

From the Boston Evening Transcript, May 7, 91.——The Epictotus saying as given by Walt Whitman in his own guite utterly di-lapidated physical case is, "a little spark of soul dragging a great lummux of corpse-body clumsily to and fro around."

We inferred from the tone of this note that while Whitman was not going about, a visit might not be unwelcome. Sir Edwin had a profound admiration for the poet, eruptions and outbreaks we should come to it, he could not say. He had seen one of them in the Civil War. What would be the and was the bearer among other things of a message from Tennyson. He could not, he next? The greed for money was not pleas-ant, the hurry-scurry after the Material, the deadening of finer thought, were distresssaid, pass as it were through the very do-



would come out of it-triumphant, fruitful, although he would never live to see it! It was often in his thoughts, that America of the future, conglomerate, composite Amer-ica, melted, fused; the glowing mass with

But we would come out of it; yes, we

Sir Edwin's Taking Leave. Sir Edwin again invited Whitman to England. "Ah, my legs; look at my legs," he said with a half mournful smile. "Let me have a month of you, sir," said Arnold, "and take you out of these rooms, and sub-mit you to the treatment of some of the skillful Japanese, who know the needs and anatomies of the human body. I would have you in the sir, and again in the com-pany of the sea, and you could take coun-sel with Tennyson and the others, who may keen their years and their genius for a censeep their years and their genius for a century." Then came a gentle upbraiding of Whit-

nothing the matter with you, you're all right. If you have in your own house no con-veniences for keeping hot water on draft constantly, whenever you feel the need of a vigorous application of it go over to your neighbor's and tell her you saw her little son Freddy throwing mud at the meeting house, and heard him swearing and calling people names as they passed by, and you thought, she would be glad to know of it. You'll get into hot water that will make you wear blisters long, long, after Freddy has forgotten what he was scolded about. A strip of flannel four inches wide and Then came a gentle upbraiding of Whit-man for his ecclusion, rally and banter, which the poet took in the best part, in a mild, serious, human way. When the time came to leave, Whitman took one of his

water every morning before breakfast, never fails to insure perfect health. At least I and of the warm personal regard. Long-fellow was the poet of gentleness, as Byron was the poet of nature. have known a good many men who have tried this regimen and without exception every last one of them so long as they lived looked so much like his corpse that after

Sir Edwin's Taking Leave. his death when you went up to the coffin you couldn't help saying, "Howdy, old man?" and we all know there is nothing the matter with a corpse. And when there's nothing the matter with a corpse. And when there's nothing the matter with you, you're all

It was stated by the great recorder of Jewish history, speaking of the land of Egypt after the seventh plague had been sent upon them: "And there was a great ery in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not and "

snow is a great sanitary and hygicalo agent. It purifies the ground and the air, gives new zeal and zest to life, rouses the spirits to a better appreciation of nature, and makes such a change in the monotony of winter weather that every one feels bet-ter for it. These who each manual better DESTROYING EPIDEMIC ABROAD IN ter for it. Those who seek warm climates in the winter miss one of the most exhilarating sights that nature can give. In addi-tion to all of this are the sports of coasting, tobogganing and sleigh riding, which alone can compensate for a great deal of discom-LA.GRIPPE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

fort. The reflection from the snow is also bene-ficial to the complexion, and gives a fresher and purer tinge to the cheeks. Bnow water is one of the best washes that can be applied to the face. It should be gathered from some snow bank where dust and dirt have not accumulated on it, and only a short dis-tance from the surface. Scrape off the top

came from getting burnt out in hotels." "Why, how could that give her reputa-

"Why, how could that give her reputa-tion as an actress?" "It didn't; it only made her name famil-iar. People want to see her play because put up her hands in pathetic astonishment,

\$13 a week and find her own pads."

a hotel."



Whitman at the Age of \$7.

minions of the master without for the moment turning aside to pay him homage. It was arranged that we should visit Whitman in the morning. I think Sir Edwin Arnold showed self-

command in not expressing what must have been in his mind, when repeated inquiries from policemen, and wayfarers in Camden, failed to reveal any knowledge of the very existence of their illustrious townsman. This self-command was not shared by Major Pond. We had not thought of taking the address. It would be so much like going to Weimar with the address of Goethe. At least Sir Edwin had paid Camden the compliment of so believing. The cabman in a mood of despair reined us up at a chemist's with some sad fancy I am afraid that the temper of Major Pond required medical advice. In time, through the Major's diligence, we attained the modest house.

Wrapped In a Wolfskin,

I had written Whitman that he might erpect us, and he gave us a cheery welcome. The attendant said he had not been down stairs for many a day. We climbed to the upper story, found him in a bed chamber looking out on the street. He sat in an ample chair, with a white wolfskin from the Iongelian plains over the shoulders. The floor was littered with papers, some with wrappers unopened, others partly read, higgledy-piggledy everywhere. There was a broad table littered to the edge with books a broad table lintered to the edge with books and papers, a remnant of two or three inches for writing. There were some scattered photographs on the mantel, taded, dusty and stained, one of John W. Forney, with an affectionate message of farewell as he was "off to Europe." The humblest, plainest lodgings, a home of penury. And yet there the proud old man in royal wolfskin robes, with his thin whitened hair and flowing beard, calm, resolute, rather dimune even beard, calm, resolute, rather dimming eyes, voice clear, loud, just a touch of weakness in the hearing, and unable to rise from the seat, because of the paralysis, received us

with quiet, sovereign dignity. Arnold saluted the venerable poet with affectionate tenderness, as a subject might his king, and the honor was received in rethose subjects of mine come from over the seas in answer to my message? If it had a meaning they would surely come. And this is as it should be, even as appointed. This as if you read it in his eyes.

Meeting of Two Notable Figures, Here was the poet of the elder world, the interpreter of the mythologies and creeds of the infinite past, the scholar from the Indies and Japan, never so eloquent as when in praise of moss-covered, medieval, aristo-eratic England, and in honoring church and cravic England, and in honoring church and crown-here was the very poet of conserr-atism, caste and privilege, a most probable Poet Laureate, in homage before the poet of Democracy. The Light of Asia, the Light of the World-face to face with the Light of the Prairie.

Sir Edwin had only the other day left

its Magyar, Saxon, Hebrew, Slavic, eyea Chinese ingredients embedded. What would it be? What would be the type of the ideal America when the twenty-fifth books, and said: "Arnold, this is all I in-tend to say to the fellows on the other side. When you see them you will tell them it is all here." century was in bloom? This was evidently Edwin asked him for his autograph a favorite speculation, and it came rather as a philosophical thought, the meditation of and a line of remembrance. "How shall I write it?" said Whitman; an old man, with only his thoughts for his "Sir Edwin?" "No, omit the sir-let it be Edwin Ar-nold."

companionships, face to face as it were, al-most in touch with the "Que sais-je" of Montaigne.

than in the United States, while Tennyson

had a fame in America that he had never

enjoyed at home. The theory was advanced

Whitman slowly wrote the name and date in a clear, heavy-lined hand-and for a mo-ment paused. "I don't think," he con-tinued, "that I shall add any inscription. You know all I would say to you and to Tennyson and all the other fine fellows, who dear and kind to ma. The inscription Fame of Tennyson and Longfellow. The message from Tennyson through Arnold was the leading theme in the earlier part of the conversation. Whitman was anxious to know if Tennyson had any pieces Tennyson and all the other line fellows, who are so dear and kind to me. The inscrip-tion is inside. And when you see them all, you will give them my loving regards." As we took our leave, which was affection-ate and obserful, Sir Edwin, in accepting the hand of the old man, reverently kissed it, even as if it had been that of his sover-olm and owas. on hand-things written at leisure, to ripen to their fullness and come to light after he had gone. I do not recail that Arnold had any information. Whitman hoped that Teanyson knew how much he was appreciated in America. Arnoid said that this was well understood. There was a comment

from one of the company upon the fact that Longfellow was better known in England eign and queen. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

HABITS OF THE GROUSE

When Frightened He Will Often Fly Di-

that the absence of an international copy-right had permitted cheap editions of Ten-nyson here and of Longiellow in England, rectly Into Danger. orest and Stream.]

and that their fame came where they were Last fall, while on a quail shoot at Kelmost widely read. It was something, however, for "the grand old fellow" at Farringford to know ogg, W. Va., I lodged with my friend Robert Arms, who ventured upon my credulity and, in all honor to his veracity,

I will say I doubt not his story. Said he: "Now, it may seem a thing impossible to you, but what I'm going to tell you is a fact. I was standing on the side of a hill, when someone started a pheasant (ruffed grouse) which came directly toward me. I stood near a tree, and the bird apparently aimed to pass between me and it, and as it did so I made a grab for it and caught it." Now, when we consider the strange vagaries of the grouse, the account does not seem at all incredible. I know one instance of the bird flying from the woods into the village in daylight, and striking the door of the drugstore, where it fell and was caught. At another time I was hunting in Uister county, N. Y., when my beater drove a grouse out of the thicket into the open field where I was stationed in expectation of his flight towards me. I was a considerable thaws. number of yards from the thicket, but he came straight toward me and did not seem

to realize his danger until very near my head, when he seemed to struggle to check his speed, as it were, fluttered, but he did not change his course. As he passed by I wheeled and dropped him. I think I might have reached him with my hand. BAD PROPERTY TO OWN.

A St. Louis Lady Has a Little Strip That She Cannot Get Rid Of.

Whitman as Sir Edwin Saw Him.

that a nation which had never looked on his face had no greater delight than to hear his. words. And the strength of his genius, as words. And the strength of his genius, as Whitman remarked, singing with as much freshness and truth as when he wrote "In Memoriam." One of the company was not sure that his latest were not his best lines. A noble thought, said Whitman, as Sir Edwin recited the latest lines of the Poet Laureate:

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for mel And may there be no meaning of the bar, When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which arew from out the bound. less deep Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And may there be ao sadness of farewell, When I embark;

For the' from out our bourne of Time and Place

forgotten what he was scolded about. A strip of flannel four inches wide and two yards long, wrung out in hot water and wrapped around your throat on going to bed, is a good thing to unwind itself during the night and wriggle down into the bed and twist itself around your legs and make you dream of anakes. There is another way of bringing on dreams and visions of anakes in bed, but this is the cheapest. It is also the easiest to get over.

easiest to get over.

Familiarity Begets Similarity. "Why does a new broom sweep clean?" asked the Wise Man.

"Because," replied the Howling Idiot, who had been in politics himself through three administrations, "it hasn't got used to the dirt yet."

Hints to the Postmaster General. It is all right, this talk of mail delivery at the farmer's door, but the Government wants to remember one thing-really it should be able to remember two or three things, but it won't do to overburden the Government-

it wants to remember that the daily de-livery of mail in the rural districts will have to be preceded by the construction of roads in those districts. If that is not done, the mail carrier will have to learn to fly before they can receive an appointment. A mail carrier who could only walk or ride mail carrier who could only walk or ride would be of no earthly account delivering mail in the country during bad weather. Why, there are millions and millions, maybe more than half as many as that, of places in the country, in this greatest and most progressive and prosperous land in all the universe, where people never dream of the universe, where people never dream of going to the corner's grocer during wet weather of long continuance. Men have pined away and died longing for the health-ful excitement of a game of checkers with Si Bentley, and couldn't get down to the store, four miles, or rather, four mild, away, to have the debauch. The road to perdition is a bad one, as it is often described-I never traveled it myself, although I have been told they have the best pavements in the world—if it is in the world—when you get there—but if really can't be much swfuller than the average country road in America during the fall rains and the spring Why, it isn't so bad, not nearly; can't be,

or else nobody would ever travel it. They wouldn't, just because about nine-tenths of the year they just couldn't. Daily mail the year they just couldn't. Daily mail delivery in the country! Why, it's the craziest notion yet. When it is an old es-tablished fact that the people in the coun-try can't get to the postoffice days at a time, how is the postoffice going to get out to the farm?"

the rural delivery where there are roads that are passable nine months of the year. Then would the rural supervisor get into some new method of roadmaking, other than the time-honored custom of dumping fresh loads of new mud into old mudholes to fill them up. And another good thing for fill them up. And another good thing for the Congressman would grow out of it. We have dredged and dammed all the creeks

sician and the strength of the patient as this pestilence. It does not seem to spread like

pestilence. It does not seem to spread like an ordinary epidemic; it seems to spring from the ground spontaneously everywhere at once. It finds its victims at midday; or, like the destroying angel in Egypt, it un-sheathes its sword to strike the unwary asleep in the dark watches of the night. It enter the back of methodness and enters the hovels of wretchedness and pov-erty, and easily crosses the threshold of wealth and luxury. Doctors seem to be wholly unable to prevent its onset, to stay its ravishes or mitigate its consequences. Is there are helm in Gilard? No seem to be there no balm in Gilead? No succor for the oppressed? Without hesitation or fear of successful

ALARMING MORTAL STATISTICS.

OUR LAND.

MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN WAR

AND FAMINE COMBINED.

synopsis of a Lecture at the Surgical Hote

by Dr. 5, B, Hartman.

REPORTED FOR THE PRESS.

contradiction I answert Yes, there is a preventive for those who have remained, as yet, untouched with this disease, a cure for those who are already its victims, and a complete and permanent restoration for those who have lately escaped its clutches with weakened and deranged bodies from which weakened and deranged bodies from which recovery seems impossible. To those who have thus far excaped this dreadful ail-ment, but are trembling with constant fear of it, I desire to say that a tablespoonful of

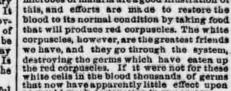
of it, I desire to say that a tablespoonful of Peru-ma, taken-before each meal, is abso-lutely reliable as a preventive against La Grippe; and no one need have any fear of an attack of this disease so long as this treatment is continued. It is ab-solute recklessness, for which there-is little or no excuse, for any one, during the unsettled weather at least, to omit to take this precaution. To those who are already attacked by this disease I would advise: At the appearance of the first advise: At the appearance of the first symptoms treatment should be begun at once, and keep strictly to the house for a few days. No treatment, however effectual it may be, will always prevent quite a long siege with this disease, but no other med-icinal treatment is necessary than Pe-ru-na. The directions, as they are given on the bot-The directions, as they are given on the bot-tle, are more applicable to chronic diseases, and it is advisable, during the acute stages of the disease, to take smaller doses, but oftener. I would direct a tablespoonful of Pe-ru-na every two heurs for adulta, and a correspondingly less dose for children, until, the acute stage is ended.

the acute stage is ended. There are a great multitude of people in, all parts of the land who have entirely lost their health as a result of La Grippe; who have recovered from an attack, but find themselves with weakened nerves, deranged digestion, and with but very little of their former powers. There is no disease known to man that leaves the system in such an outraceous and exasperating condition as outrageous and exasperating condition as La Grippe. The student finds it is impossible

to return to his books, the professional man to his routine of office work, and the work. to his routine of once work, and the work-ing man to his labors, with anything like their old vigor. It is even worse with the housewife and the devotes of fashion, whose debilitating employments make re-cuperation slower. For this class of suffercuperation slower. For this class of suffer-ers Pe-ru-un is a specific; and I do not hesi-twice to guarantee that if anyone will take Pe-ru-ma according to the following direc-tions that in a few weeks they will be en-tirely restored to their accustomed health: Add two ounces of rock candy to each bottle of Pe-ru-ma before using. Take a tablespoonful bofore each meal and at bed-time. Gradually increase this dose until, at the end of one month, you are taking two tablespoonfuls at a dose. This dose should be continued until every vestige of the symptoms disappear.

be continued until every vestige of the symptoms disappear. Anyone desiring further particulars should write The Peru-na Drug Manufac-furing Co., of Columbus, O., for a free copy of the Family Physician No. 2--a most ad-minuble treatise on La Grippe, acute and chronic catarrh, coughs, colds, and all other climatic diseases of winter.

Egypt after the seventh plague had been sent upon them: "And there was a great ory in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not some one dead." Not quite so tragio an utterance is true of our own country at the present time, but certainly it is true that a great plague is abroad in the land; that the first born and last born has been slain in countless house-holds; that parents and infants, without regard to station of circumstances, hare-fallen a preyto the fell destroyer, LaGrippe, Never was there a plague so insidious, so omnipresent, to defy the skill of the phy-siciau and the strength of the patient as this pestilence. It does not seem to spread like Sanitary Agents of the Blood, When the blood is attacked by the germs of disease it is always the red corpuscles which suffer, and by their destruction the person appears white and anaemic. The microbes of malaria are agood illustration of



we have, and they go through the system, destroying the germs which have eaten up the red corpuseles. If it were not for these white cells in the blood thousands of germs that now have apparently little effect upon us would work destruction in our system. They are the sanitary agents of the blood, and their work is of inestimable value, when the malarial germs have entered the system and destroyed the red corpuseles, the white cells immediately proceed to de-stroy the small enemies. A change in the fever is then at hand, and for several days the fever germs are quiescent. Our food produces more red corpuseles, and we grow rapidly better; but meanwhile the malarial germs are multiplying rapidly, and in a short time they begin their destructive work once more, only to be checked in time by the white cells. It is this change which produces the periodicity of malaria. The Function of the Tomsils. Medical discovery has just demonstrated

\$13 a week and find her own pads." "Pads?" "Yes; things to fat up her spindles with so as to be plump and attractive. Well, she got burnt out in a hotel and lost \$30,000 worth of diamonds-" "She? Where'd she get them?" "Goodness knows-given to her, no doubt, by spooney young flats and sappy bald heads in the front row. All the papers were full of it. She struck for higher pay and got it. Well, she got burnt out again and lost all her diamonds, and it gave her such a lift that she went starring." Medical discovery has just demonstrated that the glands in the throat, known as the tonsils, are the workshop for these white cells, and that they are manufactured here. in great quantities. From this workshop the white cells are sent all over the system, like sanitary agents, to destroy all the enemies in the blood, and to preserve the red corpuseles from destruction. Moreover, it has been discovered that they stand at the entrance to the throat, ready to challenge every enemy that enters through the breath or food. This explains why so many of the "Well, if hotel fires are all she's got to depend on to keep up her name, it's, a pretty precarious kind of a reputation I should think." should think." "Not with her. No, anything but that. Because she's so lucky; born lucky, I reckon. Every time there's a hotel fire, she's in it. She's always there—and if she can't be there herself, her diamonds are. Now you can't make anything out of that but just sheer luck." "I never heard of such a thing. She must here her out of such a thing. germs which enter our mouth do not per-form destructive work. They are met, challenged and killed by the white coll sen-

form desiration work. They are met, challenged and killed by the white cell sen-tries in the tonsils. It appears from this that people who are subject to quinsy and inflammation of the tonsils are not so well protected as those who have strong, healthy tonsils. Weak-ened from some cause the workshops of the sanitary agents are attacked by the enemi-and yield to the inroads of the very germ, which they are intended to kill. Extreme caution in the winter time to preserve these glands from colds and irritation might be the means of warding of many diseases of a violent nature. The discoveries are not only interesting, but of great hygienic value. Heretofore medical science has marked the use of these glands as "unknown." A. S. ATEINSON, M. D. got so that the hotels are superstitious about her. They won't let her in. They think there will be a fire; and besides, if she's there, it cancels the insurance. She's

CORNERING THE PLATINUM.

The Effort of a Syndicate That Bought the Product of Russia.

The workings at the Nisjne-Tagilsk platium district in Russia, are let out by a Government concession to Prince Demidoff. Outside miners are permitted to dig on in the country." When they arrived at the scene of the fire the poor old Earl took one glimpse at the melancholy morgue and turned away his face, overcome by the spectacle. He in the country." their own account, but they are obliged under penalty to sell what they get to the proprietary concern. Two years ago a great syndicate bought up the entire product of these mines for some time ahead, and set out to purchase all the scrap platinum ex-isting in the world. But there proved to be "It is too true Hawkins-recognition is impossible; not one of the five could be identified by its nearest friend. You make the selection, I can't bear it." "Which one had I better-" more of the latter than had been counted upon, and so it was found impossible to con-trol the market. Consequently, after going up from 59 to \$18 an onnee, platinum has "Oh, take any of them. Pick out the best one," However, the officers assured the Earl

up from 29 to \$18 an onnee, platinum has now sunk to \$11 an ounce. This metallic substance has never been found in the rocks where it originally ex-isted—in altu, as geologists say—except in the copper mines of Canada, where it was discovered a short time ago in very small quantities and in an entirely new combina-tion, being mixed with arsenie.



what made it familiar, because they don't remember. First, she was at the bottom of "Didn't you do it?" "Who, me? Clah to goodness it's de fust time I've sot eyes on 'em, Miss Polly. Dat's Dan'l. Dat ole moke is losin' his mine." the ladder and absolutely obscure-wages But it wasn't Dan'l, for he was called, and

denied it. "Dey ain't no way to 'splain dat wen hit's

one er dese yer common currences, a body kin reekon maybe de cat-" "Ohl" and a shudder shook Lady Ross.

more to her foundations, "I see it all. Keep away from them-they're his." "His, m'lady?"

"Yes-your young Marse Sellers from England that's burnt up." She was alone with the ashes-alone be-fore she could take half a breath. Then

she went after Mulberry Sellers, purposing to make short work with his programme, whatever it might be; "for," said she, "when his sentimentals are up, he's a numb-skull, and there's no knowing what exskull, and there's no knowing what ex-travagance he'll contrive, if you let him alone." She found him. He had found the flag, and was bringing it. When she heard that his idea was to have the remains "He in state, and invite the Government and the public," she broke it up. She said: "Your intentions are all right; they al-

ways are. You want to do henor to the rehave lost quarts of diamonds."" "Quarts, she's lost bushels of them. It's mains, and surely nobody can find any fault with that, for he was your kin; but you are going the wrong way about it, and you will see it yourself if you stop and think. You can't file around a basket of ashes trying to look sorry for it, and makes of ashes trying to look sorry for it, and makes a sight that is really solemn, because the solemner it is, the more it isn't-anybody can see that. It would be so with one to ket; it would be three times so with three. Well, it stands to reason that if it wouldn't be solemn with one more the wouldn't

been waning a little lately, but the fire will set her up. She lost \$60,000 worth last night." "I think she's a fool. If I had \$60,000 worth of diamonds I wouldn't trust them in be solemn with one mourner, it wouldn't with a procession—and there would be 5,000 people here. I don't know but it would be "I wouldn't either; but you can't teach an actress that. This one's been burnt out 35 times. And yet if there's a hotel fire in San Francisco to-night she's got to bleed again, you mark my words. Perfect as; they say she's got diamonds in every hotel in the country."

people here. I don't know but it would be pretty near ridiculous; I think it would No, Mulberry, they can't lie in state; is would be a mistake. Give that up and think of something else." So he gave it up; and not reluctantly, when he had thought it over and realized here right has injusted.

how right her instinct was. He concluded to merely sit up with the remains-just him-self and Hawkins. Even this seemed a doubtful attention to his wife, but she ofdoubtful attention to his wire, but she di-fered no objection, for it was plain that he bud a quite honest and simple-hearted de-sire to do the friendly and honorable thing it these forlars poor relies which could

sire to do the triendly and honorable thing by these forlorn poor relies which could command no hospitality in this far-off land of strangers but his. He draped the fit about the baskets, put some crape on il door knob and said with satisfaction: "There—he is as comfortable now as w can make him in the circumstances. E.

for they knew him, everybody in Washing-ton knew him—that the position in which these bodies were found made it impossible that any of them could be that of his noble kineman. They pointed out the spot, where, if the newspaper account was correct, he cept-yes, we must strain a point there-one must do as one would wish to be d by-he must have it." "Have what, dear?"

One good thing might come of this ides. however; the Government might establish

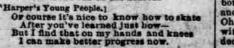
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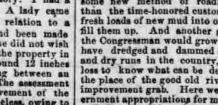
W. C. Marshall, City Counselor, of St. Louis, tells the following story: I had a peculiar case some days ago. A lady came to me to know what to do in relation to a

to me to know what to do in relation to a special tax assessment that had been made against her property which she did not wish to pay. She explained that the property in question was a strip of ground 12 inches wide and 126 feet long, lying between an alley such an improved log. The assessment had been made for the improvement of the alley. As the ground is valueless, owing to its location, she was unwilling to pay taxes upon it.

upon it. upon it. She wanted to sell it to the party owning the adjoining lot, but he did not want to buy, as in its present position it shielded him from special taxes for alley improve-ment. She had also offered to dunate it to

the city, but the city could not receive, as there were unpaid tax bills against it.





and dry runs in the country, and are at a loss to know what can be devised to take the place of the good old river and harbor improvement grab. Here we have it: Gov-

Improvement grab. Here we have it: Gov-ernment appropriations for mail roads! Under the old grab some localities were forced to go to the expense of a steam pump, and in some very destitute towns they had to hand water in barrels in order, to make a creek big enough to get a slack water appropriation on; there was no end of hard work and both ends of much harder ving in order to secure an emropristion

of hard work and both ends of much harder lying in order to secure an appropriation for slack_water improvement. But every county, every township in the land, has a road, or a least s trail through the dust and bottomless mud that passes under that name and is entered on the record as a road. Oh, countrymen what know Opportunity with a big O, and a surplus knocks at our doors! In the language of the gentleman