excursion."

"But how we kin manage?"

"I plan it out like this," saidHeartsie. "When they lifts the collection (dey calls it the loftory in the white folks' church) you could tote up the things and hand 'em in and 'splain where they come from and how it is a 'tonement we made wid 'em."

"Before all the people?"

"Yes. 'Course the book say about acknowledgin' before men. I would say it myself, but it ain't respectful for women to speak in church, and if I patch you up proper seeming and do you up a shirt with rice starch you'd look better than me."

The rededication of St. Jude's took place the next Sunday. The excursionists were there in numbers. Many saw the old negro, with his gray wool combed into order and his shabby suit brushed slick and span, walking up the aisle at a respectful distance behind the acting vestrymen. Only those nearest could hear what he said, as, having deposited his burden, he bent low before the church officers and made hurried obeisance to the minister. Before they had recovered from the surprise sufficiently to question him he was already half way to the door, mopping his brow that was moist with the stress of exertion.

"Luck will turn now, see if it don't," said Heartsie, as she joined him.—New York Evening Post.

Water from a Planted Reed.

"When people are suffering from thirst they will resort to all kinds of means to get water," remarked a gentleman who was at one time a member of the United States geological and surveying expedition in the Indian Territory. "For some time we had been without water and were suffering greatly. Among our number was an old trapper, who was as keen on the scent for water as is a hound on the trail of a deer. Finally, he paused at a place and stopped.

"'I think there's water here, if we could dig a well,' he observed.

"'But we can't,' I replied.

"'No, but we can do something else,' he said.

"With that he cut a reed, tying some moss to the end of it. Then he dug into the earth, placed his reed in the hole and packed the earth around the reed. He waited for a few moments.

"'Do you mean to say that you can suck water out of that thing?' I asked.

"'Yes, there's water near the surface.'

"He drew at it with much satisfaction.

"'Good,' he remarked; 'would you try it?'

"With little confidence in the result I sucked at the reed, with the surprising result of getting plenty of clear, pure water. To my parched tongue it seemed the very nectar of the gods.

"'It's as clear as the water of a spring,' I said.

"'Yes, the moss is our filter,' he replied.

"We pursued our journey much refreshed, and I never forgot the old trapper's device."—Detroit Free Press.

His Revenge.

The theatrical agent who goes out ahead of a show always has many funny experiences, and especially with the seeker after free passes in the rural cities. Ramsay Morris, who is advance man for May Irwin's company, tells a funny story about his last trip to Pittsburg. He lingered over to see the show open Monday night, and while standing in the box office of the theater in the afternoon he heard the ticket-seller having an argument over the telephone with some one. Finally the ticket-seller hung up the receiver with an oath. Mr. Morris inquired what was the matter. The ticket-seller said:

"That is from M——, the dramatic critic; he never fails to work every advance man for four passes to the show."

"Guilty," said Mr. Morris. "I gave him four, but what's the trouble?"

"Well," said the ticket-seller, "that fellow pays his board with those passes and buys groceries and does other things. He has just called up here to tell me to take up two passes to-night and refuse admittance to the holder. He says that he gave them to his grocer for two dozen eggs, and that the eggs were bad, and he wants to get even."

A Snake Bite Jag.

Scientists have found out that animals and men can acquire the power to resist the venom of poisonous serpents. By gradual inoculation with snake poison, certain sects of snake charmers become able to handle the most venomous reptiles with impunity. It has been ascertained that in Northern India people allow themselves to be bitten by snakes once a week or so, because the poison produces in them a form of intoxication which is as alluring as the effect produced by liquors from Indian hemp. Not only does a non-fatal bite by a poisonous serpent confer protection against subsequent bites, but the same rule seems to apply to other venomous animals. Where scorpions are numerous many people can be found who are quite indifferent to their stings; and coming nearer home, most keepers of bees will admit that after they have been stung a certain number of times the stings are no more painful than a slight pin-prick. Common experience is thus able to give strong support to the conclusions of men of science as to the protective results of inoculation.

Thieves Who Stole Ten Millions.

The aggregate stealings of men who violate public and private trusts, by defalcation and embezzlement, are probably much greater every year than those of the burglars and highwaymen put together.

The record of such stealings during 1895, as compiled by the insurance companies which guarantee employers against the dishonesty of their employes, and the public against the dishonesty of officials, shows that the sum of $9,465,921 was obtained. The cases of embezzlement reported numbered 240. Of these fourteen stole more than $50,000, twenty more than $100,000, one more than $500,000, and one more than $1,000,000.

City and county officials stole $1,283,975, banks lost $3,996,970, agents embezzled $1,045,875, forgers obtained $341,500, building and loan associations $479,578, postmasters stole $32,815, and the miscellaneous defalcations amounted to $2,175,782. New York led with defalcations amounting to $2,388,816, while the stealings of that sort in Delaware were the smallest amounting only to $1,100.—Cleveland Leader.

An Island and a Peninsula.

At a school the other day a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula, without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy. "I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. "First, get two glasses; fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because it is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk, and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water." The boy went to the top of the class.

Enterprising Birds.

At just about the time the Central Park ostrich laid its five-pound egg a Kentucky hen at Lewisburg laid a five-inch egg shaped like a pipe bowl.

Law Practice in London.

The earnings of the average practicing barrister in London do not exceed £300 a year.

A dozen times a day something occurs to remind a man that he would be in a position to laugh more, if he had talked less.

What the Color-Blind See.

A writer in Science says that in ordinary cases of partial color-blindness the color sensations that remain are blue and yellow, not blue and red, or blue and green, as is generally assumed and stated in text-books.

Too Cold for Moths.

The Department of Agriculture, through its entomologist, Dr. Howard, some time ago instituted experiments to determine at how low a temperature it is necessary to keep furs and woolen goods in order to save them from the ravages of moths, carpet beetles, etc. The results show that a temperature of 40 to 42 degrees F. during the summer is sufficiently low for the purpose.

A Balloon Railroad.

During the coming summer a new kind of mountain railway is to be tried in Germany. The motive power is to be furnished by a balloon attached by cable to a rail running up the face of the Hohenstaufen Mountain, near Reichenhall, which attains a height of about 6,000 feet. The excursionists will ride in a small car running on rails, and drawn by the upward pull of the balloon.

India's Giant Bees.

Bee-keepers are interested in the proposal that a species of giant bee, inhabiting India, be introduced into the southern United States for the sake of the large quantity of wax which it forms. The demand for beeswax for use in the arts is said to have largely increased of late. The bees referred to fasten their combs on the under side of the limbs of trees, or upon overhanging rocks. Attempts to import them have not thus far succeeded.

How Polar Ice Forms.

Dr. Nansen observed that the ice does not form by direct freezing on the polar sea to a thickness exceeding about thirteen feet. That was the maximum noticed by him; but in the ice fields the thickness becomes greatly increased by the piling up of broken masses, under the action of winds and waves. "The massive ice-cap which many explorers have believed to cover the polar area," he said in his recent lecture in London, "has been shattered. Instead of it we have the ever-wandering ice fields."

The Cannon Car.

Military journals express interest in an invention by which it is proposed to arm a self-moving car, driven by a sixteen-horse power engine, with two rapid-fire cannon, mounted on pivots so as to sweep in all directions. Having four broad-tired wheels, it is claimed that the car can run across a level country (barring fences, of course) at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. Terrible pictures are drawn of the havoc that such cars could make on a battle-field. Only one man is needed to operate the car and its cannon, and he is protected by strong steel shields.

Squeezed by Sun and Moon.

A very curious observation was made by Dr. Nansen during his adventurous journey toward the North Pole concerning the effects of the tides on the floating ice. The worst pressures experienced by his ship, the Fram, when enclosed in ice (except those due to high winds), occurred regularly about the time of new and full moon, the greatest being at new moon. The reason was because the tidal currents near the margin of the polar ice fields drive the floating ice before them, and at new and full moon the tidal attraction of the sun is added to that of the moon, and the effect on the sea is increased.

A Motor Run by Moonlight.

An account is given in Nature of a motor, intended for delicate experiments in heat measurement, invented by Mr. A. R. Benett. It is so sensitive that it begins to revolve the moment it is exposed to daylight, even when the sun is hidden; and in clear weather it will work all night, being affected even by the radiant heat of moonlight. The motive power is due to convection currents set up inside the glass shade with which the instrument is covered. While the glass is not warmed by the radiant heat of daylight or moonlight passing through it, the metal surfaces of the motor are, and the minute differences of temperature thus produced suffice to start convection currents.

No Living Mammoths.

For several years the story has been extensively circulated that the natives of Alaska are acquainted with living mammoths. The probable origin of the story was pointed out at a recent meeting of the Biological Society of Washington by Mr. C. H. Townsend. In 1885, when he was in Alaska, some of the natives questioned him concerning the nature of the giant animal whose bones are not infrequently found there, and he drew restorations of the mammoth in order to show them how it looked when living. They were greatly interested in the pictures and made copies of them. These copies, he thinks, have been widely scattered through Alaska, and being found by white men in the hands of the natives have given rise to the belief that the prehistoric beasts still inhabit that country.

Will Harness Sierran Lakes.

The tremendous power stored in the Sierra Mountains in California is to be harnessed. Contracts have been let for the construction of an electric plant which will supply 2,000-horse power, and this plant will be increased as needed until it will perhaps be three or four times as great. At the point where the plant will be located a waterfall of 1,065 feet can be secured. The power generated by such a tremendous fall will be enormous, even if the quantity of water is small. The electricity will be used in working the mines of Calaveras County and for supplying light and power to a score of thriving towns.

This Cat Is a Good Hunter.

There is a cat that goes hunting at Hoisington, Kan. It makes its home in the roundhouse, where a railroad man placed it to get warm one day when he found it half frozen in the street. The men made a practice of shooting birds for it, and now the cat will follow for a mile or more any man who carries a gun, and at the sound of a shot will run for the bird.

The next time you have your shoes and stockings off, look at your feet; you never saw anything uglier.

When some people find that they can't afford anything else, they decide that they can afford more medicine.

A REMARKABLE RACE.

Characteristics of the Boers Illustrated by Oom Paul Kruger.

Paul Kruger, the famous President of the Transvaal, is a man of many remarkable qualities, among which courage and sagacity are foremost. He is now an old man, but the story of his career, as Mr. Poultney Bigelow obtained it at Pretoria, shows that he began early to be a personage. It is not exactly a commonplace boy, for instance, who shoots big game at 7, kills his first lion at 11, and serves his country as a full-fledged soldier at 13.

This is a part of Paul Kruger's record, however. As it might lead one to guess, he was gifted with a remarkable physique as well as with great abilities, and the tales of his youthful exploits are almost beyond belief. He was a peerless runner, for one thing, and at 18 outran a horse in a race of seven or eight hundred yards. This story was told Mr. Bigelow by an eyewitness, and confirmed by the president himself.

"On another occasion," narrates Mr. Bigelow, "he ran a foot-race against the pick of the Kafir chiefs. There were large prizes of good cattle. It was a long, whole day's run across country, past certain well-known landmarks—among others his own father's house. Young Kruger soon distanced all competitors, and when he reached his father's house he was so far ahead that he went in and had some coffee. His father, however, was so angry with him for running across country without his rifle that he very nearly gave his son a flogging. He made the boy take a light rifle with him when he left to finish his race."

"And the old man was right, as it proved. At sunset the Kafir runners, though they lightened themselves by casting aside shields, spears, and even their bangles, had been left hopelessly behind; and young Kruger, seeing something stirring in the grass, thought he might as well bring an antelope into camp with him, having leisure to spare for the purpose.

"He aimed and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire; and instead of an antelope, there bounded up a huge lion, which had been disturbed by the sound. The two faced each other, the lion glaring at Kruger, and he returning the glare by the steady gaze of his fearless eyes.

"The lion retreated a few steps, and Kruger made as many steps forward; then Kruger commenced slowly taking one step backward, followed by a second, and then a third. But the lion followed every move of Kruger, keeping always the same distance. This work was getting to be very wearing, not to say dangerous, particularly as darkness was coming on and no sign of relief.

"Slowly and cautiously Kruger prepared his musket for a second shot. He raised, aimed, and pulled the trigger, but again there was only the snap of the cap, and Kruger saw himself face to face with a lion, and no weapon but the stock of a useless rifle. The last snap of the lock had so infuriated the beast that he made a spring into the air and landed close to Kruger's feet—so close, indeed, that the earth was thrown up into his face.

"He raised his gun to deal the animal a blow, but at this the lion retreated, glancing sullenly over his shoulder, until he was about fifty yards away; then, as though by a sudden impulse, the beast broke into a furious gallop, and disappeared over the next hill.

"Kruger joyfully resumed his race, and in spite of all that had happened, easily carried off the prize from the Kafir chiefs."

A Poet's Sympathy.

The following amusing anecdotes are told of Whittier the poet. A little girl, who was staying at the same house with him, and of whom he was very fond, asked him to commemorate in verse the death of her favorite kitten, Bathsheba by name.

Without a moment's hesitation the poet recited solemnly:

"Bathsheba, to whom none ever said 'Scat!'—No worthier cat Ever sat on a mat Or caught a rat. Requiescat!"

The same little girl had a pony who broke his leg, and again the poet was called upon to comfort the child with some poetic sentiment.

"I have written some lines myself," she said, "but I can't think how to finish the verse."

"What did you write?" asked Mr. Whittier.

"My pony kicked to the right, he kicked to the left, the stable post he struck it. He broke his leg short off——"

"And then," added Mr. Whittier, "he kicked the bucket."

During the war a Quaker friend, who was a shipbuilder, asked Whittier's advice as to building warships.

At first Whittier did not commit himself; but as the shipbuilder was leaving, he remarked: "Thomas, if thee builds ships, I advise thee to use the best timber, and build them strong."

Queer Things Down East.

The Nantucket jail stories which have been current court room topics for the last century have been entirely eclipsed by recent stories concerning the convicts of the Barnstable jail. Mr. E. C. Knapp, who is supposed to be serving a five years' sentence for stealing national bank funds, was recently seen in the streets in prison garb, giving the wife of the jailer, Mrs. G. H. Cash, bicycle lessons. Mrs. Cash is 38 years old, and has a daughter aged 18, and the convict is said to occupy a place of congenial companionship in the jailer's family. Another convict named Lewis Rogers was recently allowed to take a cow to Yarmouth and back while the sun was bright and the air invigorating for a pleasant walk. There is another prisoner, a Portuguese, named "Joe," who is there on a complaint of a Portuguese girl named Rosa, and her story is that Joe promised to marry her while he was serving out a previous sentence in the jail, and that she often met Joe outside the jail. It is a pitiful story, because when Joe got out of jail he married another girl, after borrowing $30 from Rosa. And all this in Barnstable town, where the jail is. The stories of Nantucket's easy-going jail pale into insignificance in comparison with out continental neighbor.—Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror.

Knew Better than the Doctor.

Among the good stories told of Doctor Mack, an army surgeon in Australia, is that in "Here and There Memories," illustrating the confidence in him of the pitmen under his care.

An explosion occurred one day in the mine, and the doctor was hastily summoned. As the men were raised from the mine depths he felt their pulse and sought for indications of life. As he rose from examining one poor fellow, saying, "Dead," the supposed man said distinctly:

"Nay, Oi baint dead."

One of the miners standing by gave the speaker a kick with his boot and said, "Haud th' tongue, Rob. Dost think th' knows better than t' doctor, mon?"

The Good Roads Enthusiasm.

While business depression or revival is a matter of the utmost interest to all business people of all classes, the subject of good roads, which involves the getting to and from business, is something that is of great importance to every man, woman or child who travels, whether on foot, wheel or by vehicle on any part of the public highway.

Bad roads, mud, ruts and irregularities are expensive things. An old farmer used to say that ruts and freezing and thawing cost him a new wagon every five years. Very few people realize what rough roads cost them. Of course, it is only a bolt to-day, a tire to-morrow, a wheel sprung next week, or an axle warped out of shape at some other time; but these things come, sometimes overlaping like shingles on a roof. They are put down to wear and tear, and in a way accepted as the inevitable, simply because roads have always been bad and one scarcely has a right to expect anything else. But the difference in the lasting qualities of a wagon on a thoroughly good road and an extremely bad one would surprise the owner of such a vehicle, were he able to keep track of the exact figures in the two conditions.

The Good Roads Commission will make a gallant effort during the coming spring and summer to interest the people in the good work. It would really take but little to put the roads in good condition if every man would give special attention to that portion of it immediately adjacent to his own dwelling. Of course, he must do this under the superintendence of proper authority, but if he would donate time or money, a little of either would go a great way.

Bicyclists are taking up the good roads subject with such enthusiasm that there is great hope that something worth while will be accomplished.

Cycle paths are being built in many parts of the country, and the hopeful wheelman looks forward to the time when he can ride entirely across the country on a well-built road, controlled and kept in order by the United States Government.

It is not too much to expect this, because there is nothing in which the government, the State and the individual have such a general and especial right and interest as the thoroughfare that connects one part of the country with another. The king's highway belongs to everybody, and when it is well planned and well cared for, it is a pleasure to all who pass over it; but bad roads are a handicap to pleasure, a positive hindrance to business, and it is scarcely too much to say are a disgrace to any community in which they are found.—New York Ledger.

Roads and Markets.

A highly important feature of the highways question is the effect good or bad roads have upon the local markets and their sources of supply. In all the cities and large towns of the State there is a demand for farm products and for the bulkier and heavier products such as hay and straw and grain. In many cases the surrounding country is quite capable of supplying that demand; in all cases it should do so as far as possible; in most cases it does not. Instead, supplies are brought in by rail or canal from far away, perhaps from other States; while at the same time, within a few miles of the market thus supplied, are farms that have been abandoned as not worth working, and others whose owners are in chronic discontent and despair at the apparent impossibility of getting profitable prices for their crops. The big farms of the West, they say, monopolize the markets, and so farming here no longer pays.

Now, one prime secret of the trouble lies in the bad roads, which keep the producer and the consumer apart, by making it difficult, if not impossible, for the farmers to get their produce to market. The farmer a thousand miles away can get his crops to market by rail or canal more easily and more cheaply than the farmer only ten miles away can haul his in over roads that are so hilly and rough and miry that half a ton is a heavy load for a horse to draw at a slow footpace. It is not that farms in the East are no longer productive, nor that the Eastern market no longer offers fair prices. It is that the roads between the farms and the markets are so bad as to make shipment unprofitable. Good roads throughout the farming region adjacent to the cities and towns would do more than anything else to restore prosperity to the farmers; enabling them to get their goods to the best possible market easily, promptly and cheaply. Good roads would mean good farms, good markets, good prices and good times for all concerned.

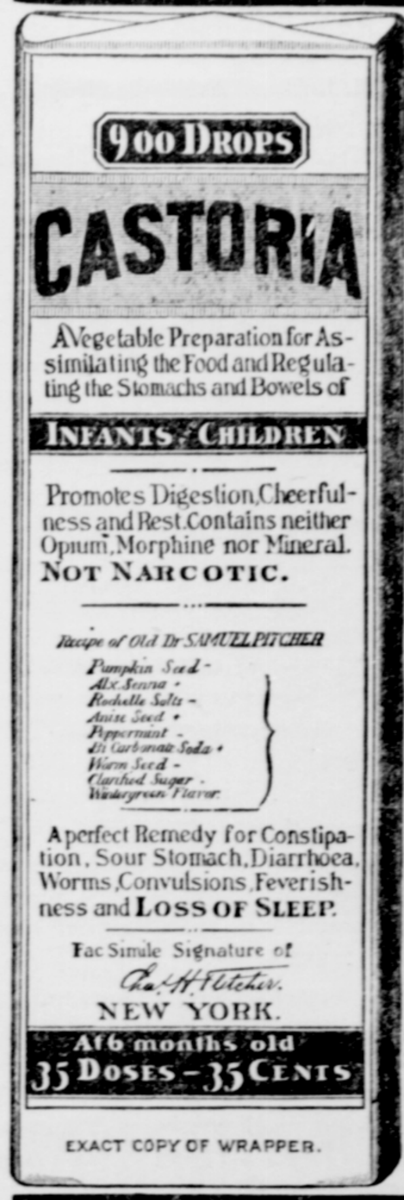
To set the inmates of the State prisons at work building such roads would be a particularly appropriate proceeding. The criminal is an enemy of the community and of the general welfare, and he would thus be made to minister to one of the chief needs of the community and to promote the general welfare in the most effectual manner. He would be getting the occupation he needs for his own health, he would be much more than paying the cost of his trial and confinement, and he would be conferring a permanent and incalculably great benefit upon all classes of honest people in the State.—New York Tribune.

Light in the Ocean Highways.

The best lighted bit of ocean highway is that known as "The Downs," where lights are much needed to warn ships away from the Goodwin sands, which stretch from Dover to Ramsgate, at a distance of about five miles from the mainland. There are four lightships for the protection and lighting of that short bit of ocean highway. The Suez canal has now been so brilliantly illuminated at night by electric lights that the time required for passing through it has consequently been reduced from forty-eight hours in the year 1883 to twenty-seven hours by the year 1889, and since them to twenty-four hours. There are lighthouses in the proportion of one to fourteen miles in England, one to thirty-four in Ireland, and one to thirty-nine in Scotland. Throughout the world there are about 6,000; England having 817, the United States 802, Canada and Newfoundland, 494; France, 444; around the European coasts there are 3,477.

Something New in Soap.

It is said that a French chemist has made a blue soap which will render unnecessary the bluing in the laundry. In ordinary soap he incorporates a solution of aniline green in strong acetic acid. The alkali of the soap converts the green into blue.



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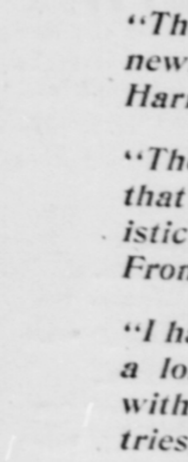

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