

## Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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### CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

In the huge chimney, under the crane-hung kettle, flickered a small fire. Shadows danced on floor and walls on the white draped bed in the corner—the snowy cloth spread over the table, a rude slab on oaken posts.

Guns hung on the buck horns above the door; an old print of the Madonna, and a few family portraits in dull frames, decked duller wall. The coloring was somber, but the firelight glow, and the sparkle of silver on the table, brightened the interior. Everywhere was a nameless charm, foreign to the wildwood. Perhaps it was in the white curtains—in the basket of garbages, in the wild flowers blooming on mantelpiece and table.

When the meal was finished, Lavender filled her father's pipe. "You know and that you are giving yourself altogether too many headaches. There is such a painful contrast between your buckskin coat and this gold tobacco box. And as for mother—that knot of real lace is poking fun at the linsey gown it adorns."

"But not at the face above it, child," and Mr. Creighton looked fondly at his wife. "As for you, saucy minx," he added, "these white hands and feet are quite out of place here. As long as you wear high-heeled slippers and an amber bracelet, don't laugh at your poor father's luxury."

"But the shoes—my dear Virginia shoes—are wearing out. What shall I do them, Dad?"

"Do as did the men at Valley Forge, dear; bind them up with rags."

Just then there was a shuffling step outside, and the rattle of pails. Lavender flew to the door to admit America, who, as she entered, grumbled to herself: "Reckon 'all 'tink 'I'm slower 'n lasses in winter, but dat ole mooly cow is doin' me 'ornalins' critter eber I see. She was in de creek, most do creek, an' I had de beateens 'tine gittin' her—callin' 'Suke' till my th'out most cracked. Den it tuk me a pow'ful time to git my strippins."

While she was talking America was emptying the warm milk into broad pans, and Lavender carried them into the small lean to that served as kitchen, and which the old negro calls the "quarters," in memory of days on Blennerhassett Island—days which she would never allow to be better, but to which, in many little ways, she paid unconscious tribute.

Suddenly, in the midst of pouring the milk, she stopped with hands on her hips, exclaiming: "Gawd! I done forgot to tell 'ya dat some body's comin' up de riber. Hit most be Mars. Gerald, but de skiff ain't white. Dar was only one man in it, and peered like he was pullin' fer dis yer sho'."

Unconsciously, Mr. Creighton's eyes sought his gun, and his hand moved to the hunting-knife in the silver scabbard at his belt.

Lavender went to the window—a loop-hole heavily barred. Twilight was almost over, and the zone of giant pines that bound the clearing loomed into the fast blackening zenith.

"Somebody is crossing the strifle," she said. "Ah, it is Senor Gonzaga."

Opening the door, she met him with frank cordiality, and he bowed impressively over her hand.

They were all surprised, but delighted, and Mrs. Creighton asked: "You are living near us, senor?"

"I am permanently, madam, it is my purpose to travel through the new territory, and I only stopped for a short stay in St. Charles. Friends are rare in this country, and one likes to remain near them as long as possible." He glanced at Lavender, but she was busy with the snood that bound her hair, and took no notice of his words or look.

To the excited family, the presence of a visitor was a treat, and they were all brighter for this breath of the outer world. Besides, this man was educated, had traveled much, and there was food for conversation outside their present narrow scope in his wide knowledge of men and things.

Gonzaga noticed that Mr. Creighton was paler, thinner, with deeper lines about the mouth, and at the corners of her shadowed eyes.

"You don't mind being with me, Mrs. Creighton?" he demanded, with unctuous politeness.

Lavender ignored any deep meaning in the words, and there was no embarrassment, only wide-eyed surprise in her reply: "I don't mind, I assure you, but it is late, and mother will be uneasy. America, too, see, she is fidgety as a hen whose fledglings have just to the pond. She laughed, and, hanging her arm over the boat's edge, let the water trickle through the pink dam of her fingers.

"You don't mind being with me? High praise, indeed!" and Gonzaga shrugged his shoulders, and raised his brows sarcastically. Then, dropping the oars, and bending toward her: "After the manner said, 'I, on the other hand, declare that it is my sole delight to be with you. It has been since first sight of you was a balm to my tired eyes."

His voice, soft in time with the melody of waves against the idle oars—his face with its southern beauty, lent dignity to the words which, from a less romantic cavalier, Lavender would have scorned as mere sustenance.

But there was magic in the time and place, witchery in the hour which subdued the girl's levity, and awakened a dormant sentiment. But this sentiment was not for the man beside her. With every beat of her quickened pulse, her thoughts were borne farther from him. Her eyes had a soft charm, her voice a tender cadence, but the softness, the tenderness which his words had awakened, were for another.

"You speak prettily, senor," she said, dreamily, and the unconscious coquetry led him on.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" was his next question.

Lavender laughed uneasily—for now his tone and manner roused her—

"Saitin' de cow, to ketch de calf," the old servant said, sagely.

Lavender laughed a rippling accompaniment to the cider gurgling from the Jug. "I'm afraid the Spanish cavalier is not in your good books," she said.

"I ain't sayin' nothin' agin 'im; he might be all right, and, then again, he mightn't."

And Lavender, who could extract nothing more to the point, returned to the company.

When the cider was poured, Mrs. Creighton said: "Let us drink to the kind friend who cheer us this."

The Spaniard passed in the act of raising his glass, a curve of interrogation in his handsome brows.

Lavender's cheek glowed with an added color, not altogether a reflection of the firelight.

Her mother continued: "It was brought the other day by Mr. Winslow's trusty Indian guide. You remember Ovatoga, perhaps? He who was with us on the boat? It seems that he prefers to remain with Mr. Winslow—ever at his beck and call."

Gonzaga merely touched his lips to the glass, then asked, coolly: "Winslow? Ah, yes; where is the gentleman? He seems to have disappeared."

To the sighing tone, Mrs. Creighton replied, warmly:

"I am sorry to say it is long since we saw him, but we had a message from him saying he is detained a prisoner at St. Louis, on parole. Information, through whom he does not know, was given the authorities of his connection with the Burr expedition. It seems that affair is, for some reason, I cannot understand, regarded by the government in the light of a conspiracy. Trouble is brewing for the leaders, and until that is settled, our friend is held in St. Louis."

Here Gonzaga inquired: "You say he has been written when, may I ask?"

"Ovatoga delivered the note on my first trip here."

The Spaniard paused with the cup at his lips: "The Indian? He was the bearer of a note, did you say?"

"Yes, a few lines written on the day of Mr. Winslow's arrest."

Lavender, put in with a little temper: "It is a disgrace to our country that honest men can't go forth to find a home without interference—without insult."

But the Spaniard hardly heeded; he was thinking of what they had just told him—that the note had been given to him that had been outwitted. Holding the cup of cider unsteady, he reiterated: "And you say that the Indian delivered the note on the first visit?"

As Lavender nodded assent, a gleam of baffled anger lit the dusky eyes. Only for a moment; lifting the cup, he slowly drained it, then said, with an indolent smile: "On behalf of my own country, I am quite interested in Col. Burr's. There seems a promise of advantage to Spain in the affair, but I can readily see how the gentleman in office at Washington might object."

Lavender flushed at this, and went abruptly into the kitchen, leaving the elders to champion a cause in which she would not trust herself to speak.

A few moments later she returned, and, to make amends for her rudeness, said: "America is not sure that she closed the door of the shed. If Senor Gonzaga will allow us, we will go that far with him. Perhaps we will meet Gerald, too; he ought to be coming home to-night."

The Spaniard was delighted at the prospect, and said so, adding an effusive good-night, and begging that he might come again.

Outside in the moonlight the forest lay half asleep. Grasses waved lazily, the frogs kept up their drowsy monotone, and birds twittered in the branches. At the water's edge, where the boat rocked with the lulling waves, they paused and gazed down the river. There was no sign of life on its broad bosom; in the air was a scent of shells and water grasses; the sky was clear and starry.

"Let us row down and meet your brother," suggested the visitor, and Lavender, with a mischievous farewell to America, jumped into the skiff.

"We won't row far," she called back. "Wait for us."

"In a panic, the old negro rushed to the water's edge. "Whar yo two gwine dis time o' night?"

"Sailing," said Lavender, who opened. "Let us go back," she commanded. But he had Lavender alone, with the fast growing pad of water between them and interruption, and Gonzaga was the last man to forego this first opportunity.

"Why do you not want to go with me, Mrs. Creighton?" he demanded, with unctuous politeness.

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brought her back to him. "No," she declared, "I am not sure that I believe in love at all."

Ignoring her speech, he went on: "There is a southern flower that, in a night, throws all its great heart bare. So my love for you had its being."

"And so in a night it will die," Lavender tried to speak lightly, but she could not meet his ardent gaze. Instead, her own followed with dismay the happy track ever widening between her and the shore.

"It will never die, cara mia. It will live always, and from its roots shall spring another—your love for me. Is it not so?" he leaned toward her; his senses swimming in a passion for this girl whose fair face was reflected all the crystal of moonlight wave and sky. For the first time in this man's career, something he ardently desired seemed out of reach. Gold he had won and lost as easily—land and fame had cheaply bartered for a song—a smile. But this maid, half child half woman, was under that general classification, and a rare, earthy witchery about her had suddenly become for him the one thing worth striving for.

"From my love shall spring another—yours for me. Is it not so?"

"I do not think so, senor. I am too modest to believe in the strength of my feeling for me. It will die before mine can have birth. No, no," she commanded, as he was about to speak, "I cannot listen; I—I am not ready now. I thank you for your love, if it be love—I do not know," she ended, dreamily.

"Then, ignoring his ardent interruption, 'I am not ready to hear of love—I do not want it.'"

Her earnest, yet matter-of-fact tone maddened him, and he blurted out: "You do not want it? But there is another love that you do want—the love of a spy, a traitor!"

She met his blazing eyes with a look of cold disdain. "You talk in riddles, senor."

"A riddle you can easily read, lady, but if you prefer, I shall construe it. You deny me, only to give your love to that other, the champion of a bold enterprise which counts for its success upon the dismemberment of a great public. This conspirator against the flag for which the blood spilled is scarcely dried—this brave knight-errant of the gaming table—this—"

"No more, sir! Did you, then, bring me out to listen to insult of my friends? For that you traduce Mr. Winslow, I can no longer doubt. I fear, Senor Gonzaga, that the flower which will bear the fruit of love requited, will but nourish the parasite of hate."

Calming himself quickly. "Forgive me," he pleaded, "but as all is fair in love and war, so jealousy of a rival is not a crime. That he is a successful rival makes it all the harder."

"You presume much, senor. Mr. Winslow is no man's rival where I am concerned, and he does not wish to be. But that he is a true gentleman, and an honest man, I am as sure as that this water runs."

There was a pause, while he took up the oars. "Shall I row back to shore?" he asked, humbly.

"If you please; we have been drifting away."

"And drifting apart, lady?"

She was silent.

"You are cruel—you will forgive me? Much should be forgiven a love like mine."

His voice was a yearning whisper, and he bent low to reach her ear.

She smiled faintly: "I am only too ready to give up, but shall be friends again—on one condition."

"Name it," he demanded.

Her manner had resumed some of its archness, her voice its gaily, as she said: "Never speak again of that flower—let it die."

"It will never die," he declared, huskily. "Its perfume shall abide with you—its fragrance enwrap you, and I shall not speak of it again; not until you are quite ready to listen."

Against the current Gonzaga rowed, with many a backward glance. Into the stars loomed cypress and willow, bordered as with a hedge of mourning, the land on either side.

Soon the lights of the settlement straggled into view, and, brighter than the others, long hospitable rays shot from the tavern close to the water's side. Here the Spaniard moored his boat and stepped ashore. But he was in the mood neither to drink nor care, still less for song and laughter. Since the tavern laggard could not be stranger to them, he would not go there to-night.

His thoughts were with the maiden he had left behind in the forest; with her whose conquest was not to be easy. Passion and threatened pride consumed him; the laughter within the tavern jarred. He was passing the door, when it was suddenly burst open from within. At the threshold stood Gerald Creighton, his handsome face deformed with anger and ablaze with wine. With collar torn, and coat away, as if in a struggle, he stood half defiant, half afraid. For back near the plastered wall, where sputtering candles flicked the gloom, stood the small, crooked figure of a man brandishing a knife. His eyes gleamed through red lids, his voice was raucous with rage. "You want my gal, do ye? Well, git her, you might—fer women are all d-d fools—but she ain't the say-so. I'm a father as knows my business, and I'll see ye wallow in the blackest mire afore my eyes. Ye want to marry her? No, ye don't, and ye did—'e broke off with a rasping chuckle, and made another dash for Gerald, but was prevented again. This time the Spaniard, watching from the willow copse, saw a woman slip quietly to the door, and close it, leaving herself and Gerald outside.

The noise from within was fainter now, for a moment the two stood silent in the shadowy night—alone, save for the watchful presence of Gonzaga, himself unseen in the background. Then the octoroon spoke, low, with the sibilant softness of the south: "Please hurry home now, Mr. Gerald, or there will be more trouble."

(To Be Continued.)

**Our Expressive Language.**

"Doctor Highprice, do you take anything off for cash?"

"Yes, madam, anything. What did you wish taken off, your finger or your ear?"—Towa Topics.

## THE HISTORY OF POLICEMAN FLYNN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

### HE HELPS A PRISONER.

"Bring in the hoboes!" was the order, and Policeman Flynn knew that that meant to round up all vagrants. The department had been severely scored because of the increase in the number of petty thefts.

Now, the term "vagrant" is comprehensive in its meaning, and may be made to include many different kinds of people. Anyone who has no visible means of support and no place to sleep comes under that general classification, and a rare, earthy witchery about her had suddenly become for him the one thing worth striving for.

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**Our Expressive Language.**

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"Yes, madam, anything. What did you wish taken off, your finger or your ear?"—Towa Topics.

## Our Pattern Department

A PRETTY TUCKED BLOUSE.



Pattern No. 5643.—This dainty lingerie blouse is one of the most attractive of the season. The style is generally becoming, but particularly so to the slender woman, as the deep pleat at the shoulder gives width to the figure, and lends additional fullness in front. The arrangement of the tucks in vest effect leaves a space in front, thus affording a fine opportunity for a bit of handwork, or a pretty design in lace. If elbow sleeves are not desired, the pattern provides for full length sleeves finished by deep cuffs. As shown in the illustration, white China silk was used, trimmed with narrow Valenciennes insertion; but several materials are adaptable such as dull, dimity, organdy, batiste and taffeta silk. For 36 inches bust measure, three and one-quarter yards of 27-inch material will be required. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5643.  
SIZE.....  
NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....

**A SIMPLE LITTLE FROCK.**



Pattern No. 5615.—The little frocks hanging straight from the shoulder are always appropriate for young children, and they are quite simple to make. This one was made of white lawn, narrow edging being used for trimming the collar and sleeves. Linen, nainsook, gingham, chambray and China silk are all suitable for reproduction. For a child of three years two yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

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ADDRESS.....

### BAN PLACED ON FIRST WIVES

Short Girl Hates the Subject After Her Experiences.

"Nothing makes me feel quite so silly," said the short girl, "as to be told by some man that I look like his first wife. I never know what to say. On the first occasion of that kind I asked if the dear departed was good-looking."

"No," said the man candidly, "she wasn't, but she was a good cook. She could mash potatoes better than anybody I ever saw."

"The next time I tried the sympathetic racket. 'It is too bad you lost her,' I sighed.

"Oh, said he, 'you needn't take it so hard. I don't. The other fellow can worry along with her a good deal better than I could, so we are satisfied all round.'"

"The third man, in reply to my compassionate murmurs, responded heartlessly. 'She was all right. She had nine sisters, all beauties, but I chose the plain one of the family, and I never regretted my choice.'

"And so it goes. No matter what I say I do not seem to strike the right key. There must be some appropriate answer for sentimental compliments of the kind, and before I have further need of it I wish somebody would tell me what it is."—N. Y. Sun.

**Made a Difference.**

Young Wife—The landlord says he'll paper the bedroom, but will have to put it on over the old paper and not scrape the walls.

Husband—Well, that's all right. "But the room is much too small already."—Cassell's Journal.

## ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

WHEAT MIDGE.

Description and Habits of This Enemy of the Wheat Plant.

Prof. H. A. Gossard, entomologist of the Ohio station, says: "The fly, which is a close relative of the Hessian fly, is a very small, delicate insect, appearing on the wing some time in June, usually about the date when the fretflies first appear and the blossoms of the locust trees are fading and falling to the ground. The eggs are laid in a cavity or groove at the upper end of the outermost chaff, so that the young maggots on hatching can readily reach the imbibent kernel. These reddish larvae imbibe nourishment from the milky kernel, ceasing to feed after the grain becomes hard. When full grown they seek the earth, generally by crawling down the stem after a rain shower, or by sliding down in a raindrop. Going about one-half an inch beneath the surface, they make cocoons not larger than mustard seeds, very difficult to find, in which they remain until the following summer, when they burst forth as adults. However, many of the larvae have not left the heads by harvest time and these are carried into the barn or stack; they soon become dry and shrink away from their skins, becoming 'cased larvae'; these do not feed; they again become active when thoroughly moistened, even after lying in quiescence for more than half a year. Since the chaff from the threshing machine contains countless numbers of these 'cased larvae,' it should be promptly burned; the bulk of the straw can be put to its customary use without special danger. The coddling moth larvae hides away somewhere in the fall, or as soon as it leaves the apple; then spins a cocoon, but does not become a pupa till the return of warm weather. If it is in an orchard it hides in crevices of the bark, on tree trunks or under rubbish. The fewer hiding places there may be, the greater is the probability that it will be picked up by birds or other predatory insects, or attacked by ichneumon flies before it can find winter quarters. The moral is obvious—clean up the rubbish."

The great majority of the flies are always derived from the pupae buried in or near the soil. Rotation of crops will be of some help in controlling them, many of the flies becoming lost and perishing while hunting new fields in which to lay their eggs. However, the only thorough remedy is to plow the stubble under in the fall to such a depth that the flies cannot make their way to the surface the next year. This should be done as soon after harvest as possible. Plowing to a depth of eight or nine inches is sufficient. Burning the stubble before plowing will help. Neighborhood cooperation in all these remedial measures is important.

**FOR GOOD ROADS.**

What Pennsylvania Is Doing to Improve Her Highways.

Pennsylvania thinks it has the most liberal good roads law in the country and thinks it is doing more to make good roads than any other state in the union. The law, which was passed in 1905, runs for five years and appropriates a total for the state's share in making good roads, \$6,356,232. Nearly \$1,000,000 was expended for the fiscal year of 1905 and for the years 1906, each, \$1,250,000 is set aside. For the next two years the annual expenditure will be \$1,500,000. This represents three-fourths of the sum expended. Of the remainder the county pays one-eighth and the township one-eighth. The roads must be permanent and the standard is very high. There is a state department of highways, and when the state first began this system that department complained that the counties and townships refused to do, or were very slow in doing their part. But the small beginning won for itself, and now the local bodies are more eager for the work, making greater demands than the appropriation can meet. The amount of work already applied for by the counties outruns the state appropriation by millions of dollars. In other words, the farmers, seeing what good roads mean to them, are eager to pay their part where the state helps so liberally. In 48 of the 66 counties the entire amount allotted has been absorbed. Chester county, for example, has made 11 miles of road and has applied for 13 miles more, which exhausts its share of the state aid. But it has additionally applied for 229 miles more. Altogether the state is so pleased with the good roads experiment that it is believed the legislature will enlarge the appropriation. The state treasury has a large surplus, and it is proposed to exhaust it in giving the state good roads.

**A USEFUL DEVICE.**

Ring with Legs on It for Holding Kettle Over Fire.

A very useful device is a ring with legs on it like that shown in the cut, to support an iron kettle when used out of doors for heating water. Place the band as near the base of the kettle as possible, so that it will not tip over, and you will find it a great convenience when building the fire.

## SOME EXPERIMENTAL ROADS.

What Is Being Done in Illinois by the Highway Commission.

The Illinois state highway commission is pushing as rapidly as possible the construction of a number of experimental roads in various sections of the state. There has been much delay in getting this work started, owing to the negotiations it was necessary to take up with the various railroad and freight rates. This has permitted work to begin at some points and to be delayed at others.

One stretch of road has been completed at Salem, Ill. This road is situated in Salem township, just outside the limits of the city of Salem. The highway commissioners of Salem township applied for broken stone, which was furnished them, and a piece of road built by the local commissioner; owing to the lack of proper methods, the road thus laid was poorly made, said the various railroad and freight rates. This has permitted work to begin at some points and to be delayed at others.

The width of the road is about 14 feet and put on eight inches deep part of the work was resurfacing the road laid by the local commissioners, at the end of which was about 600 feet of newly constructed road. The exact cost of this work cannot be ascertained, owing to the records on the work done prior to the time in charge of the state highway commission. The estimated cost of this work per mile, including grading and shaping the subgrade, hauling the stone a distance of about a mile and a quarter, spreading and rolling, is about \$2,500. The material was furnished free by the state from the state rock crushed at the Southern Illinois penitentiary at Menard. The freight on the stone over the Illinois Southern railroad was paid in ballast.

The contract between the portion of road built with the steam roller and that upon which the roller was not used, furnishes a most striking illustration of the importance of proper equipment and technical experience in highway construction.

The improved piece of road is attracting a great deal of attention locally, and the travel on other routes in the vicinity is almost entirely diverted to the new road, in spite of the fact that the distance is thus increased.

There is another interesting piece of road work in the vicinity of Salem, which has been carried on through the efforts of Mr. John H. Greene, who has been in charge of the road for the past six years has dragged and kept in excellent condition one mile of road near his farm. During the past winter it is said that the Greene road was the best piece of road in the county. This piece of road has been kept in better condition than the average of any other county for less money than was spent on other roads where a grader and four to six horses are used. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Greene has been using on and on for the past 15 years, a road drag very similar to what is known as the "Spill Log Drag," and has done much to interest the people generally in this work, and recommends its general adoption for the maintenance of earth roads.

**HIDING A CELLAR DOOR.**

By Arrangement of Boxes It Can Be Done Very Easily.

My cellar is situated just under the kitchen and for a long time we wanted a door that would not be unsightly and in the way, writes a correspondent of the Farm and Home. Finally we constructed an arrangement shown in cut. A heavy frame-

