CAN - AWKWARD - POSITION.

"Do you thing two girls ought to be born so exactly alike?" said Charlie Dacre, ruefully twisting up a cigaret.

The other man laughed.

"Are you talking of those two Dennison girls? They're not exactly alike."

"It's all very well for you, but I haven't your long sight, and I declare to you if I see either of them at a little distance, or in a bad light, I can't tell which is which. I am going to a party to-night, given by the respected parents of my Dennison, and I positively dread it."

"Perhaps they play tricks on you," said Ballantyne. "One of them is rather skittish."

Charlie got himself up that night with extraordinary care, and as he was a good-looking fellow he presented a rather striking appearance as he entered Mrs. Dennison's drawing rooms. He had been detained, so that most of the guests had arrived when he came, and his inamorata was nowhere to be seen. But shortly after he had paid his respects to the host and hostess the daughter of the house, prettily dressed in white and blue, came up. Dacre begged for a dance—two dances.

"I'm so sorry," said she, "but I've nothing vacant till the lancers. You're a little late, Mr. Dacre, you see," with a slight accent of reproach as she gave him her card. Charlie apologized in the humblest terms, and the girl bestowed a smile on him as she was led away.

Dacre went to seek her in good time for his lancers. She sat on an ottoman in a distant part of the room, where the drooping folds of a curtain formed a shade from the glare of the lights. The blue and white of her filmy gown stood out against the dark background. Dacre hastened across the room to her.

"Miss Dennison, my dance," he said, eagerly. "May I?"

She turned her pretty face and arched her eyebrows in surprise.

"Yes," said Charlie, "the lancers—you promised—O! I beg your pardon. You're your cousin—I mean, the other Miss Dennison—and, of course, I haven't seen you before."

Then, recovering from his confusion before the young lady could speak, he added:

"I hope I'm not too late to get a dance, Miss Dennison?"

Having secured this, he sought the other Isabel.

"Why in the fiend's name do they dress alike?" he muttered, in nervous fear of another mistake. He might be continually coming across the one he didn't want, like a recruiting decimal. Several times he bore down on a fair girl in blue and white, but turned away, deciding that he had only come on an Isabel in another place. The lancers had begun—it was in full swing before he came suddenly on a sofa where sat the Isabel.

"Miss Dennison," he stammered, "I'm so sorry——"

"Pray don't apologize," said she coldly; "I assure you the delay is not of the slightest moment."

"Indeed, it was quite unintentional," said the unfortunate Charlie, in despair. "I have been looking for you—"

"I have been sitting here the last ten minutes, and you passed me just now."

"I saw a blue and white dress," acknowledged Charlie, "but some people came between it and me. Won't you forgive me and dance this? It isn't too late."

"I think my mother wants me," said Isabel, rising with dignity.

"May I take you to her?"

"No, thank you."

Charlie only got pardoned when everybody was going. He was mad with himself, but could not bring himself to acknowledge the real reason of his apparent neglect. He was sensitive about these constant mistakes. They went on happening, of course, the one Isabel laughing at him, which he dreaded; the other turning haughty and offended. He offered some flowers to a Dennison girl one day and she said demurely, "Are you sure they were meant for me?"

"Whom else could they be meant for?" said Charlie, sentimentally.

"My cousin, perhaps—she's over there," said the girl, merrily. Dacre flushed in unutterable confusion, and took back the flowers, scarcely knowing what he did. And when he turned away he met the scornful eyes of a girl who must be the Isabel he wanted, because the girl he had left wasn't she. It was quite impossible to present the flowers, and he made a crestfallen escape as soon as he could.

"Hang it! I'll end all this!" he said, angrily, one day. "But I shall have to be careful, if I am happily successful, that I marry the right girl. It would be awfully awkward if I didn't."

His opportunity seemed thrown into his hands, for he was invited to spend a week at a country house where the Isabel was also going with her mother. He sat next her at dinner, and to his great delight saw no other Isabel.

"We shall be a larger party to-morrow," said the young lady; "my cousins are coming."

"The—the Dennisons?" Charlie almost gasped.

"Not all of them—only Isabel and Lucy."

This was comforting! And both Isabels had such an odious habit of dressing in the same colors! Why didn't they wear different colored ribbons, like French twins?

He got along fairly well, with great care and caution. One evening he saw Isabel Dennison entering the library. He knew it was his one, because she had on a gray dress, whereas her cousin had worn a green one during the day; otherwise it was too dark to see her features. He followed her into the room.

"The nicest time for a chat," he said and she made a movement as if to leave the room, flitting toward a further door.

"Yes, but I'm afraid I can't stay," she said. "I only came to fetch something I left here."

"Well—but don't go—stay a minute," said Dacre, entreatingly. He had no doubt at all about his accuracy as to identity; her desire to escape from him was a sure proof, let alone others; for it was precisely the desire she had shown in the last few days, and which he took as a favorable sign. "Miss Dennison—Isabel—am I mistaken in thinking—in hoping—you know—you surely must know—that I love you——"

The girl had stood still for a second, while Charlie rushed on with his declaration, but she interrupted him hastily—

"Indeed, Mr. Dacre, I'm afraid——"

"Don't say that," said Charlie, going nearer; "all those weeks in town—down here, when we have been thrown so much together—I surely have not misunderstood——"

A stifled sound came from the dim figure before him, whether laugh or what he could not tell; but he suddenly started back, and in so doing came face to face with another Isabel in a gray dress.

If the earth had opened and swallowed him Charlie would have been thankful. This was the crowning disaster. Neither Isabel stirred; which, in heaven's name, was which? To whom had he proposed? How should he ever know he had got the right Isabel?

He recognized after the first wild movement that he must save the situation. He approached the newcomer, who eyed him disdainfully.

"Miss Dennison—Isabel," he began.

"Which Miss Dennison do you intend to address, Mr. Dacre?" she demanded stiffly.

"How the deuce should I know? It is nearly dark and you both evade me."

"You had better pursue your conversation with the lady you seem to recognize best, and I will retire."

The other Isabel sprang forward.

"Don't be a goose, cousin," said she, half laughing, "and you, Mr. Dacre, wait a minute. You know very well, Isabel, it's all a mistake, and I'd have interrupted Mr. Dacre before only he was so impetuous I had no time. He didn't mean me at all——"

"Mr. Dacre doesn't seem to know whom he means," said the offended Isabel.

"I know very well when I can see them," murmured Charlie, nearly crushed. "Here goes for a light."

But when a blaze of light illumined the room only one Isabel remained. Dacre took her hand.

"You are the one," he said.

"Are you quite sure?" she asked, archly.

"Ah! that's cruel! Of course, I am. What will you say to me, Isabel—forgive me and——"

"Love you," whispered Isabel.

* * * * * * *

"I hope it's the right one," said Ballantyne, when the marriage ceremony was over; "but upon my word, he was almost taking the bridemaid's hand instead of the bride's!"—London Star.

Uncle Sam's First Postage-Stamps.

"Fifty years ago—in July, 1847—Uncle Sam issued his first postage-stamps," writes Fannie Mack Lothrop in the Ladies' Home Journal. "In England, seven years before, Rowland Hill, 'father of the penny post,' introduced the 'sticking plasters,' as the stamps were contemptuously called. John M. Niles, our Postmaster-General at that time, tried heroically, but in vain, to move Congress to authorize stamps for this country. His successor, Cave Johnson, was more fortunate, and the bill desired was approved on March 3, 1847, the stamps not being issued, however, till August, though the time appointed was July 1. Only two values of new stamps were introduced in 1847—a five and a ten cent stamp, bearing, respectively, the portrait of Franklin in a bronze tint, and Washington in black.

"The first purchaser of stamps in the United States was Henry Shaw, the father of Henry Wheeler Shaw (better known as 'Josh Billings,' the humorist). Mr. Shaw was in the Postmaster-General's office on August 6, 1847, when Mr. Johnson entered with the printer from whom he had just received sheets of the new stamps. Mr. Johnson passed a sheet to Mr. Shaw for inspection. After giving the stamps a hasty glance Mr. Shaw, perhaps with an eye to future fame, took out his wallet, counted out fifteen cents and purchased one of each variety. The 'five' he kept as a curiosity, the 'ten' he presented to Governor Briggs as an appropriate gift."

He Revived Instantly.

It was a sad scene. The old man lay on his bed, and by him sat the faithful wife, holding his worn hand in hers and forcing back the tears to greet his wandering look with a smile. She spoke words of comfort and of hope. But he felt the cold hand falling on him, and he turned his weary eyes up to her pale, worn face.

"Jeannie, dear wife, I am going."

"Oh, no, John, not yet, not yet."

"Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes, "the end is near. The world—the world grows darker around me, gathering thicker and thicker, and I seem to hear sweet music."

"No, no, dear John; that's the brass band in the street."

"What?" said the dying man. "Have those scoundrels dared to come round here when they know I am dying? Give me my bootjack, I'll let 'em see!" and in a towering rage the old man jumped from his bed, and, before his wife could think, he had opened the window and had shied the bootjack at the band. "I've hit that Dutch leader, anyway," said he, and went back to bed and got better.—Tid-Bits.

Like Papa's.

A 6-year-old was seated in a barber's chair.

"Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"

"Oh, like papa's; with a little round hole at the top."

A man should not be called stingy because he refuses to be held up and robbed by a ticket selling fiend; he should be called sensible.

LIGHT WITHOUT HEAT.

Recent Discoveries Insure This in the Near Future.

A discovery in science does not long remain undeveloped if it has any merit or practicability. In less than a month from the time Professor Roentgen discovered the celebrated X rays Edison and others had developed the discovery and adapted it to practical surgery. Since that time the evolution of the rays has brought them far beyond the dreams of the discoverer, and they have become a recognized force and factor in sciences of many kinds. The activity of our discoverers and investigators in the realms of science and the rapidity with which their fellows take up and develop their results, adapting them to daily use, make even so great a find as the rays an old story in a few days. We calmly accept and make use of the results of these researches as a matter of course, and are apt to put too slight a value upon the labor which makes this possible.

The latest development of the Roentgen discovery is the result of some experiments by Professor Ebert, of Halle, and they go to show that the rays may yet be used to illuminate houses. By impinging cathode rays upon a mica mantle painted with sulphuric acid a very strong greenish white light was produced. According to a description, the lamp appears to permit a complete conversion of the electric current into light, the thermal rays which absorb so much electric energy being in this case entirely absent, and the light being without heat. Professor Ebert calculates that one horse power would be sufficient to produce 46,000,000 lamps of sixteen-candle power each, while at present it only produces thirteen and one-half lamps of that power, owing to the use of electric energy in the thermal rays.

From this point to that of practically applying the discovery to the lighting of towns and houses by means of the developed rays is but the matter of a few years. The rapid application of electricity to house lighting after Edison had solved the incandescent problem makes this certain. The new light will be immeasurably cheaper by reason of the saving of electrical energy and absolutely safe because of the absence of heat. The example which the glowworm has held out to man for centuries will now find its practical application in the light without heat of Professor Ebert. It remains only for the chemist to perfect this discovery into one of the greatest blessings which have befallen man.

Labor Cure for Insane.

The managers of St. Elizabeth's insane asylum in Washington, D. C., are engaged in an experiment that will be watched with great curiosity by those who are interested in the care of that class of unfortunates. A farm has been rented near Oxen Hill, Md., which contains fifty acres of good garden soil, twenty acres of hillside, sixty acres of corn and wheat land, with about 100 acres of woodland and pasturage. New buildings have been erected, and skilled farmers have been employed, who have the patience and judgment to deal with men and women who are mentally distracted. Under these conditions an attempt will be made to solve the problem of the labor cure for the insane. Each patient will be intrusted with a certain degree of responsibility, and persuaded but not compelled to undertake a certain amount of labor, which, with a diet carefully regulated and regular hours of sleep and recreation, will furnish an experiment under the best conditions possible. As Dr. Godding, the superintendent of St. Elizabeth's, put it: "It is the intention to establish a pioneer colony of insane men, carefully selected from the quiet class of inmates, to whom a home where they can sit under their own vine and fig tree, enjoying the fruit of their labors, will be something hitherto unknown to their hospital life. A moderate outlay for inexpensive farm cottages, a little patience in the development of the work, and an abiding faith in the result, is all that is needed to take them away from the hospital atmosphere, and out of the new farm vistas to open wider horizons to the every-day life of the insane."

Superstitions of Miners.

In the gold mining districts of this country there is a superstition that the discoverers of great mines always come to violent ends, says the Idaho Messenger. It is said the belief is founded on the fact that the finders of forty of the richest mines in the world have died in this way, twelve being shot, three ingulfed in their mines, and the rest unaccountably disappearing. George H. Fryer, of the Fryer Hill mine, committed suicide. Two years before his death he was worth a million, yet the authorities buried him. The discoverer of the Standard mine in California was killed by an avalanche; Col. Storey was killed by the Indians; William Fairweather, of the Alder Gulch mines, came to his death through riotous living. The owner of the Homestake mine turned highwayman. He was shot dead. John Horner, of the Horner mine, finding himself penniless, shot himself. "Doughnut Bill," "Old Eureka" and "Ninemile Clarks" were killed in barroom rows, and Montana Plummer, who found one of the richest mines in the world, died on the gallows. "Dutch William," the discoverer of gold in Caribou, British Columbia, after whom the famous William Creek was named, died a pauper, and Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, was a pensioner of the State some time before his death.

His Language.

A statement made in good faith, but difficult to accept, was recently offered to his congregation by a country pastor. He had been holding forth on the advantages of plain speaking.

"Why, brethren," he said, bringing his hand down upon the pulpit with great vigor, "there's no need of all these long words and high-sounding terms; not a bit. Look at St. Paul! His words were full of the meat of knowledge and help, and he didn't make use of any highfalutin talk. He always spoke in plain, simple English, my brethren!"

A Slender Outfit.

"I have just finished a story where the girl was as 'thin as a hop pole,' and the hero 'as scrawny as a pine sapling.'"

"That sort of story should be padded out."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Easy Victims in Georgia.

A plausible young man accosted a Georgia farmer one day last week, and in a very little while induced him to pay $50 for a machine which he assured him would turn out brand new $20 bills by simply turning a crank.

The Quarrelsome Scorpion.

The scorpion is the most quarrelsome creature in the world. Two placed in the same box will always sting each other to death.

Lettuce is so easily raised, and so worthless. We refuse to be grateful at this office for presents of lettuce.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Isabel's Protest

Little Isabel's mother had very injudiciously allowed the child to drink weak tea with her meals instead of milk. One day Isabel was taken out to lunch to a friend's house, and the friend, never dreaming that a child could drink anything other than milk, placed it before her in a broad, low, fancy cup. The child gazed at the milk in silence for a while, and then astonished her hostess by remarking disdainfully, "I are not a cat!"

Under One Umbrella.

The Philadelphia Times has a pretty little street-picture from New Orleans:

On a quiet thoroughfare off St. Charles avenue there might have been seen during the heavy rain yesterday afternoon a shaggy Newfoundland dog carrying a spread umbrella in his mouth, his dripping tail sticking out from under and wagging complacently. Investigation revealed the fact that there was a little girl under the umbrella with the dog, her tiny arms thrown around his neck, and the two tripping along most amicably.

"My name is Marie," said the little maid, upon being questioned, "and this is Beauregard, my very own dog. Yes, Beaury goes to school with me. I go to the kindergarten, you know, and he always carries the umbrella if it's raining, because I can't, you see, and he can."

And the big umbrella sheltering the two friends passed on.

A Whooping-Cough Picnic.

Johnnie-Boy wanted a picnic, and was sure he couldn't be happy without it, for wasn't next Thursday his birthday, and hadn't he always had a birthday picnic? But mamma shook her head and said it would never do in the world, and Aunt Lou said: "Why, who ever heard of such a thing?"

Then Johnnie-boy just couldn't help it—even if he was going to be 7 years old next Thursday—he just went out back of the house and cried. He leaned up against the kitchen wall—I'm afraid he mussed some of Norah's vines, as he did it—and the great big tears rolled down his cheeks, as he said:

"Well, I think it too bad! Having the whooping-cough is bad enough, but not to have a picnic is worse!"

Then the first thing he knew, mamma had her arm around him, and she was pretty near crying, too.

"But don't you see, Johnnie-boy," said mamma, "that if you invited Charlie and Willie and Lucy and Nell, and all your little friends here, that may be they would all get the whooping cough, too, and then you'd be feeling awful bad, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, ma'am!" said Johnnie-boy, between two big sobs, and without any enthusiasm.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said mamma, "just as soon as you are well enough, we'll have a picnic, and call it your birthday picnic, even if your birthday is past."

But Johnnie-boy shook his head, and said that it would be no fun, unless it came upon his really, truly birthday. Then mamma thought a little bit, and finally said:

"Well, we'll try and celebrate the day in some manner, even if we have to invite only children who have 'had' the whooping cough. Never mind, Johnnie-boy, we'll have a picnic of some kind."

Then Johnnie-boy threw his arms around mamma's neck, and cried harder than ever. I suspect he felt that he had not acted as much like a man as a big boy nearly 7 years old ought, but it was a pretty hard case.

The next day Johnnie-boy said to mamma:

"Have you thought of the kind of picnic we're going to have?"

And though mamma only smiled at him, Johnnie-boy knew that it was all right. He kept talking to Aunt Lou about it, and as the day went by, he became more anxious, until he finally said:

"I believe a whooping-cough picnic is better than the other kind, for it keeps a fellow wondering all the time what it's going to be."

On Thursday morning, mamma told him that the picnic would be in the afternoon from 2 till 5, and Johnnie-boy could hardly wait for 2 o'clock to come around. But the time did finally come, and with it Raymond and Harold, who had had the whooping-cough last year. Johnnie-boy was very glad to see them, and ran to the door and shouted:

"Come in, you're the first ones to come."

Then Raymond and Harold laughed because they knew that there was no one else coming.

Just as they got into the house, the telephone-bell rang, and mamma said:

"Johnnie-boy, will you answer the telephone?"

Johnnie-boy looked a little bit surprised, for he was not in the habit of goin gto the telephone, but he excused himself to his little friends, and went to the telephone. And this is what he heard:

"Hello, Johnnie-boy, is that you? This is Willie talking. How are you? Do you like to have the whooping-cough?"

Then another voice said: "Ask him when he can come out to play again," and still another voice said: "Tell him we wish him many happy returns of the day," and then so many voices began to talk all at once, that Johnnie-boy could not tell what any of them said. He looked around at Raymond and Harold, and saw them both laughing as hard as they could.

"Why-why-why, where are you, Willie?" asked Johnnie-boy, "and who's there with you?"

Then Willie told him that all the boys and girls had met over at Mrs. Wilson's and they were going to telephone to him all afternoon without ringing off once. Then mamma brought in a high chair, so he wouldn't get tired, and the fun began. Of course he let Harold and Raymond listen part of the time, and they would tell each other what the little friend at the other end of the line was saying. At four o'clock they all stopped for a little while to have refreshments, but Harold and Willie had a long talk while they were eating their cakes. When five o'clock came, none of the children thought it could possibly be, and they all stood up in front of the 'phone, and sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Little Drops of Water," Johnnie-boy and Harold and Raymond joining in at the other end of the line.

The children all marched past Johnnie-boy's house as they went home and he waved his flag at them from the window, and they shouted more things at him than he could remember.

When papa came home to tea, Johnnie-boy climbed up in his lap and said that it was pretty near worth while having the whooping-cough to have such a nice birthday picnic, and papa said:

"Don't you think it pretty near worth while having the whooping-cough to have such a nice, thoughtful mamma?"

And Johnnie-boy said that was the very best of all.—Womankind.

Horse at Medical School.

"One reads so many stories about animal intelligence that it would be hazardous for a doubter to express his disbelief in almost any gathering of men at the present day," remarked Dr. W. H. Watkins the other day. "A little instance came within my own observation a number of years ago when I was studying medicine, and which convinced me that the members of the horse family, at least, ought to be credited with the possession of a very considerable quantity of reasoning power. It was the custom for the students at the medical institution at which I pursued my studies to wear a small badge upon their coats to distinguish them from others at the college. A horse belonging to the establishment was used a great deal about the medical department and the animal seemed to have a special preference for the embryo doctors more than for any other people about the establishment. One day, while a number of us were gathered in a little knot upon a small campus in the rear of the college, the animal in question, which used to nip the grass in the location, came toward the group limping very badly. He came to a stop a dozen or more feet from the crowd and, carefully surveying the lot of us, finally made up his mind as to what he wanted to do, and without any hesitation limped directly to my side, whinnied, stuck his nose against my body, and held up his left foreleg. Looking down I discovered a large nail imbedded in the frog of his hoof. This had evidently caused the lameness. I then realized the interesting fact that the animal desired attendance. I extracted the nail with some difficulty, and the horse whimpered with relief and walked away. Rather curious as to why the beast had picked me out to attend to his wound, I glanced at the boys and found the solution to the problem. Not one of the group had his medical badge upon his coat but myself. The horse had recognized the insignia, and acted accordingly."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Curious Lands in Florida.

Payne's Prairie, three miles south of this city, covers an area of 50,000 acres. A large proportion of the prairie is now covered with water, but there are thousands of acres around the borders of the lake which has been formed on which horses and cattle graze. There is no way of estimating the number of cattle, but there are many thousands, and they are in fine condition. The prairie, or savanna, which it really is, occasionally goes dry, the water passing out through a subterranean passage called the sink. Where the water goes to has never been determined. When the sink is open the lake goes dry, and when the outlet becomes gorged or choked, a lake from five to seven miles wide and about eighteen miles long is formed. When the waters of the lake suddenly leave it, thousands of alligators, snakes, fish, and turtles are left with nothing but mud for their places of abode. The fish and turtles perish, but the saurians and reptiles seek and find other quarters. For miles along the northern border of the lake there is a succession of sinks, averaging in depth all the way from 25 to 100 feet. Subterranean passages run in every direction, leaving the ground in the shape of a honeycomb. The ground is liable to give way at any time, creating a new sink. The scenery around the lake, especially on the north side, is unique and grand, and is an attractive feature to strangers who visit this city. The sink has for many years been a popular resort for citizens of Gainesville, who go there to fish, boat ride, and in other ways enjoy themselves. It is said that this vast area of land could be drained at trifling expense, and were it drained it would be the largest as well as the richest tract of productive land in Florida. It is for the most part a bed of muck. The land is owned by various individuals.—Gainesville Sun.

Worth Saving.

The people of Belgium evidently believe in training their children in habits of economy. Possibly no better method of convincing the young folks of the wisdom of looking after small things could have been found than that resorted to in the public schools of Brussels. The Outlook gives the result of the experiment:

Some time ago the children were requested by their teachers to gather up all the waste and apparently useless articles that they could find on their way to and from school, and to deliver them to their respective teachers.

For eight months the work of collection went on. Such objects as tin-foil tin cans, paint-tubes, bottle capsules and refuse metal were especially looked after. The result was astonishing. Nineteen hundred and twenty-five pounds of tin-foil rewarded the children's efforts, together with 1,200 pounds of metal scraps, 4,400 pounds of bottle capsules, and old paint-tubes that, in the aggregate, weighed 220 pounds.

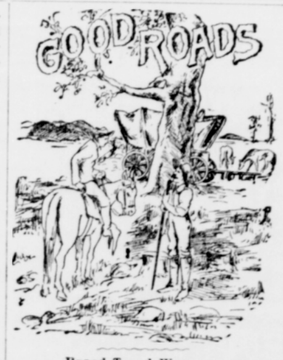
But it was when the articles were disposed of and the money applied to useful objects that the full force of this economy was manifest. The proceeds completely clothed 500 poor children, and sent ninety invalid children to recuperation colonies, and there was a goodly balance left to be distributed among the sick poor of the city.

Lake of Ink with Curative Power.

In the middle of the Cocopah hills, in Arizona, is what is known as the Lake of Ink. Though supplied by beautiful springs of clear water, the liquid of the lake is black and of an ink-like character. The temperature varies from 110 degrees to 216 degrees, according to the locality, and the water feels smooth and oily. According to the Indians, not only of the vicinity, but far away, the waters of the lake have strong medicinal qualities, though most white people would hesitate to adopt the mode of treatment prescribed. The invalid is buried up to his mouth in the hot volcanic mud for from twenty to thirty minutes. Then he is carried, covered with mud, to the edge of the lake, into which he is plunged for from fifteen to twenty minutes, after which he is rolled in a blanket and allowed to sweat on the hot, sulphurous sand or rock near by. The cures wrought are said to be wonderful.—Morning Oregonian.

No Pennies at Johannesburg.

Copper cents are not in use at Johannesburg at all, the lowest piece of money being the three-penny bit, called "tickey."



Broad Tread Wagons.

A law has been prepared in Rhode Island forbidding the use of wagons with narrow tires on the public roads of that State. This is an excellent requirement, and while in the beginning it may work hardship upon individuals it will in the end be to the advantage of all. A heavily loaded wagon with narrow tires is bad for roads at any time, but in the springtime, when the frost is coming out of the ground, it is ruinous. These narrow wheels cut through the "metal" on the macadam roads and necessitate constant and expensive repairs. There is no law in Maryland against narrow tires, but in some of the counties they have been driven out by a better method. After the war the State was filled with army wagons which the farmers had bought at government auctions. They had narrow tires, and in Washington, and perhaps other counties, it was found they were ruining the turnpike roads. Rates of toll were so adjusted that the narrow tires had to pay much more and farmers soon found that it was too expensive to own them. It was also found that the wide tires on ordinary roads are much lighter draft and in that respect also are more economical. It is said that at this time a wagon tire less than four or six inches wide is rarely seen in Washington County.

The Good Roads Movement.

A review of the progress of the good roads movement in this country which comprises part of the paper on the subject read by S. T. K. Prime before county farmers' institutes in Illinois shows a hearty co-operation of all interests towards making the desired improvements. But Mr. Prime has found, after extended investigation, that most communities do not take advantage of the opportunities they possess for permanently remedying the bad road evil, but content themselves with "makeshifts" in the way of work to make roads passable after storms and waste in discussion time and energy that should be devoted to action. This is especially the case in Illinois, in the opinion of Mr. Prime, and there is no reason why the roads of the State should not be nearly perfect, since cheap brick, stone, and gravel can be obtained in abundance.

Mr. Prime points out that the first requisite, of any good road is thorough drainage. This principle, which has been used to reclaim thousands of acres of land, has latterly been applied also to roads with the same beneficent result. But next to tile drainage as a necessary adjunct of the good roads, Mr. Prime places the road scraper. He says:

"If your road is tile drained, after the rain is over just as soon as you are able to get on the road scrape your road and fill up the ruts and you will have no trouble about impassable roads. The more you scrape the roads the harder they get, and when the rain falls and beats upon them they shed the water almost as easily and quickly as a duck."

Mr. Prime treats the subject from a broad standpoint and recognizes that farmers are not the only persons who have suffered and do suffer from bad roads. He has learned that the residents of villages and the cities are equally concerned in the improvement of the highways, but with that appreciation of the broadened scope of the subject he makes a plea for a more equitable division of the burden of obtaining the good roads. He urges a general State tax, with the counties and villages both contributing their proportions and the farmers being the last to be levied upon. The changes of the last dozen years, he shows, have made the farmer really less dependent on the good roads than the dwellers in the thickly settled communities. The farmer now sells his grain for "future delivery," and "all he has to do is to go to his warehouse, sell his grain for whatever month he wishes it to be delivered in, and he has from sixty to ninety days in which to make the delivery." Referring to this custom, Mr. Prime says:

"Before this new order of things was in general use, constant grain traffic, when the roads were bad, cut them up, almost destroyed them, and made our roads impassable; this is almost now practically done away with. Ten or fifteen years ago, any one who would have made such a statement as this, and prophesied that in the near future we should market our grain under such conditions, would have been laughed at and ridiculed. This new order of things, in my mind, alters almost entirely the ways and means to which, and through which, we must ultimately reach the general improvement of our country roads. The burdens which in the time referred to were put upon the farmer ought now to be divided up and spread over the entire State."

Mr. Prime does not forget the cyclists when he allots the credit for the work that has been done in obtaining good roads. He pays them this well-deserved tribute:

"I firmly believe there is no class of the community to-day to whom the country at large is more indebted for the educational, legislative, and practical progress which has been made during the last four or five years along the line of good roads than to the cyclists. It does not make any difference what they want good roads for, they have a laudable, commendable, public-spiritedness which prompts them in all their work, and there is every prospect to-day that the oldest of them will live to see their fondest hopes more than realized."

In speaking of the work that has been done in this State Mr. Prime asserts that "Illinois owes its thanks very largely if not exclusively, to the railroads of this State, which twenty years ago came forward and encouraged tile drainage, and when tile factories were scarce hauled tile to nearly every portion of the State at the bare cost of transportation." It is reassuring to find an expert like Mr. Prime taking such a hopeful view of the future of the good road movement. He makes plain, however, that it will be necessary for all to lend a helping hand.—Chicago Tribune.

Cairo's Museum.

Cairo's new Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, which will cover 13,000 square meters and cost $550,000, has been begun, the young Khedive laying the corner stone.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which ***even he*** does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Poultry, Farm, Garden, Cemetery, Lawn, Railroad and Rabbit Fencing.

Thousands of Miles in use. Catalogue Free Freight Paid. Prices Low.

The McMULLEN WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO.
114, 116, 118 and 120 Orleans St., CHICAGO, ILL.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK on PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

THE OBSERVER

...AND...

WEEKLY OREGONIAN

One Year $2.50.

The New York Weekly Tribune

FOR....

EVERY member of
EVERY family on
EVERY farm in
EVERY village, in
EVERY State or Territory.

FOR....

EDUCATION,
NOBLE MANHOOD,
TRUE WOMANHOOD.

IT GIVES all important news of the Nation.
IT GIVES all important news of the World.
IT GIVES the most reliable market reports.
IT GIVES brilliant and instructive editorials.
IT GIVES fascinating short stories.
IT GIVES an unexcelled agricultural department.
IT GIVES scientific and mechanical information.
IT GIVES illustrated fashion articles.
IT GIVES humorous illustrations.
IT GIVES entertainment to young and old.
IT GIVES SATISFACTION everywhere to everybody.

We furnish THE OBSERVER and N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE One Year, Cash in Advance, for $1.50.

Address all Orders to

D. C. Ireland & Sons, Moro, Or.

Ancient Egyptian

methods of agriculture are not applicable to the work of the American farmer of today. If you wish to keep fully informed of the best ways and means of successfully growing both farm and orchard crops by the aid of irrigation you must read a journal devoted to this particular subject. Do you wish to profit by what others have learned at the expense of an immense outlay of time and money? 10c a number or $1 a year is the cost of the only magazine which will give you the desired information. It is handsome, practical and instructive.

THE IRRIGATION AGE, CHICAGO. Published by G. E. GIRLING.

A SAMPLE COPY

PATENTS

QUICKLY SECURED. Trade-marks and Copyrights registered and patent business of every description promptly and skillfully conducted at lowest rates. Inventions introduced, companies formed, and PATENTS SOLD ON COMMISSION. 25 years' experience. Highest references. Send us model, sketch or Photo. of invention, with explanation, and we will report whether patentable or not, free of charge. OUR FEE PAYABLE WHEN PATENT IS ALLOWED. When patent is secured we will conduct its sale for you without extra charge. 32-PAGE HAND-BOOK and list of 200 inventions wanted mailed to inventors free upon request. This is the most complete little patent book published and every inventor should WRITE FOR ONE.

H. B. WILLSON & CO., Patent Solicitors, Le Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Three Opinions:

"The CHICAGO RECORD is a model newspaper in every sense of the word."—Harrisburg (Pa.) Call.

"There is no paper published in America that so nearly approaches the true journalistic ideal as The CHICAGO RECORD."—From "Newspaperdom" (New York).

"I have come to the firm conclusion, after a long test and after a wide comparison with the journals of many cities and countries, that The CHICAGO RECORD comes as near being the ideal daily journal as we are for some time likely to find on these mortal shores."—Prof. J. T. Hatfield in The Evanston (Ill.) Index.

Sold by newsdealers everywhere and subscriptions received by all postmasters. Address THE CHICAGO RECORD, 181 Madison-st.