THE CONVERSION OF JOE RATTLIN.

Billy Capstan and Teddy Luff, two middle-aged fishermen, stood, or rather leaned, against one of those tall tar-smeared wooden buildings at the front of the old town of Hastings; a building used for the hanging of nets and the storing of other paraphernalia of the fishing industry. Their boat, The Sober Jade, was hauled up high and dry on the pebbly beach, and the two men, silently smoking short clay pipes with bowls turned downward's, now and then cast a wistful glance at the craft of which they were part owners. According to the poem there should have been three fishers who went sailing to the west as the sun went down, but in this case the third, who was skipper and predominant partner of the craft, was, as Teddy Luff phrased it, lying up for repairs. Both men knew that he was dangerously near the boundary line of that fantastic country known as delirium tremens, and The Sober Jade was now out of the water waiting for her master to sober off.

Joe Rattlin, the captain of The Sober Jade, was not a man to be expostulated with. He was one of the domineering sort when sober, which was seldom,

"HE'D SHOW HER WHO WAS IN A FIT STATE."

and very much more so when drunk, his principal line of argument being the flooring of a man with a handspike; therefore his partners and crew tried to avoid discussion with him, for in silence on their part lay the chances of a long life and immunity from bruises and black eyes. Even between themselves Billy and Teddy did not dwell at any length conversationally upon the shortcomings of their master and partner. Each of the two men liked a drop of grog himself, but neither had the ambition to be the main support of the rum industry, as was apparently the case with Capt. Joe Battlin.

The two men stood there silently with their hands thrust deep in their trousers pockets, pulling at their pipes, and they seemed to find dumb consolation in each other's presence, although their disgust at the unsatisfactory situation of things found no expression in words.

As they stood thus, there blew alongside a man from London, who began to ask them questions regarding nets and fishing boats, and the hard life they were supposed to lead, as is the custom with London visitors to Hastings. The men answered him with respectful patience, as had been their habit for years, going over the same dull round, for there is little originality in the questioning of a London man.

Yes, they encountered a bit of nasty weather now and then. No, there wasn't much money in the fishing industry. Yes, most of their catch went to London. No, the nets weren't painted brown to conceal them from the fish, but to preserve them. Yes, coming in and out of the water a good bit, they were apt to rot, and nets were expensive. No, they weren't going out that day on account of the skipper being ill; under the weather a bit. No, his malady wasn't exactly caused by the hard life he led. Yes, he'd get over it; he'd had these spells before, but he'd always recovered, although he seemed to be getting a bit worse as time went on. Yes, the chances were his trouble would carry him off some day, unless he was swept overboard in the meantime, and Teddy allowed that Joe would hate to come to his death by means of water.

Turn about is but fair play, and by and by the Londoner, from extracting information, began to impart some to the two men who listened attentively. If he were a fisherman, the London man said, he would put out to sea at once and sail for Spithead. The whole fleet was going to be on view there, and a grand sight it would be, especially on Saturday night. Billy replied that as a usual thing they saw too much of the fleet. "We don't care much about the fleet," he added, "except to keep out of its way. A warship won't swerve from its course for anything afloat; and as for them torpedo boat catchers, he's a wise man who gives them a wide berth."

"There will be no danger on Saturday night," said the Londoner, "for the ships are all anchored, and the sight of them will be something a man never can forget, for each of the craft will have her outlines defined by something like a thousand electric lights, shaping her in the fire; masts, ropes, funnel, and all the rest of it. There will be over a hundred and fifty ships all ablaze like tails, and on that night the electric fleet will be worth seeing."

After imparting this lurid information the Londoner went his way and left the two men meditating over what he had told them. At last Teddy said solemnly:

"If we could run the old man up against that fleet of fire, and him not knowing anything of it, he'd think he had 'em sure, wouldn't he?"

"Yes," admitted Billy. "It wou'l be a kind o' dazzles."

"Let's get him aboard," cried Teddy resolutely, "and give him a lesson. We can drift down Spithead way and come on it kind o' casual like Saturday night, then if the fleet's ablaze, as the stranger said, it would make Joe think judgment day had come, and he'd likely swear off and not touch rum any more."

"It's worth trying," said Billy. "And anyhow, I'd like to see the fleet all lit up. We can pretend to Joe that we notice nothing out of ordinar', and I think that will stagger the old man."

The two fishers without more ado trudged off to Capt. Joe's cottage. The skipper was feeling mighty bad and rusty. He sat with his head in his hands and gave no greeting to his shipmates. The prospect of getting him afloat did not look any too cheerful, and perhaps they would have been unsuccessful had not Mrs. Capt. Rattlin told the men that they ought to be ashamed of themselves coming after a sick man who ought to be abed, if he knew what was good for him. He wasn't in a fit state to go out in a boat. This at once aroused Capt. Joe Rattlin. He'd show her who was in a fit state, he cried, so bundling his two partners out of the house, and roaring defiance to his wife, who tried to stop his exit, he followed them down to the beach, and in a short time The Sober Jade was afloat on the salt water again, heading out from Hastings. There was some shrewdness after all in the captain's going to sea; the doctor had forbidden him liquor, and now giving the wheel to Teddy Luff, the skipper set himself industriously at the consumption of what rum there was aboard. No one dared say a word to him, or expostulate. And thus the three fishers sailed to the west as the sun went down on Saturday afternoon.

There came up a wild thunderstorm which drove the captain below, for he had not his oilskins on, and it also gave Billy an opportunity of largely diluting the rum with water, which the captain was now too drunk to notice. Teddy began to fear that the old man would be too far gone to notice the fleet, even if it all blew up, but he drenching he got before getting under cover partly sobered him, and the dilution of his grog kept him from getting much more intoxicated. As darkness came on The Sober Jade had "risen the fleet," as Teddy put it, and getting under the lee of the Isle of Wight, Billy cast anchor and there they lay.

"I'm afraid," said Teddy, "that the old man won't come up on deck again of his own accord, and I don't see how we can persuade him to come up ourselves, for we can't pretend we see anything."

"Oh, that's all right," said Billy. "I've put the rum up for'ard and he hasn't much more to go on, so we'll hear him sing out after a bit."

At 9 o'clock the first of the illuminated ships broke out in dazzling splendor, quite taking away the breath of the onlookers, and shortly after the whole fleet was one gigantic display of glittering starlike beauty as if the constellations of the heavens had fallen and shaped themselves into fairy ships.

"My eye!" said Teddy. "I never saw anything like that before."

"Nor did I!" answered Billy.

Both of the men were gazing with such admiration at the scintillating fleet that they forget all about their inebriated captain, until he suddenly roared up at them:

"Here you, Teddy Luff; bring me some more rum."

"I got something better to do," growled Teddy. "Go and get it yourself; it's out for'ard."

"If I have to come up there," said the captain, "I'll throw you overboard. Billy Capstan, bring aft the rum."

"Captain Joe Rattlin," cried Billy, "you've had more than your share now. I've put the rum for'ard, and there the rum stays."

With a resounding oath, the captain came up, and then stopped, stricken dumb by the amazing sight pread out before his eyes. He drew his hand slowly across his forehead.

"My God!" he cried, "Billy, what's that?"

"What's what?" said Billy, indifferently coiling a rope with his back to the fleet, while Teddy was busying himself near the wheel.

"What's that I see in the offing?" cried Captain Joe. "Look at it a-standing out between sea and sky, like a thousand ships afire!"

Billy and Teddy looked over in the

"'WHAT'S THAT I SEE IN THE OFFING?'"

direction pointed. Teddy shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

"What is it?" asked the captain, and his crew was pleased to notice a tremor of anxiety in his shaky voice.

"Rum, I expect," answered Billy grimly. "I don't see nothing, do you, Teddy?"

"No," said Teddy, "except black water and blacker sky."

"Look again, boys," cried the captain. "Off there, nor-nor'west. Don't you see the lights?"

There was a trace of nervous apprehension in the skipper's tone. His two comrades turned their gaze to the nor-nor'west, and again shook their heads.

"Don't see no lights," murmured Billy.

"Then," said the captain defiantly, "I've got 'em! I've got 'em, boys. I've been often on the borders before, but now I've got 'em, sure."

"Looks like it, skipper," said Teddy sympathetically, "but don't get frightened, Joe; it'll be all right if you swear off. That is sent as a warning you should pay heed to."

"A warning!" cried Capt. Joe exultantly. "Why, rot my halyards! It's the finest sight you ever saw. I never dreamt of anything equal to it. Talk about the deliriums! My word, it's heavenly. I thought a fellow saw something ghastly when he got into the tremens, but that isn't the case. You should drink more rum, you two, and then you'd know what enjoyment is. Take me for a gudgeon, if this don't beat all the magic lantern shows I ever see, and if a pint o' rum will give a man a heavenly vision like this what won't a quart do? By ginger, boys, I'm going to double this row o' lights; where'd you say the rum was? Well, here goes for the rest o' the cask."

Billy and Teddy looked at each other with dismay.

"I reckon," said Teddy, "we've been hasty. This lesson's a failure."

And Billy nodded his head solemnly several times without speaking.—Detroit Free Press.

Smaller and Smaller.

The smallest elephant is one from Sumatra, which was recently exhibited in Berlin. Three years old, it stands only 36 inches from the ground. It is a little over one yard in length, and weighs 168 pounds. The normal elephant weighs at the same age at least three tons. A pigmy race of camels exists in Persia which are only 25 inches in height and weigh but 50 pounds, while an ordinary camel is larger than most horses. The smallest bird's egg is that of the tiny Mexican hummingbird, which is scarcely larger than a pin's head.

The smallest newspaper in the world is published in Guadalajara, in Mexico. The El Telegrafo, a weekly publication, is printed in eight columns, each 4½ inches long and 1½ inches wide, on thick manilla paper. Its staff includes an editor and director, an administrator, or business manager, a responsible man, or capitalist, and a printer, and it is issued every Sunday.

The smallest French conscript on record is Louis Bernadat, of Luret, in the department of the Allier, who was only 2 feet 4 inches in height. Little Bernadat came of age in 1893, and was in that year summoned to draw his conscription out of the urn, like his fellows of the same age. When he appeared to answer to his name, it was thought that some child had been told to answer as a joke, but on looking more closely it was seen that he was a dwarf with a slight moustache. A gendarme had to lift him on to the table to enable him to draw his number.

Don't Wear Starched Linen.

Prof. Max Rubner, who lectures on hygiene at the Berlin University, has published a very interesting article on the use of starched laundry in summer. After extensive and careful investigation he has come to the conclusion that starched linen forms a very strong obstacle to the discharge of heat, and this influence becomes stronger in the same proportion as the outside temperature rises. This seems to prove that the starching of shirts is a rather unreasonable custom. In winter, when we try hard to retain our bodily heat, the protection given by starched linen is very small, on account of the low temperature on the outside, and in summer, when we try as hard to cool off as much as possible, starched linen energetically keeps the heat in. It is true enough that with the rising temperature perspiration will dissolve the starch, but even then it is very disagreeably felt. In this condition it closes up the pores of the linen and renders difficult the entrance of dry air to the skin, and it is just the fresh and dry air that gives us coolness in summer. Prof. Rubner closes his argument with the advice to leave off the use of starched linen entirely in summer, and, if possible, also in winter, although he admits that custom and fashion will hardly allow starched linen to disappear entirely.

Noosing a Sea-Lion.

A correspondent of Ram's Horn narrates a pulling-match between a sea-lion and a farmer:

Near Tillamook, Ore., an old German farmer chanced to be driving along the beach, when his watchful gaze was greeted by the sight of a large sea-lion some distance out on the sand, fast asleep.

It was the work of a moment for Jacob to make a lasso of a stout rope he had in his wagon, fasten the end of it to the hind axle, and adjust the noose over the sea-lion's head. Then Jacob jumped into the wagon and started homeward with his prize.

The sea-lion did the same, and as his team was the stronger of the two, Jacob started seaward at a good pace, and only saved himself and his "outfit" by springing quickly to the ground, grasping his jack-knife and cutting the rope.

Key West Has No Chimneys.

It is curious, though true, that of all the houses, dwellings, stores, hotels and other buildings that dot the island of Key West from one shore to the other, not one of them has a chimney or anything that will answer the purpose of a chimney. Handsome residences and lowly hovels are alike in this respect, and from an eminence gazing out over acres of roofs on all sides one is struck with the want of something to complete the symmetry of the picture. Wood and coal or fuel of any kind are unknown quantities, as the tropical atmosphere furnishes all the heat required, and for cooking purposes sticks of carbon are used, which are sold by peddlers, who hawk their wares about the streets.—Atlanta Constitution.

Yours, Mine and Ours.

A Western paper tells a story of a mixed brood of children which reveals the confusion liable to exist in certain families.

A widower and a widow, each having children, married, and children were subsequently born to them. The parents agreed much better than the children did. One day a neighbor, going past their place, heard a commotion within, out of which rose the voice of the wife, screaming to the husband:

"Jim! Jim! Hurry out in the yard! Your children and my children are beating the lives out of our children!"

Clothes of Paper.

Paper underclothing has a strange sound, but it is asserted that the Japanese have for a long time been making such garments from their finely crisped or grained paper, after the sheets have been pasted together at the edges so as to form large pieces. When the paper has been cut to pattern, the different parts are sewn together and hemmed, and the places where the buttonholes are to be formed are strengthened with calico and linen. The stuff is said to be very strong, and at the same time very flexible.

An Automatic Ticket Seller.

An automatic appliance for the delivery of railway tickets, which bids fair to hold a respectable place among similar devices, has been tried abroad. The machine works with absolute correctness, and dates as well as issues the tickets. It is particularly useful where a number of tickets have to be issued at fixed fares, such as for local passenger traffic.

The Sight of Birds.

The organ of sight is more highly developed in birds than in any other animal. Naturalists declare that the kestrel is possessed of such wonderful powers of sight that it is able to see a mouse when it is itself at such a height in the air that it is invisible to the naked human eye.

It rains on an average 208 days in the year in Ireland, about 150 in England, at Kozan about 90 days, and in Siberia only 60 days.

At sea level an object one hundred feet high is visible a little over thirteen miles. If five hundred feet high it is visible nearly thirty miles.

Many of the streets of Paris are lined with trees. If a tree dies another of the same kind, age and size is brought from the State forests and put in its place. The cost is tremendous, but Paris is the most beautiful of modern cities.

The records of eighty-eight years show that tornadoes have a width of ten to 10,560 feet, a length of track of three hundred yards to two hundred miles, and a velocity of progression of seven to one hundred miles an hour.

With the assistance of the latest machines, a piece of leather can be transformed into a pair of boots in thirty-four minutes, in which time it passes through the hands of sixty-three people and through fifteen machines.

A new German lamp chimney has the bulb in the upper instead of the bottom part, and the upper rim is cut obliquely. It is claimed that this shape makes it safer to blow out the light, while the flame is improved by being made taller and steadier.

A new and wonderful substitute for common brittle glass is announced by a Vienna journal devoted to the glass and porcelain trade. The substitute is said to have all the properties of common glass, except that it is flexible. It is made of collodian wool.

A new electric lamp for bicycles and carriages has a small electro-magnet which is turned to generate electricity by a friction wheel pressing against the side of the front tire, wires running to a small storage battery or else directly to the lamp, which is surrounded by a case to keep out the dust.

VOWED NOT TO SPEAK,

And at the End of Fifty Years When She Tried She Could Not.

There is possibly no other woman in the world like Miss Experience Guilford, of Bluehill, Me. It is proverbial that a woman's tongue never stops, but Miss Guilford's case is an exception to this rule, and for half a century she has held her peace. Not one single word or audible sound has this woman allowed to pass her lips for a period of fifty years.

The original reason for Miss Guilford's speechlessness was anger because she could not marry the man of her choice. When she was 19 years old she fell in love with William Simpson, the village schoolmaster. They were to be married on June 18, 1847. One of Miss Guilford's rejected suitors told tales about the schoolmaster, and Miss Guilford's parents stopped the wedding. Miss Guilford thereupon said:

"I swear I will not speak a word, though I live for fifty years, unless I marry this man."

She kept her pledge. Her parents died, and she went to live with her married brother. When he died she made her home with a sister, and after the sister's death she went to a camp in the woods, and kept house for a brother, with whom she is now living.

All this time she performed her share of the household work, and did not show any regret for having made the vow. When the fifty years of silence expired she was visited by a large number of relatives and friends, who went to the camp for the purpose of being present when she was at liberty to speak. Soon after the midday meal Miss Guilford dressed herself in the garments she had not worn for half a century. At 2 o'clock she stood before the people, smiled and opened her mouth to speak; but though she tried hard, and got red in the face in trying, she could not utter a sound. Her vocal muscles had become atrophied from long disuse and refused to work.

When Miss Guilford found she could not speak she sent to Bangor for a physician and took to her bed. The doctor gave no hope of recovery, but suggested that she be sent to a Boston hospital for treatment. As soon as Miss Guilford gets strong enough to take the journey she will make another effort to regain her speech. Her father left her a good sum of money at his death, which has been growing every year in a savings bank, so that she is well able to obtain the treatment she requires.

The Horseless Carriage.

Next to the bicycle, the horseless carriage will, for short rides, be the mechanical conveyance of the greatest blessing to humanity, and the interest of the public in this vehicle will be so great that inventors and manufacturers will redouble their energies to make a conveyance that will fill this demand.

The horseless carriage which is to be the conveyance of the future must be sold at a more reduced price than the horseless carriage of to-day costs. When this time comes the advantages of such a mode of conveyance will be so many that the problem of traversing short distances will be satisfactorily solved. Inasmuch as one of the greatest manufacturing firms of the highest grade of bicycles the world over has recently reduced the price of its wheels very materially, we look with encouragement to this firm to be the one to produce the best horseless carriage and the lowest one in price, considering the material used and the skilled workmanship employed.

When the horseless carriage comes down in price it will become a necessity. At present a horse must be kept for bad weather by people who are unable, through weakness or poor health, to go about.

There are upward of 2,000 horseless carriages in use in Paris for public service, and private citizens can muster more than this number. Indeed, Europeans are much more familiar with them than Americans are. The horseless carriage is in very common use in Europe, although it is cumbersome and unwieldy. The general opinion is that since American genius has taken up the matter the horseless carriage will become a great success.

The horseless carriage has more advantages than appears at first sight. Of course there must be a place to keep it. The horse, the feed, the clearing up, the constant breakage of harness and the perpetual annoyance of feeling that one's animals are not half cared for, will give place to the ease and comfort with which the horseless carriage can be kept. It will not be difficult to learn to manage these carriages, and when repair shops become frequent, the problem of getting about will be so simplified that everybody will wonder why we never had such a convenient vehicle before.

An expert in mechanics is the authority for the assertion that the horseless carriage will run a much more successful and rapid career, everything considered than the bicycle.—New York Ledger.

Women in the Profession.

Hundreds of college-bred women have been, and are, capably and efficiently engaged in teaching, and a few have gained a certain distinction as presidents and professors in colleges for women, but no great and original educator has come from among them. Occasionally a determined young graduate gets a foothold in a newspaper office, and usually keeps it with credit to herself and her higher education, yet the few women editors of eminence have not been college-bred, and there is nothing to be gained by concealing the fact that the college women who have undertaken journalism seem, as yet, to have had no influence in sweetening the flood of sensational and nasty print for which the newspaper women of the country must bear their share of discredit with the newspaper men.

The number of college women who have taken up medicine is considerable—some of them, no doubt, from a real love of science, and some for love of a career. While their work has been able and their success undoubted, it is just to say that they have not contributed originally to medical science. There are a few women collegians in law, in literature, in the pulpit and in other professions, and their helpfulness and enthusiasm have been especially noticeable in educational and philanthropic work. In all these fields of usefulness the work of college women, "taken by and large," has been good, honest, competent work, about like that of the average industrious man; but it has been derivative, not creative; complemental, not brilliant; offering little opportunity for sex celebration on the part of those enthusiasts who believe that women have needed only diploma and a ballot to be brilliantly equipped for conquering all the world that men have left unconquered.—Scribner's.

The Alaskan Dog.

The Alaskan dog is almost human in intelligence. He weighs about 100 pounds. Heavily laden, he will travel as many as sixty miles a day.

With twenty dogs in a team no two of them are in a straight line from the driver. When unhitched for the night they pile upon the first blanket that is thrown upon the snow, and there they stay. When you crawl into your sleeping bag and pull a robe over it the dog will get under the robe. Unless you are careful he will be inside of the bag in the morning. Their endurance is phenomenal and they are capable of strong affection. They are great fighters.

A traveler who recently returned from Alaska says of the treatment accorded these faithful animals:

"The whip that is used on them is the cruelest thing of its kind that is known to man. Thirty feet in length and two inches thick near the short handle, it has a lash ten feet long that cuts like a knife. The Russian knout isn't in it. When a dog is struck you hear a sharp yelp, and then your sleigh whirls past a bit of fur or possibly a piece of bloody skin lying on the snow."

Taking Its Own Portrait.

It seems like something of an achievement to make a wild deer take its own portrait, but such a feat was lately accomplished by Mr. Charles Hughes, of Red Bluff, Cal.

He conceived the idea of causing a wild animal to take a flashlight photograph as it passed along a trail in the Coast Range of mountains, secure under cover of night.

To accomplish this purpose Mr. Hughes set up the camera a short distance from a trail over which deer were known to run, and then connected the shutter and the flashlight materials with a trap. When the deer stepped upon the trap the camera was opened and the flashlight set off at the same instant. Mr. Hughes thus secured the negative in the dead of night, and when there was not a soul within sight or hearing of the animal.

On developing the negative Mr. Hughes found the photograph of a deer. The frightened appearance of the animal as he was startled by the sudden flash of light is clearly shown in the picture.

"A Chapel of the Seas."

The most wonderful cave in the world is in the Island of Tonga, in the South Pacific. Byron called it "a chapel of the seas." It is formed in a rock that is almost surrounded by the ocean. This rock is about sixty feet high, and broad proportionately. Many years ago a boy, the son of a native chief, was chasing a huge turtle, when his game seemed to sink into the rock. The lad watched and waited until the tide fell, disclosing a small opening in the rock about six feet under low water mark. Diving boldly, the young hunter entered the aperture, and, to his surprise, came to the surface inside the rock. The rock was hollow, and its interior was found afterward, when the natives explored it with torches, to contain many beautiful stalactites.

When attacked and followed by enemies the natives, who know the secret, leave their canoes, plunge into the water and disappear. Their foes linger, astonished at their disappearance, for no person not acquainted with it would suspect that the rock was hollow.

The Peacock at Home.

The real home of the peacock or peafowl, is in India. There they were and are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As these birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail, and are called the tail-coverts. Peacocks have been known for many hundred years. They are mentioned in the Bible: Job mentions them, and they are mentioned too in I. Kings, x. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousand peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the Emperors made. The brains of the peacocks were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.

Condiments and Digestion.

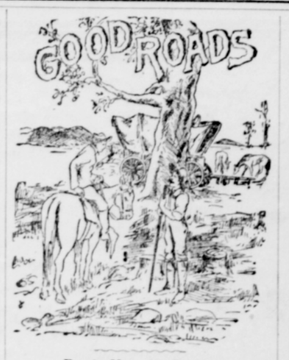
The introduction of mustard or pepper into the stomach of a rabbit caused the secretion of pancreatic juice to be tripled and even quadrupled. This accounts for the stimulating effects of these condiments upon digestion.

"I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live!" "Refused again?" "No, accepted."

A Spanish Engine of War.

"Have you any modern engines of war?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," replied the Spanish General; "we quit running our printing presses by hand long ago."



Roads Must Be Roads.

There appears to be a growing impression that a road is a place of passage from one point to another, and that if it is anything short of that, the ones accountable for its condition may be held responsible for the trouble that may be occasioned by its faultiness.

Passengers injured by a defective roadbed or an imperfect rail, are very sure to sue for damages and to recover liberally.

Any one injured by a defective roadbed or an imperfect sidewalk can usualy make a town or an individual pay smartly for it.

The spirit of the law seems to be that a railroad must be a railroad and in condition to properly carry on its work in a business-like manner.

A sidewalk must be kept in a safe condition for people to walk over it.

Now, what about a road over which persons in vehicles must travel? Must it be a real road? Oh, no! Most any old thing will answer. It differs from a sidewalk and a railroad. They have to be what they pretend to be, but a wagon road may be simply a streak of mud or stones or anything else. No one appears to be responsible for the condition of the public road. It is supposed to run just wild and look out for itself. If anyone is injured or his vehicle broken, it is the result of his own folly in presuming to use a road for traveling purposes.

But the times change and we are changing with them. Folks are beginning to apply the same rules to country government they do to city governments and private corporations. Accidents on public roads and bridges caused by defective conditions of the same have to be paid for by the county. It is just.—Good Roads.

Roads and Road-Making.

The Irish mile is 2,240 yards.

Portugal has 2,000 miles of road.

Sweden has 36,200 miles of highway.

France has 320,000 miles of highway.

The modern Roman mile is 1,628 yards.

Holland has 7,600 miles of public roads.

In Germany there are 265,000 miles of road.

The Austrian Empire has 81,000 miles of road.

Canada has 6,000 miles of roads and highways.

The English statute mile is 1,760 standard yards.

Norway has but 14,800 miles of public highway.

Austria is building roads at the rate of 100,000 miles per year.

In many parts of Europe river and canal routes are legally regarded as highways.

The Roman roads, according to their importance, were from 8 to 30 feet in width.

According to Mulhall, there are in the United States 260,100 miles of public highway.

Little Denmark is admirably provided with roads, having 2,000 miles of public highway.

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, all travel in Ireland was done on horseback.

Belgium, hardly larger that one of our New England States, has 5,700 miles of public highway.

In Connecticut the cost of road-building is divided equally between the State, county and the district.

Traces of a road on each side of the Nile for 1,200 miles north and south have been discovered by explorers.

Macadam, the Scotch engineer, who invented a favorite system of road making, began his labors in 1818.

Edward I. made some attempt to repair the great Roman roads, but his successors practically abandoned the effort.

The early inhabitants of the Nile Valley had excellent roads, paved somewhat in the macadam style of the present day.

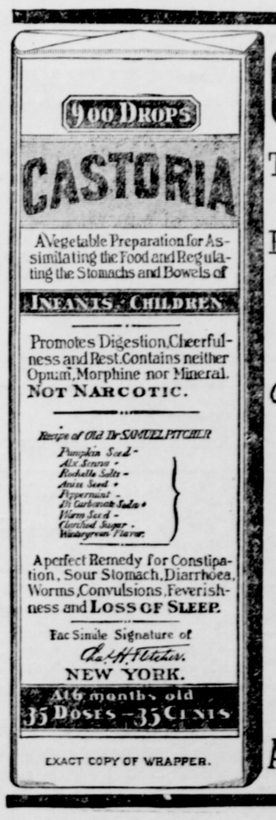
As late as 1770 the journey from Liverpool to London was dangerous on account of the bad condition of the roads.

The common measure of road distance in France is the kilometer, or 100 meters, a little over three-quarters of a mile.

A TRUE BEAR STORY.

A Yellowstone Park Bruin Gives a Great Moral Lesson to Parents.

Speaking of law and the enforcement of discipline in Yellowstone Park, I heard the story of a bear there, which I consider exceedingly important not only as a comment on the discipline of the park, but as a moral lesson to parents in domestic obedience. The story is literally true, and if it were not I should not repeat it, for it would have no value. Mr. Kipling says "the law of the jungle is—obey." This also seems to be the law of Yellowstone Park. There is a lunch station at the upper basin, near Old Faithful, kept by a very intelligent and ingenious man. He got acquainted last year with a she bear, who used to come to his house every day and walk into the kitchen for food for herself and her two cubs. The cubs never came. The keeper got on very intimate terms with the bear, who was always civil and well-behaved, and would take food from his hand (without taking the hand). One day toward sunset the bear came to the kitchen and having received her portion she went out of the back door to carry it to her cubs. To her surprise and anger the cubs were there waiting for her. She laid down the food, and rushed at her infants and gave them a rousing spanking. "She did not cuff them; she spanked them," and then drove them back into the woods, cuffing them and knocking them at every step. When she reached the spot where she had told them to wait, she left them there and returned to the house. And there she stayed in the kitchen for two whole hours, making the disobedient children wait for their food, simply to discipline them and teach them obedience. The explanation is very natural. When the bear leaves her young in a particular place and goes in search of food for them, if they stray away in her absence she has great difficulty in finding them. The mother knew that the safety of her cubs and her own peace of mind depended upon strict discipline in the family. Oh, that we had more such mothers in the United States!—Harper's Magazine.



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