

LIBERTY.

What man is there so bold that he should say,
 "Thus and thus only I have the sea?"
 For whether lying calm and beautiful,
 Cleansing the earth in love or throwing back
 The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst,
 Or whether, freshened by busy winds,
 It bears the trade and navies of the world
 To ends of use or storm activity,
 Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
 To elemental fury, howls and roars
 At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
 Of rain drums the blood of living things
 And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate
 shore,
 Always it is the sea, and men how down
 Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will thimorous ones essay
 To set the metes and bounds of liberty,
 For freedom is its own eternal law.
 It makes its own conditions and in storm
 Or calm alike fulfills the unerring will.
 Let us not then despise it when it lies
 Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
 Of gadflies evils hovers round its head,
 Nor doubt it when in mad, disquieted times
 It shakes the torch of terror and its cry
 Shrilts o'er the quaking earth and in the flame
 Of riot and war we see its awful form
 Rise by the scaffold where the crimson ax
 Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering
 kings,
 For always in thine eyes, O Liberty,
 Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
 And, though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!

THE APACHE

A STORY OF TWO CHILDREN
 AND AN INDIAN.

Not every Apache can get his fill of blood before sun up and his fill of mesal before noon. Yet Coyote That Bites had managed to achieve both those delightful ends, and of all the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously, tumultuously happy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Jose Sanchez and his wife after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle! And then, when he had taken what gold was in the Mexican's bag, what mesal was in his demijohn, and had strapped Jose's rather loose fitting cartridge belt about his sun brown belly, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder had wandered far down the dry arroyo, sipping from the demijohn the stupefying juice of the agave from time to time until he felt that he was growing drowsy!

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along until he had come to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one should come along the track and then try a shot at him with his newly acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing light, and the rifle was growing heavy. Well, it was getting toward noon and rather warm even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires had a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth than sleep took a mighty hold upon him and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side and his unspeakably hideous face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the murmur of the wires. Stay; there were other sounds, but they came some time after Coyote That Bites had thrown himself upon the sand and gone off to the land of Nod. They came faintly at first and mingled with the murmurs of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the wee Mexican children whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning, but he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway, those tones that now piped forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay tramped down the line. They were walking to the scoop out along the roadbed, not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station, but Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay. "F on'y had sun matches to build a fire wiv," sighed Dubs. "I'd burn off vese prickles jus' like vese Injuns does."

"O-oh" came suddenly from under Gay's sunbonnet. "Wot's dat?" "W'y, it's a jug!" And Dubs left the "toonies" and started toward the pile of rocks where lay the Coyote's demijohn and where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms, for he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep and no more to be feared than papa when he lay on the lounge in his midday repose. Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was a "worky" Injun, like the Yaquis, who shoveled and picked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

Coyote's leg. Perhaps the mesal's influence was on the wane, for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side, but the hand fell and the noble red man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buckhorn handle.

"It's bigger'n mommie's butcher knife, ahn't it, Gay?" the young savage asked as he grasped the handle of the devilish looking blade. "Now, you 'tand over vere, and I'll get 'hind vis wock. Ven you tum along, I'll jump out and kill you."

Gay demurred. "Oh, it's on'y make b'leve, Vese kind o' Injuns don't kill nobody." And he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y 'Paches 'at kills, an' vey's none yound here, mommie says. I'm a 'Pache, so you better look out."

It was a dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've hooked him up an' 'pooled it all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough, the Coyote That Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mesal held him down. So, after turning over and burying his hatchetlike face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell, but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon nearly an hour, while Gay poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long shaft, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mesal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or, much less, a "swift" brushing against his black foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a grease wood twig the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were murmuring louder than ever. The wee ones had sported in the black shadows long enough—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station a "dust devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote That Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop and started about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was the cartridge belt empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little footprints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eyes rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniacal ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges—where were they? He saw Gay's mound of sand and, kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, granting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station he knew that he was late—too late—and he gave a grunt of disgust and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sunset.

In the low roofed station house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked over the desert, saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots, saw the prickly pear shrubs holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon and felt the inspiration of the scene, as she had often felt it before, for the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities and in the cool, green valleys might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm where she sat, and little Gay nestled down with a tired sigh. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful.

And in truth there was.

CASTORIA
 For Infants and Children.
 The Kind You Have Always Bought
 Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Williams*

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the South.

Possibly the most general conception of the old life at the south held by the rest of the country is that drawn from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a work which, whatever its truth in detail—and there was doubtless much truth—yet by reason of its omissions and its grouping contained even more untruth as a correct picture of a civilization, says Thomas Nelson Page in The Atlantic. As an argument against the evils inherent in slavery it was unanswerable; as a presentation of the life it undertook to mirror it was rather a piece of emotional fiction, infused with the spirit of an able and sincere but only partially informed partisan, than a correct reflection. It served a purpose far beyond the dream and possibly even the intention of its author. It did much to hasten the overthrow of slavery. It did no less to stain the reputation of the south and obscure what was worthy and fine in its life. From that time the people of the south were regarded, outside its own border, much—as, shall we say, China is regarded to-day—as one of the effete peoples, as an obstacle in the path of advance and possibly among many as an object of righteous spoil.

A Formidable Meal.
 Sometimes the names given to different varieties of plants and vegetables are confusing, not to say startling. It sounds as if one had indulged in a most aesthetic meal to say, "I have just eaten an early rose." But when one remembers that Early Rose is the name of a popular variety of potato the estheticism vanishes. Potatoes seem to be especially liable to have names bestowed on them which have a most "un edible" sound.

Two women out on a bicycle tour became hungry, and there was no inn in sight, but there was a farmhouse near by, and an old man was pottering about in the adjacent potato patch. To him they appealed for food. He promised to do what he could, saying that, at any rate, he could assure them of good potatoes, as he had every variety in his garden. The women enjoyed the meal and especially commended the potatoes.

"Yes," said the farmer, "you have not done so badly. You have eaten two Scotchmasters, two Blacksmiths, four Kidneys and a couple of White Elephants."

Three Ways.
 An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotshman, making a tour around the city a short time since, were observed looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful young woman serving in the shop.

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. Patrick, "do let us be after spending half a crown with the dear cratzer, that we may look at her conveniently and have a bit of chat wid her."

"You extravagant dog," said Mr. Bull. "I'm sure one-half of the money will be sufficient. But let us go in, by all means. She's a charming girl."
 "Ah, wait a wee," interposed Mr. McAndrew. "Dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose equally well just to ask the bonnie lassie to gie us twa sixpences for a shilling and inquire where Mr. Tompkins's house and sic like. We're no hungry and may as well save the siller."—Birmingham Mercury.

A Lake's Jawbreaking Name.
 The town of Webster, Mass., has always been proud of the beautiful little lake within its limits, but never boasted of the jawbreaking name by which it is known. The lake has the longest and most unpronounceable name of any in the world, and residents and visitors who pass the summer on its shores and islands are quietly suggesting a substitute for the unwieldy Indian term which for many years has been applied to this body of water. The full name of the lake is Chargogagoggamanchogaggogagungamaug, but the residents have contracted it to Chaubunagungamaug.—Engineer.

Origin of Ice Cream Soda.
 According to a Wisconsin legend, ice cream soda had its origin in Milwaukee, the town that made lager beer famous. A confectioner whose trade was among the wealthy used to make a good, rich soda water by adding to it, when drawn, pure cream. His trade rapidly increased, and one night when he had a crowd to serve he ran out of cream. In desperation he used a small quantity of ice cream to give the drink the proper rich consistency, and what resulted is history.—Beverages.

The Eight Hour Day.
 The eight hour day is not such a new thing. On April 2, 1792, the town of Partridgefield, Mass., now Peru, voted "to grant £150 for repairing highways in said town, to be worked out 2 thirds in June next, at 3s 6d per day, and the other third in September at 3s per day. Eight hours in a day to be Deemed a Day's Work."

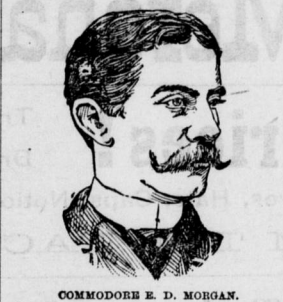
She Agreed With Him.
 Husband—But you must admit that my taste is better than yours.
 Wife—Yes, of course it is.
 Husband—I'm surprised to hear you say so.
 Wife—Oh, there's nothing remarkable about it! The mere fact that you married me and I married you proves it.—Answers.

Probably.
 Willie—Pa, what are false eyes made of?
 Pa—Glass.
 Willie—But what kind of glass?
 Pa—Oh—er—looking glass, I suppose. Now, run off to bed.—Philadelphia Press.

I have come to the conclusion that it is good to work hard. It makes one enjoy food and play and sleep so keenly. —George Du Maurier.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Owner of the Columbia.
 This year's cup defender, the Columbia, the same that so thoroughly defeated Sir Thomas L. on's Shamrock I, two years ago, is owned by a syndicate composed of members of the New York Yacht club. It is necessary to sail under a specific ownership, ac-



COMMODORE E. D. MORGAN.
 According to the rules governing these events. In 1890 C. Oliver Iselin was chosen managing owner by the Columbia syndicate. This year Commodore E. D. Morgan was selected as the syndicate's representative. E. D. Morgan is one of the prominent and active members of the New York Yacht club.

King Edward and the Reporters.
 It is really too bad that his majesty of England should be offended at the attention paid him by the press and by the fact that all his movements are watched. A man of his experience and resource should be able to abate the nuisance and at the same time do a lot of amusing chuckling. If he would only observe the methods of some of the sovereign American voters who visit his dominions, he would learn a trick worth more than all the laws against leze majesty enforced by his irritable cousin, the kaiser. Let him learn from them how to use a press agent, and it will not be long until the bare mention of his name will be enough to throw a whole press association into an ague of terror. Let him not only furnish the papers with full advance notices of all his movements, but also insist that they be published, and at the same time keep shedding typewritten interviews with himself, full of spontaneous opinions on all kinds of subjects of which he is ignorant, and I will guarantee that in a very few weeks even the most hardened newspaper man in his kingdom will wear a hunted look, and if he happens to come on a group of them unaware they will go through doors and windows without the formality of opening them.—London Letter.

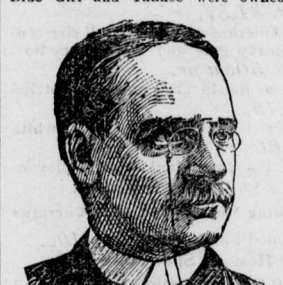
Edison Once a Trainboy.
 "Thirty years ago I was peddling peanuts and newspapers on that road over there, that runs from Port Huron to Detroit." The speaker was standing on the captain's bridge on the North Land as the big boat was steaming down the Detroit river on the dustless highway that leads from Lake Erie to the City of the Straits. The greatest electrician of the age, who has hung the industrial firmament of the closing century with millions of incandescent lamps, was directing the attention of his wife, Captain Brown and others who were about him to the scenes of his early struggles, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Pleasant indeed must have been the recollection of those events which a kindly fate threw around the genius of a boy to produce the matchless Edison. "There was luster in his eye as it swept up and down the country across the channel where once the "fast express" from Detroit to Port Huron carried the youngster who was destined to light up the continents with the lanterns of his genius.

Will Storm English Turt.
 William C. Whitney never does anything by halves. He is going to keep up his reputation in this regard on the English turf. This year he cut quite a large figure at the principal English meets, but next year he is going in on a still larger scale. This fall he will ship to England a fine string of thoroughbreds, twenty-six in number, including Blue Girl and Yankee, the latter winner of this year's Futurity. Blue Girl and Yankee were owned

Limited Nomenclature.
 The natives of Murray Island, Torres Strait, have a numerical system which is based on two numbers, neat, one, and neis, two. Above two, they compute by composition—neis-neat means three, neis 1 neis two and two, four. When they get above this figure, they have recourse to different parts of the body, beginning with the little and other fingers of the left hand and going from there to the wrist, elbow, armpit, shoulder, etc., on the left side, and thence down the right side to twenty-one, the toes giving ten numbers more, to thirty-one. Beyond this they are satisfied with "many."

All His Fortune.
 One day before his marriage the Rev. Sydney Smith ran into the room where his fiancée was, flung into her lap six small teaspoons which "from much wear had become the ghosts of their former selves" and said, "There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune." He gave her, however, what he did not mention, his fine character and great talent and in every way proved himself an excellent husband.



A Long Way Off.
 An interesting calculation has been made by a French geologist to the effect that, taking into consideration the wear and tear on the solid land by ocean washing, rivers, wind and weather and leaving out of the calculation volcanic action, the world will in 4,500,000 years be completely under water and no dry land exist at all.

Knew Her Well.
 "I did not know that you knew my wife."
 "Oh, yes; very well."
 "Where did you meet?"
 "Never before; but one of my servants lived at your home two months."
 —Flegende Blatter.

Hopefully Waiting.
 "Pride folks," said Uncle Eben, "somes deise'fs on bein' hopeful, when as a matter o' fack dey ain' don' nuffin' but loafin' an' waitin' foh luck."
 —Washington Star.

The bite of a mosquito is annoying, and the bite of a snake is dreadful, but it makes one feel sure all over to be bitten in the back by a friend.—Dallas News.

Much in the Name.

Once there were some very swagger people in an ultra fashionable village not far from the metropolis who decided that no society yet bunched together was exclusive enough for them. Even the Colonial Dames failed to meet the requirements. So they determined to start a new aggregation that should be the real thing.

After considerable thought they concluded that if they limited membership to direct descendants of Fernando de Soto it would be sufficiently exclusive for their fastidious tastes. A "Society of the Sons and Daughters of De Soto" was the outcome. All the best people in the village proved that they were eligible and were enrolled as charter members.

However, there was one man on the outer fringe whose proof of descent was not accepted; in short, he was blackballed. This made him angry, and he started to investigate the subject.

One day he published his findings in the local newspaper. The principal fact was this: "F. de Soto died a bachelor."

The Sons and Daughters of De Soto are now known as the Elite Eucher club.

Moral—There's a whole lot in a name.—Smart Set.

Insect Pests in Brazil.
 I should take a small gang of practical coffee planters from Ceylon with good diggestions to be not afraid of ghillgigs, ticks and Berne flies, to say nothing of the dear little mosquito. The writer had extracted during four years in Brazil no less than 200 ghillgigs from underneath every toe nail of both feet. The Portuguese, Braasilians, Italians and Spaniards called it a recreation on Sunday to dig them out of each other's feet.

Of all the vile insects on earth, the Berne fly is the worst. She lays her eggs inside your flesh and hatches three very ugly insects on each long with three rings of bristles round the body and sharpippers. They take about six weeks to develop under your skin, then commence to turn somersaults just when you want to go to sleep after a hard day's work in the sun. The natives of Brazil adopt a novel way of extracting the brute when full grown. They tie on a piece of raw pork, and the Berne comes out of your skin and takes a header into the piece of pigskin.—Ceylon Observer.

An Afghan Trick.
 During a shooting match in the presence of the governor of Kandahar the sirdar noticed to his astonishment that the heads of sparrows were the favorite butt of the marksmen, who but seldom missed their aim, whereupon he declared that it was far more difficult to hit an egg. Sir Peter laughed at the supposition, but the sirdar stood his ground, and the matter was put to the test. An egg was suspended on a wall, and the soldiers fired at it; but, strange to say, not one of them hit the egg.

The governor and his suit kept their countenances and excused the non-success of the firing party on the ground of the difficulty of the thing. At last a ball happened to hit the thread to which the egg was fastened, and it fell to the ground without breaking. Now the mystery was solved. The cunning Afghan had used a blown egg, and the featherweight shell had been moved aside each time by the current of air in front of the ball and thus escaped being hit.

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FACTS IN FEW LINES

Canada last year added 5.1 to its railway mileage and Mexico 640.

The Paris fortifications are to be razed and a boulevard constructed at a cost of \$10,000,000.

In England builders strike more often than any other workmen. Next come colliers and then cotton and wool spinners.

During the first half of this year 261 textile mills were built, of which 143 were cotton, 53 knit goods and 25 miscellaneous.

Exports of horses and mules in Missouri last year brought a return of \$9,600,000, and a great deal of the money came from foreign countries.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat suggests that the world's fair there in 1903 can make a hit by giving a practical illustration of the best systems of public bathing facilities.

The Dominion government lobster hatchery at Caribou, N. S., this season has put out 100,000,000 lobsters along the coast of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Experts have come to the conclusion that what kills so many trees in London is not the soot flakes or the want of air or the drought, but the sewer gas, which attacks the roots, so that the tree soon withers and dies.

The terms "dowager" and "chaperon" seem likely in the near future to fall into desuetude. Nowadays women not only refuse to grow old, but they dislike titles which seem significant of a too mature acquaintance with Anno Domini.

There is a standard joke about thieves carrying off redhot shoes, but this is equalled by the recent theft of two modern six inch Spanish gups at Santiago, Cuba. They were carried into a forest and broken up, but the thieves were captured and are now in jail.

Parts of Australia are becoming lively rivals to Canada and the United States in the European apple trade. Tasmania especially has been found a first class apple raising country. There are 8,373 acres in apple orchards there, and the product in 1899 was 363,015 bushels.

After a thorough study of the drink question in Russia Stanislas Prosper, a St. Petersburg editor, has published a book in which he seeks to prove that the government monopoly and the closing of saloons on Sunday have led to a great diminution of the evil of intemperance.

In Illinois the foreign white persons and the native white persons of foreign parentage represent a little over one-half the entire population, 40 per cent in Idaho, 18 to 20 per cent in Delaware and the District of Columbia, over 8 per cent in Florida and less than 2 per cent in Georgia.

Singapore Chinamen are indignant with the English on account of the Duke of York's visit. Some officials thought fit to decorate the hats of the jinrikisha men with gold buttons, the Chinese mark of mandarin rank, and the Chinese in the colony refuse to accept apologies for the insult.

Subscriptions are discouragingly slow to the proposed memorial to Sir Arthur Sullivan in London. Hardly anything has been contributed in this country, and personal friends of the late composer will probably supplement the money on hand sufficiently for the erection of a statue on the Thames embankment.

During the recent Ashanti campaign the megaphone was tried by the British officers for giving orders, since the columns traversing through the African bush were so long that it was impossible to convey orders in the usual way. The experiment was unsuccessful, however, because the thick jungle and the winding paths prevented the sound from traveling.

Though it does not cause so much excitement in the world, the apple crop of the United States exceeds in value even its wheat crop. Last year, for instance, the apple crop was 215,000,000 barrels, or 538,000,000 bushels. At a base of \$2 per barrel, which is considered a conservative estimate, the crop netted \$430,000,000, or nearly \$107,000,000 more than the value of the wheat.

The trees now growing on the farm (near Franklin, N. H.) where Daniel Webster was born are to be cut up into friction matches, a manufacturing company having paid \$2,800 for the standing timber upon it. The legislature of New Hampshire refused at its late session to pay \$3,000 for the entire farm, though many patriotic citizens of the state petitioned to have it preserved as a perpetual memorial of New Hampshire's greatest son.

About twenty-five years ago government engineers decided to pave Pennsylvania avenue in Washington with asphalt. That was the beginning of the general use of the scientific mystery of street pavements. Today over 234,000,000 square feet of street pavements in the United States and Canada are covered with asphalt. This asphalt paving would make a boulevard twenty-six feet wide, over 1,750 miles long and would reach from New York to New Orleans and then have several miles for side streets.

An instrument called the gradometer has been designed to enable the occupants of any vehicle to determine at a glance every inequality of the ground over which they are traveling. The new instrument may be attached to the side of the seat of any vehicle or to the top tube of a bicycle, and the grade the vehicle is ascending or descending can be seen in an instant. The instrument consists of a nickel plated casing containing a curved glass tube filled with spirits, leaving a small bubble, which acts the same as a spirit level.