

Good Earth Roads.

FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED BY THOSE ENTRUSTED WITH MAKING THEM.

How to make a good country road is a problem of widespread interest. In large areas of the country, common earth roads will have to answer all purposes for some time to come. In a recent number of the Pittsburg Dispatch, Mr. John M. Burn describes a plan he has followed for several years with entire satisfaction, as follows:

"Cut the ditches down three or four feet lower than the roadway, use a two-horse scraper to curve the surface, and the natural forces set in operation will do all the rest. The water drains out of the body of the roadway, the mud surface dries and toughens as it dries, the scraper fills all ruts and cuts away all vegetation, the sun and air dry a hornhard surface; rainstorms simply wash it off clean, and in an hour or so after the rain it is as hard as before. I present it as the most effective solution of the problem of making good country roads with little expense.

"The greater portion of the clay roads (probably 90 per cent.) are in front of farms owned or rented by people who do not have the money necessary to macadamize (stone) them. They really cannot afford to do so, and it is really to their assistance I desire to direct these thoughts. This is such a simple matter and so thoroughly effective that I desire you to consider the analysis. The existence of the open ditch with clean bottom gives water a chance to drain out of the body of the roadway and run away. The tough mud worked up by hoofs and wheels becomes tougher and more compact as it drains from below and dries from above.

"The scraper drawn by two slow draught horses attacks the surface when sufficiently dry, all loose stones are moved into the wheel tracks, everything is moved toward the middle of the roadway, no vegetation remains between the wheelways and the ditches, travel compacts the still damp material in its new position. A rain may soften some of it again. So much the better. The scraper trims it smooth again, and about the third time the road is smooth, hard, compact and dry. It sheds the water of storms because of its curve, and especially because of solid, impenetrable surface of tough, dry material. Thus it remains and acts until frost sets in. If the freeze up is rapid, the road is all right and remains so. If alternate freezing and thawing takes place it will roughen up somewhat, but the ditches are at work, and very little water can remain in the roadway, and the road don't get bad enough to speak of.

"It takes water and clay to make mud. Get the water out as soon as possible. The ditches do that, and it is no longer in the roadway, therefore not much mud. It has been a very interesting study to me, and I have watched it in all its various phases for many years."

Keeping Shoes in Order.

A woman hates to get her nice new shoes wet, because it spoils them so, but with care the wetting will not hurt them much. As soon as you can remove the wet shoes do so, and rub them well with a soft rag, to get some of the dampness out, and to take off all the mud; then rub them with a cloth saturated with kerosene. Get as much of the oil into them as possible, and then fill them as full of dry oats as you can and set them aside for a few hours, when apply another coating of kerosene. The stiffness will have disappeared and the shoe will be in good shape when you want to wear it again. Never try to put on a low shoe unless you have a shoehorn; you will be sure to stretch it out of shape in the back and make it ill fitting. Keep the buttons sewed on your shoes and good strings in your laced boots, unless you want the men to say you are a "slouch." Have a paste patch put over the first sign of a break in your shoes, and they will keep in shape and last twice as long. Cheap shoes and cheap gloves are a snare for the unwary. They get out of shape, are ill-fitting and do not wear well. It is false economy to buy cheap foot or hand shoes.

The largest pumping engine ever made in the United States was placed at the Philadelphia waterworks in 1892. It is 35 feet high and occupies a floor space 30 by 40 feet. The total weight of this giant machine is 475 tons, without the base plates and foundation strips, and it pumps 20,000,000 gallons of water every 24 hours.

A German for many years a resident of Brazil, affirms that petroleum is an infallible cure for snake-bite. The best plan is to bathe the wound in the liquid, or rags soaked with petroleum may be laid over it. His nephew and his son-in-law were thus saved. He mentions several instances wherein persons were bitten far out in the woods, far away from the remedy, but even then relief was immediate as soon as the petroleum was applied.

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Her Revenge.

THE ENDING OF A LONG AND ROMANTIC COURTSHIP.

The fateful words had been spoken. They were spoken by the officiating clergyman. He had pronounced George Ferguson and Laura Kajones husband and wife. For eight long years George Ferguson had waited for this young woman with all the patience at his command. His stock of patience on hand was very small, and he had been able to command still less. Perhaps he was not a good commander. But let that pass. They were Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson now, and had started on their wedding tour. Seated side by side in a palatial coach of the Black, Dash & South Railway, they were speeding eastward at the rate of empty miles an hour, including stops, and a large and generous smile spread itself all over George's countenance and warmed the atmosphere all about him.

"Laura," he said, "my darling! At last I—"

"I wish you had on a darker necktie, George. That lavender affair is attracting the attention of the other passengers."

"Hang the necktie! Let it attract. I'd just as lief they knew the whole truth. I have a great mind to tell them, any way, how for eight weary years you kept the faithful lover on earth dangling at your heels—"

"I think you said elbow the other day."

"It was cruel, Laura. It was barbarous. Eight weary years! A whole year longer than Jacob served for Rachel!"

"They were not weary years for Jacob. As I remember the story, George, they seemed to him but a few days, for the love he bore her. You don't seem to show up very well by the side of Jacob."

"Jacob was a milkop! If your father had tried to play the Laban game on me and put me off with an older sister, somebody would have got hurt. That's the kind of Jacob I am. Jacob wasn't capable of the affection I—"

"Was my nose very cold, George?"

"Mrs. Ferguson, if you interrupt me in that way again when I am trying to express the depth of my feeling for you, I'll put my arm about you right here, regardless!"

"She looked at him out of the corner of her eye.

"George," she said, "you remember you promised to instruct the preacher to leave the word 'obey' out of the marriage service, do 'ut you?"

"So I did! I forgot all about it!"

"Well, I did n't. I found out in time you had neglected to send word to him, so I did it myself. And George?"

"Well?"

"I have taken full, complete and satisfactory vengeance on you for that oversight."

"Oh you have, have you?"

"If you sneer at me again in that manner I'll call you Uncle Peter right before all these people. Yes, sir, I have! You remember I changed my mind at the last moment about the trip we were going to take?"

"Yes. What of that?"

"You remember that we had decided to travel by another line, but I chose this one instead?"

"Yes. Where does your vengeance come in?"

"George," she said, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, "there isn't a tunnel on the road!"—Chicago Tribune.

Half Witted, Level Headed.

No one near Crab Orchard, Ky., knew how old or how young Zeke Morse was thirty years ago. Old men claimed that he looked just the same and acted just the same when they were boys. Some old men have lied, even in Kentucky, but it would not be prudent to say so in their hearing down there. Zeke Morse was half-witted, and unlike most men in that fix, he confessed it, which probably should be taken as a strong argument against the charge. One day old Dr. Brockenridge of Centre College, Danville, and father of a well-known ex-Congressman, overtook Zeke Morse, and, rising in his cab, said:

"Zeke, why do you want to live?"

"I hain't nevah sed I keerd much to live," replied Zeke, pushing back his patch of a felt hat and looking into the doctor's small grey eyes.

"Zeke," said the doctor, "as you don't care much about living, I'll give you \$1000 if you let me kill you."

"See here, Doc," said Zeke, as he scratched his mop of red hair, "don't folks say I'm half-witted?"

"I believe they do, Zeke."

"Well, sah, undah them circumstances I'll let you half kill me to half the money."—New York World.

First Doctor—Well, Doctor, I had a peculiar case to-day.
Second Doctor—What wa- it, please?
First Doctor—I attended a grass widow who is afflicted with hay fever.