PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool;
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress and old-fashioned your hat—
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion don't think to escape,
For they criticise them in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease.
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it's not any use—
For people will talk.

—Selected from Old Scrapbook by E. W. Foster.

A Western Lochinvar.

By OLIVER STRANGE.

In 1880 New Mexico was the paradise of desperadoes, and the only respected authority was a 45-calibre single action revolver. Every man carried at least one of these weapons, and when he rode supplemented it with a repeating rifle in a holster strapped to the saddle under his left leg.

Naturally, in such times, it was easy to acquire the reputation of being a "bad man," and many did so without quite deserving it.

Of these, Dan Bevis—familiarly known as "The Dandy," in consequence of a fastidious attention to his appearance in a region where such a matter received scant respect—was one. He was a professional gambler, a term which must not always be deemed synonymous with card sharper. Moreover, he was not a "pigeon" plucker, and it is recorded that on one occasion, finding his opponent greatly his inferior in skill, he handed back his winnings and got up from the table with the remark that "he did not take pupils."

For the rest, he was a good-looking fellow of about thirty years of age, a fine rider, a dead shot with any weapon and possessed of an even temperament which enabled him to accept good or bad fortune with smiling indifference.

Thus, when, on his fourth visit to Deep Hollow, he was conducted to the edge of the settlement by the leading inhabitants, with the emphatic intimation that "if he showed up again he would be hung," he merely shrugged his shoulders, smiled pleasantly, and rode leisurely up the trail in the direction of Santa Fe.

In five days he had financially crippled many of the community. The climax came when one of the sufferers so far forgot himself as to call the gambler a cheat, which resulted in his being crippled in a more unpleasant way. But for the fact that the accuser was also palpably cheating, and was in no danger of dying of his hurt, Dan would have swung then and there.

It was about a week after this event that Miss Virginia West made two important discoveries.

"Jinny" kept house for her stepfather and only relative, who was proprietor of the principal saloon in Deep Hollow, and was generally known as "Bad Brown." Miss Jinny was eighteen years of age and the acknowledged belle of the township.

The saloon was a one-story building of rough pine logs, with a sanded floor and a bar. Back of this bar was a door leading to the living part of the shanty. It was on the other side of this door that Miss Jinny paused, as women do when they want to put a reassuring hand to her hair, and in consequence made the first discovery.

The fact that there was a customer chatting with her relative would not have made the young girl hesitate, but on this occasion she recognized the voice as that of Steve Lupas, a man whom she instinctively feared and avoided.

"He'll come, you bet," he was saying. "He got the note at Santa Fe, an' Parker sez he colored up like a gal when he read it."

"I was afeard he'd know Jinny's hand-write, or suspicion that it was a mighty sudden affection on her part," Brown said.

"Not he," sneered the other. "The dandy thinks every woman is in love with him an' his fine clothes. Snakes, it'll be somethin' to see his face when he finds out how he's bin fooled," and the speaker laughed loudly.

"When will he be here?" Brown asked.

"Pretty soon now, I reckon," was the reply. "Some of the boys are goin' to hide a little way up the trail, wait till he passes and follow him in. Then they'll close up and nail him as soon as he crosses the boundary an' to-morrow mornin' he'll swing."

There was a short silence, and then, in a different tone, the younger man, Lupas, remarked:

"You ain't said anything to Jinny about—about me, I s'pose?"

"No," replied Brown; "it won't do to rush things."

This was untrue, for the speaker had already sounded the young lady anent the question of her becoming Mrs. Lupas, and had met with an emphatic negative. But he dared not divulge this, for he was in the unwelcome suitor's power.

"Well, that's your lookout; but I ain't goin' to wait much longer," was the threatening retort. "You're coming to see the fun, I guess?"

"Yes; Jinny'll take charge."

On hearing this that young lady slipped away from the door, and when she appeared in response to Brown's call her face showed no trace of emotion, but rage, shame and disgust struggled with another feeling which she did not attempt to analyze.

A light step outside broke in upon her reflections, and she looked up to find the subject of them standing in the open doorway. For one moment he stood there, hat in hand, and then—

"Jinny!" he cried, and stepped forward with outstretched arms. The girl shrank back.

"How do you do, Mr. Bevis?" she said coldly. Then, remembering his danger, she cried: "Why are you here? You must go, go at once; do you hear?"

Dan gazed at her in amazement, the brightness dying out of his face.

"I can't follow suit," he said, slowly; "I haven't the cards. You ask why I'm here; well, that's why."

He took a sheet of paper from his breast and laid it on the counter. She snatched it up and read: "Why did you go away without a word? Don't you care? If you do, come and take me away.—Jinny."

"And you believed it?" she cried, sharply, her face flushed and her breast heaving with anger. "You could think me capable of writing that to any man, above all to one who never——"

"Forgive me; I should have known," he said, gently. "I—I am afraid I'm very conceited. Of course, you couldn't care for me?"

"You are forgetting your position, Mr. Bevis. This letter has been forged for the purpose of entrapping you. Every moment that you waste here brings death nearer."

The gambler looked at her steadily for a moment, and her eyes dropped before his. There was something new about him which she could not fathom; an earnestness which she had never noticed before.

"I guess I'll stay," he said, slowly.

The girl stamped her foot angrily, and was about to speak, when——

"Hands up, Dan," cried a sharp voice from the doorway, and the sunshine glinted along the barrel of a rifle leveled at the gambler's heart.

Dan complied instantly with the request, but his eyes were smiling, for Jinny's face had become pale and her lips had uttered a cry of real pain, and this evidence of interest on her part made this quixotic adventurer forget his danger; so that it was with quite an amused expression that he greeted his captors and suffered himself to be disarmed.

"You must be tired of life, Dan, to come here again; what's brought you?" asked one.

"A horse and a gamble," replied the prisoner, airily.

"Pretty high betting; you staked your life," said the other.

"Yes; but it was worth it, if I had won," Dan said, with a slight glance at Jinny.

"But you've lost instead," broke in the sneering tones of Lupas, who understood the allusion.

"True, I've lost," replied the gambler, and this time only Jinny knew the fullness of his meaning.

Then, with a sudden change to his old audacious gayety, he added:

"Come, boys, line up. I've still some of your money left, and my old friend Brown will be delighted to 'set up' the drinks."

The drinks duly consumed, some of the prisoner's former victims proposed a game of cards, and as there was no possible chance of his escaping from the crowded saloon, the game began.

"I'll play you for your horse, Deuce, if you like, Dan; you won't require him again," said Lupas. "I always wanted him."

"You'll have to treat with Miss West, then; I've already presented him to her," said Bevis, with a smile and a bow to the girl.

The words were spoken loudly, and the girl looked up to find Lupas watching her narrowly. For a moment she hesitated, and then she said:

"I shouldn't think of parting with him; he's the best animal for twenty miles 'round."

Her voice was cold, matter of fact, without a trace of emotion, and acted like a douche of ice water on Bevis. Though she had accepted his impromptu gift, it was apparently only for the value of it. He noticed, too, that she never looked at him, and with a sigh devoted himself to the task of winning money he would never have the chance to spend.

The scene next morning formed a fitting sequel to that of the preceding night. The condemned man walked free and unconcernedly to the place of execution, chatting in a casual way with those about to usher him into eternity. One thing alone betrayed—to the initiated—the fact that Dan was a prisoner; he was unarmed.

The preparations were primitive; A tree, a rope with a noose at one end and half a dozen stalwart miners at the other. Dan had seen men die in this way before, and he knew the agony of it. Nevertheless there was a jest on his lips.

"You haven't got that gallows built yet and you need it badly," he remarked.

"We didn't expect you back so soon or we'd had it ready," was the quick retort from one of the crowd. And Dan laughed, for he liked a good return, whether in word or blow.

Erect and with unmoved features he felt the fatal loop tighten around his throat. Then his indifference vanished, and the spectators saw a look of sharp pain on his face. A moment later came a clatter of hoofs, and Jinny, mounted on the gambler's horse, dashed up. Brown and Lupas both sprang forward.

"What are you doing here, Jinny?" asked her stepfather. "This is no place for a girl."

"I've come to say good-by," she replied, calmly enough, though her heart was beating furiously. Then, turning to Lupas, she added, "You need not grudge him that, at least."

The tone and look which accompanied the words were a delightful revelation to the astonished man, and with a glance of triumph at his unfortunate rival, he stepped back.

He was rewarded with a bewildering smile of gratitude, as Jinny, leading her mount, stepped up to where the culprit was standing.

"Dan," she whispered, "I'm going to cut the rope and then you must jump for Deuce and go."

He looked up and she read refusal in his eyes. He had seen her smile at Lupas. But he did not speak.

"Not—if I—come with you, Dan?" she questioned, softly.

For a moment he could not believe his ears, but then she lifted her eyes to his in one single flash, and he knew the truth; he had won. The touch of her arms round his neck and her warm breath on his cheek recalled him.

"But they'll shoot, and may hit you," he whispered.

But his expostulation came too late. A sharp click told that Jinny's hands had not encircled him uselessly, and the rope was severed. At the same time she released him and stepped back a pace. Life was very sweet now, and Dan did not hesitate.

Two bounds and he was astride his horse, and a moment later his strong arms had lifted Jinny up in front of him. The spectators, paralyzed by the unexpectedness of the event, only recovered their senses when the horse bearing his double burden with the utmost ease—was a dozen yards away.

Then Lupas, with a wild yell of anger as he realized how he had been tricked, sprang after them, only to stumble headlong with a bullet in his brain. It was his friend Brown who had fired the shot in an attempt, as he afterward explained, to cripple the fugitive's mount. But as Brown was a notoriously neat shot, and the dead man was hardly in the line of fire, there were some who doubted.

Late in the afternoon the minister of a small but lively mining camp some thirty miles from Deep Hollow earned a sum equal to half his yearly income by the performance of a simple ceremony, and Dan Bevis, having escaped from one noose, very cheerfully surrendered himself to another. As he himself put it, "Matrimony was his strong suit, and he was going his pile on it."—London Paper.

The Question of Influence.

A correspondent, writing on the above subject, refers to an occasional instance to be noted where, instead of striving to make the publication a thing of pleasure and profit for all the family, those in control permit matter to creep in that should be rigidly excluded and so impair or lose altogether the influence that the journal might exert—criticisms that are unjust or unwise, commendations of persons or practices that would better not be noticed, and details of occurrences that would best be let alone. He calls attention to the fact that the home weekly paper is made for the family, and makes the plea that, whatever may be the necessity in the case of dailies, the weekly shall at all events be so conducted that its influence shall be strong for good, and for good only. "Keep your own little weekly," he says, "clean and wholesome. Thus will its influence make this old world a brighter, purer place in which to live and your efforts shall be rewarded, not only in dollars, but in the satisfaction of having wielded an influence for good and not evil from week to week."

The Surrender of Sedan.

Count Hatzfelt, then enjoying much of Bismarck's trust in him and his perfect knowledge of French, played a prominent part in the surrender of Emperor Napoleon III after the battle of Sedan, then arranging the arrangements for the surrender in a letter to his wife, which has been published: "It was a solemn moment when General Reille, galloping up the side of the hill, drew up fifty paces from the King in order to dismount, and then approached bareheaded to deliver the Emperor's letter. The king asked him to wait and withdrew to consult with Bismarck and Moltke. I took advantage of this moment to approach poor Reille to express my sympathy with him. Bismarck then sent for me. Two chairs were placed one on top of the other and I was given pen and paper. The king and Bismarck dictated, and we drew up a draft of the answer. Afterward the king sat down on one of the chairs; Alten held the other as a desk, and I held the ink-bottle and dictated to the king the answer that Reille took with him."

Misfit Corn Husks.

An exchange remarks that considerable trouble is being experienced throughout Indian Territory because the husks do not fit the corn in many of the fields. The husks prepared themselves for corn in dry weather, it seems, and the recent rain has caused the ears to grow so that two husks will be required in the place of one under ordinary circumstances. —Kansas City Star.

Not in His Department.

"Walter," asked the man at the table in the corner the door, "what are these biscuits made of?"

"They look, sir," said the austere, dignified waiter, "as if they were made of Portland cement, but I have no positive knowledge. I have nothing to do with the modus operandi of the cook-room. Shall I change them, sir?"—Chicago Tribune.

How Criminals Are Made.

No man in this country knows more of criminals and the causes which produce them than Mat Pinkerton. He says if children were reared in a right environment criminals would be unknown at the end of one generation, meaning, no doubt, habitual criminals, yet we are practically doing nothing to check the growth of an army of brigands such as now infest some European countries. If anyone questions this statement let them read "Tramping With Tramps," written by an intelligent college-bred man who "struck the road" in order to study the life of this law-defying class at close range.

Let me quote from it. The author says:

"There are four distinct ways by which boys and girls get upon the road. Some are born there, some are driven there, others are enticed there, and still others go there voluntarily.

"Of those who are born on the road, perhaps the least known are the children of the ambulanters. The name is a tramp invention, and not popular among the ambulanters themselves. They prefer to be called gypsies, and try at times, especially when compelled by law to give some account of themselves, to trace their origin to Egypt; but the most of them, I fear, are degenerated Americans. How they have become so is a question which permits of much conjecture, and in giving my own explanation I do not want it to be taken as applicable to the entire class. I know only about fifty families, and not more than half of these at all familiarly, but those whom I do know seem to me to be victims of pure and simple laziness handed down from generation to generation until it has become a chronic family disease. From what they have told me confidentially about their natural history, I picture their forefathers as harmless village 'do-nothings,' who lounged in corner groceries, hung about taverns, and followed the fire engine and the circus. The second generation was probably too numerous for the home parish, and, inheriting the talent for loafing, started out for roomier lounges. It must have wandered far and long, for upon the third generation, the one that I know, the love of roaming descended to such a degree that all North America is none too large for it. Go where one will, in the most dismal woods, the darkest lanes, or on the wildest prairies, there the ambulanter may be found tenting with his large, unkempt family. He comes and goes, as his restless spirit dictates, and the horse and wagon carry him from State to State.

"It is in Illinois that I know his family best. Cavalier John, as he proudly called himself, I remember particularly. He gave me shelter one night in his wagon, as I was toiling along the highway south of Ottawa, and we became such good friends that I traveled with his caravan for three days. And what a caravan it was! A negro wife, five little mulattoes, a deformed white girl, three starved dogs, a sore-eyed cat, a blasphemous parrot, a squeaking squirrel, a bony horse and a canvas-topped wagon, and all were headed 'Texas way.' John had come from Maine originally, but he had picked up his wife in the West, and it was through their united efforts in trickery and clever trading that they had acquired their outfit. So far as I could learn neither of them had done an honest stroke of business. The children ranged from three years to fourteen, and the deformed girl was nearly twenty. John found her among some other ambulanters in Ohio, and, thinking that he might make money out of her physical monstrosities as a 'side show,' cruelly traded off an old fox for her. She ought to have been in an insane asylum, and I hope John has put her there long ago. The other 'kidlets,' as they were nicknamed, were as deformed morally as was the adopted girl physically. They had to beg in every town and village they came to, and at night their father took the oldest with him in his raids on the hen-roosts. It was at town and county fairs, however, that they were the most profitable. Three knew how to pick pockets, and the two youngest gave acrobatic exhibitions. None of them had ever been in school, none could read or write, and the only language they spoke was the one of their class. I have never been able to learn it well, but it is a mixture of Romany and tramp dialect with a dash of English slang.

"On the journey we met another caravan, bound west by way of Chicago. There were two families, and the children numbered sixteen; the oldest ranging from fifteen to twenty, and the youngest had just appeared. We camped together in a wood for a night and a day, and seldom have I sojourned in such company. John had given me a place with him in the wagon, and now the woman with the babe was given the wagon and John and I slept, or tried to, 'in the open.' In the other wagon, both sexes, young and old, were crowded into a space not much larger than the ordinary omnibus, and the vermin would have made sleep impossible to any other order of beings. The next day, being Sunday, was given over to play and revel, and the poor horses had a respite from their sorrows. The children invented a queer sort of game, something like 'shinny,' and used a dried-up cat's head as a ball. They kicked, pounded, scratched and cursed one another; and when the play was over all was well again and the block was tucked away in the wagon for further use. Late at night the journeys were taken up once more, one caravan moving on toward Dakota, and the other toward the Gulf.

"I wonder what has become of that little baby for whom I sat the night out? It is over ten years ago now, and it has probably long since been compelled to play his part in crime, and scratch and fight as his older brothers and sisters did on that autumn morning. Certainly there is nowhere in the world a more ferocious set of children than those of the ambulanters. From morning until night it is one continual snap and bite, and the depraved fathers and mothers look on and grin. They have not the faintest idea of home, and their only outlook in life is some day to have a 'rig' of their own and prowl through the land, seeking whom they may devour. To tame them is a task requiring almost divine patience. I should not know how to go at them. They laugh at tenderness, never say 'Thank you,' and obey their parents only when driven with boot and whip. I wish that I could suggest some gentle method by which they could be rescued from the road and made good men and women. It always seems harsh to apply strict law to delinquents so young and practically innocent, but it is the only remedy I can offer. They must be put under stiff rule and order, and trained strictly and long. Although lacking gipsy blood, they have acquired gipsy character, and it will take generations to get it out of them.

"Another kind of ragamuffin, also born on the road and in many ways akin to the ambulanter, although wanting such classification, is the one found so often in those families which every community supports but relegates to its uttermost boundary line. They are known as 'the McCarthys,' 'the Night-Hawks,' or 'the Holy Frights,' as the case may be. I have found them in the United States of 20,000 inhabitants without some such Whitechapel in its vicinity, and, like famous original, it is often considered dangerous to enter unarmed. Speaking generally, there is a great deal of fiction afloat concerning these tabooed families, a number of them being simply poor or lazy people whom the boys of the vicinity have exaggerated into gangs of desperadoes. They are not exactly out-and-out criminals whom the police can pick up, but moral lepers who by public consent have been sentenced to live without the pale of civilization.

"I cannot leave this division of my theme without saying something about the large army of unfathered children who, to my mind, are just as much born on the road as the less known types. True, many of these are handed over at birth to some family to support, but the greater majority of these families are not one whit better than the ambulanters. They train the orphans put in their care in sin and crime quite as carefully as the hobo does his beggar boy. These are the children who make up the main body of the class I have been considering, and it seems to me that they increase from year to year. At present the only legitimate career for them is that of the outcast, and into it they go. Few, indeed, succeed in gaining a foothold in polite society. Their little lives form the borderland of my second class, the children driven to the road."

The author has evidently looked so long on the "hellward" side of humanity that he ignores in his prophecy the transforming power of love. Instead of its taking several generations to change the disposition of these children of the road, two or three months is all the time needed to change a very large majority of them, provided they are kept under different influences. I say this from years of close personal touch with them, having lived, eaten and slept with thousands of them; in fact, I do not hesitate to say that the most miraculous thing I have witnessed in a long and active life is the sudden transforming power of love, not only of the disposition but of the features of these young lives whom I have been privileged to rescue from evil associations. Not only this, but many of these children exhibit talents far surpassing in intellectual ability that of the children of well-to-do parents.

While it becomes a source of inspiration to those engaged in "mining for men" to dig up from the wreck and ruin of society boys and girls of an unusually high order of intellect, yet, after all, the uplifting of children of ordinary talents, or even those below normal in mental capacity, so that they be kept from becoming the enemies of society and making shipwreck of their own lives, is of the greatest value.

When it is remembered that the society, although but in its formative period, has made it possible for over 24,000 helpless little ones, who were exposed to the worst influences society could place around them, to become good citizens, is it the imagination of a visionary to say that with proper financial backing it can be made one of the most important agencies in the land for the elevation of our citizenship?—W. B. T., in The National Children's Home Finder.

A Few First Aid Hints.

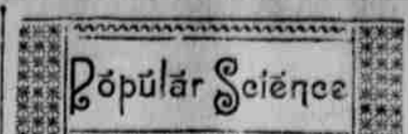
The following first aid advice was given at a meeting of railway surgeons:

"Don't put your finger on an open wound; don't put a quid of tobacco on a wound, no matter how small it may be; don't use cobwebs or hornet's nest to stop bleeding; don't dose the patient with whisky, brandy, rum or gin; don't bind or cover a wound with a handkerchief or rag (if you cannot get a first aid packet use clean old muslin that has been dipped in boiling water for a few minutes); don't sit a patient up when he or she is pale or weak; don't wash a wound, and don't remove blood clots."

These hints are meant for public instruction for those of the laity who may have occasion to extend aid in case of accident.

"Yellows" Are Fading.

The yellow papers are fading, an exchange asserts. The color proved not to be fast, on paper. It is a question, however, whether the bleached yellow is more agreeable than the vivid original color, which was fresh, if disagreeable. Now it is as disagreeable as ever, but is stale.



Lord Kelvin has shown, that while a moderately high voltage of electricity is fatal to life, an exceedingly high voltage is harmless.

Birds differ very much in the heights to which they commonly ascend. The condor, the largest of all vultures and of all flying birds, has been observed soaring over 29,000 feet, or about five miles and a half above the level of the sea.

There is now hardly a town or even a village in the district of Bilboa, especially when situated in the vicinity of running water, where electric light is not used. A great use has been made during the year of electric motors for small industries and workshops, these replacing in many cases small steam engines. As far as Bilbao is concerned, some further 4000 horsepower was introduced from Guipuzcoa, while 1906 will see some 8000 horsepower more employed.

A naturalist relates that the appearance of perch, bream and crayfish in newly cut dams near the Macquarie River, in New South Wales, was at first a perplexing mystery, the fishes even being noticed after the first rains in the dams, and for some years spontaneous generation was regarded as the only possible explanation. Then came a simple and credible solution of the problem in a Sydney zoologist's discovery of half-hatched fish ova on the breast and wings of a wild duck.

Our much neglected sense of smell can be put to important uses. When well developed it may serve in medical diagnosis, and some English physicians have pointed out lately that diabetes, enteric fever, acute rheumatism, plague, abdominal fistula, undressed cancers, erysipelas in some cases, gangrene of the lung, pyaemia, septic mouth, bleeding hemorrhoids and undressed varicose ulcers are among the disorders that emit characteristic odors, and that can be recognized by smell alone. Care is necessary, however, as the physician, after influenza or the taking of alcohol himself, may fancy his own odor to be that of his patient.

Records show great risk to workers in caissons at pressures of four atmospheres, and by divers at depths of 100 to 150 feet, and the British Admiralty has fixed the limit for divers at 120 feet. The most daring pearl and sponge fishers reach 145 feet, accidents being frequent. Lambert, who brought $500,000 from a depth of 160 feet, remained below twenty minutes each trip, taking an equal time in ascending, but at last he was permanently injured by too long a stay below. The deepest recorded dive is 204 feet, but the diver died from too rapid ascent. Two recent British investigators of the effects of high pressure have shut each other into a steel cylinder of a capacity of forty-two feet, with a pump raising the pressure to seven atmospheres in forty minutes. In this pressure they suffered no harm when decompression was gradual and circulation was aided by movements of the body. The conclusion is confirmed that fatal results to divers are due to the rapid decompression.

EIGHT CITIES SUPERPOSED.

Gezer Built on Homes of Cave Dwellers as Old as 3500 B. C.

Excavations of the ancient city of Gezer, mentioned in early sacred and profane history, carried on by members of the Palestine Exploration Fund for the last three years have developed numerous "finds," according to advices from Jerusalem published in the number of the Biblical World recently issued from the University of Chicago press.

Eight cities have been found, superimposed upon each other, on the side of the old defense to the western road to Jerusalem from the mountains of Judah. The culture, history, religion and customs from as far back as 3500 B. C. have been revealed by architecture, jugs, weapons, masonry, etc.

Dr. E. W. G. Masterman, a member of the excavating party, writes as follows:

"The earliest inhabitants lived in caves and made all their weapons and instruments of flint. In the middle period bronze is the only metal known, while at a time roughly synchronous with the coming of Israel, iron appears and gradually replaces bronze.

"Work of excavating is temporarily suspended, as the three years' Turkish firman has expired. It is hoped to get a new firman, when the researches again will be resumed."

Beyond Him.

In the staging of one of his earlier plays, Joseph Jefferson, accompanied by a friend, attended a rehearsal, at which a lively disagreement arose between two of the actresses as to the possession of the centre of the stage during a certain scene. While the manager poured oil upon the troubled waters Jefferson sat carelessly swinging his feet from the rail of an adjoining box. The friend could stand it no longer.

"Good Lord, Jefferson," he exclaimed, "this will ruin your play. Why don't you settle matters? You could if you only would!"

Jefferson shook his head gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye. "No, George," he replied; "the Lord only made one man who could ever manage the sun and the moon, and you remember even he let the stars alone."—Harper's Weekly.

He Lost Nothing.

Harry's mother had given him an apple and told him to peel it before he ate it. Returning to the room after a few moment's absence, and seeing no peeling, she asked:

"Did you peel your apple, Harry?"

"Yes," answered Harry.

"What did you do with the peelings?"

"Ate them."—Harper's Weekly.

The Worst Enemy.

The worst enemy of the good roads movement is the stupid neglect to which the newly-made roads are so often subjected—a neglect which dates from the very day on which they are completed. The indifference of the public and the parsimony of legislatures are not more hurtful to this good cause than the fact that in so many cases the new highways are suffered to fall into disrepair, just as fast as the traffic and the weather can wear them down. It is likely that everyone who reads this statement can call to mind one or more stretches of macadamized road in his immediate neighborhood, which to-day present a surface which is merely a mockery of that over which they rode when the roads were first opened to the public. This rapid deterioration was evident even in the days when the bicycle was popular, and before the automobile had commenced to tear loose the top dressing of the roads and scatter it to the winds under the united traction and suction of its rubber tires. The deterioration of newly-made roads was far too rapid, even in those days; but in this age of the automobile, the rate at which our highways have been torn to pieces, mainly because of lack of maintenance, or of maintenance that is properly applied, is simply appalling.

Of all the works of man that come within the province of the civil engineer, there are few, if any, which call for more careful attention, and more immediate repair on the first signs of disintegration, than the common turnpike macadamized road. Perhaps the nearest to it in this respect are the track and roadbed of a steam railroad; though we doubt if even that heavily-worked system shows the lack of upkeep so quickly as does a frequently-traveled highway. The amount of ignorance, or indifference, displayed in the neglect of new macadamized roads would scarcely be credible to a European, who has been accustomed to witness the watchful care with which the famous roads of Europe are maintained and the very first signs of wear corrected. Instead of keeping a gang of men employed in the constant, day-by-day repair of weak spots, hollows, and ruts, our authorities in many cases seem to think that it is sufficient to spread a few loads of top dressing over the whole surface of the road annually or biennially, as the case may be, and let it go at that. Under this method the solid portions of the road receive just as much care as those which have developed soft spots and show the need of more extended repair. The top dressing serves no better purpose than to temporarily cover up the damage of the last season's travel, and in a few weeks' time the surface is about as badly, if not more, broken up than before. Matters go from bad to worse until there is a call for drastic remedies. In nine cases out of ten the drastic remedy consists in breaking up the entire surface, and practically rebuilding the road.

Now, it has been proved to a demonstration, not merely in Europe, but in certain sections of this country where the maintenance of roads is intelligently and conscientiously carried on, that if the macadamized road be properly built in the first instance, with firm foundation, adequate drainage, and an ample crown to shed the water from its surface; and if a small force of men, answering to the section gang on a steam railroad, be kept constantly employed in repairing any incipient wear of the road, such a highway need never be rebuilt, but will be good for all time. That is the great lesson which needs to be enforced by the advocates of good roads. When it has been brought home, and commissioners have learned to maintain their new roads in absolutely first-class condition, so that the value of a macadamized road will be apparent, not merely in the first few months of its life, but continuously through the succeeding years—then, and not till then, we may look for the rapid extension of a system of macadamized highways throughout the whole of the United States.—Scientific American.

Dustless English Streets.

The streets of Nottingham, England, are sprinkled with water in which chloride of calcium has been dissolved and are therefore dustless. One dressing every three or four weeks is enough to keep them so, even in the hottest weather. The cost is very small.

Oiling Bluegrass Pikes.

The work of oiling seventy-five miles of Fayette County's turnpikes has begun and it is estimated that about 7000 gallons of oil will be required for each mile of road.—Kentucky Farmers' Home Journal.

Importance of Advertising.

A duck which had faithfully stuck to business during the summer and laid several dozen large, fawn-colored eggs, complained that she was not appreciated. "See that hen over there?" said the duck; "she has not laid as many eggs as I have, nor as big, but she has books written about her and verses composed in her honor, while nobody says a word about me." "The trouble with you is," said a wise Buff Leghorn cock that was standing near, "that you do not tell the public what you have done. You lay an egg and waddle off without letting anybody in the neighborhood know it. If you want to cut any ice in this community you must learn to advertise."—Troy (Kansas) Chief.

The City Jay.

A country jay is one who wants to know everything, and a city jay is one who thinks he can tell him.—Mankato (Minn.) Advocate.