.·.RULE OF THREE.·.

THE master of the schooner Harebell came slowly toward the harbor, accompanied by his mate. Both men had provided ashore for a voyage which included no intoxicants, and the dignity of the skipper, always a salient feature, had developed tremendously under the influence of brown stout. He stepped aboard his schooner importantly, and then, turning to the mate, who was about to follow, suddenly held up his hand for silence.

"What did I tell you?" he inquired severely as the mate got quietly aboard.

The mate listened. From the fo'c's'le came the low gruff voices of men broken by the silvery ripple of women's laughter.

"Well I'm a Dutchman," said the mate, with the air of one who felt he was expected to say something.

"After all I said to 'em," said the skipper with weary dignity. "You heard what I said to 'em, Jack?"

"Nobody could ha' swore louder," testified the mate.

"An' here they are," said the skipper in amaze, "defying of me."

"They've been and gone and asked them females down the fo'c's'le ag'in. You know what I said I'd do, Jack, if they did."

"Said you'd eat 'em without salt," quoted the other helpfully.

"I'll do worse than that, Jack," said the skipper after a moment's discomfiture. "What's to hinder us casting off quietly and taking them along with us?"

"If you ask me," said the mate, "I should say you couldn't please the crew better."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, nodding sagely; "don't make no noise, Jack."

Aided by the mate he cast off the warps which held his unconscious visitors to their native town, and the wind being off the shore the little schooner drifted silently away from the quay.

The skipper went to the wheel, and the noise of the mate hauling on the jib brought a rough head out of the fo'c's'le, the owner of which, after a cry to his mate below, sprang up on deck and looked around in bewilderment.

"Stand by, there!" cried the skipper, as the others came rushing on deck. "Shake 'em out."

"Beggin' your pardin, sir," said one of them, with more politeness in his tones than he had ever used before, "but——"

"Stand by," said the skipper.

"Now, then," shouted the mate, sharply, "lively there! Lively with it!"

The men looked at each other helplessly and went to their posts, as a scream of dismay arose from the fair beings below, who, having just begun to realize their position, were coming on deck to try and improve it.

"What!" roared the skipper, in pretended astonishment; "what! gells aboard, after all I said. It can't be! I must be dreaming."

"Take us back," wailed the damsels, ignoring the sarcasm; "take us back, Captain."

"No, I can't go back," said the skipper. "You see what comes o' disobedience, my gells. Lively there on that mains'l, d'ye hear?"

"We won't do it again," cried the girls, as the schooner came to the mouth of the harbor and they smelled the dark sea beyond. "Take us back."

"It can't be done," said the skipper, cheerfully.

"It's agin the lor, sir," said Ephraim Biddle, solemnly.

"Bosh!" said the skipper; "they're stowaways, an' I shall put 'em ashore at the first port we touch at—Plymouth."

A heartrending series of screams from the stowaways rounded his sentence, screams which gave way to sustained sobbing, as the schooner, catching the wind, began to move through the water.

"You'd better get below, my gals," said Biddle, who was the eldest member of the crew, consolingly.

"Why don't you make him take us back?" said Jenny Evans, the biggest of the three girls, indignantly.

"Cos we can't, my dear," said Biddle reluctantly. "You don't want to see us put into prison, do you?"

"I don't mind," said Miss Evans, tearfully, "so long as we get back. George, take us back."

"I can't," said Scott, sullenly.

"Well, you can look out for somebody else, then," said Miss Evans, with temper. "You won't marry me. How much would you get if you did make the skipper put back?"

"Very likely six months," said Biddle, solemnly.

"Six months would soon pass away," said Miss Evans, briskly, as she wiped her eye.

"It would be a rest," said Miss Williams, coaxingly.

The men not seeing things in quite the same light, the girls announced their intention of having nothing more to do with them, and crowding together in the bows beneath two or three blankets consoled tearfully with each other on their misfortunes.

Looking at all the circumstances of the case, the Captain thought it best to keep the wheel in his own hands for a time, and dawn found him still at his post.

Three dispirited girls put their heads out from their blankets and sniffed disdainfully. Then, after an animated discussion, they arose, walked up to the skipper, and eyed him unfavorably.

"Why, he isn't any bigger than a boy," said Miss Williams, savagely.

"Pity we didn't think of it before," said Miss Davies. "I s'pose the crew won't help him."

"Not they," said Miss Evans, scornfully. "If they do, we'll serve them the same."

They went off, leaving the skipper a prey to gathering uneasiness, watching their movements with wrinkled brow. From the forecastle and the galley they procured two mops and a broom, and he caught his breath sharply as Miss Evans came on deck with a pot of white paint in one hand and a pot of tar in the other.

"Now, girls!" said Miss Evans.

"Put those things down," said the skipper, in a peremptory voice.

"Sha'n't!" said Miss Evans, bluntly; and with mops dripping tar and paint on the deck they marched in military style up to the skipper and halted in front of him, smiling wickedly.

The heart of the skipper waxed sore faint within him, and with a wild yell he summoned his trusty crew to his side.

The crew came on deck slowly, and, casting furtive glances at the scene, pushed Ephraim Biddle to the front.

"Take those mops away from 'em," said the skipper haughtily.

"Don't you interfere," said Miss Evans, looking at them over her shoulder.

"Else we'll give you some," said Miss Williams bloodthirstily.

"Take those mops away from 'em!" bawled the skipper, instinctively drawing back as Miss Evans made a pass at him.

"I don't see as 'ow we can interfere, sir," said Biddle with deep respect.

"What!" said the astonished skipper.

"It would be ag'in' the lor for us to interfere with people," said Biddle, turning to his mates; "clear ag'in' the lor."

"Don't you talk rubbish," said the skipper anxiously. "Take 'em away from 'em. It's my tar and my paint and——"

"You shall have it," said Miss Evans reassuringly.

"If we touched 'em," said Biddle impressively, "it'd be an assault at lor. All we can do, sir, is to stand by and see fair play."

"Fair play!" cried the skipper, dancing with rage, and, turning hastily to the mate, who had just come on the scene, "Take those things away from 'em, Jack."

"I'm not goin' to raise my hand against a woman for anybody," said the mate with decision. "It's no part of my work to get messed up with tar and paint from lady passengers."

"It's part of your work to obey me, though," said the skipper, raising his voice. "What are you afraid of?"

"Are you going to take us back?" demanded Jenny Evans.

"Run away," said the skipper with dignity. "Run away."

"I shall ask you three times," said Miss Evans sternly. "One—are you going back? Two—are you going back? Three——"

In the midst of a breathless silence she drew within striking distance, while her allies, taking up a position on either flank of the enemy, listened attentively to the instruction of their leader.

"Be careful he doesn't catch hold of the mops," said Miss Evans, "but if he does the others are to hit him over the head with the handles. Never mind about hurting him."

"Take this wheel a minnit, Jack," said the skipper, pale but determined.

The mate came forward and took it unwillingly, and the skipper, trying hard to conceal his trepidation, walked toward Miss Evans and tried to quell her with his eye. The power of the human eye is notorious, and Miss Evans showed her sense of the danger she ran by making an energetic attempt to close the skipper's mouth with her mop, causing him to duck with amazing nimbleness. At the same moment another mop loaded with white paint was pushed into the back of his neck. He turned with a cry of rage, and then realizing the odds against him flung his dignity to the winds and dodged with the agility of a schoolboy. Through the galley and round the masts with the avenging mops in mad pursuit, until breathless and exhausted he suddenly sprang on to the side and climbed frantically into the rigging.

"Coward!" said Miss Evans, shaking her weapon at him.

"Come down," cried Miss Williams. "Come down like a man."

"It's no good wasting time over him," said Miss Evans, after another vain appeal to the skipper's manhood. "He's escaped. Get some some more stuff on your mops."

The mate, who had been laughing boisterously, checked himself suddenly and assumed a gravity of demeanor more in accordance with his position. The mops were dipped in solemn silence, and Miss Evans, approaching, regarded him significantly.

"Now, my dears," said the mate, waving his hand with a deprecating gesture, "don't be silly."

"Don't what?" inquired the sensitive Miss Evans, raising her mop.

"You know what I mean," said the mate hastily. "I can't help myself."

"Well, we're going to help you," said Miss Evans; "turn the ship around."

"You obey orders, Jack," cried the skipper from aloft.

"It's all very well for you sitting up there in peace and comfort," said the mate indignantly. "I am not going to be tarred to please you. Come down and take charge of your ship."

"Do your duty, Jack," said the skipper, who was polishing his face with a handkerchief. "They won't touch you. They're afraid to. They're afraid to."

"You're egging 'em on," cried the mate wrathfully. "I won't steer; come and take it yourself."

He darted behind the wheel as Miss Evans, who was getting impatient, made a thrust at him, and then, springing out, gained the side and rushed up the rigging after his captain. Biddle, who was standing close by, gazed earnestly at them and took the wheel.

"You won't hurt old Biddle, I know," he said, trying to speak confidently.

"Of course not," said Miss Evans, emphatically.

"Tar doesn't hurt," explained Miss Williams.

"It's good for you," said the third lady, positively. "One—two——"

"It's no good," said the mate, as Ephraim came hurriedly into the rigging, "you'll have to give in."

"I'm —— if I will," said the infuriated skipper. Then an idea occurred to him, and puckering his face shrewdly he began to descend.

"All right," he said, shortly, as Miss Evans advanced to meet him. "I'll go back."

He took the wheel. The schooner came around before the wind, and the willing crew, letting the sheets go, hauled them in again on the port side.

"And now, my lads," said the skipper, with a benevolent smile, "just clear that mess up off the deck, and you may as well pitch them mops overboard. They'll never be any good again."

He spoke carelessly, albeit his voice trembled a little, but his heart sank within him as Miss Evans waved them back.

"You stay where you are," she said, imperiously. "We'll throw them overboard—when we've done with them. What did you say, Captain?"

The Captain was about to repeat it with great readiness when Miss Evans raised her trusty mop. The words died away on his lips, and after a hopeless glance from his mate to the crew, and from the crew to the rigging, he accepted his defeat and in grim silence took them home again.—Washington Post.

Manitoba's Premier Incognito.

About one year ago a respected citizen of a small town in North Dakota walked into the hotel with his wife for the noonday meal. He saw at his table two strangers, one a young man, pretty well dressed, and the other, evidently a farmer, about 60 years of age, with a gray, rough beard and well-worn and ill-fitting clothing. Little attention was paid to the pair, beyond a hasty scrutiny. The citizen and his wife were thinking of taking a trip to a lake in Manitoba, near Crystal City, for a few days, and were talking about the trip, inquiring how long the fishing would be good, etc., questions which those who were talking seemed unable to answer. The old farmer spoke up, and, venturing to explain that he lived quite near the lake, told all about the situation there, where to go, at whose house to stop and other needed information. Little else was said, but the impression made on the citizen and wife was not sufficient to cause them to make very much inquiry, and no one about the hotel knew who the two men were.

"Well, he seemed to be a nice old fellow," said the wife, "though I noticed he seemed quite helpless in regard to disposing of his lettuce. Probably his first meal at a hotel."

"Very likely," replied the citizen.

The next day the citizen met his friend, the liveryman, who said:

"By the way, did you see Premier Greenway of Manitoba when he was here yesterday? His driver brought him down here from Crystal City, where he lives, you know, to catch the train for St. Paul and then to Ottawa, as he was in a hurry to go. He said he thought Greenway was called there to confer with Laurier and fix up the school question. He took dinner at the Columbia, and I didn't know but you might have seen him."—Boston Transcript.

Sad Trick.

"If you have room for a short bicycle story," said a War Department clerk to a Star reporter, "here is one, but don't ever mention my name in connection with it. The victim is one of the most noted of the century riders of Washington, and he has done many centuries with credit to himself and his club. Some evenings since he agreed to pilot a party of congenial riders for a long run down in Maryland, some of whom knew a part of the road, but did not know anything of the further end. The pilot told them he would meet them near Marshall Hall at a certain hour in the evening, though in riding there he would not take the usual road, as he desired to call on a friend who resided on a side road. He made very good time in getting at the appointed place, and, not meeting his party, he sat down on the side of the road and went to sleep. Shortly afterward the party came along, and, finding their pilot asleep, concluded they would let him have his nap out, while they went over to Marshall Hall. It happened that one of them turned his wheel around so as to give it a safer position in chance any wagons passed along the road. When they returned it was nearly midnight, but the pilot or his wheel was not to be found. When he went to sleep the front of his wheel was turned toward Washington, but in moving it the head got turned the opposite way. When the century rider awoke he concluded that his friends had given up the ride, so he started off. He was exactly twenty-two miles further down in Maryland when he found out by asking a man he met on the road than he thought he was. He thought, considering the number of miles he rode and the speed he used, he was in the immediate vicinity of Washington, only to find that he was nearly forty miles away. Since then he has not offered his services as pilot, and he never speaks of Marshall Hall. —Washington Star.

She Could Wait.

It is often very difficult for newcomers in a community, especially if the community is a small one, to understand the local ideas of social requirements, for etiquette—a ticklish thing at best—is often greatly modified by local usage.

A Mrs. Cathcart, who had gone from a large city to live in a small village on Long Island, was a woman of strong social instincts, and soon after she was comfortably settled she set about getting acquainted with her neighbors.

She soon learned that she would make small progress if she waited for the neighbors to call first, as she naturally would have done in the city; so with some misgivings she ventured to call at the house next door, where lived a pleasant, friendly woman, who welcomed her cordially, and promptly made her feel thoroughly at home.

After a suitable time, Mrs. Cathcart rose to go, and said: "Now, Mrs. Johnson, I hope, since we have become acquainted, that you call will come over and see me."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Johnson, "I ain't no hand to gad. You see, I have so much to do at home 't I don't get no time. I haint ben out but once all winter, 'n' that was when Aunt Sally Bashford was buried. Of course, I make it a p'int always to go to the funeral when any o' my friends die, but I don't get out no other time."

"In that case," said Mrs. Cathcart, "I hope you won't be in any hurry about returning this call."

The Supreme Court.

Two of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are more than 65 years of age. They are Justice Gray, of Massachusetts, who is 69, and Justice Field, of California, who is 81. The present bench of the Supreme Court, though representative of all sections of the country, has a larger number of justices born in New England than in any other section. Chief Justice Fuller is a native of Maine, Justice Field of Connecticut, Justice Gray of Massachusetts, Justice Brown of Massachusetts, and Justice Brewer, though born out of the United States, is of New England ancestry.

Salvationists to Fight Poverty.

Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army is organizing, together with other leaders, a crusade against poverty in this country. The plan contemplates the establishment of a vast system of social settlements similar to that in operation in England. Chicago is to be the center of this system, and its boundary is to be the United States Colonies are to be established where temporary work will be offered to every idle man. Spacious tenement houses are to be provided under army supervision.

Not a case of necessity—A cigar case

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Those Children Again.

Little Carrie had been instructed to learn a scripture verse with the word good in it. Accordingly her parents taught her, "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." The little maid repeated her text many times softly to herself before the beginning of the general exercise, in which all the Sunday school classes were to join. Then, when her turn came, she sent a ripple over the audience by reciting, in clear but lisping accents, "It is awful to be good on the Sabbath day."

"No, darling," said a mother to a sick child, "the doctor says I mustn't read to you." "Then, mamma," begged the little child, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"

"Tommy, who was Joan of Arc?" asked the teacher. "Noah's wife," said Tommy, who is considered great at guessing.

Where the Sparrows Get Break'ast.

The sparrows in Washington Park, Chicago, have discovered a great source of supplies for themselves and their families. During the evening while the electric lights are burning thousands of insects, hovering near the glare, fall into the white globes and lose their lives in the heat of the carbons. The sparrows have found this out, and first thing in the morning hundreds of them may be seen hopping into the globes, remaining a moment, and then hopping out again with a good, fat beetle or a bug in their bills. They will fly away with their treasure to their nests, and a little later, back they will come for a new supply—for there are plenty of little sparrows at home to feed. In this way the whole sparrow community fares sumptuously every day, while the other park birds do not seem to have discovered the arc-light storehouses.

From an Old Arithmetic.

Speaking of the old-fashioned problems here are three queer "examples" which appeared in Adams' arithmetic more than eighty years ago. No doubt the boys and girls of those days puzzled long and tediously over the kits, cats, sacks and wives, and never stopped to think whether or not a frog could climb a well curb. Read over the problems and see if you can answer them:

"If a herring and a half cost a penny and a hal', what will 11 pence buy?"

"If a frog at the bottom of a well thirty feet deep climbs up three feet every day and falls back two feet every night, how many days will it take to climb out of the well?"

"As I was going to St. Ives I met seven wives; each wife had seven sacks; in each sack were seven cats, and each cat had seven kits; kits, cats, sacks and wives, how many were going to St. Ives?"

Something New for Boys.

The little motor represented herewith operates not by steam nor by electricity nor by compressed air. It possesses no boiler, no cylinder, no piston, and consists simply of a stearine candle. Let the reader take a candle and perform the experiment for himself. The Waterbury Magazine describes how it shall be done in the following language:

Insert in the center of the candle and at right angles with it the heads of two pins previously heated. These pins will constitute the axis of the motor, and

THE STEARIC MOTOR.

are to be placed upon the edge of two wine glasses. If the two ends of the candles are lighted they will burn, and a drop of stearine will fall into one of the plates placed beneath in order to receive it. The equilibrium of the scale beam will be broken and the other end of the candle will descend, causing the end that has just lost the first drop of stearine to rise. This oscillatory motion will cause several drops to fall from the end that has just descended, and which in its turn becomes the lighter, and will therefore rise while the other descends, and the oscillatory motion, slight at first, will take on a greater and greater amplitude, the candle, slightly inclined upon the horizon at first, finally taking a nearly vertical position. There is nothing more interesting than to watch this oscillatory motion, which does not cease unless one blows out the two flames or the two candles are entirely consumed; that is to say, at the end of half an hour. If, now, it is desired to utilize the motion of the candle while it is in operation, it may be connected by a thin iron wire with small figures cut out of cardboard and jointed, to which it will give a to and fro motion. It may be considered as the walking beam of a Watt engine, and to each extremity may be connected a small piston moving in a vertical cylinder. Finally and more simply there may be fixed to the axis by means of pins, which will keep it at a distance in order to prevent the contact of the flames, a strip of light cardboard representing a plank, to the extremities of which may be glued two figures that will play at seesaw, and thus render the experiment still more attractive to the young.

Mixed Pictures.

Who can make the most interesting mixed picture?

A mixed picture isn't painted either in water-colors or in oil; it isn't drawn with a pen or a pencil or a crayon; nor is it etched or engraved—it is simply pasted.

Any boy or girl of any age can make a mixed picture. All that is needed is a pair of shears, a bottle of paste and plenty of newspapers, magazines, picture cards or anything else containing pictures in black ad white. Four or more separate pictures or parts of pictures should be cut out, and so pasted on a sheet of paper that the combination will make a beautiful, amusing or interesting mixed picture. Simple, isn't it?

A great deal of art can be used in making a mixed picture, especially in the selection and arrangement of the parts of other pictures so that they will harmonize as to subject and perspective. News pictures, story illustrations advertisement pictures, diagrams, maps, or any other pictures in black and white may be used in whole or in part. For instance, a man may be cut out of one picture and set to driving a horse, cut from another picture, with a landscape background from a third picture, a barn or house from a fourth picture, or the men may be made up, head from one picture body from another, legs from another, and so on.

The Longest of Cat Journeys.

There are so many cases on record in which cats and dogs have made long home-returning journeys that no one can doubt the possession by these animals of a wonderful instinct that guides them toward their goal over country that they have never traversed. But how far can an animal travel thus, and find its way? A case which is now on record shows that a cat can make such a journey for at least six hundred miles—and that in the winter and early spring, when prey upon which to subsist must be relatively scarce.

In January, 1897, a family named Nading removed from Topeka, Kan., to Shelbyville, Ind. The distance between these two places is about five hundred and fifty miles, as the crow flies; but to any creature without wings it would probably be nothing less than six hundred.

The Nading family brought with them to Indiana a fine Maltese cat to which they were much attached. They were evidently more attached to the cat than he was to them, for he had no sooner reached Shelbyville than he began to mope. He passed three homesick weeks there, and then disappeared. The family supposed that one of the million of fatal accidents to which cats, in spite of their nine lives, are subject had happened to him, and in their minds bade him a regretful farewell.

On the 4th of May they received a letter from relatives in Topeka, which said in effect:

"Your old Thomas has arrived here! He seems to be very tired and hungry, but otherwise is extremely cheerful, and is eager to be petted. He is now taking a long nap."

How the cat traveled the great distance—crossing the Wabash river, traversing the wide prairies and circuiting the many towns of Illinois, certainly crossing the broad Mississippi and probably also crossing the Missouri ascending that great stream through the whole width of the state of Missouri and finally winding through the score of thriving towns in eastern Kansas before the capital was reached will never be known, unless some one can master the language of the cat sufficiently to "interview" this one successfully on its memorable journey.

What myriads of hairbreadth escapes from the jaws of dogs it must have had! What cold and weary night marches without a square meal! What shivering winter days spent up in a tree or on the summit of a telephone pole, tiring out some waiting and watching terrier! And all this merely to get to Topeka, without the assurance of any kindlier welcome than the spurning boot at an unfriendly doorstep.

The cat should surely be chosen as the emblem of pure civic devotion—of the sentiment of utter loyalty to a place for the sake of the place and not for what one gets out of it.

A Smoke Catcher.

An important invention was recently patented in Stettin, Germany. It is a spark catcher, which is placed into the smokestacks of locomotives, factories, steamers and into chimneys where there in danger of fire. The idea upon which the new invention is based is rather simple. The column of smoke and steam rising in the stack is sifted through a system of tubular sieves. There are two of these sieves a little distance from each other, the upper one of which may be lowered or raised in order to obtain the best results. The two sieves are built very much alike, the only difference being that the tubes are not directly above each other, but distant from each other by one-half the diameter of the tubes. By this arrangement the tubes are placed in such a way that directly above the mouth of each lower tube there is a space between the tubes called a "blind pocket" in the upper sieve, while above the closed space on the lower set there is a tube leading out in the upper. The forced draft throws up the glowing sparks straight through the lower set of tubes, and while smoke and steam will readily deviate from their straight course in order to pass out the tubes of the upper sieve, the heavier sparks are thrown into the blind pockets, where they are naturally extinguished. The particles of still glowing coal and the extinguished sparks are collected in a receptacle on the smokestack, which is cleaned out from time to time. Even when an engine is running under forced draft, and when the burning embers are carried out by the steam with great force, they are harmless, for if they do get through the tubular sieve at all they only come through extinct. Since the distance between the two sieves can be regulated, it is possible to use any fuel with this spark catcher, a feature which insures its popularity.—Philadelphia Record.

More Turift Needed.

France is not as rich as the United States, and has fewer millionaires, but more general prosperity—a result brought about by the thrift of the people. If we wish to enjoy similar prosperity, not the prosperity of immense fortunes, but with the millions happy and contented, we must, says the Chicago Record, get back to that thrift which was once the distinguished feature of Americans, and upon which the wealth and progress of the country are founded. In this connection it makes a very practical suggestion—the establishment of postal savings banks to inculcate in persons of very moderate means the habit of thrift. There are savings banks in the large cities, and in some of the smaller towns in New England, and they have had a good effect upon the people; but to have the effect needed, to produce thrift among the people, we need savings banks at every postoffice, banks in which a person will not feel ashamed to deposit a few cents. These banks have been signally successful wherever established, and have encouraged habits of thrift—which need a great deal of encouragement in this country. It will tend to prevent panics and hard times, and will do far more to restore prosperity than the hope held out by Klondike gold fields, speculation or trusts to make immense fortunes in a few months.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Too Good to Be True.

"Yes," said the new arrival, "I am greatly surprised—greatly surprised, indeed. I had expected to find things very different from what they are." "Why?" exclaimed several of the girls in chorus, "don't the hotel and its surroundings look as they were pictured in the circular you received?" "They do. That's what surprises me."—Cleveland Leader.

Good Roads Pay.

Conditions such as recently existed in a small town in New Jersey, twelve miles from Philadelphia, form a fitting object lesson of the profit of good roads. In consequence of the bad roads the wagon makers thereabout constructed four-horse vehicles to carry fifty-five bushel baskets as a maximum load, which was regarded as heavy hauling. Real estate had gone a-begging for years; there was no possible market for it. It had been impossible to settle up estates because no purchaser could be found for the land. But a few years ago the people of the community woke up. The town issued $40,000 worth of bonds and applied the proceeds to better roadways. As a result New Jersey wagon makers of the vicinity of Philadelphia are making two-horse vehicles to carry, not fifty-five bushel baskets, but loads made up from ninety to 125 bushel baskets, and still the loads are not regarded as heavy. Two horses are able to do more work than four horses, and with much more ease.

On the old roads two men and four horses, with a wagon weighing 1,900 pounds, could take two and a half tons of produce to market and bring back an equal amount of fertilizer, making one trip a day. Now, on the good roads, one man with two horses, and a wagon weighing 2,300 pounds, makes four trips to market, bringing back an equal weight and making four trips a day.—Jersey City Evening Journal.

Good Roads.

The Lake Charles Echo, taking Trautwine's tests as the basis of its calculations, estimates that it costs Louisiana $5,250,000 a year to move its crops, and that two-thirds of this could be saved if he had good roads. Trautwine's tests show the number of pounds of pull required to move a ton on different kinds of roads to be as follows: Plank road, 30 to 50; cubical block, brick, 32 to 50; macadam, 62 to 75; gravel, 140; common earth, 200 to 300. The pull on earth roads in dry seasons is from six to eight times as hard as on brick, and three or four times as hard as macadam, and in wet seasons much greater, and in Louisiana, with its heavy rainfall, we have longer wet seasons than any other part of the country, and, as a consequence, worse roads.

The United States Agricultural Bureau figures that it costs the farmers $3 per ton to haul their crops from the farm to the railroad or market. With a total production of 1,750,000 tons of corn, cane, cotton, rice, etc., the hauling costs Louisiana farmers $5,250,000 now, which cost can be reduced $3,500,000 if the roadways are made better.

If, therefore, Louisiana spent $3,400,000 a year on its roads, it would be better off financially, their cost being less than they would be saved in hauling. The expenditure of such a sum of money would put our highways in splendid condition in a very few years; but such an expenditure is not dreamt of, nor would the people favor it.

The best course in Louisiana would be that which has met with such success elsewhere—to build just enough miles of good roads to enable the people to see and appreciate their value, and how much they can save by them. If this were done, as in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and other States, it would not be long before the people demanded better roads in every part of the State.

It is proposed to bring the matter before the Legislature at its next session, but it would be well to inaugurate a preliminary campaign, so that there will be popular backing to a "good road" law when it comes before the General Assembly.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Widows for Sale.

"Of all the matrimonial trafficking—in the age of chivalry—the ways of widows," says a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," "are at once the boldest and most comprehensive. As a rule, their methods seldom resort to blandishment; it is remarkable when tenderness is an item in their bargains. Speed was their maxim; it was one that King John honored, for he profited by it.

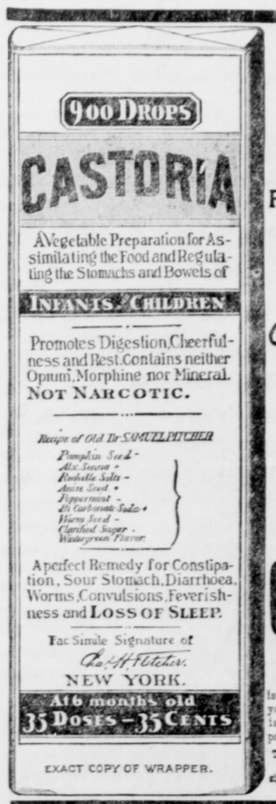
"Yet one of the rarest exceptions in the way of delicacy to these commercial negotiations has evidently been prompted by a widow who had quite an exceptional lover. In 1206 William de Landa—either one of the most famous of the Crusaders or his son—offers 50 marks and a palfrey for having to wife Joan, who was the wife of Thomas de Arescy, 'if he may be pleasing to the said Joan;' the sheriff is instructed to ascertain the widow's wishes, 'and if the said Joan shall be pleased to have him for a husband, then the sheriff shall cause William to have seizing of Joan and her land'—both of which he obtained in the name of gentle love and the faith of a true soldier. It is fitting that the name of one of the men who led the assault of Acre should be preserved in such a record as the above. He was in truth a very perfect knight.

"One of the most rampageous of the northern English borderers manifested the like delicacy. Young Walter de Umfraville, son of Gilbert, had left a widow, Emma, presumably in the very blush of her charms. Peter de Vaux had fallen at her feet, but he declined to obtain her in border fashion; and this fact is the earnest pledge of the chivalry of his love. If he would not seal her he was bound to buy her, and coin with the De Vaux was always a scarcity. So he offered the king five palfreys for her 'if she wished it,' and with what would read as a graceful acknowledgment of the borderer's pure chivalry, John absolutely drops the commercial from his reply and simply orders Robert Fitz Roger, the sheriff, 'to permit it to be done.'

The Making of a Dictionary.

The first five letters of the alphabet have now been finished in the new and monumental Oxford Dictionary. An interesting table which has been prepared shows the number of words given under those letters to be 89,591. Of these 66,254 are main words, 10,156 are special combinations explained under main words, and 13,181 are subordinate words. An analysis of the main words brings out that 47,786 are in current use, 15,952 are obsolete, and 2,516 are alien. The figures illustrate the immense amount of labor involved in the undertaking which Dr. Murray and his colleagues have in hand.

People exaggerate so much that an exaggeration is finally accepted as truth. The thousand-legged bug, which frightens so many people, hasn't to exceed fifty legs.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

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 &c.

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 $3.00 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.