FASTEST HORSE EVER FOALED.

BUCK PATTERSON, owner of many cattle and many acres down in the Coast country, spent several days in San Antonio, taking in the races and other things, with myself as chaperon. The chief attraction at the races was the black pacing wonder, Joe Patchen. I have not, of late years, kept up with the horses, and my last impression of pacers was of the days when Sleepy Tom, Rowdy Boy, Mattie Hunter and Lucy used to travel around the country, putting in miles from 2:12 upwards. Thinking naught of the future, we thought such records marvelous.

Hence, when I saw Patchen slip easily around the half-mile track twice and the time for the mile was hung out, 2:08, I was prone to utter sundry yells, indicative of admiration and enthusiasm. But Buck was strangely silent and seemingly indifferent. I knew his love and appreciation for a good horse, his proneness to express himself very vociferously, and, wondering, asked him why he was as he was. Between beats of a slow class trot he told me:

"I've seen a horse that could pace a heap faster and keep it up a heap longer. I'm not yelling nor tearing my clothes over no second grades. I've rid this horse I'm talking about, and I reckon I'm the only man what ever did. It was nigh about twenty-five years ago, and I was working for old Calico Ferguson, down close to where Schulenberg is now. What's the reason they called him Calico? Why, he always rode a spotted pony. There wan't no town around there, nor no railroad. The Dutch hadn't come in and took up the country. It was all clear, open range and no fences. We always had line riders out, so's to keep the cattle in, and stop them from drifting off to nowheres. I was a stout feller then, stuck on myself, and didn't believe there was anything with hair and hoofs on what I couldn't ride. If there was any pony around what had a name of being unridable, I went over there, if it was 100 miles, and rid him.

"The more pitchful he was the more fun it was for me. There were lots of wild mustangs running around there then, mighty hard to catch and mighty bad nuisances. We couldn't let our own ponies out on the range loose but what these wild ones would come around and call them off. When a broke pony takes up with a wild bunch he's sure to be lost forever more. Now there was one bunch what everybody knowed, for it was led by a stallion as white as milk. It made no difference how bad this bunch was skeered or how fast they was running, this white pony was always in the lead, and always a pacin'. Nobody ever see him break a pace, no matter what was doing. Everybody noticed him and hoped for him, but nobody could ever get close enough to rope him. Fellers come from everywheres after him, but all they ever got was a see.

"Well, one season, old Ferguson had a big corral built of upright posts to do his branding in. It was all done but a gate, and for that an open space had been left with a cross bar over it, from post to post, about nine or ten feet from the ground. One night we tied a lot of ponies in there to have 'em handy next morning. We was all eating breakfast early, when here comes a nigger cook running down from the corral, his eyes just a-busting right out from his black face.

"'Dat ar white pacer's up dar in de pen a-fightin' an' a-teazin' wid de ponies.'

"We all slipped up a little draw what run back of the corral. I run round and got in the open gateway. The pacer see me right away, and broke straight at me, ears back and teeth a-showing. I took a skeer, turned round and jumped for that bar. I got a holt, and was a-drawing myself up, when he come a flying and pacin' right under me. I never knowed till then the quickness of a man's thinking. The horse went under me so fast no split timer ever made could a-caught it. Yet in that frazzle of a second, thinks I, 'I'll ride you now, d—n you.' I dropped, and lit right straddle of him, sorter back towards his rump. I flattened out right forward, stuck my heels in his flanks and got a saving holt with my arms round his neck, for I expected to feel the most topliftical, joltiful pitching ever felt by man. He pitched a pitch. Just sorter squatted, give a sorter squeal and took out straight north, pacin' like the wind. He was a-going so fast it would a-took two men, a quarter mile apart, to tell about. One to say, 'Here he comes' and t'other, 'There he goes.' I heard a yell back to me, and turned my head a little to look. Here comes the boys after us on their ponies, a-giving them the quirt and spur every jump. The ponies' necks was stretched and they was running their durndest, but, Lord, Lord, Whitey was pacin' ten feet while they was running five. I dasn't look round no more. If the wind had caught my face, I'd been strangled. The boys' yells growed fainter and fainter, until right soon I heard nothing but a zooing and a humming in my ears. It was the easiest ridin' I ever rid, and the swiftest. It was like riding a straight streak of lightning, sitting in a rocking chair. He was so easy gaited you would a-put a marble in the hollow of his back, and it wouldn't a-been jostled off. He was the smoothest pacer in the world, and if old Jehu had a-seen him he wouldn't a-bragged about his team no more. I begun to think it was near time for him to sorter slacken, but the further he went the faster he went. We passed what I knowed was bunches of grazing cattle, but they looked like flying red and white streaks. We passed birds a-flyin' the way we was going, went right past them, and I never was on a railroad train what could even keep up with them. We passed two or three line riders. They give a yell and put their ponies after us, but it was like a three-legged terrapin trying to run down a skeered jack rabbit. When we come to a ditch or low place he'd rise in the air and light a pacin' on the other side. I never heard him breathe hard once, or show the least sign of quitting. If he sweat any, he cut the air so fast the wind dried it up, but the foam flew like whip lashes. I begin to think of all these here skeery stories about ghost horses, and witch horses, and a queer kind of sick feeling begun to spread around down in me somewheres. I lifted up my head, caught a look of where we was, and then you bet I was sure skeered, and it was solid, sure-enough thing to get rattled about, too. We was twenty miles away, and right in front of us, about a mile, was the Colorado River. I wouldn't a-cared a cuss for just water, but we was just a bulging straight for a place where I knowed the upland prairie broke right off short, and there was a straight fall down over a bluff of 200 foot. It wasn't no distance for that flying critter to cover. The place seemed to be coming up itself right at us. I loosened all holts, said a prayer and rolled off—ker-blim. I was tough in them days or something would a-broke when I hit the ground. I was a heap jarred, but I staggered up in time to see the horse pace right into the air off that bluff. Then there was nothing but the blue sky, the grass and the scattered trees whirling in a mad dance all around me. The fastest horse ever foaled had suicided. I fell down in a faint right where I was. The boys never found me till late in the day and they brung me to. If I'd a-stuck on—well, did you ever bust a red, ripe tomato against a rock wall—that's the way I'd a-looked at the bottom of them bluffs. This Patchen's pacin' looks tame and slow to me. Fact is, that ride has spiled me for speed. I've never rid nothing since so fast but what it seemed to sorter have a slowness about it."
—Globe-Democrat.

SUICIDE OF THE WHITE PACER.

Don't Start Rumors

Damaging truths are bad enough.

Damaging untruths—or truths perniciously exaggerated or purposely colored—are worse still. In these times, when business confidence is none too firmly established, it ill becomes any man to endanger by word or insinuation the confidence that may exist between creditor and debtor. Many a bank has gone down in consequence of a run excited by false alarm; and the shores of commercial history are strewn with the wrecks of countless firms whose downfall was brought about by the sudden commercial demands of suspicious creditors.

Business is built on credit.

Credit is built on confidence.

There is no surer way of undermining a man's business than by giving credence to and circulating rumors about him. The man who stealthily applies the torch to a building is no more despicable than he who applies the firebrands of distrust to the reputation of a business establishment. It is with this thought that we say that those men who indiscriminately disseminate incorroborated rumors are guilty of an act for which there should be a fitting punishment.

Of Course.

The master was asking questions—masters are apt to ask questions, and sometimes, too, the answers are apt. This question was as follows:

"Now, boys, how many months have twenty-eight days?"

"All of them, sir," replied a boy in front.—San Francisco Examiner.

There is one thing about men and women that you can always depend upon: they are all fickle.

A girl should never marry a man whose mother was a good cook.

THE SHIP'S BELL.

It Is Closely Identified with the Whole Career of the Vessel.

Lieutenant John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., writes an article for St. Nicholas on "What Is Told by the Bell," in which he says:

Nothing in a ship becomes so closely identified with her throughout her whole career as the ship's bell. Officers and crew come and go; masts, decks, engines, and boilers become old, and are replaced by new ones; but from the day that she first glides into the water the same ship's bell remains always a part of her, marking her progress all over the world, and finally going down with her to a lonely grave at the bottom of the sea, or surviving her as a cherished souvenir of her existence and achievements. On a man-of-war the bell is usually inscribed with her name and the date of her launching; and as it is probable that it may some day become a memento of a glorious history, the bell is often the subject of special care in casting or selection. Sometimes the hundreds of workmen who have built the great ship contribute each a silver coin to be melted and molded into a bell which shall be the token of their love for the object of their creation and their interest in her future career. Often the people of the city or State after which a man-of-war is named may present to her a magnificent bell appropriatelly ornamented and inscribed with words of good-will and good wishes. Such a bell is usually presented with ceremony after the ship goes into commission.

Ships' bells in general are made of bronze, like other bells. The addition of silver in their composition gives them a peculiarly clear and musical tone. They are placed in such a position on the upper deck that they may be heard from one end of the ship to the other; and are usually near the mainmast or at the break of the forecastle. One peculiarity exists in a ship's bell which is necessary on account of her motion at sea. The tongue is hung so that it can swing in only one direction. If it were not so the bell would be continually ringing as the ship rolled and pitched. The direction in which the tongue can swing is another important point. If it were athwartships the bell would ring at every heavy roll of the ship; and if it were fore and aft the bell would ring at every deep pitch; so the direction in which the tongue can swing is nearly half way around between these two.

Prompt.

The powers of rapid action in sudden danger differ enormously in different individuals. With some men, remarks a writer in Cassell's Magazine, imminent peril seems to brighten the intellect, quicken the power of decision, and increase the obedience of the limb or hand. In others, the sharp shock of sudden danger relaxes the will, stupefies rather than stimulates, and changes a capable and energetic man into a monument of incapacity and surprise.

In the Red Sea, one burning hot morning, I was reading quietly on the taffrail of an outbound P. & O. boat. One of the smart young cavalry officers, on his way to join his regiment, was playing with a little girl of six years. She was running away from him, shouting with merriment, and heedless of consequences so long as she escaped from her pursuer.

The sloping bulwark surrounding the taffrail is not two feet high, but a railing of iron stanchions, with two horizontal chains, forms a protection against ordinary danger. Little Sunbeam, as she was called, rushed past me, laughing loudly, leaped over the lower chain of the stanchion railing, and was in the boiling wake of the steamer before any one could apprehend the danger. I rose suddenly as I saw the child gain the bulwark. Two curious things happened.

A form rushed past me, and before the child had touched the water the young cavalry sub had flung himself over the railing and was in the air. The two bodies struck the water within a second of each other, and when both rose they were not three yards apart.

The nearest life-buoy that hung on the bulwark was thrown overboard so quickly by the quartermaster that it floated not thirty yards from where the two bodies were floating, and the order to stop the ship was given within four seconds of the occurrence, the whole scene being observed by the officer on watch, and the rapidity with which he stopped the ship and gave orders for the boat to be lowered was happily rewarded by a rescue.

Royal but Poor.

Unless Queen Victoria on the one hand and the Czar on the other contribute toward the maintenance of Prince Francis Joseph, of Battenberg, and of Princess Anne, of Montenegro, whose engagement has just been announced, it is difficult to see how they will ever be able to maintain an establishment befitting their rank. The Prince has at the most an income of $3,000 a year—probably not so much—while Princess Anne is the daughter of a ruler so poor that he is compelled to depend upon the bounty of the Czar, his patron, in order to make ends meet. It is probable, however, that Emperor Nicholas will dower Princess Anne to the extent of 1,000,000 roubles, just as he did in the case of Princess Helene when she was led to the altar by the Crown Prince of Italy. Anne, like her sister Helene, and their elder sisters, was brought up at the court of St. Petersburg under the personal supervision of the now widowed Czarina, her parents being too poor to defray the cost of her education. The late Czar became sufficiently fond of the girls to dower the two elder ones on their marriage just as his son has done for Princess Helene, and is expected to do in the case of Princess Anne. A million roubles, even with the present depreciated value of that much abused Muscovite coin, represents about $350,000 in English money, so that that young couple may in the long run not be so badly off after all.—Chicago Record.

Barbaric Chinese Music.

Chinese music is described by a writer in Lippincott's Magazine as composed of almost unheard-of sounds to European ears. Chinese music has a sort of softness and melancholy in its tones that sometimes pleases, but it is so intolerably monotonous that if prolonged it becomes exceedinly irritating to the nerves. They have no semitones; indeed, they seem only to blow into the instrument or twang strings at random from the inspiration of the moment. However, it appears they have notes, though their compositions are not of much scientific value. You sometimes hear something like simple melody, not unlike that which runs through the chants of savages.

Bicycles on Street Cars.

The street cars of San Francisco are provided with a holder on the rear platform on which bicycles can be hung.

A Birds' Sea Resort.

Naturalists consider it a wonderful fact that the Bermuda Islands have only seven native species of land birds, while no less than a hundred and twenty-eight other species pay visits to the islands. Many of these visitors are birds which pass the summer in the United States, and utilize the Bermuda Islands as a convenient winter resort, thus imitating some of their human compatriots. Even some American bats follow the example of the birds by wintering in the Bermudas.

Fighting Bicycles.

Captain Gerard, of the French army, has formed an experimental company of sixty men riding bicycles, and intended for a fighting corps on wheels. The captain has invented a special form of bicycle for his men. The crossbar is hinged, so that the machine can be folded and carried on the back, when ground impracticable for wheeling has to be crossed. It is thought that companies trained to maneuver on wheels may be very useful in light skirmishing and scouting. Each rider carries a Lebel rifle and bayonet.

The March of Mechanical Science.

When the Simplon tunnel is completed the Alps will possess three enormous perforations, each representing a stage in the swift advance of mechanical science. The Mont Cenis tunnel, nearly eight miles long, was constructed about thirty years ago, at the rate of one kilometer—0.62 of a mile—per year, and each kilometer cost $1,200,000. The St. Gotthard tunnel, nine and a quarter miles long, was constructed about ten years later than the Mont Cenis, at the rate of two kilometers a year, and cost $800,000 per kilometer. The Simplon tunnel, twelve and a quarter miles long, will, according to the contract, go forward at the rate of four kilometers a year, and will cost only $600,000 per kilometer.

Globular Lightning.

"Lightning balls" are comparatively rare phenomena, although there are many recorded instances of their appearance during thunder storms. The cause of their formation is more or less a mystery, but some light has been thrown upon it recently by the experiments of Signor Righi at Bologna. He has succeeded in producing artificial lightning balls with a powerful Holtz electric machine and a battery of Leyden jars, and has made photographs of them in various stages of their existence. The conditions under which he produces his mimic lightning are: high resistance in the discharging circuit, great capacity in the condenser, and a rarefaction of the air through which the discharge takes place.

Curious Copper-Mining.

The United States Consul at Santiago de Cuba reports that about nine miles from that town there are copper mines, having shafts from 900 to 1,200 feet deep, which were regularly worked until 1867, since which time they have been abandoned and have become filled with water, all but 300 feet of their depth being below sea level. But in later years copper was obtained from the drowned mines in an interesting manner. The water with which they are filled holds a considerable quantity of copper in solution, and this water was pumped out into tanks. Scraps of iron were then thrown into it, and the dissolved copper became deposited on the iron. When the deposit grew sufficiently thick it was broken off, and the iron was thrown back into the water to gather a fresh incrustation of the red metal.

Varying Power of X-Rays.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society in London a description was given of the change that occurs in the penetrative power of the X-rays in proportion as the air is more and more completely exhausted from the vacuum tube in which the rays are produced. At a certain degree of exhaustion the rays penetrate the flesh and show the bones of a human hand in shadow. With a greater exhaustion of air the flesh becomes almost perfectly transparent, while the bones remain opaque. With a still higher degree of exhaustion the rays begin to penetrate the bones; and with the highest vacuum through which the electric discharge will pass, the bones themselves become almost as transparent as the flesh. Similar variations in penetrative power can be produced by increasing or decreasing the power of the current, or by varying the electrical resistance of the tube.

Great Heat in Tunnels.

One of the most difficult problems connected with the construction of the proposed tunnel under the Simplon range in the Alps is that of keeping down the temperature. The deeper we go under the surface of the earth the greater the heat bcomes, and since the new tunnel will run not much less than 7,000 feet beneath the summit of Monte Leone, it is anticipated that the temperature will be as high as 104 degrees Fahrenheit. During the digging of the St. Gothard tunnel the temperature rose to 88 degrees. The heat affected the health of the workmen, more than half of whom were attacked by disease. The still more intense heat to be encountered in the Simplon tunnel can only be reduced by a careful system of ventilation.

Gifts to Universities.

The rapid accumulation of large private fortunes is nowhere else so common as in America, because nowhere else are enterprises of such vastness so constantly undertaken from private initiative. The dangers and disadvantages of this tendency have been frequently set forth. The principal compensation lies in the occasional examples of philanthropy on a large scale which is made possible by this concentration of wealth in the hands of individuals.

Not long ago Columbia University made an appeal for four million dollars to erect new buildings. The responses were such as to show that the loyalty and the resources of the friends of the institution had not been overestimated. The University of Chicago, but a few years old, has received gifts to the amount of twelve millions. Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other old institutions record from year to year benefactions running up into the hundreds of thousands. President Eliot, in a recent report, states that within three years Harvard has received nearly six hundred thousand dollars, but that within the same period at least five other universities have had their endowments increased by much larger sums.

The endowment of universities is, of course, but one of the forms which private munificence takes. It is, however, in one respect a particularly wise form. The common schools may depend for their support upon the general feeling that they are necessary. No community can afford to be without them. But the value to the average man of the university is not so palpable. The higher learning is the possession of a few; its benefits reach the great majority indirectly through the advance of science and the increase of knowledge.

The university, therefore, cannot count upon an effective popular support. In all ages it has had to rely very largely on the patronage of the very rich. The great English universities have owed their strength to kings and earls and bishops. In America the place of these titled givers is taken by the successful merchant or manufacturer or railroad builder.—Youth's Companion.

Expensive Good Fortune.

The following story of a "great find"—a five-dollar bill—and its greater consequences is reprinted from the New York World. It bears very plainly the marks of exaggeration, but there must be many of our readers who will know by their own experience that it is based on one of the facts of human nature.

Paxton found a five-dollar bill on the sidewalk the other day, and if he should find another it would probably bring him to the poorhouse.

"Hooray!" he said, as he jammed the bill into his vest pocket. "Now I'll get that derby hat I've wanted so long. I saw one yesterday that this bill will just pay for."

The bill did pay for the hat, but not for the two-dollar pair of gloves that went with it.

When he went home to dinner he laid a two-pound box of Huyler's best candy on his wife's lap, and said, with a kiss such as he had not given her since the days of their honeymoon:

"Guess what I found to-day?"

"I couldn't, my dear."

"No, I don't suppose you could. Well, I found a five-dollar bill, and I thought I could afford to be a little extravagant on the strength of it. I paid two dollars for that candy, box included. Then I got two of the best seats for the theater to-night, and couldn't we afford a little supper afterward? Bought me an elegant new white silk necktie and the cutest and neatest little pearl pin, and if you want a new pair of evening gloves you may have them. It isn't every day I find a five-dollar bill."

"No, thank heaven, it isn't," said his wife to herself, and she said still more fervently when he added:

"I bought the loveliest bit of bric-a-brac at an auction sale I happened to run into. It was a big bargain at five dollars. I'd had to pay at least eight dollars for it at a regular sale. I found that five dollars just in time."

"How did you happen to buy that little sewing-chair you sent home to-day?"

"Oh, that? Well, I heard you say the other day that you wanted one when we could afford it, and when I saw that in a window to-day with a card on it saying that it was only five dollars, I thought if we couldn't afford it when I'd just found five dollars we never could afford it, so I ran in and bought it."

And when he had bought ninety-three dollars and sixty-four cents' worth of things with that five dollars, his anxious wife brought him to a halt by saying one evening:

"Where did you find that five-dollar bill, George?"

"On K street."

"Well, here's an advertisement in the evening paper stating that a poor widow lost five dollars on K street Tuesday morning. I haven't a doubt that the bill you found was hers, and the poor woman must have it back again."

And she got it, to Paxton's disgust.

Her Daughters.

It is not uncommon in some parts of New England to hear a mother refer to her boys and girls as "a mess o' children." It appears that at least one Southern woman has a still less flattering form of speech.

She recently applied to a justice of the peace in the Maryland town where she lives, to protect her and her family against the unneighborly trespassing of a certain William Davis, who was not distinguished as a law-abiding citizen.

"I want a purtect against William Davis," said the woman, sitting defiantly upright in the straightest chair in the justice's office; "that is what I want—a purtect against William Davis. He won't keep his hens off o' my land. Fact is, I think he encourages 'em to come over. And it's different with me from what it would be if there was a man to look after my interests. I'm a poor lonesome widow woman, with nine head o' gal children, and not a boy amongst 'em! So what I want is a purtect."

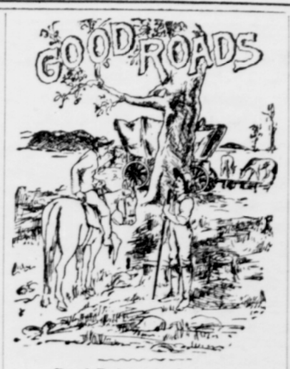
A Hitch in the Proceedings.

There was a half-finished wedding the other day at Toddington, England. Everything went swimmingly until the bridegroom was asked to repeat the familiar formulary, "I, George ——, take thee," etc. At this stage there was a sudden pause on the part of the bridegroom, who, in a tone almost inaudible to the congregation, and quivering with emotion, declared that his name was not George but Charles. Everyone appeared to be in a dilemma; the bride grew pale, but fortunately did not faint, and the parson stared with amazement. It was only then ascertained that the banns had been erroneously published. The bridegroom flew about and did his best to have the wedding go on that day, but it could not be done. The banns had to be published again the following Sunday, in proper form. But Charles is all right now, or flatters himself that he is, for the knot has since been tied.

How Sugar Is Made White.

The way in which sugar is made perfectly white, it is said, was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. It was observed by someone that wherever the tracks were the sugar was whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was the wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way: The sugar is put into wooden jars shaped as you see the sugar loaves are. The large ends are upward. The smaller ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.—Philadelphia Ledger.

When a man fails in other ways, he can attract attention by shaving off his whiskers.



Road Reform in Ontario.

It is the habit of the enlightened citizen of Michigan to look down upon his neighbor across the frontier and to regard him as a not very significant factor in the world's progress. There are some matters, however, in respect to which the Canadian shows himself more progressive than the Michigander; and one of them is the matter of improved roads. While the whole business of road reform has been practically given the cold shoulder in this State our brethren across the line have been showing themselves thoroughly impressed with its importance and have made some practical progress. A long step in advance was taken when, in April, 1896, the office was created by an order in Council of provincial instructor of road making. The instructor then appointed, Mr. A. H. Campbell, has just made his report for the year 1896 to the minister of agriculture.

The instructor seems to have gone to work in a very methodical manner and to have realized that his work must necessarily be largely educational. Acting upon this idea and upon the request of the several township, county, town and city councils he has visited twenty-one towns and villages and twenty-seven townships and endeavored to awaken public sentiment to the need there is of reform in the methods of building roads. His report shows a very gratifying degree of success in arousing interest and in imbuing the people with the practical importance of the subject. In every locality visited he reports his instruction has been met by an evident intention to carry it into practical use in the improvement of the highways.

Heretofore the system of mending the roads has been that which prevails so extensively in this country, the system known as the commutation of statute labor, under which the citizen works out his road tax on the highway. How unsatisfactory this is, as well as how unjust and unequal in its operation, has long been known; but only one township in the province of Ontario—that of Malden, Essex County—has as yet completely abolished it. The showing made there has been so satisfactory that other townships are contemplating a like change.

A report of the township clerk of Malden shows that there are about sixty-five miles of road in the township, the whole of which has been graded and about two-thirds metaled with gravel or crushed stone. In response to an inquiry as to the effect of the change the clerk says:

"We have a perfect system of doing road work. Whole concessions are ditched and graveled. Water is carried until it reaches its proper outlet. No one is allowed to suffer by water being thrown in front of his farm and there left until the next road overseer is appointed to take it off. All work is done in a thorough, systematic and business-like manner. It is let by contract, superintended and received by our council. The change operates successfully and there seems to be no disposition to return to the old system. The cost of road improvements is paid out of the general township funds and the amount spent on the roads annually for the past five years was about $2,000 a year.

"The cause of the change was the corrupt and expensive manner in which statute labor was done. For a number of years previous to 1890 we had commutation of statute labor at fifty cents a day, which worked fairly well for a time until the applicants seemed to have got all the work done that they required around their farms. At the same time our township was divided into seventeen road divisions and seventeen prominent farmers got this statute labor given them for superintending the work that was not commuted. Each one had his peculiar views about doing road work, selfish motives, cranky notions and occasionally no ideas at all. Some favored doing the work in the spring and some in the fall; some spread the earth on the road and piled the gravel on top of it; some put on gravel and placed dirt alongside to keep it there."

This is a picture true to the life of many a township on this side of the line; and we commend to the farmers of Michigan what the clerk says in conclusion:

"A township that has good roads, well drained and graveled, shows a higher state of civilization and taste than one that has not. Consequently a practical man would rather locate in our township than in neighboring ones."

The instructor's report goes at length into the questions of roadmaking, the use of gravel, crushed stone and other materials, rolling, drainage, etc. He discusses, also, the question toward which attention has recently been directed in this country of broad tires for wagons. The chief value of the report is, however, in the showing that the province is becoming aroused to the importance of improving the roads, and bids fair within a few years to take its stand with the most progressive States of the Union in that regard. We trust that before that result is achieved Michigan may have fallen into line.—Detroit Free Press.

Taking No Chances.

There used to be a peculiar old justice of the peace in Vevay, Ind., down near the Ohio River, who entertained very queer notions concerning court procedure. On one occasion, after all the evidence was in and the plaintiff's attorney had made an elaborate argument, the defendant's attorney arose to begin his plea.

"Hold on there," exclaimed the court. "I don't believe I can let you proceed, Mr. Smith. I have a very clear idea now of the guilt of the prisoner at the bar, and anything from you at this time would have a tendency to confuse the court. I know the man is guilty now, and I don't want to take any chances."—Chicago Times-Herald.

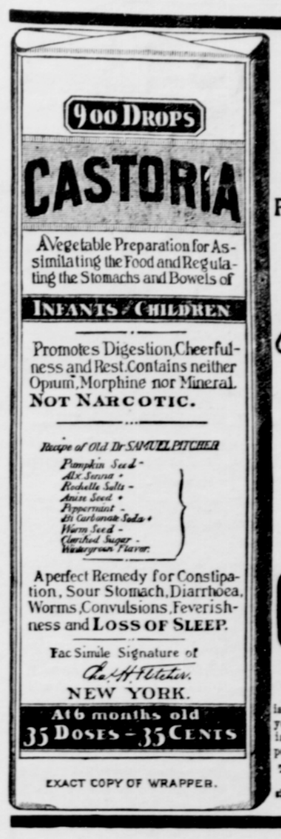
Noble Woman.

Mrs. Ferry—Mr. and Mrs. Wallace assured me with all positiveness that they had not had a quarrel in all the ten years of their married life.

Mr. Ferry—Ah, there is a noble woman!

"I wonder you did not give the credit to him."

"No; she is the one who deserves the credit. It is not every woman who will back her husband up in a lie."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



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