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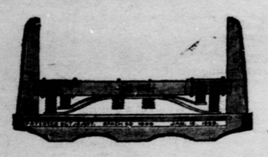
HUMBUGGED!



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Mrs. Judge Peck

Dyspepsia

Mrs. Judge Peck Tells How She Was Cured

Sufferers from Dyspepsia should read the following letter from Mrs. H. M. Peck, wife of Judge Peck, a justice at Tracy, Cal., and a writer connected with the Associated Press:

"By a deep sense of gratitude for the great benefit I have received from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I have been led to write the following statement for the benefit of sufferers who may be similarly afflicted. For 15 years I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia and

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Almost everything I ate would distress me. I tried different treatments and medicines, but failed to realize relief. Two years ago a friend prevailed upon me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle I noticed helped me, so I continued taking it. It did me so much good that my friends spoke of the improvement. I have received such great benefit from it that

Gladly Recommend It.

I now have an excellent appetite and nothing I eat ever distresses me. It also keeps up my

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

flesh and strength. I cannot praise Hood's Sarsaparilla too much." MRS. H. M. PECK, Tracy, California. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c. a box.

A Scientist claims the Root of Diseases to be in the Clothes we Wear.

The best Spring remedy for the blues, etc, is to discard your uncomfortable old duds which irritate the body:-leave your measure at ALAND'S for a new suit which will fit well, improve the appearance by relieving you instantly of that tired feeling, and making you cheerful and active. The cost of this sure cure is very moderate.

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Near P. O. - - 241 S. Main St.

THE GREAT LARAN REBELLION.

BY M. QUAD CRINKLE.

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"LAPORT, HERE'S A GENTLEMAN WANTS TO TALK TO YOU."

CHAPTER I.

In the early autumn of 18— a young man who was registered at the Lexington (Ky.) military academy as Surden Bench, aged twenty-two, got up about three o'clock in the morning and, taking eight hundred dollars belonging to the academy and his fellow-students, decamped.

The significance of the circumstance at the time arose from the discovery of the deliberate and ingenious method pursued by Bench to accomplish his purpose. He had conceived some kind of a town celebration and induced the young men to write home for funds. He also succeeded in getting them to make him the depository of the money, which according to the books amounted to eight hundred and fifty-four dollars. He disappeared from Lexington and all the efforts of the faculty and the authorities to trace him failed.

It is now known that when he left the academy he struck across country to the Salt river, where he had a skiff in hiding and presumably a negro confederate. With characteristic Kentucky impulse, the young men of the school held an indignation meeting and offered the eight hundred dollars to anyone who would capture him and turn him over to the authorities. This reward put upon his trail several western deputy sheriffs who tracked him to Cairo, Ill., where it was suspected that he had changed his boat, bought ammunition and supplies and set off down the Mississippi, traveling generally in the night and hiding in the bayous during the day.

Deputy Sheriff Col. Abner Petingill, of Frankfort, published in the Louisville Journal a year later a communication setting forth that his party had tracked Bench to a bayou, somewhere between Tiptonville and Fulton, on the Tennessee shore, where the fugitive had sunk his boat and struck through the wild tract of country extending to what is known as the "Highland Rim," in Henderson county. This communication is curious in one statement. It says: "We discovered, after much tedious searching, the sunken boat and then struck his trail in the woods. We had not followed it far before we came to the conclusion that he was accompanied by a woman."

Col. Petingill then states that it was his belief and the belief of his party that Bench met with an accident somewhere on the Rim, for all traces of him disappeared, and after camping out for two weeks in the wilderness and discovering no new trail the party returned.

The fact is Bench had accidentally discovered the Laran cave.

In his endeavor to escape from his pursuers, he had struck straight up the rim and in jumping from one of the upturned cretaceous strata he had landed upon a depression which gave way beneath his weight and he fell perpendicularly into a crevice twelve feet deep. This crevice has since become famous as the Laran portal.

At its bottom he discovered the descent which led to the arena and having exploited the place, he and his companion lived there until the following winter. As soon as he felt satisfied that the search was given over, he sent the woman out for supplies and built a brush house over the opening to conceal it from the negroes who brought them game and provisions.

They must have remained in and about the Laran cave very nearly three months.

In that time Bench made a very thorough investigation of it and prepared maps and topographical diagrams of the surrounding country. Some of these drawings may now be seen at the Government museum at Rock Island, and, considering the rude means at Bench's command, they are singularly careful and accurate specimens of cartography.

In those three months Bench had conceived and worked out one of the most astounding and gigantic schemes with which the history of audacity and indomitable will makes us acquainted.

CHAPTER II.

He is not heard of again until five years have elapsed, and the second event of which it is necessary briefly to make mention here occurred exactly three months before he came to the surface in the furtherance of his vast project.

In the winter of 18— occurred the revolution in Venezuela known as the Vargas rebellion. A Spanish bark, the Valencia, carrying arms and supplies for the insurgents which had been bought in England, encountered a heavy storm while off the Gulf of Maracaibo, and springing a leak ran off past Point Gallinas, and the captain, in order to relieve his craft, threw over at flood-tide two four-inch breech-loading rifled steel guns, at a point called the Bahiata Bank. The mate of this vessel claimed to be an American and when the Valencia was captured two days later he managed to escape by connivance of the authorities and went straight to New Orleans. It is supposed that he met Bench there. At all events, he went back to Caracas as soon as the revolution was over and is known to have bought up, on some plea or other, the shells and ammunition originally shipped with the guns that were lost and for which the government had no use.

The guns, however, were not lost. They lay in plain sight on the Bahiata bank at low water, and, having been carefully sealed, had suffered little damage.

CHAPTER III.

Three months later Bench comes to the surface at the Moyamensing prison, now a federal penal establishment. He arrived there as the representative of an influential New York paper with a letter to the governor—the officer that under the old system we knew as the warden.

And here the story of the great conspiracy properly begins.

A card was brought to the official bearing the name of "Andrew Kent," with the title of the New York newspaper in the corner, and it was followed by a well-dressed man of about thirty, whose easy dignity and informal heartiness impressed the warden favorably.

"You are Gov. Ixtel, I presume?"

The governor smiled and said he was.

"I am from the New York newspaper whose name you saw on the card. I

"I HAVE BEEN SENT ON AN ERRAND WHICH THIS LETTER WILL EXPLAIN."

have been sent on an errand which this letter will explain."

The governor put on his glasses and read the letter that was handed to him. It ran as follows:

"TO THE GOVERNOR OF THE FEDERAL PRISON, ETC., ETC.: The bearer of this, Mr. Kent, is connected with the staff of this paper and is sent to you to obtain, if possible, an interview with the prisoner Jean Laport, now under sentence for manslaughter. The interests of the political party now in power can be materially advanced if this man can be induced to talk, and, if possible, furnish some information concerning his confederates in a vast scheme to rob the government. It is assumed that the prisoner, who is virtually under a life sentence, can have no good reason for longer keeping silent, and it is thought by the managers of this paper that an adroit man, like the bearer of this, if furnished the facilities, may succeed in eliciting the information, which will be of great service in the coming campaign to the administration, of which you are a loyal adherent.

"Respectfully, etc., etc."

Gov. Ixtel, a plethoric and good-natured man when not dealing with convicts, let his hand drop to his side with the letter in it. With the other he took off his glasses and looked at Mr. Kent with a broad smile.

"Why, bless your enterprising soul," he said, "that old alligator won't talk. You couldn't pump ten words out of him if you worked a month."

"Nevertheless," replied Mr. Kent, "I am here to make the attempt with your kind permission."

"Take a seat," said the governor. "I never heard that Laport was mixed up in politics."

Mr. Kent sat down. "Well, sir, it isn't generally known. But he is nevertheless the depository of certain secrets which to hold will no longer be of any service to him and which if he will give them away, as we say, will secure for him the influence of a number of powerful friends who can, if they set to work, get him a commutation of sentence."

Mr. Kent was evidently a clever talker; he was thoroughly posted in the political situation; he brought with him from New York a good deal of inside news and several rattling stories that were new. He candidly confessed that he had no stomach for this job and wanted to be back in the metropolis. But duty was duty and he'd have to make the attempt. He did not think he'd get much out of it, but if he did it would be a feather in the cap of the present administration and an additional plume for himself.

Mr. Kent talked so long that the governor invited him to take dinner with his family, and the guest proved such an interesting talker that Mrs. Ixtel late in the afternoon proposed to the governor that it would be far more hospitable to have the gentleman stay with them than to go off to a hotel.

He played backgammon that night with the governor; sang the latest songs for Miss Ixtel and accompanied himself on the piano; and he sat up till twelve o'clock talking politics and drinking the governor's whisky.

The next day about nine o'clock in the morning, the prisoner, a round-shouldered old man with a great deal of character in his square jaw and massive chin and deep-set scintillant black eyes, was brought into the office of the prison. No one was present but the governor and the reporter.

"Laport," said the governor, "here's a gentleman wants to talk to you. I hope you'll treat him with more consideration than you do me."

The old man looked from one of the men to the other with a sullen defiance. "You can save yourself the trouble," he said. "I've nothing to say."

He folded his arms and stood looking at the ceiling.

"Well, sit down and be comfortable if you can't be human," said the governor. "There's a chair."

Kent then began a free and easy explanation to which Laport paid very little attention. He approached the subject of his inquiry, the governor thought, with great tact, and then asked one or two unimportant questions.

The only answer the man made was to turn to the governor.

"Is there anything in my conduct" he said, "to warrant you in inflicting this extra punishment on me? Send me back to my work."

"I'm inclined," said the governor, "to put you in a dark cell for a week to punish you for your infernal obstinacy. I've treated you altogether too well, old man."

The old man gave a slight shrug of his shoulders, but was silent.

Kent began to apologize for him, and, as coaxingly as he could, asked him several more questions. To one of them he growled out a sullen "no," and was on the point of saying something else when one of the guards came in with a message for the governor, at which he relapsed into silence, and no further attempts could induce him to say a word.

When he had been taken away the governor said: "You see I was right when I told you it was a hopeless task."

"On the contrary," said Kent, "I feel quite encouraged. I've only been feeling of him."

"I think I'll lock him up for a day or two. It will make him civil."

"I wish," said Kent, "you'd lock me up with him for half an hour. If I don't make any headway then, I'll give up the job and go back."

The next day the governor's family went to a church picnic and Kent accompanied them. He proved on this occasion to be the life of the little party. There seemed to be nothing that he could not do, from making an omelette in the woods to making a speech to the children. The governor was really quite proud of his guest.

Kent had now been three days inside the prison jurisdiction, and how well he had improved his time appeared afterwards. When they were coming home from the picnic he told Mrs. Ixtel that he had overstayed his time and must finish up his business on the morrow. If the governor would lock him up with Laport he thought he could make the fellow confidential.

The upshot of all this was that on the fourth day Kent was taken to Laport's cell, carrying nothing but a pencil and pad which the governor had furnished him, and jocularly remarking as he was going through the corridor that they ought to search him first, for he might have some files about him and let that rascal out to teach the world a golden silence.

The governor laughed, as he now did at almost everything Kent said, and only remarked: "If he gets away from me, I'll take all the blame."

"All right," rejoined Kent, "but, as you value a human life, don't forget to let me out inside of the half hour. Make it twenty minutes."

They entered the cell together. Laport was sitting on the stone floor with his head between his knees. He neither rose nor looked up as they came in. The place was dimly lit by one embrasure. It was furnished with an iron pallet and a pail.

Kent went toward the light and looked at a large gold watch. "It is ten minutes of ten," he said. "Give me till a quarter past."

Laport looked up and addressed himself to the governor:

"Are you going to put this lunatic on me?" he said, "till I knock my brains out against these walls?"

"The best way to get rid of him," replied the governor, "is to treat him civilly. He doesn't want to annoy you, and he comes from some of your friends."

"Yes," said Kent, "you can treat me confidentially. The governor is going to leave us together for a few moments. If you will answer some of my questions I can be of service to you."

Laport dropped his head between his hands. The governor gave a shrug and turned to the door. "I've heard of squeezing pig-lead out of a sponge," he said. "It's holiday work to squeezing that old bundle of scrap-iron."

"For God's sake, don't forget me when the time's up," said Kent, and sat down on the iron bed.

The governor then went out. Kent heard the great bolt shot with an iron clang.

"Now then," he said so that the Governor could hear him on the other side of the door if he listened. "This is the last chance I've got to talk to you, my friend. If you will tell me what I want to know it will secure you the influence of powerful friends."

He listened. He heard the retreating footsteps of the governor in the corridor. He sprang softly but quickly to the iron door and put his ear down. The governor was some distance away.

Laport looked up with something like a momentary interest in the strange actions.

"Now listen to me, Jean Laport," said Kent, dropping his voice, "I've just twenty minutes to say all I've got to tell you. I have come here to liberate you. All this business of newspaper and politics is a blind to get in here. I can stay here three days more. In that time I can free you. You must follow my directions minutely. In three interviews I can get the tools to you. I have made all the arrangements to take care of you when you are outside the walls. Is there any chance of their changing your cell?"

Laport looked at Kent suspiciously.

"What do you want to free me for?" he asked.

"I know your whole history," replied Kent, "and I sympathize with you. But sympathy has nothing to do with my actions. I want your help. You are the best mechanician in the country. I have work for you—let that suffice. If they do not change your cell within five days you are a free man. Now, listen. The first thing to do is to get a stone out in the darkest corner of the cell so as to hide the tools I bring you. Here is the thin steel knife to do it, and here is the muriatic acid and syringe to soften the mortar."

Kent took from an inner breast pocket as he spoke a tool which he screwed together, a small phial and a little syringe. "You are to gather the mortar in this handkerchief and I will take it away when I next see you. The wall on that side is part of the old wall of the original penitentiary. It was built by contract and is only faced up with blocks; the center is filled in with cracked stone. You can loosen one of those blocks before to-morrow and I will bring you the implements to cut that bar and the wire to make the descent. I have made the measurement of all the spaces outside, watched the system of guard relief—and will furnish you a plan for every foot of your way."

Laport was turning the tool over and inspecting it with a workman's admiration. Kent continued: "You are to escape by the window. It is twelve feet above the laundry shed. The window bar is iron, not even case hardened. You are to work at it on Friday when the engine in the laundry is running. From the corner of the laundry to the angle of the prison wall east is fifty feet. The guard cannot see you till you get to the wall, and if you get there at the right time he will be on the eastern stretch and you will be in the shadow of the main building. There will be a wire over the wall in the far angle. Once you are over I will take care of you. I'll give you further directions to-morrow. You must clearly understand that to carry out this scheme you must remain in this cell and, to insure your staying here, you must assist me in deceiving the governor. I shall tell him that you complained of the confinement and shall advise him to keep you here till I get all the information I want."

Kent stopped and listened. He saw that the prospect of freedom had awakened a flash of interest in the old man's eye.

"What do you want me to do," asked Laport, "that you take all this trouble?"

"I want to employ your genius," said Kent, "and pay you handsomely. If you don't like the employment, you are at liberty to go and do as you please. But you will not object to it. There is no time to discuss that now. I will tell the governor that I am getting the information I want from you. I have already invented a plausible story. He will let me come back here to-morrow. Do your work to-night so that when I bring you the tools you will have a place to put them. Everything depends on your loosening one of those stones to-night in case they examine your cell. Follow my directions and I will give you your liberty. Stand still a moment and let me measure you."

He took a little piece of paper and a tiny tape line from his pocket. "You understand," he said, "that it is to get a disguise ready that will fit you. To-morrow I will bring you two blank checks to sign. You will understand later what they are for."

A moment later a step was heard in the corridor, and Kent was sure the governor was listening. He was not mistaken. What the governor heard in part was this:

"Now then why not tell me the rest of it? These men can do you no service now, and the friends of the administration will secure your pardon if they are furnished with all the facts. You have told me enough to make it worth my while to stay here another day to get the rest of it and I'm anxious to get back."

The governor shot the bolt and opening the door looked in.

"Time," he said.

Kent appeared to be so engrossed in his interview that he did not instantly perceive the entrance of the officer, but went on talking to Laport. "Think it over," he said. "Your own personal comfort if not your freedom may be involved in it."

Then he and the governor left the cell.

The first thing that Kent did was to tell the governor that he had succeeded

"I HAVE COME HERE TO LIBERATE YOU!"

in unsealing Laport's lips and had already got from him some intimations of the political gang which had attempted to use him. He then narrated a story of his own invention which was so ingeniously fabricated that the governor was deeply interested and himself proposed that Kent should stay until he had got the whole of it and this Kent at last consented to do, merely remarking: "I'd keep the fellow in that cell till I get it, if I were you. The confinement galls him and I have no doubt he will sooner or later give away the whole matter in order to get back to the workshop. Keep him locked up twenty-four hours longer."

The next day there was another interview. The moment Kent was alone with the prisoner, he asked: "Did you get the stone out?"

Laport took from his breast where it had been concealed under his woolen shirt, a small folded packet. Kent took it, fingered it a moment, and put it in his hip pocket. The two men then went to the dark corner of the cell and Laport, getting down on his knees, showed him that he had loosened one of the small flagstones in the flooring. Kent looked closely at the work, saw that no one could perceive the difference in the seams unless he brought a light to it and merely said: "Good." Then the two men sat down on the edge of the iron bed.

Kent had brought with him a circular steel cutting saw which fitted into the case of his gold watch. The brace and other appliances he took from different parts of his person, and Laport, with the instant divination of a mechanician, fitted them together. They were slender and apparently fragile, but had been made by a surgical instrument manufacturer, and were of the finest material. Laport examined them with unconcealed admiration.

Kent, however, did not allow him to waste the fraction of a minute. "Put it away at once," he said. Laport touched the flat stone with his foot on one corner; it tipped at the pressure; he inserted his finger and, lifting it up, placed the implements in the space beneath. He also received from Kent a little coil of steel wire. "It is to let you down from the window to the laundry roof," he said. "Every inch of it has been tested up to five hundred pounds. But all this mechanical assistance is of no sort of avail if you fail to follow out my schedule of time and scrupulously fit every move to my arranged programme. You will cut the bar to-morrow while the engine in the laundry is running. How long do you calculate it will take you?"

"If it is an iron bar, I can do it in two hours with that saw."

"Very good. You are to leave a segment of iron to hold it in its place and rub the rust into the fresh cut. You are to get out the window on Saturday morning at exactly half-past two to the minute. I will bring you to-morrow a tiny duplicate watch set to one I have myself, and a little box of wax matches. I will also bring you a pair of kid gloves padded, so that you can use the loops in the wire without cutting your hands. You must be at the far angle in the wall exactly ten minutes later and you will find the other wire thrown over for you. It will not do to have it there before and you are to pull it after you when you are on the other side. One other thing: You must manage in some way to set the bar back in its place. No one will look into your cell till five o'clock from the wicket in the door, but the absence of the bar might be detected by the patrol on the wall. He carries a bull's-eye. Can you do that?"

"Yes," said Laport, "if I have any foothold on the wire and you can bring me half an ounce of gum shellac softened in alcohol."

"Very good. You will have eight minutes to get over the wall and you will land in a high clump of jimson weeds. I want you to remember the rest of my directions. It is necessary that you commit them to memory. At the time you land in the weeds, there will be a man on a horse in the road and he will start east at break-neck speed. You are to give no heed to him, but cross the road, drop over the bank—it is shale and cinders and will leave no footprints—and turn to the left and follow it west for one hundred feet where you will come to a culvert and brook crossing. You are to take to the middle of this stream and follow the bed five hundred feet, rolling your trousers up so as to keep them dry, until you come to an outhouse painted red, which overhangs it. Light a match and if there are two crosses in chalk on the lowest clapboard, you will know that is the place to turn. Then follow the path from the outhouse up to the dwelling, but be careful to walk on the gravel and not in the grass. There is a back kitchen with a side door and a common latch. It will be open. There will be a hot fire burning in the large kitchen stove. You are to lock the door and divest yourself of every bit of clothing and burn it there before doing anything else and see that all the shreds are destroyed. When that is done, go to the second story, front room, where you will find the disguise you are to wear. In the breast pocket of the blouse are three photographs of the man who has been wearing it. You are to be careful about the wig and mustache. You ought to be in the upper room not later than four. The alarm will be given about five-thirty. That will give you an hour and a half to complete the disguise and the sun will be up. At that moment you will take a paint pot and brush which are in the room and get upon the ladder in front of the house and proceed to paint the siding at the place where the job is left unfinished. You are to speak very little English. You will be fifteen feet above the street. You are to answer all questions in a guttural and unintelligible manner. The main entrance of the prison is nearly opposite that house. The men in the prison office are already familiar with your figure on the ladder and regard you as a stupid Alsatian who has hired the place and is fitting it up as a saloon. At five-thirty I expect a wire will be sent from the nearest hamlet (fifteen miles east) that an escaped prisoner has passed through on a horse. You will be able from your perch if you are quick-witted, to discern by the movements at the prison entrance if the chase is taken up in that direction. If it is, you will have twenty-four hours start, for they will not catch my man inside of that time, and when they do, they will be unable to identify him. In the blouse will be a small pocket compass and a little map. At exactly twelve-fifteen, when all the farm hands are at dinner, you will take a basket on your arm and set out leisurely across the stubble-field, south of the house. You are to follow the path across the field in a southwesterly direction. When you reach the stile at the stone wall, two paths are seen on the other side; take the path that goes down to the wood. The moment you are in the densest part of the grove, you are to make the most speed you can, following the path by the brookside until you come to an old and ruined mill a mile west. You will sit down off the old mill stone in the grass and wait till you hear some one singing "Home Sweet Home." It is the signal that all is safe and it will be a woman's voice. You are instantly to enter the old mill and follow exactly the directions of the lady you will meet there, bearing in mind only this, that a woman has not a man's sense of time, and you will be missed and inquired for some time during the afternoon and everything will then depend on your speed of movement after you leave the mill. The arrangements from that point are perfect. Delay alone may make them miscarry. Can you repeat all these points to me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Where to Be Happy Though Married.

Mrs. De Style—There were ninety debutantes in our set last season, and only nineteen young men. Isn't it horrid?

Prof. Graybeard—Possibly the other young men have emigrated to Mexico.

"Mercy! What can be the attraction down there?"

"The girls are very pretty, their fashions seldom change, and they never wear bonnets."—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Very Encouraging.

Johnnie Masher—I dreamt last night that I proposed to you.

Esmerelda Longcoffin—There is evidently a bond of sympathy between us. I, too, dreamed last night that you proposed, and that I rejected you and then my big brother kicked you down the front steps, and the dog bit a chunk out of you.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

No Evidence.

"I understand that the deceased was a man of very nervous disposition and given to petulance," said the old lady to the undertaker.

"I didn't notice it, ma'am," replied the undertaker. "I've been busy with him for the past forty-eight hours, and he showed no signs of petulance—but then most corpses is quiet."—Judge.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

Mrs. Muldoon—Begobbs, necissity be ther mother of invention, but it's mesilf that invinted this to dthe invy av me nayburs.—Puck.

The Way It Will Be.

"Pop, how are they going to collect the income tax when it goes into force?"

"They are going to leave it to everybody's honor, Bobby."

"Pop, will everybody that has an income have honor?"

"Yes, Bobby, but in inverse ratio. The bigger the income, the less honor they will have."—Life.

The Bachelor's Will.

There was a jolly bachelor
Who died at eighty-eight,
And by his will the good man left
The whole of his estate
To women who had answered nay,
When asked by him to wed,
For he declared he owed to them
The happy life he'd led.
—Helen W. Grow, in Life.

A Request.

Wilbur — Isn't it the yeast that makes the bread rise until it is half a foot thick?

Bridget—Yes, Wilbur.

Wilbur—Then I wish you would put some in the pies, and make them half a foot thick too.—Harper's Young People.

ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

TO PRESERVE ROADS.

Wagon Manufacturers Must Cooperate with Road Builders.

The subject of good roads is one of great interest to the community in general and to farmers in particular. Good roads enable the farmer to market his produce at all times in the year and secure his supplies at less expense for hauling, with less wear and tear to vehicles and injury to animals, besides which they result in bringing together more closely the members of the agricultural community, and thereby increase the social intercourse of farmers.

Of course, the building of good roads is expensive work, but it pays. If it did not would we find England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and many other civilized countries

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF A STREET IN AN ILLINOIS TOWN IN SPRING.

building the best roads they can in the face of difficulties which to us would be appalling? The poor Swiss have built roads through gorges and around precipices which would seem impassable, and which must have cost over $1,000,000 per mile.

These nations are all eminently practical. They have not gone into the business so extensively simply for the purpose of beautifying the land. That is a very subordinate one. It is a question of hard cash. It is estimated in England that in the mere saving in cost by reducing their roads to such a condition that three horses can do the work of four there has been an economy of $100,000,000 effected annually.

But the roads are not entirely at fault. In some parts of the country they have been nicely graded only to be rapidly destroyed by the narrow-tired wagons heavily laden. The movement in favor of wide tires for draught vehicles needs to be encouraged. Repeated experiments have proved that wheels with tires 2½ inches wide cause double the wear of wheels which have 4½ inch tires. The wide tire has a tendency to roll the roadbed and keep it smooth at the same time, while the narrow one cuts it up and requires more hauling force for the same weight of load, besides spoiling the thoroughfare. Most of the European countries have laws regulating this matter.

In France the market wagons have tires from three to ten inches in width, usually four to six inches, and the rear axle is the longest, so that the hind wheels run on a line outside of the fore wheels, the vehicle being thus a road-maker instead of a road-destroyer. In England it has not been found profitable to increase the width much beyond four and a half inches, except in cases of wagons without springs, where they are sometimes made as wide as six inches. It is essential that some action be taken, for narrow tires will soon ruin the best road ever made.—N. Y. World.

ROAD CONSTRUCTION.

The Subject Discussed by an Influential Missouri Journal.

The road question in the different states continues to excite a good deal of attention, and has given rise to much discussion concerning the best way to carry forward the improvement. In some states which have taken charge of the building and keeping in order of the public roads, there has been some controversy about the policy of employing convict labor for the work. It is reported that the experiment in New York state has been a success. The largest item of cost there has been the expense of guarding the prisoners, and recapturing those who escape. It has been troublesome and costly to maintain camps, kitchens and supplies. The answer is that it costs a good deal of money anyhow to keep the convicts in idleness within the penitentiary walls, and that the difference between that cost and the expense of putting them in camps on the roads is more than counterbalanced by the improved condition of the men and their exemption from sickness and hospital charges. They must be cared for and supported; they cannot be allowed to come in competition with artisans and skilled workman in factories and laboratories, and altogether it is perhaps about the best use that can be made of them to put them at work on the public roads.

We do not think the convict side of the question will cut any figure in this state. When the legislature meets next winter, public opinion will have been pretty well settled as to the best plan of carrying forward the public road improvement. The matter has been thoroughly discussed by the country press, and the principal point already gained is that a thorough system of road-building must be undertaken in every part of the state. If there is to be any state legislation in regard to the matter, it can be easily obtained. Many of the counties are already forehanded in the work, and feel able to carry forward all that may be necessary. There is a willingness on the part of the people to be taxed for the improvement, and, no doubt, many of the counties will issue and sell bonds to raise the necessary money. It is, altogether, about one of the best movements for the development of the state that has been inaugurated for many years, and we hope it may be pushed in all sections.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Full of Prospects.

Paterfamilias—Have you any prospects of being able to properly support my daughter?

Youthful Suitor—Oh! yes. In fact, I might say that everything in that respect is purely prospective.—N. Y. World.

Knew from Experience.

The Teacher—Johnny, you may tell us what you know about the season of spring.

The Chicago Boy—Spring is a short season coming between the first and last parts of winter.—Chicago Record.

She Had Been Tried.

Father—Is the girl you are going to marry economical?

Son (enthusiastically)—I should say so. Last year she spent five hundred dollars in bargains.—Brooklyn Life.

About the House.

Chappie—There's one thing about Miss Finder's new house I don't like.

Sappie—What's that?

Chappie—Her father.—N. Y. Recorder.

The Familiar Sorrow.

He got a typewriter,
It's doing quite well
In the matter of speed—
But it won't learn to spell.
—N. Y. Recorder.

Encouraging.

He—What if I steal a kiss?

She—I hope you will never be guilty of keeping stolen goods.—Demorest's Magazine.