The Chatham Record.

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The Chatham Record

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PAYING THE PENALTY

CHAPTER X.

When the family of the banker assembled at the breakfast table on the morning following the evening of the robbery [illegible] was unable [illegible]

"Mr. Kellogg [illegible] Thank [illegible] dispatched with [illegible] Dr. Hewit, who arrived [illegible] the family were hearing the table [illegible] had directed her [illegible] to start [illegible] breakfast later, that she [illegible] ill, and that it was needless [illegible] physician. But she was [illegible] Dr. Hewit accompanied Laura [illegible] and the widow [illegible] room.

"[illegible] I hardly expected——"

"[illegible] I deemed it best [illegible] The patient is in your [illegible]

"[illegible] I hardly think you will find me ill enough to [illegible] Yes, doctor," and he [illegible]

"[illegible] been ailing for ten days, doctor," [illegible] Laura. "I think it is high [illegible] good medicine."

"[illegible] Laura."

"[illegible] Your favorite?"

"[illegible] and on physician [illegible] of some of the dishes [illegible] medicines."

"[illegible] I could not bear to [illegible] an invalid."

"[illegible] of the case," [illegible] Kellogg [illegible] doctor," and Mr. Kellogg [illegible] the room.

"[illegible] as bright and as blithe as [illegible] dimpled cheeks [illegible] Laura." A little [illegible] Nonsense, pain is an [illegible] and an [illegible] always.

"[illegible] doctor decided me [illegible]

"[illegible] dear." "[illegible] the next church [illegible] all of our admirers. But [illegible] a cause for all this. Here we [illegible] sitting in state as usually [illegible] a bridle than an doctor.

"[illegible] the poor girl has [illegible] acting."

"[illegible] Laura, you know. Aunt Eliza [illegible] prepared my toast and tea and good [illegible] what—at least a dozen times [illegible]

"[illegible] brought them to you, dear, when you felt the inclined to enter the dining room. But I have sometimes been obliged to have Julia share the greater part back with," laughed the widow.

"And then, dear, you have given me more, those are far more dainty."

"I thought it nothing serious," said the [illegible] and that the tonic effect of [illegible] would restore you. Why, doctor, the dear girl has descended the stairs each morning until now."

"What she should not have done," said the doctor. "However, I trust soon to have her as lively as ever. But, my dear, you must remain very quiet for at least a week. There is some inflammation—yes, considerable inflammation. I will leave prescriptions and instructions as to diet with your father."

"And I must remain in bed all that time, doctor? Oh, dear."

"Until I see you again, at least, little miss. Good-bye."

"No toast and tea and wine, doctor? You would not prescribe them?"

"None, madam. I think you a capital nurse. But then, not much wine until the inflammation has subsided and all excitement has left the stomach."

In the library the doctor found Mr. Kellogg.

"Well, doctor, what is the nature of Jennie's illness?"

"Oh, nothing serious, nothing serious; she is suffering from a slight attack of gastric inflammation of the stomach."

"What caused it?"

"That I am unable to say. Possibly some article of her diet. I will leave two prescriptions with directions as to what food she may partake of. She should be as well as ever in a week. She needs, however, complete rest for a few days."

"I will see that your instructions are carried out to the letter. Elinor is much attached to her, and either herself or Laura shall attend her constantly."

"With such nurses, her days of confinement will be few. Your sister-in-law I regard as a capital nurse, and in many respects a remarkable woman."

"She is, she is." "And do you know, doctor, that to the first of September next, she will become my wife?"

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Kellogg." "But I am not altogether surprised. I had foreseen it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. What more natural? How—how faithfully she nursed your wife."

Here the doctor passed one hand before his eyes as if to shut out some vision his words had caused to rise before him.

"True!" continued the banker.

The physician wrote the prescriptions and the instructions, handed them to Mr. Kellogg, and a moment later had left the house.

After the doctor had taken his departure Mr. Kellogg again ascended the stairs to his daughter's room.

"Daughter," he said to Laura, "here are the prescriptions and instructions as to diet. I wish you would personally step over to the drug store and have the prescriptions filled. Somehow I never did like the idea of sending a servant on an errand of that nature."

"Certainly, father."

"I do hope they will capture that highwayman and robber to-day, papa," said Jennie, as her sister left the room.

"Oh, he will, no doubt, be captured soon, daughter, and the money, or a greater part of it, recovered. Twenty thousand dollars is too large a sum for the express company to lose. The morning papers are down in the library. A full account of the robbery is there; but I was so worried over your condition that I failed to read it; I merely glanced it over and noted that the miscreant is still at large."

"Poor papa!"

"Not poor papa, dear, if you are soon restored to health. Now good-bye, the carriage is waiting for me. Good-bye, Elinor."

The banker imprinted a kiss on the lips of each and left the room.

"I will send up the papers by Julia," he called from the hall.

"Laura?"

"Yes, father, I am just going."

"Wait, Tom can drive by the drug store and I will leave you there. I have plenty of time to get to the bank."

Once at his office, Mr. Kellogg again perused the different accounts of the robbery. Two columns of one of the papers were occupied in rendering an account of it, but as the reader is familiar with the incidents we will not quote from the article. It was predicted, however, that the robber and highwayman would soon be captured, as the full detective force of the city was working on the case.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Kellogg walked through the alley where the crime had been committed and over to the express office.

Passing through the alley he met perhaps a hundred men. They were coming from all directions to view the scene of the crime.

"Strange," he thought, "how the commission of a crime in a certain location will impel citizens to visit the locality. Now the criminal himself may be one of these very men. I have heard that criminals were prone to revisit the scenes of their crimes."

Involuntarily he found himself gazing at the countenances of those he passed.

"The agent stated that Elsworth said his assailant resembled Earl. Strange! No, I don't know anything—he must resemble some man. But there are many of them, at least, that resemble Earl."

Arrived at the express office, the banker found Inspector Hunt closeted with Mr. Andrews.

"Anything later than that stated in the morning papers?" he asked.

"Oh, the press gang of the boodler," said Hunt. "These infernal reporters make me tired. You would naturally think to read their articles that they knew all about it. They don't know a thing. And they do more harm than good. They don't half know what we are doing. We try to mislead them, for they publish everything they find out and more that they don't find out. I can't say that we have captured the robber, but we have rounded up twenty or three suspects, and are looking for more. We are bound to recover the money, and I tell that villain to follow. Bound to do it."

"I hope you may. What condition is Elsworth in this morning, Mr. Andrews?"

"I drove past his home this morning," was the reply. "His physicians found it necessary to take several stitches on his scalp, but his case is not critical. I think he will be able to report for duty in a week, or two. But I will tell you one thing: no agent or collector of ours shall ever pass through an alley again with a money package, day or night, rain or shine."

"Never trust to chance," said the inspector, "when duty calls there is danger in every one of them. If Elsworth had been passing along a public street where there is more travel, he probably would not have been assaulted."

"And we would not be out twenty thousand dollars," said the agent.

"Oh, that will come back. But I must go and see how my instructions are being carried out."

"The inspector seems confident of success in the case," said Mr. Kellogg as Hunt disappeared.

"Yes, such people are always confident—almost too confident. Yet he may succeed. I thought of offering a reward—a good, big one—for the apprehension of the thief and the recovery of the money. In fact, I communicated with the president of the company by telegraph last night. He advised me not to do so at present—predicted that hundreds of innocent people would be arrested and endeavors made to fasten the crime on some one of them, guilty or not guilty. He counseled delay in the matter, and I have come to the conclusion that he was right."

"I judge he was," observed the banker.

"We will first see what Hunt and his men can do."

"I trust they may succeed in apprehending the guilty party, if they have not already done so," Mr. Kellogg said as he took his departure.

In returning to the bank he somehow found himself again scanning the countenances of those he passed and met.

"Why," he suddenly exclaimed, "here I am looking again for a man who resembles Earl. What folly!"

CHAPTER XI.

For the ten days following the robbery Inspector Hunt knew little rest. Day and night that astute official might have been found in his private office, looking wise and examining suspects.

Fully fifty men had been apprehended and locked within the walls of the various station houses. Some of them were old offenders and known criminals, others strangers to Chicago, or men unknown to the department. Tramps? No. In those happy days ante-dating the civil war, tramps and beggars were unknown to the great Northwest.

It was particularly remarkable in the days immediately following the robbery for a man of a dark, swarthy complexion, black hair and mustache, of about five feet eight inches in height and wearing a derby hat and dark sack coat, if he was a stranger in Chicago, to be found on the streets of the city, for he was forthwith apprehended.

One by one these unfortunates were brought before the doughty inspector and subjected to his routine of questioning:

"Your name?"

"Where were you between the hours of five and six on the evening of the twenty-seventh of June?"

"Where do you reside?"

"What is your vocation?"

"Have you ever been apprehended before?"

"Have you witnesses to establish the fact that you are telling the truth, and that you were in the location stated between the hours named?"

"Inspector," a policeman announces, "the outer office is full of witnesses who are waiting to prove alibis for these men."

"Was this man's person searched when he was apprehended?"

"Was his lodging place searched?"

"Call in the witness summoned in the prisoner's behalf and the officer who apprehended him."

The parties are soon before the inspector.

"Officer Murry, you apprehended this man. Did you search him? If so, what did you find on his person?"

"A plug of tobacco, a pocket knife and three dollars and a half in silver."

"Does he room in the location stated, and have you searched the premises?"

"I have, but found nothing but his clothing. Here is Mr. Evans of the firm of Evans & Browning, summoned for the prisoner."

"You know this man, Mr. Evans?"

"Well, yes, he has been in my employ for the past six years. His detention here has caused me great inconvenience, as he is our shipping clerk."

"Read this statement." "It embraces merely our questions to him and his answers."

"He has told you the truth in all particulars."

"Suspect released. Bring in the next one."

The employer and late prisoner depart in company, cursing the detective and the police force of Chicago in general and Inspector Hunt in particular.

Each man detained in the station was in turn brought forward and each in turn went on his way denouncing the authorities who had held him a man, of course, above suspicion in his own mind—a "suspect."

Some few were not fortunate enough to gain release on their first examination, but at the expiration of ten days the last suspect walked the streets a free man.

In the case of a number of them Coroner Elsworth, who had now resumed his duties, was summoned to the inspector's office, but in each case he had said: "I do not believe that to be the man I passed on the sidewalk before entering the alley."

Inspector Hunt was a disgusted man.

"There goes the last of fifty suspects that our officers have apprehended," he said to a member who made his exit from the office.

"That closes up the first batch. It appears rather discouraging. The fact is, Elsworth is unable to identify the man he passed before entering the alley. Again, if he could identify him, where is the evidence that that man committed the crime? Of course, if we had that individual, and a search of his person or lodging place revealed a large sum of money, we could make him account for how it came into his possession. There we are again. We have a schedule of the banks that issued the bills of which the collector was robbed, but not the number of a single bill. This is bound to be a difficult case to unravel." And the inspector arose quickly from his chair, twirled the ends of his silken mustache, looked wise, and sat down again as he heard the voice of Mr. Andrews in the outer office.

A moment later that gentleman was seated at the inspector's elbow.

"So the man we are looking for was not among your suspects, inspector," he said.

"It seems not," observed the official. "At least none of them filled the bill to the satisfaction of Elsworth. I doubt if he could identify the man if he was confronted by him. And then it don't follow——"

Here the inspector detained, word for word, his musings of but a few minutes before.

"Well, what is to be your next step?" asked the agent.

"Why, we will keep on gathering in suspects. In this case there is nothing else we can do. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack. It is worse, for it is a question whether we can identify the needle after we have found it."

"If you could find among your suspects one having a large amount of money composed of bills of the scheduled banks——"

"There our hope lies—just there."

"Yes, but if not done soon the money may be scattered to the winds. That map may be five hundred miles from Chicago before this time."

(To be continued.)

THE TRAMP'S REVENGE.

How He Evened Things Up with the Woman of Forbidding Face.

The sunshine, the daffodils and the balmy air proclaimed his coming. The woman on the front stoop of the farm house was in no wise surprised when she saw Meandering Mike swinging up the road. He took off his hat and bowed with the genial condescension of one who expects to be welcomed as an old friend. But by winter still lingered in the stare she gave him. He bowed once more and said: "Good-morning, lady," but she did not modify her forbidding aspect.

"Excuse me, lady," he proceeded, as he restored his hat to its head and looked at her with disfavoring intentness; "but is your husband a man with faded yellow whiskers?"

"Yes," she answered, "but you needn't tell me that he sent you with any orders for me. He wouldn't dare."

"I only wanted to identify him. He's kind o' round-shouldered an' wears a little checked coat whose sleeves don't come more'n half way up to his elbows?"

"Yes."

"An' his hair is cut straight off behind like the bottom of a paint brush?"

"Yes."

"Then, lady, bein' the case, I won't bother you no further. I did have it in my mind to ax you for somethin' to eat, but I'll save myself the humiliation of a refusal. I ain't goin' to stand around an' try to soften your heart by eloquence, 'cause the last thing I knowed I'd be workin' so hard I'd have a breakfast earned, whether I got it or not. I'm sorry, though, for your husband's sake."

"What has my husband to do with this case?"

"Nothin', lady. He ain't in it. That's why I'm sorry for him. When I met him he axed me was I goin' to make application for a hand-out, an' when I told 'im 'yes,' he looked at me in a way fit to bring tears, an' says: 'Pardner, are you very hungry?' 'Only middlin,' says I. 'Well, den,' says he, 'I'd like to ax a favor. If dat lady gives you anything would ye be so kind-hearted as for come back and give me half?'"

A Reformer.

"Mammy, you know that penny you gave Dickie to help buy a new battleship?"

"Yes, Bobby; what of it?"

"Goin' to school, he said war was wicked an' he spent it for candy."

WOMAN'S WORLD.

GREATEST WOMAN PAINTER

Best Known to Americans by Her "Horse Fair," Now in New York.

Rosa Bonheur, the greatest of women painters and one of the greatest of all animal painters, who has just passed away, was born in Bordeaux, France, on March 23, 1822. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was himself an artist, but marrying early, his powers and ambition were circumscribed by the necessity of providing for his rapidly growing family. Rosa was the eldest of five children, three of whom, all artists, survive her. When she reached the age of seven her mother died. The father removed to Paris and established a modest school of art in the Rue Rumfort.

At a very early age Rosa had developed a passion for nature more than for books. She would frequently play truant in the neighboring Bois de Boulogne, watching the animals and drawing their pictures in the sand with a stick. The fame of these performances reached her father's ears and led to the discovery of her truancy. He recognized, however, the budding talent in his daughter, and did his best to foster it. Under his direction she spent the entire day in drawing and painting. She frequented the Louvre, where she studied the methods of the great painters of nature. She even succeeded in adding to the family income by making and selling copies of the old masterpieces. From mere copying she proceeded to original work. To facilitate this work she visited the abattoirs of Paris and the suburban horse fairs, going to and fro in male attire, as was to mingle unnoticed in the crowds of men.

In 1841, at the age of nineteen, she made her first public appearance. Two pictures of hers—"Goats and Sheep" and "Two Rabbits"—were exhibited at the Salon and received with marked favor. She followed these next year with "Animals in a Field," "A Cow Lying in a Meadow" and "A Horse Sale." Her reputation was now made. For fifteen years in succession she never missed a Salon. In 1847 she sent to the Salon her "Attelage Nivernais," now in the Luxembourg, which was enthusiastically received by the public, and in 1853 she capped the climax of her fame with the "Horse Fair." Upon this work she had spent eighteen months of conscientious labor, visiting the horse markets for purposes of study twice every week. The painting was originally purchased by the French Government, was subsequently repurchased by the artist, and then resold to A. T. Stewart for $20,000. It is now one of the choicest possessions of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. A replica is in the London National Gallery.

Her subsequent works have all been on the same high level of achievement, though their success has been less sensational. "A Foraging Party," of wild boars, "Deer on the Alert," "Muleteers Crossing the Pyrenees" and the "Lion at Home" are some of the most notable of these. Meanwhile, in 1849, her father had died. Five years before his death he had been director of the Commercial School of Design. To this post she nominally succeeded, although she allowed its more routine duties to devolve upon her younger sister, Juliette, Mme. Peyrol, and contented herself with paying a weekly visit thither to review critically the work of every pupil.

The fortune which followed her fame enabled her to purchase the Chateau By, on the outskirts of the forest of Bordeaux, which has ever since been her residence. During the Franco-Prussian war the sanctity of this establishment was respected by special order of the Crown Prince of Prussia. Besides the honors which Mlle. Bonheur gained from successive Salons, she received a first-class medal at the Paris Exposition of 1855, and the much coveted decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1865. She was raised to the dignity of an officer of the Legion—a rare tribute to even successful womanhood—in 1894, in recognition of the pictorial value of her exhibits at the Chicago Exposition.

Flowers For the Dead.

We often see in the announcement of death: "It is requested that no flowers be sent." Yet friends long so to do something, to show some tangible evidence of thought for those in sorrow, and then they are at a stand-still.

There is a hint of a way out of the difficulty. Would it not be a pleasant thing to many—to giver, to receiver, to the friends we love, to the friend we wish to honor in death—that when asked not to send flowers, to send them, but to some one poor or ill or in trouble, in the name of and in remembrance of the dear friend gone?

Few people except those who are shut in know, or indeed, care to know, what a little thing it takes to make a sick, or shut-in or sorrowful one happy. Some little thing that is bright and cheerful—that a blossom, just one, placed in a needy hand, or even if the hand is too feeble to hold it—and there are many such—within sight of the tired eyes, on the bedclothes, does more than any one can dream who has not seen the effect.

The dreadful stuffed flowers—the pillows, the crosses, the harps and crowns—should be eliminated from the details, for they are all monstrosities. If people who ought to have good taste will cease to order them they will soon be out date—and they are out of date now in what is called "the best circles." The flowers did not bloom from the hand of the good God who gave us beauty, as well as all else, to be tortured with wires into strange shapes, and the marvel is that those who really love flowers can, and ever could, endure to see them so arranged.

It is truly sad that flowers have been used in such profusion at funerals that sensitive people turn pale and live over again sad days and hours of bitter bereavement when at any time the odor of many blossoms comes to them from any source whatever. They should mean joy, and not sorrow, and while many among us may still choose to lay about the dear one some flowers of their own choosing and giving, they would surely be gratified, at not shocked, to know that in some room of illness and trouble and poverty had come a gleam of comfort in the name of the friend they mourn. If the giver desired to let the friends know of the gift, there are many ways in which the knowledge could be delicately given. A card inclosed in an envelope, saying: "With love and sympathy I sent —— a few flowers to-day in the name of ——."

It would not be a parade of a good deed done—far from it, if done as it should be—for it would let the sorrowing know that their friend gone was at that time thought of, lovingly and gratefully, in many places. And tender thought is the one and only thing that money cannot buy.—Katharine B. Foot, in Chicago Record.

How a Plain Girl May Become Pretty.

Mrs. Humphry, writing in the Ladies' Home Journal on "How to Be Pretty Though Plain," asserts that the best advice she could give the girl who would attain a graceful figure is contained in two words: Avoid exaggeration. "We all know how disappointing, if not actually annoying, it is to see a pretty face associated with an awkward figure or an uncouth gait. Now, exactness is alone always capable of being cultivated, to some degree at least, even in cases where nature seems to be of the dumpling sort. Calisthenics have converted many an awkward girl into an unrecognizably graceful and charming edition of her former self. Stays are a mistake and has her figure as heritage ruined for life by wrong use, and more particularly motherless girls, who have no kind elder to make them lie down for at least an hour every day. The recumbent posture averts many an evil. The shoulders should be perfectly flat upon the couch, and the head be only slightly raised. Girls are such active, vigorous creatures that they often object to lying down in this way, but a careful mother may easily learn how to turn this restful time into a pleasure. In almost all cases improvement will result from gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, from rowing, drilling and swimming. But it is absolutely necessary that the patient should be mindful constantly of her own bearing. She must hold her shoulders back, her head up and her chest forward. At first this position will cause some stiffness, but if persevered in and accompanied by calisthenic exercises, or even games like lawn tennis, it will soon become natural, easy and graceful."

The Good Angel of Mexico.

"The wife of the President of Mexico is almost as popular in her country as the Chief Executive himself," said Charles A. Lindsey, an American resident of the City of Mexico for the past six years, who is in town for a few days. "Mrs. Diaz takes great interest in the improvement of her own sex, and is almost constantly engaged in some kind of work designed for their betterment. Some months ago there was a strike of long duration in the match factories of the capital city. It was a most stubborn contest between the employer and employed, but no settlement was made until Mrs. Diaz went among the girls, talking with them and presenting their grievances to their employers in such a way that the matter was amicably adjusted in a very short time.

"Mrs. Diaz is deeply interested in the educational problem, and her energetic work for the establishment of schools throughout the land is largely responsible for the existence of an adequate school in almost every hamlet or town with a population of more than 100, where a compulsory educational system is in force.

"The industrial schools for Mexican girls is another work in which the President's wife takes a great interest, and many of these have been established, where sewing, fancy needlework, and other practical methods of gaining a livelihood are taught."—Washington Post.

Fads of Fashion.

Automobile red, trimmed with cream lace, is a fashionable combination for the Parisian gown.

Taffeta silk trimmed with cloth and cloth combined with taffeta silk are both made use of by French dressmakers.

New golf jackets are being made of brilliant green horsecloth, with revers and turned-down collar and cuffs, faced with vivid scarlet satin.

All the shades of olive are favored this season. Lobelia, [illegible] glory, flax, lavender, iris, and [illegible] are now choice hues for silks, light summer wool, silk, velvet, dress and tulle.

A valuable fabric is English longcloth, which is fine and serviceable percale. It is far better choice for certain uses than either India linon or Victoria lawn because it does not shrink in washing.

Buckles and clasps in dull gold and platinum mixed are very much worn. Steel buckles, too, in a very open pattern decorate the belts of the lace gowns. In the long diamond shape the belt has one at the back as well as the front.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Arranging For Conventions.

Miss Della C. Harper, Secretary of the State and International Good Roads Association, who is traveling through Illinois arranging for a convention to be held in Springfield, in the fall, has arrived in Chicago. Said Miss Harper:

"We shall have all these conventions come off in rapid succession in August and September, and conclude with a State convention in Springfield, to which delegates will be elected by the district conventions. I have been very successful so far in enlisting the cooperation of commercial bodies in the different towns, and they become really interested in the work as soon as they understand it.

"I have had some trouble, however, in explaining that our association is working not for hard roads but for good roads. Farmers easily become frightened at the hard roads proposition, for they think of macadam and know that that would mean increased taxation. All we want is to make good soft roads that in years to come will furnish foundations for good hard roads, and we regard our work as educational.

"We do not intend to increase taxation one bit, for we know that the $1,000,000 annually expended by Illinois is sufficient to build good roads everywhere. But we want the farmers to let the State do the work and not work out their poll tax by pretending to build good roads. Not that they do not intend to do the best they know how, but they have not the facilities to do the work and cannot do it as it should be done. Our plan is to make good roads at less money than it now costs. We want, if possible to see the poll tax reduced to a dollar, and we want the farmer to pay that dollar into the treasury instead of working it out as is now the case; we expect to show him how it will be to his advantage to do it."

The association represented by Miss Harper embraces twenty-two States and is the outgrowth of a State convention in Missouri in 1897, at which 200 delegates were present. A committee of seven, consisting of Miss Harper and six men, was appointed to organize county associations. At the end of the year, when an interstate convention attended by 2500 delegates was held in St. Louis, seventy-two counties had been organized, and as Miss Harper had organized sixty-six she was unanimously named as Secretary and organizer.

Protection of Roads.

The narrow tires which are used on almost all vehicles in this country put one of the chief difficulties in the way of maintaining good roads. Narrow tires are largely responsible for the rapid wear of roads and the cutting of ruts in them.

The old idea that it is easier to pull a load on narrow tires than on wide ones has been exploded, and a general widening of tires on all vehicles would be a great benefit to the country.

The need of this reform is so highly appreciated in California that a law has been enacted there to enforce the use of tires of a certain width, and owners of vehicles were given three years in which to provide those required by the law.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a similar law, though it is not so stringent as the California statute. It does not go into effect until January 1, 1902, and does not apply to vehicles used exclusively in cities. The provisions of the Massachusetts law, which applies to all wagons the axles of which are two inches or more in diameter, and to all stage coaches, tally-ho coaches, barges and other passenger vehicles not built to run on iron or steel rails, and constructed to carry eight or more persons, make it unlawful to use them on any road, street or way in the State a drawbar or having tires of iron, welded, or any substance equally hard, which are less in width than one and one half times the diameter of the axle at the ground, but in no case shall a tire of less than four inches be required. And wagons built with hollow axles must have tires not less in width than the diameter of the axle at the shoulder.

The Anti Rut Crusade.

The business men of Toledo, Ohio, have organized for the purpose of adopting a system for improving the roads in that vicinity.

The Springfield News, the Dayton Times and many other Illinois papers are devoting considerable space to intelligent discussion of the good roads question.

Good roads make better citizens. They promote wealth and prosperity. They promote sociability and good fellowship. They make more date communities. They are the foes of provincialism and narrowness.

"We don't think we have ever known the roads to be quite so bad on the part of the Lord's footstool as they are right now. An enjoyable sensation land for a lazy man may be the aspect of streets, says the Quincy (Ill.) Republican.

The cycling associations of Chicago, which have been an element for securing better legislation, have practically decided to drop for the present the fight against the cycle legislation law and confine their efforts to a move for good roads.

Under the direction of City Commissioner Hartley, Fort Worth, Texas, has had an experiment to test the feasibility of dropping the dust of the streets with oil, crude petroleum being the substance being used. If the first day's work may be taken as a test the expense would be a fatal objection. The cost is at the rate of $1 for a city block of 200 feet.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Timbales of Asparagus.

Rub cold cooked asparagus through a sieve, and to one cup of the puree add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, a grating of nutmeg, one-fourth cup of thick cream and the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Turn into small buttered molds, set in a pan of hot water and bake until firm. Turn from the molds and serve with a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and one cup of white stock well flavored.

Stewed Cucumbers.

When properly prepared stewed cucumbers are as delicate and delicious as cream cauliflower. They should be peeled and cut into quarters before they are arranged carefully in the bottom of a baking pan. Pour over enough boiling water to cover them, add a teaspoonful of salt and stew gently for twenty minutes. When tender they are removed from the fire, drained, and served on a platter of toast, with a rich drawn butter sauce poured around them.

Strawberry Saracen.

A strawberry saracen may be made at dinner time and served cold, as it should be at tea time. Butter generously slices of thin toast and line with it the bottom and sides of a china dish which can be set in the oven. The pieces of toast, made of stale bread and cut quite thin, should be well dried in toasting, as they should be trimmed to fit into the dish neatly. Fill the remaining space with stemmed strawberries, packed closely. Sift plenty of sugar over and through the berries and set in a moderate oven 30 minutes, or until the toast has melted a good deal and settled. It will be found then they melt so much that the dish has not only to be packed but heaped, or it will not look well when done. Serve with cold thick cream.

Homemade Peanut Candy.

The following receipt for homemade peanut candy may be found useful in making preparations for summer church sales and lawn entertainments: A quart of peanuts are shelled, skinned and chopped fine, this quantity filling exactly a coffee cup. A heaping coffee cupful of granulated sugar is put into a porcelain lined saucepan and set over a very hot fire to be stirred until it melts, which it should do very quickly. Before this the peanuts are put in the oven to heat thoroughly and pans are buttered and set on the back of the range to be kept hot. As soon as the last of the sugar is melted pour the hot peanuts into it, take directly from the fire, and pour into the hot buttered pans. To be at its best, the candy should be thin and crisp when cold. Broken into pieces and packed in small boxes lined with parchment paper, it usually finds a ready sale.

The Yankees' Dropped Eggs.

What we in New England call dropped eggs all the rest of the country call poached eggs, but I am going to stick to the name in spite of everything, and call the method I am going to give you now, "dropped eggs." Put one quart of boiling water, one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of vinegar in a frying pan. Place in the pan as many muffin rings as there are eggs to be dropped, and set the pan where the water will just bubble at one side. Break each egg carefully and drop it gently into a ring. If an egg seems not exactly fresh or if the yolk breaks do not use it. Cook until the whites of the eggs are firmly set, then gently pour off the water, remove the rings, and lift the eggs with a cake turner; place them on slices of buttered toast and serve at once. Putting them in muffin rings makes it much easier to do this than being without them. It may take a little practice to serve a dish perfectly, but in no case can you get the knack you will wonder that you ever had any trouble or thought it at once hard to do.—Sally Lunn Waite, in Woman's Home Companion.

Household Hints.

Chopped peppers are an excellent addition to mineed chicken.

Charcoal is good for cleaning the teeth. It gives them a fine, clear appearance and is sweet to the taste.

When buying nutmegs remember that the smaller ones have a much more delicate flavor than the larger ones.

Eggs are most easily digested when the whites and yolks are thoroughly mixed before cooking, as in custards, scrambled eggs and omelets.

A dozen or more eggs may be kept fresh and ready for service days by wrapping in a cloth wrung out of cold water, and then putting the whole in a thick newspaper.

Chicken and leather are enemies in order to keep the latter soft and pliable it should be painted with hot lard, or, if the feet are cracked, sprinkle with ground pepper and put into shoes.

Keep the little packages of spices, seeds, etc., in reach of the housekeeper's eye. If they are stowed away in some out of the way place they are not nearly so frequently used as those in plain view.

A teaspoonful of molasses, added to the water in which the greasy dishes are washed, will remove the grease with other food on the utensils, and leave all dishes of the same.

A teaspoonful of molasses added to the water in which soap is boiled will make it much harder and more lasting.

Molds made of reed or willow or of some pretty wood are the latest additions to the paraphernalia of the five o'clock tea. These stands are shelves about three feet high, arranged in pyramid shape, the lowest being wide enough to hold the plates and the highest big enough for a teapot.