

The government cultivation of coffee in the Dutch East Indies is falling off so rapidly that other means have been ordered for raising revenue.

During the last fifty years Great Britain has been at war more frequently than any other nation. The total number of large and small wars waged during that time amounts to about fifty, or one a year.

Perhaps it is owing to Lord Kelvin's paper at Toronto, in which he showed that the existing fuel of the world would only last 500 years, that the Canadian Government has changed its policy with regard to the timber of Manitoba and the Northwest. The heavier belts are to be withdrawn from settlement, and young trees to be saved for the future. Guardians will be appointed to take care of the reserves, especially in the Turtle and Moose Mountain regions. Fires and the cutting of young trees by settlers will be prevented as far as possible. Roads are also to be made through the reserves between the lakes.

Judging from a recent article in a leading English magazine, the political job is not as unknown in Great Britain as some of our fellow countrymen would have us suppose. There is at present a scheme on foot to build over and remodel a large portion of Westminster, the district of London in which Parliament House is situated. New streets are to be opened and old ones closed; houses are to be pulled down and new ones erected. A bill has been prepared which Parliament is expected to pass that will give the promoters of the scheme the right of eminent domain in the section to be improved; and while the bill contains provisions for the preservation of historic churches and other like edifices, it places no restrictions on the sort of buildings that are to surround them, or the sort of streets that are to approach them. The region contains a large tenement district, and it is ostensibly to clear out this district that the undertaking is planned. But the tenements are not especially unhealthy and considerable sections not covered by tenements are included in the scheme.

A writer in the Shoe and Leather Reporter from Lynn, Mass., notes this peculiar incident: A manufacturer employing cutters by the piece reduced the prices for cutting. The workmen accepted the cut. The manufacturer then gave them stock to cut that cost him two to four cents per foot more than the kid he had been using. What was the result? The men, under the reduced scale of prices, using the better grade of stock, earned more wages the first week under the new schedule than during any week for months past. The manufacturer did not put anything into his pocket by making the reduction. He made it go toward purchasing a better grade of upper stock, with the result above noted. Previous to the cut the men had cut a spongy and a very unsatisfactory grade of skin, but under the new arrangement they are provided with stock that does not require planning and stretching, thereby consuming much time in the endeavor to get out satisfactory uppers. This was a case where the men displayed common sense in accepting the reduction.

The annual report for 1897 of the Consumers' League of New York, just published in Harper's Weekly, gives the league's "White List" of the retail houses which approach nearest to the league's standard in their dealings with their employees. The list includes thirty-six names of firms, among which are to be found about a dozen of the large dry-goods concerns, though several of the biggest are not in it. The league's purpose is to make consumers feel responsibility for producers, and by the influence of its members to better the condition of working-women and shop-girls in New York. Its members undertake to favor houses which use their working-women well, and shun those which don't. A fair house, according to the league's standard, is one in which equal work gets equal pay, irrespective of the sex of the worker; in which adults get at least six dollars a week, paid weekly; in which fines go into a fund for employees' benefit; and in which cash girls get at least two dollars a week. The hours of a fair house are from eight to six, with three-quarters of an hour for lunch, and one half-holiday a week for two months in summer. Fair houses also comply with sanitary laws, provide seats for saleswomen (as required by law), use employees humanely, show consideration for fidelity and length of service, and employ no children under fourteen years old.

#### WHY AND WHEREFORE.

I know not whence I came,  
I know not whither I go,  
But the fact stands clear  
That I am here  
In this world of pleasure and woe,  
And out of the mist and murk  
Another truth shines plain—  
It is in my power  
Each day and hour  
To add to its joy or its pain  
I know that the earth exists,  
It is none of my business why,  
I cannot find out  
What it's all about—  
I would but waste time to try.  
My life is a brief, brief thing,  
I am here for a little space,  
And while I stay,  
I would like, if I may,  
To brighten and better the place.

The trouble, I think, with us all  
Is the lack of a high conceit;  
If each man thought  
He was sent to the spot  
To make it a bit more sweet,  
How soon we could gladden the world,  
How easily right all wrong,  
If nobody shirked  
And each one worked  
To help his fellows along.  
Cease wondering why you came;  
Stop looking for faults and flaws;  
Rise up to-day  
In your pride and say:  
I am part of the first great cause;  
Howe'er fail the world may be,  
There is room for an earnest man;  
I had need of me  
Or I would not be—  
I am here to strengthen the plan."  
—Elin Wheeler Wilcox, in Forum.

## THE PALE RIDER.



THEY wrapped Isdale in his blankets when they had outspanned, and placed him under the wagon to shelter him from the night dew. He moaned a little, but seemed unconscious as to who was about him and where he was. They made their fire near him, and sat as close to him as possible, and hoped the boy would slip off that way quietly during the night, without pain. Nothing more could they do to save him. Their experience of the fever made them feel assured his death would be easy, but the great horror was that he should perish in the wild wilderness, and he but six months out from home. For the others, to whom home was but a dim, retreating memory, such an end at any moment would seem natural enough—the expected finale. But the boy! He had read their scraps of his sister's letters to him, because he was so frankly enthusiastic about her and the fortune he was going to amass by making speedily, that he could not get quiet about it. Lions and big game he had longed to meet beyond the Zambesi, but he had left the fever out of his plans. No doubt he had told his sister all about the game. Which one of the party would have to write to her about the deadlier peril which he had not escaped?

The great full moon, which seems to gaze more nearly and more sadly on Africa than on other lands, was directly over the camp. In its light the thin-bushed veldt glimmered as an ocean of silvery billows, close bounded by solemn shadows. From these shadows what would come to the men to-night, stalking unseen through the midst of them, bearing the sword of death?

Copeland laid his pipe down and knelt beside Isdale, feeling his pulse. "How is it?" Paget asked when Jack came back.

"Very feeble. He don't know me at all. Smiles and whispers something about going fishing with Judy in the river. Wants to know why it's so cold to-day on the banks."

"Judy's his sister," Paget said. "He showed me her photo. I fancy they were a lonely pair—playmates." "Fishes in the river, eh?" old Hannen grumbled in his gray beard. "Then it's all up with the kid. It's always the river when they're goin' off. It was so with me, too."

"Somebody laughed grimly. "When did you die, Hannen?" "I didn't. Might say I wouldn't. It was on the Northwest plains of the States, and I was hunting with a party of Eastern swells. Got typho-malarial, same as Isdale got his, don't know how. Nobody else got it. They dropped me at a half abandoned army post, for there was no town near, and put me in the soldiers' hospital. I was in an awful bad way—a most interesting case, the bloomin' doctor told me after, and off my head most of the time, and this! I was afraid of the lookin' glass for a month after it was over. They had swing doors at the end of the ward, an' the bed at the doors was called the death bed, because it was handy, you know, to get a cold man out without disturbing the other patients. So one evening when I was lying in a cot near a big box stove the doctor came round, and 'Put him in the death bed,' says he to the hospital steward, 'he'll go some time to-night.' They thought I couldn't hear, I suppose, but I did, and was too badly sick to care a rap. They changed me, an' put a screen round me, an' left me to die whenever I got ready."

"I suppose I went right off my head again. I had the queerest dreams, off through the prettiest green fields you ever saw, with hedges and daisies an' children playin' in them, only I was cryin' all the time because I was so cold. Somehow I got to a river, not a big one, it seemed, yet it was sort of dark on the other side, and the water was tumblin' down, brown and noisy, like a trout stream in the Scotch hills. I lay down about ten yards from the bank an' it was awful cold. Years and years before a boy I'd been chums with at school had died an' I'd near broke my heart about it. Now, from the other side of that river that boy sang out to me, only his voice wasn't very near like: 'Why don't you come, Jim? You can wade across.' An' somethin' seemed at the same time to be drawin' me to the water. Well, I wouldn't; I was born pigheaded, I suppose. It was too cold an' that settled it. The more the boy called and the more it, whatever it

was, tried to push me an' drag me to the water, the more pigheaded I got. I gritted my teeth an' held on to the bank. Next thing I knew it was mornin' an' the doctor was hustlin' me back to the stove sayin' that I'd a wonderful constitution. That's all. But I tell you the people who made up these songs about 'The Other Side of Jordan' and 'When We meet Beside the River' and all that, knew what they were talkin' about."

"He looked thoughtfully at the moon. "If I hadn't been born pigheaded," he added dreamily, "I might have been havin' good times now with my old chum instead of worryin' my heart out for years in this wuholy country." "Well," said Paget, "if the end of a fever is as easy as that," and he glanced at Isdale, "with green fields and trout streams, I shouldn't mind that way so much, though I've always thought I'd prefer a bullet."

"But it isn't always that, said Copeland. "I think, sometimes, death never comes twice in the same form. But, don't you know, I'm sure that, under certain conditions, people whom—don't you know, he—death, you know, wasn't after at all, might know, you know, he was near at hand. I'll tell you what I mean—if I can, you know, I was really beastly sick when I was in the sixth form, with small-pox, and lots of other fellows were down, too. There were three or four of us in the sick bay and we pulled out all right in the end, except one. We who were convalescent were put in a room by ourselves and had a racking time getting well, feeding like pigs and treated like angels. But Wyking, who was horribly ill, they left with trained nurses and all that kind of thing, you know, in the sick bay."

"I was pretty weak and one night I woke up about 12 o'clock with the most ghastly feeling. I could barely breathe and I couldn't cry out for the nurse. I knew somehow at once that death was in the house. I was covered with a cold sweat and my breath seemed to come with terrible effort. I thought it was me who was wanted and I never thought of praying, you know, or anything like that. I did like Hannen. I bit the pillow and held on desperately. I fancy it lasted about ten minutes, and then there was suddenly the sweetest relief. The sweat passed, I breathed gently and went to sleep again, but I knew death had passed and taken somebody."

"In the early morning I was awake when the nurse came with her medicines, and I asked her at once, 'What time did Charley die?' Charley, you know, was the boy left in the sick bay. She stared and gaped and asked me who had been in the room talking to me. I told her 'nobody.' She looked frightened, and told me I was foolish to think of such nonsense, and all that sort of thing, you know. But she ran out and brought in the doctor, who chaffed me, you know, but felt my pulse and his eyes looked strange. They stuck it out between them that Charley was all right, but I knew from their eyes they were afraid to tell the truth, because of the shock it might give us in our weak state. They owned up after we were strong that Charley did die at 12 o'clock that night. But why, I wonder, you know, did Death pass so close to me on his way? The other fellows rested quietly that night, and Charley was too far off in that big school for me to hear any noise in his room."

Paget rose up and whispered to Isdale to ask if he wished for anything, but the sick lad was unconscious. "He'll remain like that, do you think?" he asked softly as he came back to the fire. No one answered. The moon was sailing now toward the shadowy peaks of the gloomy distant mountains. From the darkness of the far veldt came suddenly the long alarmed cry of a deer pounced on by a lion. Isdale muttered and moved, and Copeland threw wood on the fire and stirred it into a fierce blaze. A low voice spoke from the side of the flames furthest from the wagon.

"You were right, Mr. Copeland," said Maynard, the old elephant hunter, "right according to my idea about Death coming never twice in just the same shape. It seems to me he studies the man he's sent after, and has his orders to disguise himself according—merciful or vengeful. But there may be more than that. I saw something once which made me think that the Lord sometimes allows a wronged dead man to come back at the appointed time and do Death's work. It was in the north Transvaal country, long before gold was found on the Witwatersrand, but a man called Blakely and I were prospecting and keeping as far away as we could from the Boers on one hand and the Zulus on the other. We built a hut in a ravine in the hills and lay

close. There I was taken ill, and Blakely nursed me, and when I was nearly well it was his turn and I nursed him.

"Blakely was always a silent, glum chap, and no particular pal of mine, but we had taken up together, because two's better than one, and there was nobody else about in Kimberley at the time we started out willing to risk his life prospecting in that wild country, for this thing was before the Zulu war. Blakely was sick. I soon saw his chances were mighty slim to pull through. He had never talked to me before of where he'd come from or what he'd been doing, but now he got delirious, and began chattering at a great rate. I wasn't more than half recovered myself, weak as a girl, and a sight more nervous than most girls. When he began to talk to people I had never heard of, as if they were present, and to talk, too, of things that made me white to hear, of all alone in that silent, lonely hut in these horrible, gloomy, watching mountains, I had a mind to cut and run. But whatever he had been, he was my mate now, and I stuck by him, wondering if I'd have strength enough to bury him decently deep. One night the rains came on, and you know what they are in the mountains. The water came down with a crashing roar on the huge gray rocks which high equalled the rolling thunder peals in the clouds. I wanted a comrade bad that night. I'd have welcomed a Zulu, Blakely was raving, and I was trembling so with weakness and nervous fear I could not bring him a cup of water without spilling it. Then what must he do? What but get it into his crazy head I was a priest, and he wanted to confess. He got out of his blankets and came to the log of wood I was sitting on, or shaking on, and knelt at my knees. In his delirium he was far stronger than I was, and I couldn't push him away. He blurted it all out, with all that crash of clouds and roar of rain to emphasize the eternal horror of it.

"Those ghastly hills are full of the ghosts of people long dead, seekers for gold. Men may laugh at the notion, but spend a day and a night among them alone, and you'll know it for certain. They were all out that night in the storm, and about our hut, and Blakely knew it, too, for I ever a man was in a hurry to confess and get absolution, he was that night. I'm not going to tell you the story in full. Indeed, he was often incoherent. He'd been in Australia with a chap he called simply Tom, prospecting, of course. They'd had bad luck, and were about giving it up when Tom got news from home inclosing a draft for some hundreds of pounds, a legacy left him. Off the two went to town to cash the draft, and I suppose Blakely thought that Tom would use the money to start the two afresh. But Tom was sick of it, and wanted to get back to England. I tell you, it was a beastly cruel thing to sit shivering on that log and listen to Blakely excusing himself for what he did. Tom cashed his draft in gold and Blakely, when they were staying in the same room in a tavern where they had been drinking that night, crept to his sleeping mate's bunk, dashed a knife into his heart, and took the money and got away. It eased the wretch to confess, for he slipped back to his blankets and lay on his back, quiet, with his eyes closed. The storm kept up, and I sat sweating there, afraid to stay with the murderer and afraid to go out among the howling devils in the hills. I was so weak and unstrung I sat just moaning and crying and stuffing my ears against the riot of the rains."

"First I knew I began to shiver with a chill, and—just like Mr. Copeland when he was at school—I felt death coming and thought it was for me. I was nearer dead than alive. The hut grew cold as an ice box and suddenly, as I shivered, the strip of canvas we had fastened for a door was pulled aside and in walked a likely looking young fellow, calm as could be. He was dressed in a shabby blue shirt and loose jacket, broad slouch hat and heavy miner's boots and he carried a long open clasp knife in his right hand. He paid no attention to me, but walked straight to Blakely's side with an ugly look.

"'Hello, Blakely!' he said, 'where's that gold of mine?'" "Blakely opened his eyes with a gurgle in his throat and tried to scream out and couldn't; but the look on his face was fearful. The miner waited for no answer, but raised his knife and dashed it down on the murderer's breast. 'Go! Don't call out or move. But just as the point touched Blakely's skin it stopped and the miner and it were gone, not out of the door—God knows how. Then my mate found voice and strength and sat up in bed and screamed—a fearful scream, and he fell back, turning to me.

"'Water,' he whispered. 'Oh, may, I thought I was gone—I had such a horrible dream!'" "I couldn't move; I couldn't get him water; I could only sit and shake and try to pray. Blakely closed his eyes again, moaning weakly, and so lay until the hut grew cold again and the canvas was lifted aside and the miner stepped in as before and up to the blankets. His face wore a hideous, mocking, cruel smile.

"'Halloo, Blakely!' he said, 'where's that gold of mine?'" "Halloo, Blakely!' he said, 'where's that gold of mine?'" "Again Blakely gurgled with terror-stricken eyes, and again the knife fell and again stopped just in time. The miner vanished and Blakely screamed in agony, and then turned to me and begged me to give him a drink and hold his hand.

"'I'm dyin'; I'm dyin'; I'm dyin'; I'm going! Tom's come for me!'" "Lord forgive me! I couldn't move, save to slip to the ground and hide my face, and say over and over

the Lord's Prayer, while Blakely moaned and muttered and howled. I heard the miner again, but I dared not look up.

"'Halloo, Blakely!' he said, 'where's that gold of mine?'" "I heard it again and again through that long, hideous night! Death playing at cat and mouse, and I lay there, shivering one minute and sweating the next, while Blakely's screams and cries for help and for the priest rose shrilly above the noise of the rain and the thunder. At last I heard the miner's voice sound out with a shout of vindictive triumph:

"'Come, Blakely, come!'" "There was a long, long series of howls, and I heard Blakely struggle and gurgle and choke, and then it was all still, and the hut grew warmer. When I dared to look up the storm had dribbled off and it was dawn. That," said the old elephant hunter, "was one shape Death took in passing."

Nobody spoke. The fire was failing, but nobody moved to revive it. The moon was on the ragged reef of topmost peaks, and the shadows were closing in about the party, while Jacks yelped and whined dismally in their unseen depths. The old hunter bent forward to relight his pipe with an ember, and just then there was a weak cry of pleasure from the bundle of blankets under the wagon. The men started up and Paget stooped to pass his arm under Isdale's shoulders. The boy was struggling to sit up and the firelight showed his face, his eyes kindled with joy. He stretched out his arms, oblivious of Paget, of all of us.

"'Judy, Judy!'" he said quite clearly. "I've been looking for you this side ever so long. How did you get across? Stay there—I'm coming—I'm coming. It's not deep, but it's cold—so cold!"

"He dropped back and Paget covered his face as the others stood about, uncovered.

Two days afterward Penby and his Kaffir rode into camp, after two weeks' absence, with medicines and the mail he had been sent for. There was a letter with a deep black border for Isdale.

"Of course," said old Hannen. "She's dead. Judy was dead before him. He saw her on the other side." —New York Sun.

**Hodgkins' Disease.** Hodgkins' disease, which caused the death of a Yale student, is a curious, but, fortunately, a comparatively rare affection. It is characterized by the appearance of glandular tumors, first appearing in the neck and armpits and extending in groups throughout other portions of the body. Young adults are the most frequent subjects. The malady is always associated with impoverishment of the blood and the relative increase of its white cells, and with marked enlargement of the spleen and changes in the bone marrow, and generally ends fatally within two years after the first appearance of symptoms. The swellings, which are at first isolated, vary from the size of a bean to that of a hen's egg, and finally multiply and coalesce, forming an almost continuous chain of growths, those encircling the neck being often larger in circumference than the head. The early removal of the primary enlargements is sometimes beneficial and occasionally curative, but, as a rule, the fundamental error of nutrition, which is at the bottom of all the trouble, is scarcely possible of correction by internal remedies. The predisposing causes of the disease are not hereditary in character. In a fair proportion of cases the initiatory swelling of the glands is caused by some comparatively trivial ailment, such as an ulcerated tooth, an inflamed throat or a "running" ear. Life is terminated by exhaustion. Sometimes, however, death results from suffocation or from starvation in consequence of obstructive growths in the throat. —New York Herald.

**Salt.** There are many interesting facts connected with salt which it were sometimes to remember. To begin with the name itself, a curious fact to be noted. Salt was formerly regarded as a compound resulting from the union of hydro-chloric (or, as it is used to be called, muriatic) acid and soda, and hence the generic term of salt was applied to all substances produced by the combination of a base with an acid. Sir Humphrey Davy, however, showed that during their action on each other both the acid and the alkali underwent decomposition, and that, while water is formed by the union of the oxygen of the alkali and the hydrogen of the acid, the sodium of the former combines with the chlorine of the latter to form chloride of sodium, and this term is the scientific designation of salt, which, paradoxical as it may seem, is not a salt. At one time nearly the whole of the salt used as food and for industrial purposes was obtained from the sea, and in many countries where the climate is dry and warm, and which have a convenient seaboard, a great quantity of salt is still obtained. In Portugal more than 250,000 tons are annually produced, and the same quantity approximately is obtained on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of France. Spain has salt works in the Balearic Islands, the Bay of Cadiz and elsewhere, which turn out annually 200,000 tons, and even the small seaboard of Austria produces from 70,000 to 100,000 tons.

**Four Hundred Thousand Cats.** There are said to be 400,000 cats in London, of which half are "unattached," and live largely on refuse. In one district near a very large and famous brewery in London the sport of cats goes regularly as soon as the brewery gates are open to hunt rats in the brewery "stores."

## GOOD ROADS NOTES.

**Value of Good Roads Everywhere.** For many years past the farmers and suburban residents of this great republic have had at work helping the railroads extend their lines everywhere. "Just get a railroad through my property, and my fortune is made," has been the expression of more than one extensive landowner. And he has gotten the railroads, with great benefit to himself and his vicinity. By their means he has been enabled to get out to the centres of civilization, and to bring his produce to good markets.

Long ago he should have devised some way by which the public highway could be improved and made even more useful to him than the steel tracks of the great trunk lines. There is at present under consideration a plan for the introduction of horseless carriages, with wide-tired wheels, for the main thoroughfares, through thickly settled localities, the carriage itself to be of the ordinary pattern, and coupled to it one or more cars, of very light and strong construction. This vehicle could be run regardless of the grade, and, to some extent, of the state of the roads. Ruts and ridges of any ordinary character will not obstruct the progress of this car, neither will the weather have any effect upon it.

The horseman's worry is his horse and harness, and all anxiety on this score is done away with by the horseless carriage. The running gear of the vehicle will be placed under a metal guard, resembling an old-fashioned dripping pan inverted. This affords protection to the gear, and confines the mud to the lower portion of the equipment, conducting generally to the comfort and the cleanliness of the passengers and car alike. While a high rate of speed would be desirable, it is not expected that this will be one of the main points, although excellent time can be made where the roads are good. This plan will unquestionably necessitate the widening of the ordinary track; but this is a matter very easily managed. If only wide-tired vehicles were used, the cost of work on roads would be reduced to a very low figure. Imagine a horseless carriage with a six or eight-inch steel tire, which would act like a roller, and smooth down most of the irregularities on the roadway.

The suggestion that there would be bumping and bouncing is scarcely worth consideration. Jolting comes from sudden contact with a single point. A wide tire wheel would cover so much surface at one time that most of the jolting could be avoided, and, except upon very hard, frozen ground, would wear down the surface as it went, leaving nothing to bounce and bump on.

It is an interesting fact that much of the good-roads enthusiasm has been stirred up by the manufacturers and riders of bicycles. The wheeler man must have a good road, and there being so many of him, the beginning of the movement was not in the least difficult. Too much cannot be said against the inertness of certain localities and the atrocious management of certain bits of road. There are regions where one may ride for miles upon roads that are almost as smooth as a floor; then suddenly the rider encounters—which is a veritable Slough of Despond—a long stretch of deep holes, ridges and cut-up surface, which is a disgrace to the community that tolerates it.

It is the sheerest nonsense to say that such pieces of road cannot be made passable. Such assertions show more and more clearly the need of Government supervision of roads, and the importance of intelligent and painstaking work from the foundation to the surface. —New York Ledger.

**The Ravages of Narrow Tires.** For the first few days after the steam rollers are taken off the new highways "they are dreams," says the Springfield News, "the best thing on earth, smooth as a table, and yielding and elastic. Then the narrow tire begins to put in its work, cutting them like a knife, first disintegrating the surface, and later on knocking the foundations to pieces. Once the surface is disturbed, the rain does the rest, even if the constantly passing narrow-tired vehicles did not help it out.

"As long as narrow tires are allowed for heavy loads, no such thing as a satisfactory macadam roadbed is possible. The case is much worse with dirt roads. The knife tire cuts through quicker, and the water tears them to nothing quicker. There is no reason why dirt roads should not prove satisfactory in country districts if wide tires for loaded teams were required, with wheels which do not track. The sooner a State law is enacted to carry out this idea, and the sooner will taxpayers have relief, and good roads be in sight.

"But do not let our legislators forget for a moment that wide tires without a provision that the back wheels shall run in a different track from the forward wheels is only half the battle, if as much as half. Six-inch tires, with the rear wheels running right behind the forward ones, would only smooth one foot of the road on a trip. Make the wheels run in different tracks, and we will have two feet rolled each trip. Allowing for teams passing each other, each keeping to its side of the centre line, and we find four feet rolled, and, making due allowance for teams not taking their extreme right, unless required, it is reasonable to expect that nearly the whole roadbed would, in turn, receive its share of rolling instead, as now, of being cut deeply and disastrously with every trip."

## A New Jersey Estimate.

The annual report of the State Road Commissioner of New Jersey makes the following statement of the cost of haulage on various roads, and shows very concisely where the advantages of good surface and light grades come in. He says:

"It costs 91 cents per bushel to ship wheat from Chicago to New York, a distance of 900 miles; it costs three cents a bushel to haul wheat on a level road a distance of five miles, and on a sandy road it would cost nine cents per mile to haul it. The saving on a bushel of wheat with good roads for a distance of five miles would be equivalent to that of 600 miles of transportation by steamer or canal boat, or 375 miles by railroad. One mile of good roads would make a saving equal to seventy-five miles of railroad transportation. Thus every mile of good roads places the producer seventy-five miles by rail nearer to the markets. It is estimated that the cost of hauling 500,000,000 tons of farm produce to market is \$2 per ton, or just about \$1,000,000,000; it is also estimated that about sixty per cent. of this last amount, or \$600,000,000 would be saved each year if farmers were able to do this hauling over good roads."

**One Way of Preserving Roads.** To protect and preserve the highways by withdrawing them from public use at times when they are likely to be injured by heavy travel is certainly a unique method of providing for the public welfare, but this is what the Kentucky statutes say:

"Any corporation, company or individual who may, by unusual use of a road, materially damage the same, shall repair all damages caused by the use of such road or roads. The supervisor or overseer of roads shall, at any time when necessary, notify said corporations, companies or individuals of their duty as provided in this section; and should the said parties so notified fail, in a reasonable length of time, to be filed in the notice, to make such repairs, such parties shall be deemed guilty of obstructing the public roads and shall be subject to a fine of not exceeding \$100, to be applied to road purposes."

**The Weakest Link.** Like a chain, a road is no stronger or better than its weakest link. In a highway there are many links which may be poor, weak or defective. Whatever or wherever the cause of inferiority may be, the efficiency of the whole road is thereby reduced to a level with that of its most inferior part. If drainage is inadequate, and water accumulates, the heavy hauling results; if there is a single steep grade, the size of load that can be transported is materially reduced; if the connection between points is indirect, due to square corners, much time is wasted; if care and repair are irregular and unintelligent, money and labor are spent in vain. The remedy is, lay out the course of the road judiciously, build it scientifically and care for it constantly. —Good Roads Bulletin.

**Distanced by Europe.** Americans must feel some disappointment, since their country has long been famous for its quickness and skill in adopting mechanical and scientific discoveries for business purposes, when they realize that European cities are far surpassing any of ours in the use of horseless vehicles. Until we have better roads and better street pavements we must submit to the humiliation of being distanced by Germany, France and England in one of the most interesting and important phases of modern progress. It is one of the penalties we pay for make-shift highways and for the folly which permits the use upon them of destructively narrow tires. —Cleveland Leader.

**Good Roads and the Mills.** If country roads were generally improved by the modern plan of road building there would not be much delay in providing free delivery through the more populous parts of the country. One reason why England delivers mail from house to house in the country, as well as in the city, is because the country roads are in so fine condition that the work of delivery is greatly expedited. If there were English roads all through the Middle and Eastern States it would not be a great undertaking for this Government to establish free delivery in those sections. —Syracuse (N. Y.) Post.

**Tires.** If our political providences insure that only wide tires for heavy loads shall be used on the new roads they will be a permanent blessing. But if the old style of tires is permitted to tear them to pieces it will not be many years before we have nothing but the tax bills to remember them by. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Good Roads Are Good Investments.** When the farmers can be brought to see that good roads constructed with State aid mean money in their pockets, as has been demonstrated in New Jersey, good roads will become as common as bad roads are now. —Philadelphia Press.

**A "Bad Roads Map."** A "bad roads map" of Illinois is being prepared by the State Division, L. A. W., to be sent to the Legislature and all the newspapers in the State. Such a map would be an "eye-opener" in almost any State in the Union. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

**Rope Skipping and Meningitis.** A New York school girl died recently from meningitis, brought on from over-indulgence of rope skipping. This fact may be of interest to mothers of sundry small maidens too much addicted to a practice which is healthful enough when moderately indulged in.