GOOD COUNTRY ROADS.

A GREAT ADVANTAGE TO ALL COMMUNITIES.

Saving the Labor of Draught Animals, They Would Expedite the Marketing of All Commodities—How They Should Be Constructed and Maintained.

An Important Subject.

Quite a good deal of space has already been given to the subject of good country roads, but, as there is nothing more deserving of attention than the condition of the public roads of our country, further discussion of a matter so important is surely not out of place.

Good roads are a potent factor in the material, intellectual, moral, and social well-being of a people, and any plan for their systematic improvement should meet with the hearty co-operation of all, without regard to class or occupation.

Perhaps nothing has contributed so much toward the civilization of the people of the earth as commerce has. The barriers of old ocean have long since disappeared. The east, west, north and south of a continent are no longer known, except in the happy interchange of the products of each. The perseverance and skill of man have practically removed the barriers that old ocean interposed. The same forces that have brought nearer to each other the people

AS IT GENERALLY IS.

of any one of the vast continents of earth have checkered its broad expanse with the arteries of trade. By this means man has been and is being educated in the truth, that the interests of all men of all nations of the earth are interwoven. The welfare of the whole family of nations is dependent upon the weal of each, which in turn is reflected from the condition of its individual members.

Advantages of Good Roads.

Through this influence of trade the nations arrive at a better understanding one with another. We think we are justified in believing that the dawn is fast approaching when nations will make war no more, but "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," will rule instead. What these great improvements that make commerce possible between nations are doing, good roads would facilitate between the people of any country or community. They are not only an evidence of civilization but a means to that end.

Attendance at church would be more regular, and whatever tends to promote the assembling of friends and neighbors in pleasant intercourse is a factor for good. The ride to church, to a neighbor's, or to a social gathering, either on a bicycle or other vehicle over good roads, would become a pleasure easily acquired and highly prized.

If, instead of being subjected to the almost superhuman task of walking through muddy roads, or of jolting over them when made exceedingly rough by freezing, we had smooth, hard roads to drive over, churches, schools, literary societies, lyceums, and all the kindred institutions intended to christianize and better the condition of man would be more numerous. Society would then be benefited by the advanced measures

AS IT SHOULD BE.

adopted for improvement of the mind, the expansion of the intellect, and the promotion of happiness. Good roads would, among farmers especially, promote sociability and create a desire for self-improvement, both moral and intellectual.

The thousands of persons confined to indoor work in factories, offices, stores, etc., need recreation and exercise. In this they have comparatively little time to indulge; but with good roads this time could be used to the best advantage in bicycle, horseback, or buggy riding.

Commercial Benefits.

Among the commercial advantages afforded by good roads we note:

The rapidity, ease and convenience of transportation at small expense.

The opportunity afforded those remote from commercial points to take advantage of the market without great loss of time.

The possibility of conveying a great weight with a comparatively small amount of power.

Obviating the fluctuations of prices on account of a rush of products to market when the roads are good, to be followed by a scarcity when the roads are bad, as traffic is often delayed for weeks at a time.

Good roads rank as one of the foremost causes of increasing the value of property. The uninterrupted means of traffic is alone sufficient to cause an increase of 50 per cent.; incidentally building good roads increases facilities for drainage, which progressive farmers will admit is of itself of almost incalculable benefit. Good roads would encourage and increase some of our most important and extensive industries.

The manufacturing of bicycles would be increased by them until it would rank as one of our foremost industries, both in extent and value.

Another important industry would be developed to an extent and value of

A FAMILIAR SIGHT.

which few have any conception—i. e., the manufacturing of carriages and other light vehicles, which are practically of little value except on good roads. Even now it forms one of the great industries of our country, the further development of which materially depends on the improvement of our country roads.

The material benefit derived from good roads can scarcely be estimated. The farmers undoubtedly would be the most benefited. Making a fair estimate of the number of horses necessary to furnish power to carry on agriculture, and all other work connected with it, we find that the farmers of the United States are keeping at least 2,000,000 more horses than would be necessary to perform the same work if we had good roads. These horses have a value of about $150,000,000, and are sustained at an expense of not less than $110,000,000 annually. Besides this, the necessary number of horses are idle a month or more in a year, waiting for the roads to become dry. This costs, at the least calculation, $140,000,000. To this we may add $100,000,000 for increased wear and tear on harness, wagons and other vehicles. This makes the sum of $500,000,000 loss to the farmers annually under the present condition of roads. Good roads will save this $500,000,000, and would increase the value of the farmers' land at least $1,500,000,000, which makes an increase of $2,000,000,000 in the financial condition of the farmers alone. To this we may add as much more as the increased financial condition of those engaged in other industries. This makes the immense sum of $4,000,000,000,

ABANDONED IN THE MUD.

which is sufficient to construct 500,000 miles of smooth, hard and durable road.

Draining the Roads.

The drainage of a road is a very important part in its construction. Both sides should be perfectly drained, either by ditches or tile (tile are the best), and an occasional cross drain is beneficial. This will prevent the softening of the roadbed, thereby making the surface uneven. In order that no moisture whatever may remain on the roadbed it is essential that it should not be shaded. All particles of water which would otherwise remain would be evaporated and leave a perfectly dry surface.

To secure good roads needs only the hearty co operation of all to whom they would be beneficial. The State, being the largest body politic that takes cognizance of such matters, should through its Legislature formulate a plan for the systematic improvement of the roads of the State, which plan should require the co-operation of the several counties, each to pay a fair share of the burdens imposed, according to the benefits derived from the improvement.

In constructing a road a careful survey of the tract, including the relative levels of the different parts, is a necessary preliminary in order to make a bed nearly level. What is the best method of constructing a road is a much debated question, but perhaps no better road can be made than one constructed of stone. In case that stone cannot be procured, vitrified brick, the manufacture of which has been recently established, may be substituted with nearly if not quite as good results, as they are made in all sizes and shapes necessary to requirements in road-making.

The roadbed should be from sixteen to thirty feet wide, as may be required to accommodate the traffic, and thor-

THE FARMER'S SLOUGH.

oughly graded, so as to be slightly higher in the middle than on the sides; this would shed all water, but should not be inclined enough to obstruct traffic on any part of its width. After grading, a foundation a foot or more in thickness, according to the kind of soil upon which it is laid, should be made of large, irregular, insoluble stone. Upon this should be placed a layer of crushed stone, not more than an inch in any dimension, to a thickness of from four to six inches. These small stones will fill the spaces between the large ones, and will in a short time become pressed into a solid, smooth, nonporous mass. Such a road cannot be softened by water or cracked by frost.

The use of convict labor for constructing roads, as is now proposed in some of the States, would make these burdens comparatively light. To secure the blessings of good roads the matter should be agitated among the people. Meetings should be held, especially among the farmers; committees should be appointed to wait upon the proper authorities—the County Commissioners and the State legislators—with the view of enlisting the power of these officers in the good work, which, once commenced in a manner commensurate with its importance, would be pushed forward in a way characteristic of our people. Bad roads would soon be a thing of the past.

We have now comprehended the broad advantages and effects that good roads would have upon every branch of industry, the relation to the good of the country, and in behalf of civilization, Christianity, education, posterity, and all that tends to improve, elevate and make better. We should use all our energy in earnestly endeavoring to secure them.

To Tell Time at Night.

Most people on a clear day can without a watch or other timepiece, form a closely approximate idea of the time of day by the position of the sun, but few, perhaps, have guessed at any similar method of computing the time during the night without any other means than the "starry skies." Notwithstanding, a fairly reliable time indicator can be found in the northern skies on every cloudless night. As is generally known, the group of mixed stars called the "Dipper" makes an apparent revolution toward the north star in every twenty-four hours, with the two stars forming the outer elevation of the bowl of the dipper pointing to the polar star continuously.

If the position of the pointers is taken at any given hour, say 6 o'clock in the evening in winter time, and as soon as it is dark in the summer, the hour can thereafter be pretty accurately measured by the eye during the night. Frequent observations of positions will have to be made at the given hour, as, owing to the constant changing of the earth's position in space, the position of the "pointers" in relation to our point of observation and the star also changes. Observations taken during a year and impressed on the mind will make a very good time indicator of that part of celestial space.

Grading Tea in Japan.

Tea sorting is one of the common occupations of young girls in the tea-farming districts of Japan. They carefully pick out all the seeds, weeds bits of bark and other rubbish that unavoidably fall into the baskets during the picking. The sorting is done after the tea leaves have been fired; that is, dried by being placed in a tray, with a stout paper bottom, and shaken over a charcoal fire for a time, and then placed on the top of an oven built for the purpose, when the drying operatives twist the leaves by hand. The pickers, besides taking out the rubbish, in many cases sort the leaves into different grades, the better qualities being taken out and sold at very remunerative prices. The Japanese teas are divided into eight grades, but unfortunately the best of them are not sent to the United States.

After the tea has been dried and is ready for picking, it is carefully sifted, and then packed in lead-lined chests and in caddies. The dust from the siftings is saved, and large quantities are sent to America every year. It is sold much cheaper than the perfect tea. The dust only costs from five to ten cents a pound wholesale, and by careful admixture with good tea can be made to retail at a dollar.

Got Even with the Kickers.

Some citizens of Oakesdale, Wash., annoyed by a large mudhole in the main street of the town, planted three or four old hats and a pair of boots in the center of it and labeled them with the names of the city council. But the council retaliated by posting up a card with the notice: "Pay your taxes and we will fill this hole."

The Sorrow of Summer.

Mr. Greyneck—Well, Jimpsy, I suppose you are glad that winter has gone and that summer is coming?

Jimpsy—Well, not much, I ain't.

Mr. Greyneck—Why not?

Jimpsy—Cause when it gets hot I have to take all the padding out of my clothes that I put there for the teacher.

Couldn't Kill Him.

A German shoemaker in a small place on Long Island shot himself in the mouth and right ear with a 45-caliber revolver. Physicians could not trace the bullets. For two days he lay in a stupor. He then awoke and called for sausage and beer and partook heartily. In a week he was apparently as well as ever.

Trapped by Nature.

An insect of South America has its fangs so like the flower of the orchid that smaller insects are tempted into its jaws, while certain spiders double themselves up in the leaf-stock and the stem, and so closely resemble flower buds that their unsuspecting prey approach to their destruction.

Easy on Boots.

Albert G. Wakefield, Bangor's veteran lawyer, wears a pair of calfskin boots that he has had since 1861, and they are in good condition now.

Fish in the Mails.

Live fish have been safely sent in the mail from India to the British Museum. They are now prospering in the tanks of the museum.

THE POET OF HOME.

John Howard Payne, Author of the Beautiful Melody "Home, Sweet Home."

Few sweeter poems have ever been written than that simple but beautiful melody, "Home, Sweet Home." It has been translated into many languages and sung the world over, and its tender, touching words have moved to tears the rich and poor alike.

The author, John Howard Payne, was born in New York in 1792, and came of a family that occupies a place of honor in American history. At the age of 12 he became a clerk in his uncle's store in New York, and while thus engaged published articles in a weekly paper which attracted the attention of literary men. Through the aid of a philanthropic New-Yorker he was enabled to enter college, but did not remain long, leaving school life to go upon the stage. He made his debut at the Park Theater, New York, in 1809, and with his first appearance became famous. He played in Boston and in Southern cities, and, though less than 18 years of age, was acknowledged to be the first of American actors. In 1813 he went to England and was received with favor by immense audiences. Thence he went to Paris, and while there was offered £100 by the managers of Drury Lane Theater, of London, for an English version of the "Maid and Magpie," then the popular play of France. He accepted the offer and made an engagement to reside in Paris and translate French plays. In this business he continued for a number of years. Then he went to London and commenced writing plays. Among others which he produced was "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which was put upon the stage for the first time at Covent Garden, London, in 1823. In this opera was the song, "Home, Sweet Home." It at once became popular, and in less than a year 100,000 copies of it were sold. Payne continued to reside in London until 1835, when, at the solicitation of friends, he returned to America. In 1842 he was sent as United States Consul to Tunis, and reappointed in 1851. In June of the following year he died, and was buried in Tunis. In March, 1883, his remains were disinterred and brought to this country, and they now repose in Oak Hill Cemetery at Washington.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

What Satisfied Ker.

"Uncle" Obed Wilson never could bear to hear evil spoken of any one. His wife used to say sometimes, "Sakes alive, Obed, folks'll think ye don't know what's what ef ye aint keerful." The old man had a nephew who was famed throughout the neighborhood of Jeffstown for his "shiftlessness." His farm was capable of yielding good returns, but it amounted to nothing in his hands, and Uncle Obed's soul was greatly tried; but no one, not even Aunt Polly, could get him to say anything severe about his nephew Frank.

The only response he made to Aunt Polly's vigorous and scornful remarks was to say, gently, "Easy there, naow, Polly; easy there, my gal. Frank does lack jedgment, mebbe; but then, who don't?"

"Lack jedgment!" Aunt Polly would say, incapacitated by her wrath for further speech; and there the conversation always dropped. But one day Aunt Polly had her reveuge, and was forever after contented. Whatever her husband might say, she knew that for once she had heard his real opinion in regard to his shiftless relations.

Uncle Obed came home from his nephew's late in the afternoon, drove into the barn, and stopped to attend to the milking before coming into the house. Aunt Polly went out to speak to him in great vexation of spirit. She had planned to ask him if he "really cal'lated any of Frank's folks was wuth losin' a hot supper fer;" but when she crossed the barn threshold she changed her mind.

There, seated on the milking-stool before old Bess in a most dejected attitude, looking abstractedly at the big lantern which stood beside him on the floor, was Uncle Obed. He did not hear her approach, and as she stood for a moment in the doorway she heard him say:

"The farm's lookin'—an' they're lookin', th' whole lot on 'em—I mustn't say so, o' course—mustn't let Polly know, in special—but they suttinly air lookin' like th' last o' pea time over t' Frank's!"

As he settled to his milking with a sigh, Aunt Polly stole softly from the barn, and when Uncle Obed's work was done he had a good supper and not a cross word with it.

Aunt Polly never found any fault with "Frank's folks" to her husband after that, and whenever she heard Uncle Obed defending what she termed the "reckless doin's" at his nephew's, her face wore a calm and inscrutably satisfied smile which greatly puzzled her mild-spoken old spouse.

"I aint never grudged him his d'sires to speak well of 'em," she would say to herself at such times, "but I was sca't f'r fear he was losin' his sense; an' naow I'm sat'sfied he aint lost it no more'n I hev."

Farming by Electricity.

Some of our rising young journalists are finding food for amusement in a bill recently introduced by Senator Peffer, of Kansas, providing for the establishment of an experimental station for the purpose of determining if electricity can be profitably used and applied as a motive power in the propulsion of farm machinery. Now we would like to place ourselves on record with the opinion that, if Congress would make as liberal an appropriation for this purpose as it did for certain idiotic experiments in "rain-making" not long ago, which served to make that august body the laughing stock of the civilized world, and the business could be put in charge of some such intelligent and technically trained electrical engineers as those, for example, who have within a few years revolutionized our methods of municipal transportation, the ultimate result would not be one whit less valuable to the people of the United States than that of the historic appropriation of $30,000 with which Morse's experimental telegraph line was built from Washington to Baltimore half a century ago. Of course, if the appropriation is made, the chances are that it will be squandered or stolen outright by some electrical fakers who are always on the lookout for such opportunities. Nevertheless we believe in Senator Peffer's idea, and do not hesitate to predict that the day is not distant when the entire labor of preparing and tilling the ground, as well as that of seeding, harvesting, threshing, and transporting the crops to the nearest railway station, wherever done on a large scale, will be performed by electric motors, at a cost as much below the cost of animal-power as the latter has proved to be below the cost of manual labor. The emancipation of the car-horse will be followed at no distant day by the emancipation of the farm-horse, and the results of the substitution, in the purely agricultural districts of our country, will constitute an industrial revolution of almost inconceivable magnitude.—Engineering Magazine.

Absent-Minded People Are Clever.

While, luckily for the world, all clever people are not absent-minded, nevertheless an absent-minded person is almost invariably a clever person and very often is a really intellectual man or woman whose absurd aberrations are therefore all the more laughable and conspicuous. One of our prominent men, who is noted for his urbanity and easy way of dealing with "the boys," had a call a week or two ago from a local politician whose influence was more or less important in his ward. As he was leaving, Mr. —— accompanied him into the hall and, picking up his own brand-new spring overcoat with a polite "Let me aid you," helped the man into it despite the latter's rather feeble protestations. "You will need it, the air is so keen," said Mr. —— blandly, as the man, accepting the situation, walked away, doubtless thinking it a delicate way of procuring a vote. A few minutes afterward Mr. —— discovered his mistake, but his new $80 top coat was gone forever. Another clever man who was extremely forgetful as well as absent-minded left the hotel at Lakewood not long since, arriving at the station with some friends a short time before the train was due. "By Jove!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I left my watch in my room. I will just have time to run back and get it," he continued, pulling out of his pocket to the amusement of his friends the identical timepiece, gazing at it wildly for a second and then starting at a rapid pace for the hotel. Not until his friends shouted after him with laughter did he realize that he had timed himself with the watch itself. —New York Tribune.

Philosophical.

An old schoolmaster, a venerable disciple of "good old Izaak Walton," once told this pleasing tale of his life as an angler:

I remember, when I was a boy, going out one morning before sunrise to fish for pickerel. I had just hooked a big one, when along came a countryman. He said nothing, but with mouth wide open, stopped to see the fun. The contest had lasted more than half an hour, when suddenly, just as I was about to land the prize, the pickerel, with one last rush for liberty, made good his escape.

With a lump in my throat, I instinctively turned to the countryman for consolation.

"Waal, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed. "Yew held on ter yoor end, young feller, but he didn't hold on ter his'n!"

Russia's Budget.

The Russian naval estimates for 1892 amount to 17,882,233 rubles, or 2,991,961 rubles more than last year, which sum is to be spent upon the building of new ships. By order of the Czar a large ironclad crusier, of the same type as the Rurick, of 10,923 tons and 15,000 horse power, is to be put upon the stocks at St. Petersburg shortly, in addition to three ironclads of 11,000 tons and several ironclad coast vessels of from 4,000 to 5,000 tons.

Studied About Everything.

The modern idea of combination in teaching was well illustrated the other day by a small boy, who was asked what he studied in the public schools. He answered: "Oh, everything—free-'and drawing, an' cookin', an' bacteriology, an' music, an' spectrum analysis, an' sewin' on buttons, an' agricultural chemistry, an' dish-washin', an' everything."

Chicago Ahead.

Chicago Girl—Our family is a more aristocratic family than yours.

Boston Girl—No, it isn't. My mother can boast of her forefathers for the past two centuries.

Chicago Girl—Oh, that is nothing. My mother can boast of four husbands for the past two years.—Texas Siftings.

What For?

The enlisted men of the army are to be furnished with cravats, the first they have had since the days when the military wore stocks.

SCORES ARE SLAIN!

WELLINGTON, KAN., OVERCOME BY A CYCLONE.

A Big Section of the Business Portion of the Town Wrecked and One Hundred Private Residences Practically Destroyed—Ruins Take Fire.

Fifty Residents Are Killed.

Wellington (Kan.) special: This city has had a visitation to-night (Friday) from the funnel-shaped cloud which plowed its devastating track through the business part of the town, with immense destruction of property and heavy loss of life. A storm of wind preceded the cyclone about half an hour. A few minutes after 9 o'clock the cyclone struck the city, coming from the southwest. There were no premonitory signs. Everybody was indoors, and the cloud passed with its destructive rush and awful roar unseen. Jefferson avenue, the principal business street, is lined on both sides for blocks with ruins. Those known to be dead are: Mrs. William Asher, Frank D. Campbell, Michael Fanning, laborer; Walter Forsyth, James E. Hastie, Ida Jones, dining-room girl at the Phillips house; —— McAdams, X. Silva, Mrs. Susan Slasher, burned; Kittie Strahn, two unknown men, Salvation Army soldiers. The injured whose names were learned are: Edward Forsyth, James Lawrence, candidate for Attorney General.

The people were thrown into such a state of excitement and the torrent of rain which succeeded the cyclone fell so mercilessly that no organized search for the dead and dying was attempted for some time, and the darkness almost baffled the efforts of the most earnest. How many may lie dead in the ruins of the Phillips House and beneath the ragged piles of broken brick and splintered timbers everywhere about there is as yet no means of estimating.

As fast as the injured are found they are being conveyed to the Grand Army Hall, which serves as a hospital, and their number is now increased to sixty-three. The number of the dead is now reported as being fifty. All of the finest buildings are in ruins, and every newspaper office in the city is a wreck. It is now estimated that the number of buildings destroyed exceeds 200 and the majority of them are business blocks.

While the Ball Was in Progress.

A ball was in progress at the Phillips Hotel, and the guests were nearly all there when the storm broke. Seven bodies, all unidentified, have been taken from the ruins.

Beneath the ruins imprisoned occupants were calling for aid, while many others were beyond earthly assistance. Some of the guests escaped as by a miracle; how many, no one knows. The proprietor of the hotel says his house was well filled and he does not see how it was possible for many of his guests, who were in their rooms in the upper stories of the structure, to have escaped.

To add to the horrors of the hotel wreck fire broke out in the ruins, and it is believed some who might have been taken out alive perished in the flames and smoke. Seven bodies thus far have been taken from the ruins of the hotel.

A Woman Burned to Death.

Flames also followed the cyclone in the debris of the Robinson Block on Washington avenue. Mrs. Susan Asher was known to be in the ruins. Those who first reached there heard her calling for help. They went to work with a will, when the flames, which had already made some progress, seemed to gain a fresh impetus. A sheet of fire swept over the spot where the woman was pinned down by timbers, and the rescuers were compelled to retreat, leaving her to her fate.

Farther down the street are the offices of the Monitor, Press, and Voice papers. They were completely wrecked. Buildings and contents are alike useless. Across the street were the fragments of a big business block. Here, under a great timber, was found the body of Michel Fanning, a laborer.

The wreck of every business house was much like those described. All had occupants. That a large number of these are dead is beyond question. It was impossible for them to escape. Among the other buildings of prominence destroyed are the Wellington foundry and the First Ward School Building.

One Hundred Houses Destroyed.

The width of the cyclone's path was about two blocks. In the residence section the destruction was nearly as great as in the business portion of the town. Fully 100 residences are practically ruined, and, in fact, the whole north part of the city is devastated. The Presbyterian and Lutheran churches, the old stone court house, the Wellington Hotel—all are in ruins.

The streets are impassable. Where buildings on the edge of the storm's path withstood its fury, great trees, twisted into fantastic shapes, are prone across the roadway, while entangled in the branches and trunks is a network of telegraph wires, the whole forming a thorough bar to progress on sidewalk or street.

The work of caring for such of the injured as have been extricated from the wreck is proceeding as rapidly as it is in the power of hundreds of the townspeople to expedite it.

All Sorts of Rumors Prevail.

It is at this time utterly impossible to state with absolute certainty the loss of life. The excitement is such that it is impossible to speak with knowledge of entire facts as to either loss of life, injuries, or damage to property. The wildest rumors prevail, and the estimate previously given is the most conservative possible under the circumstances. That the death and damage are great no one can gainsay.

Wellington is the county seat of Sumner County, Kansas. It has a population of 10,000. Thrifty and enterprising, it is located in the center of a thickly populated agricultural district, and is the most prominent town in Southern Kansas. This is the first cyclone that has ever visited the town.

This and That.

THERE are new silver watches made heart-shaped.

THE earth is the greatest distance from the sun on the morning of July 6.

JAPAN has no fewer than 700 earthquake observing stations scattered over the empire.

A BROOKLYN inventor proposes to tap the earth's interior for heat and thus save fuel.

THE household maintained by the Queen of England consists of nearly 1,000 persons.