A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.



CHAPTER VI. SOME VIEWS OF POVERTY. When Brian descended to the breakfast room next morning, he found Margaret alone.

She was standing near the open window, and so intent upon arranging some lilies in a bowl that she did not notice his presence until he was close beside he

His voice recalled her absent thoughts, and, looking up with a start, the warm blood mounted to her brow, notwithstanding her effort to control the mo-

"I did not expect to see you so soon." she said, in answer to his "Good morn-

"And I did not expect to see you alone. We are both disappointed—I most agreeably. Will you allow me to assist you? No? Perhaps you doubt my ability. I shall improve it by watch-ing you. Or, better still, I shall take advantage of this opportunity to tall advantage of this opportunity to tell you that I am sorry I ever came here.

"That is a poor compliment to Miss Hilton and me," replied Margaret, with an attempt at lightness, and an absorbing interest in her task.

You know what I mean," he returned, with some warmth. "You know why the very sight of you is painful for me. You seem happy enough, but I am ut-terly miserable." "Did you sleep well last night?" she

broke in, with questionable irrelevancy, placing the flowers, which she could make no further pretext of fixing, in the middle of the table.

middle of the table. "No, I didn't sleep at all," was the rather short reply; "I was haunted." "Haunted! How unpleasant! I wonder why they don't bring in breakfast. Will you ring that bell by you, please?" "No, no! Wait one moment, Mar-"No, no!

garet. I dare say the coffee isn't ready, or the steak isn't cooked, or something. I don't like my breakfast half done; besides, I'm not hungry." "But I am; I've had a long ride this

morning.

"You didn't use to ride at S'conset. Confound that hole! How I wish it had been swallowed up before I ever saw it! Why did you deceive me, Margaret? You told me your name was Smith "And so it was while I was there. Others knew me as Miss Smith, why shouldn't you?"

She colored in spite of herself. "You might have told me afterward,"

he continued, reproachfully. "What a difference it would have made!"

"I understand," she replied, with not a little scorn, and Brian, feeling that he had committed himself again, was about to say something in his own vindication, when the door opened and Miss Hilton entered, thus putting an end to the tetea-tete.

He saw Margaret's expression of relief, and his heart sank accordingly. But during breakfast she talked to him so pleasantly and naturally that he began to feel less depressed. He was even planning a quiet hour with her during the morning, when she arose from the table, with the words:

is with you, isn't he? Is he nice? How does he like things, and how do you like him?" Alice moved nearer to Margaret, and taking her hand, laughingly gazed into

her face. "Yes, he is home. He came yesterday afternoon, and— Well, it is simply unendurable. Fancy the position of playing hostess to a man who feels you have taken his birthright. Yet, there are people in this place who think me fortunate. Some persons never see be-

yond the surface." "Well, don't think about it, my dear, said Alice, consolingly. "It isn't your fault. I am anxious to see your cousin. His return is all over the neighborhood, of course. I'm alraid it won't please Mrs. Downs. She may think poor dear Alfy's chances lessened thereby. He has pined to a mere skeleton during your absence, Margaret."

A contemptuous expression passed over Margaret's face.

"I do wish some one would marry him ⁻¹ do wish some one would marry him and carry him off to another neighbor-hood," she said. "I am so thoroughly tired of seeing him around. He may be the paragon his mother thinks him. I daresay he is. He hasn't brains enough to be otherwise. But I prefer a little wick dapess to want of sense."

little wickedness to want of sense." "Don't be sarcastic discussing Alfy, my dear. He is a very nice, girlish young man, and his bank account will reach from here to the Gulf of Mexico.

"Perhaps if it were shorter he might be better," commented Margaret. 'Money causes all the trouble in the world. "The want of it, you mean," suggested

Alice, sagely. "It is a wonderful power, no doubt. It makes beauty more beau tiful, virtue more virtuous, and greatness more great. The very thought of it makes me wax eloquent. Seriously, my dear, poverty is the meanest thing under the sun. Nell agrees with me there. I had a letter from her this morning, and to cheer you I will read

"How is Nell?" asked Margaret smiling at a thought her mind conjured up. "I don't see that places ainted. Have you become unapprecia-

tive of her genius?" "No," returned Alice from the depths of her desk, where she was bunting for her letter. "But uncle gave me that lovely little landscape on the left there, and when I hung it by Alice's plaque, the contrast between it and her indigo lake and impossible trees was startling, even to my inartistic eye. I stood it for a few days, but at last nature would bear no more, and the plaque now reposes in my trunk, where the sun can not fade or the dust injure. Here's her letter. "MY DEAR ALICE; At last I am sitting

down to answer your letter, and ac-knowledge its welcome inclosure. My head is buzzing the things I have to say but I'll begin at the beginning. Gratitude before everything in my category. I will therefore thank you for your Check. I spell it with a capital, you observe. I don't know that it is correct according to the rules of orthography, but under the laws which make us important or insignificant in proportion as we are rich or poor, it is perfectly in order. Henceforward I shall adopt it as

showing my deep and abiding respect for money. "This particular money came in quite apropos. We had been getting our summer wardrobe (I use this word advisedly, as it sounds more imposing than enumerating details), and you will not have to strain your imagination much to bring to mind the painfully emaciated condition of the family purse. It looked extremely humble, I assure you, despite the fact that poverty is always proud. But the moment your check arrived, what a change! It immediately swelled with pride, like the fabled frog whose picture I used to admire so extravagantly, and though it has been considerably depleted since, it still remains fat.

"Now, Alice, a word of advice. Keep in with the old bear and make him leave you some money; for, horrible thought, the Reynoldses seem to be growing poorer. I think it a decided mistake on the part of mamma and papa to have had so many children. But I have noticed that this mistake is common among poor people. I suppose they want numbers somewhere, so they make up in babies what they lack in dollars. If matters don't mend with us, shall go to writing stories; I always did think I had a talent. "In your last letter you mildly in-quired if we liked our new flat. My dear child, the question was superfluous. Flats weren't made to be liked; not the cheap flats, at least, and those are the only kind we indulge in. Our present one is a narrow tunnel, probably a triffe broader than the road which is popu-larly supposed to lead to eternal bliss. We have daylight at each end and varying degrees of twilight in the middle, and our bed-rooms are so small that Bess, being a girl of resources, kneels upon the bed to say her prayers and prevent me from tumbling over her feet. which, to say the least, are not in proportion to our apartment. "Speaking of Less, I'm dying to know if she ever mentions Mr. Spencer in her letters to you. That man is my abom-ination, and I shiver at the possibility of such a brother-in-law. He likes her, I know, for he comes here nearly every night, sits in our best chair, which he has nearly worn out, and talks through the biggest nose it has been my fortune to see. Altogether he is odious, and if Bess marries him, she is no sister of mine. "Allusions to marriage and such giddy subjects remind me of what I consider a most important piece of news. I have a devoted follower, a painfully ver-iant, callow, youth, with brains so few as to be scarcely worth noticing, and a bank account so long that - well, that, like charity, it covereth a multitude of sins. He is so enraptured with me, that my red hair is golden in his eves, from which fact you may estimate the extent of his imagination. "'If he only had a little more sense, I find myself saying morning, noon and night, but with all the possibilities that cluster around that 'if.' the unwelcome fact still obtrudes itself. His mind is a vacuum, and I, like nature, abhor a "Sometimes I wonder if his pocketbook can fill the place where his brain ought to be. As the question is shall mentous one, pray give me the benefit of your advice. Meantime, I continue to be the sun of his existence, the star of his night, and a few other luminaries. And as, also, you must be thoroughly tired of me by this time, I will say good-by, for the present. Everybody joins me in love to you. More in my next. NELL." "P. S. Being a woman, my letter wouldn't be complete without a post-script. So here it is: Give my love to Miss Margaret when you see her. I suppose she is as sweet and as pretty as ever, for I know her good fortune hasn't spoiled her." Margaret flushed and smiled at this allusion to herself. "Just as bad as ever," she commented. Nell will never be staid nor dignified." "That is what mamma says. We are all a lively set. I dare say they think my nest is feathered, but-Alice shook her head doubtfully. "Uncle is so overbearing at times, and I was never noted for mildness of temper. Sometimes I get perfectly raving, and then there's a grand scene. Indeed, you wouldn't laugh if you were in my place.

ho's in a bad humor. Come with me, Margaret. He will want to see you, and besides your presence may be as oil upon the troubled waters."

Alice hurried off, while Margaret waited to get her hat and gloves. she reached the head of the stairs she heard the Colonel's high-pitched voice, evidently answering some proposition

"Go back? I'll go back when I choose Miss. I'll not be dictated to. I'll-Bless my soul! if there isn't Margaret. When did you get here, child? Just now? Well, well! I'm so pestered and hothered. I can hardly see you. bothered. I can hardly see you. Come here and let me have a good look at you At this invitation Margaret came down

the steps, and the old gentleman, despite her blushing remonstrance, took her face between his hands and kissed her on each cheek.

"So you've been away, and come back as pale as ever," he added, holding her from him and looking at her earnestly. 'I believe we could have done better for you here. I'm glad to see you, child, mighty glad. Missed you like the devil. By the way, I hear you've got that young scamp with you. I doubt if he had one foot off the train before some of these confounded tattling women pub-lished it to the neighborhood. If I were the husband of some of them. I'd

or shoot 'em. What are you gigging at Alice? Nothing? Well, have more sense. Come over and take dinner with us, Margaret. No company, you know. Only yourself and Brian, if you choose to bring him. I want to see the boy. I suppose he's grown out of my recogni-

The old gentleman disappeared in the library as he made this last remark, and Margaret turned to Alice with a smile. "I must be going," she said. "I've left my cousin, you know, and I must not be inhospitable. Please come over soon, Alice. Miss Hilton sent her love and a Alice. special invitation."

Alice stood on the porch for some minutes after Margaret was gone. "If I should turn prophetess," She

said, half aloud, I would say ----- " did not complete her sentence, but, smiling to herself, went into the house. TO BE CONTINUED.

The Bees Swarmed on the Hen.

Uncle Isham was whitewashing at our place the other day, says a letter from Woodbine, Miss., to the Philadelphia Times, when a swarm of bees in full wing chanced to pervade the atmosphere. Now, bees are much dearer to the heart of Uncle Isham than whitewashing, though whitewashing is his profession, so I was not surprised when the old man dropped his brush head and ears in the bucket, straightened his crooked back and hobbled rapidly up to the door.

"Gimme de dinner bell, mistis," he what is it?" I asked.

"Bees," he whispered, and I got the bell. I knew the old man's weakness. Besides, it is not uninteresting to see a swarm of bees hived-from a perfectly safe distance, understand. The

bees showed some signs of making a raid on a honeysuckle vine that was in full bloom on my trellis, but the queen seemed dainty about making a landing. She buzzed and whirled and snifted with the swarm at her heels till the air was black with bees, but resolutely in the midst, with his bell ringing, stood Uncle Isham alone and unprotected, yet with his face to the foe. I couldn't tell whether the swarm was moving with the old man or he was moving with the swarm, the bees were so thick about him, but the group kept up a continual migration

but is not regarded so good as the "FARMERS' ROADS." U-shaped tiling.

A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

United States Department of Agriculture Takes It Up-Macadam and Telford Systems-Model North Carolina Roads.

ect Engineer Stone says:

hardly any appreciable wear.

much will be clear gain.

side

for ?"

road occurs.

When this layer "is evenly spread over the foundation the roller is again HE United States Department brought into use, and the stone layer of Agriculture has taken up is rolled until it is firm and compact. the matter of "farmers" roads," avers the Chicago The stone is sprinkled with water before the roller is passed over it, and Record, and Roy Stone, an engineer sometimes clean, sharp sand is sprinof the department, believes that farmkled over the stone. ers can build good roads without im-

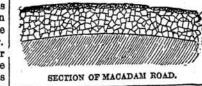
The second layer, thick enough to poverishing themselves. On this subbring the stone bed up to ten inches, "In the first place the road that will is next spread on and rolled, and then best suit the needs of the farmer must a top layer of clean gravel or stone not be too costly; in the second place chippings is put on and rolled. Care it must be of the very best kind, for is taken that the gravel shall not be the farmer should be able to do his waterworn, with smooth, round corheavy hauling over it when his fields ners, for this is injurious to the roadare too wet to work and his teams are way.

inches inside diameter.

When the roadway has been graded

and rolled and the drains have been

The Telford road differs materially free. The road that would seem to fill the farmer's need, all things confrom the macadam, for it has a founsidered, is a solid, well-bedded stone dation of stones laid downsingly, with road, so narrow as to be only a single the broad side down, and the spaces between the stones filled with smaller, track, but having an earth track along-

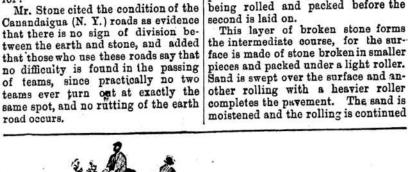


rough, wedge-shaped stones driven in

Originally the Telford foundation "The stone road, on the other hand, wears by the grinding of the wheels was "convexed" by laying the largest and the chipping of the horses' calks stones to form the crown in the center in dry weather more than in wet. If of the roadway and then grading down it can be saved this wear for an aver- to the gutters with smaller stones, but age of six months in each year, so this practice is no longer followed, for the earth is graded to form the crown

"The questions raised regarding this as it is done in a macadam road. The earth foundation is well rolled method of construction are: Can the and then the sub-pavement is laid o. junctions of the earth and stone sections of the road be kept even so as with the long side of the stone set not to have a jog in passing from one transversely. Between these stones to the other, and can the meeting and stone chips are packed firmly and then passing of loaded teams be provided broken stone is placed over the subpavement in two layers, the first layer being rolled and packed before the

pieces and packed under a light roller.



A MECKLENBURG COUNTY (NORTH CAROLINA) ROAD.

STEAM-HEATING.

Recent Advance in This System of

With its many early imperfections favor, and there are to-day many worthy persons who hold a rooted

aversion to it, based upon unhappy stone, no piece too large to pass through a ring of two and one-half



The Japanese are a fun-loving peoole and they are as full of tricks of various kinds as an American school-

(Copyrighted 1896.)

boy. A writer who recently returned from Japan tells of a queer rooster he saw on the Mikado's Island. "The only thing in the shape of a live, physical freak that ever came under my observation was a common, everyday sort of a barndoor rooster," he says. 'That rooster had a tail sixteen feet

A FEATHERED CURIOSITY.

t is a Rooster With a Sixteen Feet

Long Tail.

This house would cost about \$2985

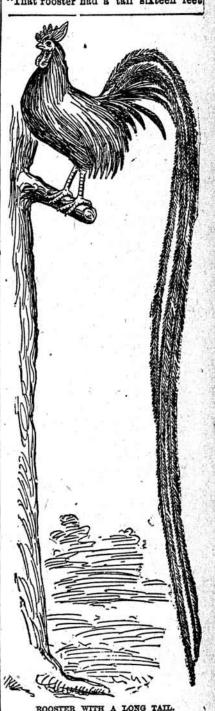
-not including the heating apparatus,

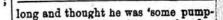
range and mantels-built within 100

miles of New York City, although in

many sections of the country the cost

should be much less, where labor or





Warming Residences. steam-heating was slow in coming into

built the first layer of broken stone is put on the rolled surface of the earth foundation. This layer is about six inches deep, and consists of broken

materials are cheaper. Radiators should be placed as near the windows as possible, and in all rooms but the kitchen, including the bath-room and lower hall. A fair es-



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

ROMITECTS ALVININ

experience. It is not difficult to understand the reason for this when one visits a building equipped with a steamheating apparatus of a score or more years ago. The temperature is scarcey even bearable, for with the steam turned on the rooms become torrid; if it is turned off they become frigid, and there seems to be no happy medium. Added to this very vital objection, when the steam is first admitted to the radiators, one might as well live in a boilershop. The thumping and clanging is enough to craze a person of

nervous susceptibilities. In view of the splendid results that are now obtained in steam-heating, it is needless to say that these faults are not due to the system, but to the ignorant application of it. Where the heat cannot be properly and perfectly regulated there has been no scientific adjustment of heating surface to the cubic dimensions of the room. In many buildings that have been equipped with the apparatus, subsequent to their erection, there are hundreds of feet of steam pipe exposed, because it was impossible to sarry them from floor to floor and from room to room within the walls. The radiators themselves have sufficient heating surface, while the steam pipes are responsible for the over heating. The architect of to-day settles this difficulty in his plans. If the matter is left to him, steam-heating becomes a delight to the householder, as it gives sure and equable temperature in the utmost extreme weather, and at a minimum of cost for fuel.

The thumping in the radiators, which forms a prime objection to the system in the mind of those who remember the experimental stage of steam-heating, is entirely obviated by the use of improved apparatus. It is caused, of course, by the condensing of steam in the radiators, and when this water is properly conducted back into the boiler the system is as noiseless as hot air or hot water heating.

The accompanying design is for a country villa in which the plans call for a simple, and inexpensive steamheating plant. General Dimensions : Width, through

dining-room and back parlor, 33 ft. 6 ins. ; depth, including bay window, 43 ft. Heights of Stories: Cellar, 7 ft.;

first story, 9 ft.; second story, 9 ft. Exterior Materials: Foundation, stone; first and second stories, clapboards; band between first and second

"A fine, dry, smooth dirt track is the perfection of roads; it is easy on the horses' feet and legs, easy on the vehicle and free from noise and jar. It holds snow better than gravel or stone and requires less snow to make sleighing, and where such a road has a stone road alongside to take the

travel in wet weather it will suffer golid.

'I think I shall ride over to The Cedars, Miss Hilton. I haven't seen Alice since my return, you know. I am sure you and cousin Brian will have lots to talk over, so I'll leave him in your hands." Miss Hilton noticed the change that

passed over Brian's countenance, but she answered quite cheerfully: "Very well, my dear. You mustn't

neglect your friends. Brian and I will have a nice, quiet morning together. Don't let the Colonel keep you too long

After your remark about the quiet morning, I think I'll spend the day," was Margaret's quiet rejoinder, as she passed through the door which Brian held open for her.

Twenty minutes later she had mounted her horse, and was following the well-kept road through the busy little But though she was nodding town. every few minutes to the people she passed, her thoughts were far ir im her present surroundings. Certain ideas had obtained lodgment

in her mind and refused to be displaced For the first time, the possibility that her uncle had looked forward to a union between her cousin and herself came to her with a certainty that was absolute pain. She recalled many incidents and allusions, many half-forgotten conversations, which received a deeper meaning from this new possibility. She remembered that often, in speak-

ing of Brian, her uncle had said a good wife would be his salvation, that home ties would bind him to a more useful life, and that his most earnest desire was to see his wayward son well and happily married.

But she remembered, above all, that when her uncle lay dying he had awak-ened, after many hours of unconsciousness, to say, in accents which only her ear could catch: "God will bless and guard you, Margaret. Don't forget Brian, and be good to him for my sake." The request had sounded oddly then,

but now it had a new meaning. Was her uncle looking into the future even then, or did he in his dying moments enjoy the happy delusion that his hopes were realized?

Margaret was trying to answer this ing house, surrounded by stately cedars. Running up the broad staircase, with the air of one familiar with the surroundings, she paused before a halfopened door, with the words: "May I come in, Alice?"

For answer, there was a glad cry; the sound of a chair falling, followed by rapid footsteps, and a pretty girl of a brunette type rushed into Margaret's arms and kissed her with affectionate impetuosity.

'Oh, I am so glad to see you," she cried between her spasmodic caresses. "You dear child, you've been away an age. You look pale, too, or perhaps it's this black dress. Come right in. Everything's mussed as usual. There, take my big chair, and consider yourseif quite privileged. So that wretched place didn't quite kill you?"

"No," laughed Margaret, allowing herself to be placed in the chair in question. "I am very much alive, as you see. You and Miss Hilton really amuse me; your ideas of S'conset are as different from the reality as night from day. It is a whole host of delights in itself. I am really not an object of sympathy, so your pity has all been thrown away.

"So it has, you bad girl. Why didn't you tell me before. I might have saved some. Still I'm glad to see you back. Uncle will be delighted. He has been positively unbearable, and I do hope your presence will improve his temper. Oh, I had quite forgotten. Your cousin

"There is his bell now. He is awake, and I suppose he wants me. Evidently

try yard was reached. A heavily blossomed rosebush grew just beside the gate, and upon this at length the queen seemed to have made up her mind to light. She made a dive downward, the swarm following, when, just at that critical moment, a hen from the poultry yard, with a loud cackle, flew from her nest into the very midst of the swarm.

oor of my little poul

"Drat dat ole fool hen!" I heard Uncle Isham say, and I thought the game was ended.

What those bees and that hen really thought it was impossible to state with accuracy, but they evidently seemed to think that some mutually reacting kind of a cyclone business had been let loose in their midst. For a moment or two there appeared to be just a conglomerate mixture of bees and hen in midair, and, by and by, when they came down, they were literally all there and altogether. The queen, who had no doubt been knocked "perfectly silly," was comfortably es-tablished on the hen's back, while the whole swarm clung around her. The poor hen was bedecked from tip to beck, and could not move a feather.

Uncle Isham, very much surprised at the turn of affairs, got a box and soon had the swarm safely hived, much to the poor hen's relief.

Lord Mayor's Baubles.

The Lord Mayor of London has a sword borne before him, and at first he had to provide the weapon for himself. Since 1520, says the Saturday Review, it has been furnished by the Chamberlain at the expenses of the city. No doubt at first every citizen who rose to be Alderman and finally Mayor had and wore a sword as part of a gentleman's outfit. 'The swords at present belonging to the corporation are four in number: the pearl sword so called from the ornamentation of the sheath; the sword of State, which is what we see held through the window of the glass coach when the Lord Mayor is within; the Old Bailey sword, which is placed over the seat of the judges at the Central Criminal Court; and, finally, the mourning sword, covered with black velvet for funerals or other special solemnities. The pearl sword is not only magnificent in the materials of which it and its scabbard are made, but also a beautiful work of art. It dates from about 1550, and is said by tradition to have beer given to the city by Queen Elizabeth after the opening of the Royal Exchange in 1570; but, as Mr. Jewitt points out, this is very unlikely. The Lord Mayor's chain of office "is a most beautiful Collar of SS., one of the finest as well as the earliest known to be in existence." It was bequeathed to the city by Sir John Allen in 1544, and is of gold, with enameled Tudor roses and knots and a porticullis in the center. In 1607 a jewel, still worn, was added as a pendant. It consists of an onyx carved in relief with the city arms surrounded by a motto in diamonds on blue enamel. An outer border shows eight roses with shamrocks and thistles in diamonds.

The League of American Wheelmen until the sand can no longer be driven has taken up the cause of good roads, in between the broken stone. Drains are laid, as they are for macadam and men who are accustomed to feel roads, before the sub-pavement, is the public pulse say that good roads will soon be a dominant issue in State | built.

A simple experiment, which can be and National politics. What bicycle made with any wheel, will show why riders are doing at present was done by the horseless vehicle men of Eng- a smooth, hard-surfaced road makes hauling easy for a horse. On such a land in 1831, when their agitation resulted in the appointment of a com- road the roadway is tangent to the circumference of the wheel. The wheel mittee of the House of Commons "to stands on the immediate point of coninquired into and to report upon the proportion of tolls which ought to be tact, and there is no obstacle over imposed upon coaches and other ve- which the wheel must be lifted. On a sandy or loose, soft earth road the hicles propelled by steam or gas upon wheel sinks into the roadway. To

turnpike roads." draw the wheel forward the earth be-It was just about this time that James Macadam. Road Surveyor, and fore its track must be displaced or passed over, so that a horse, in addi-Thomas Telford, President of the Intion to the force it must exert to draw stitution of Civil Engineers, with their adherents, were engaged in a contro- the load, must use extra force to overversary regarding the relative merits come the obstacle in the path of the of "Macadam" and "Telford" roads. wheel.

In Mecklenburg County, North Up to that time England's best roads were the remains of the old Roman Carolina, the systematic improvement of roads has made progress for nearly roads, but Macadam and Telford befifteen years. The general plan adopted was to start at the city limits gan an era of road building, each after his own kind, which brought Engof the county seat and to grade and lish roads to a high state of developmacadam all public roads from this ment and made those two engineers point out toward the township and famous as the originators of the two county limits. These roads have a systems which to-day bear their names. width of forty feet for the first two



SECTION OF TELFORD ROAD.

loaded with a cord of wood. Much of the road building in this The macadam road has the earth county is done by convicts. The avgraded and rollen for its foundation. The principles laid down by Macadam erage number of convicts employed is about eighty, and the average cost of were as follows: It is the natural soil which really supports the weight of travthis labor per convict, including food, clothing, medical attention and guards, el; while it is preserved in a dry state is from twenty to twenty-two cents a it will carry any weight without sinking. This native soil must previously

be made quite dry and a covering as The rate of taxation in the county is eighteen cents on \$100 worth of much impenetrable to rain as possible property. In addition each township levies a tex varying from seven to fifmust then be placed over it to preserve it in that dry state. That the teen cents on each \$100 worth of thickness of a road should only be regproperty. The law requires all able bodied citizens along the public roads ulated by the quantity of material necessary to form such impervious covering and never by any reference to labor four days of each year on the to its own power of carrying weight. public roads or to pay fifty cents a These principles, modified in some day in lien thereof.

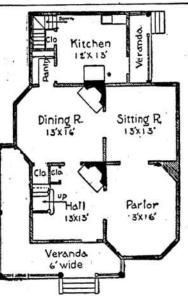
respects, govern the making of a mac-This class of labor is used independent of the convict labor, principally adam roadway to-day. The natural earth foundation is graded so that the in the work of grading or in the gencurve of the foundation will be pareral repairs of those roads or portions allel to the curve of the surface of the of them upon which the convict force roadway when completed. The earth is not engaged.

foundation is rolled and rerolled under a heavy roller until the carth 18 firm, compact and even.

Water is so scarce in South Africa On both sides of the roadway excavations are mude for the drains. In that it is dealt out by the gallon, the the bottom of the ditch thus made allowance to each person working for tiling is laid, covered with hay, straw the mining companies ranging from or some such filtering material, and one to one and a half gallons per day. over it is laid broken stone in such a This limits the drinker of tea and cofmanner that water will easily find its fee to one cup, while if stronger stimay down to the tile. Sometimes, instead of tiling, bundles lowed without. Washing is a luxury, way down to the tile.

Where Water is Scarce,

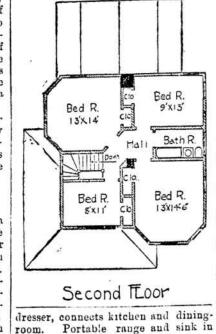
of rods or straight limbs of trees. clothing being submitted to the action bound together fagot fashion, are laid of sunshine and air, with a good shakin the bottom of the drains instead of ing, alter the manner of carpets, to tiles. This is a cheaper construction, get rid of the dust.



First FLOOR stories, band under eaves, gables, dor-

mors and roofs, shingles. Interior Finish: Two coat plaster, hard white finish. Flooring and trim in hall, oak; elsewhere, N. C. pine. miles from the city limits and beyond this point a width of thirty-six feet. Oak staircase. Kitchen walls wain The average cost of these roads, inscoted. All interior woodwork graincluding the macadamizing and gradfilled and finished with hard oil varnish. ing, is about \$2000 a mile. The effi-Colors: All elapboards, fawn ciency of the roads is shown by the ilbrown. Trim, including water-table, lustration, copied from a photograph. corner boards, cornices, etc., white. The wagon loaded with twelve bales Outside doors and ceiling, oiled, of cotton weighs 6000 pounds, and Shingles on side walls left natural for each of the other three wagons is weather stain. Shingled roofs stained

a deep red. Accommodations: Cellar under rear half of house with inside and outside entrance. Portiere openings connect hall, parlor, sitting-room and diningroom. Open fireplaces in hall and dining-room. Hat and coat closet in hal'. Butler's pantry, containing



except for storage purposes.

kins.' Nevertheless, he was a fraud, snare and delusion. He strutted about with the self complacent air of a peacock, notwithstanding that he must have been aware of the fact that his tail was composed of plumes begged, borrowed or stolen from the caudal appendages of other roosters. That tail certainly was a marvel of ingenuity. The feathers were so cleverly joined one to another as to defy detection, except on the minutest of scrutiny. Yet the owner of the bird could take off and put on that wonderful tail whenever it pleased him to do so."-Philadelphia Press.

A Feline Fireman.

There's a remarkable cat in this city called "Tootsy." She is the only fire cat in the land. Tootsy is a member of Engine Company No. 27, and all the firemen love her. She was born on the Fourth of July, has been in the cat show, rides on the engine, sitting on the driver's seat, and loves the smell of smoke as much as she does a dinner of live mouse. Nothing could induce the men of No. 27 to part with their pet. Tootsy knows an alarm of fire, even if she hears the gong strike when she's a block away. When Tootsy dies there will be sorrow of the genuine kind in the engine house of No. 27.-New York Record.

His Imperative Duty.

A lady, en route to the last Queen's drawing-room, in London, found herself blocked in a line of carriages containing people who had not the entree to which she herself was entitled. Much annoyed, she leaned out of the carriage window and said to a policeman on duty there, in imperious tones: "Perhaps you don't know that I am "T the wife of a cabinet minister?" couldn't let you pass, ma'am," he calmly replied, "even if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."-Argonaut.

Fireproof Paper.

An inhabitant of Berlin is responsible for the invention of fireproof paper. A considerable quantity of asbestos fiber of the best quality, with several other ingredients, is mixed with the ordinary wood pulp, with the addition of some lime water and borax. Paper thus produced will resist the direct influence of a flame and can be placed even in a white heat with impunity.

The Largest Dam.

The largest dammed body of water in the world will be secured by the building of a dam at Cloquet, Minn., on the St. Louis River, 900 feet long and eighty feet high, by which back water will be extended sixty miles.---Current Literature.

Great Botanic Garden.

The botanic gardens of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, includes abou seventy acres. The plants are al labeled with red labels, medicinal green for alimentary; yellow, for or namentai purposes; blue, for art. and kitchen. Bath-room in second story, black, for poisonous plants. -Curren with full plumbing. Attic unfinished, Literature.