

days! My friend, the doctor, from the America of the north!

She dazed the doctor with a smile that knocked the air out of his mouth. He stood staring up his mustache and his bronzed face with it.

Elodia and Fantasia fell into raptures, both talking at once, recounting, laughing and glowing.

The doctor stammered about, left out, volcanic with jealousy.

"Fantasia," she said softly, eyes cast down, "I beg pardon, I have \$2 I have broken with the manager. What am I going to do?"

Fantasia, tired and pale, coughed distressfully. Then he cried: "Stay here! We'll win money to go back again to the United States!"

"But you are ill!" gasped, black eyes flashing and her lips (so swore the doctor) red as plums.

When an American loses his head in a Spanish tangle he goes to the ultimate limit. She threw blinding smiles at him. His Spanish was bad. She coyly refrained from her prettily accented English. He staked away at length, but not till Fantasia went out ahead of him, and saw her twiddle her dainty fingers at him in farewell.

The days that followed were mad-dening ones for the doctor. He had been a chum of Fantasia's—almost nobody else in Cuernavaca spoke English. He now grew to hate him. His American face was screwed up all but permanently by the thumbscrew of his mustache. There was no Spanish simony about the doctor. Castilian methods of courtship he called blanked foolishness. The only art he knew was to hang about a girl and keep asking. She had a room in the Bella Vista hotel. It is to be doubted that she ever paid for it. The rest of the zarzuela company departed. The doctor's office was across the plaza. He hung around, neglecting what little business he had. But Fantasia was always ahead of him. At last, coquettishly, she began to tantalize the doctor. Maybe she did it to turn. Once in four days she would throw gorgeous smiles at him and then cut him squarely in the plaza, rushing to Fantasia.

So the doctor's love and disappointment reached the degree of rage and passed on to the degree of desperation. He resolved to destroy Fantasia nor let "any little blanked degenerate Mexican beat him out," he evolved an infernal scheme.

Finally the health of Fantasia was looked like a consumptive. At first he hadn't cared, but joked jolly about his coming death and graves. He quoted "Hamlet" to the doctor, dotting on the morbid parts. But lately the state of his health seemed to frighten and cow him. He came to the doctor, talked glowingly and had prescriptions. These visits were always coincident with Elodia's smiles at the American and may have aided Fantasia's investigation of his rival; for not even the Mexican could entirely fathom Elodia. The doctor never suspected an ulterior motive in Fantasia's visits, but believed that the quoter of Shakespeare with an accent was sinking into discouragement and decline.

"You're a sick man!" cried the doctor fiercely, with his feet on his desk, staring between half shut lids at Fantasia. The words crushed Fantasia. He arose and walked away, bent, coughing dreadfully. When the American passed them in the plaza a little later Elodia waved her fingers at him, and McMillen moved on, glassy eyed, bowed down.

A devilish zest entered the doctor. If suggestion could effect so much, let it be cultivated. He buried himself in his office with his books. He planned and studied. His science brought him to conclusions like these: Sickness is largely of the mind. A sick mind makes a sick body. Imagination can slaken the mind. Suggestion can control the imagination. Intense belief once induced concerning the presence of disease the disease may follow. Belief and imagination clinging yet to this disease it grows worse. The same reasoning would have brought him to the conclusion of death. But he ceased thinking at that point. After profound and bitter meditation he pounded his desk and swore he'd make that imaginative, nervous little Mexican sick or know the reason why. Every physician knows the effect of cheerful suggestion. He would let loose the opposite sort.

The next Sunday evening, in defiance of Castilian traditions and shocking the seniority of the plaza, Elodia dirt-dressed the doctor. She craned the phlegmatic and jealousy eaten man.

"Why you are so sorry? Why you are not good and jolly, eh?" she said, titling her head sweetly.

This lasted two minutes, and then, she apparently forgot about him, so she went into his office and banged the door.

Fantasia had seen and came the next morning to pry in rapture way into the doctor's parlor. The doctor growled. The conversation turned on McMillen's disease.

"Doctor, I am about to die. Doctor, my bosom friend," he coughed badly—"what is to be done?"

The doctor seemed tearing his mustache off. He arose from a Fantasia, slumped in a chair, turning to deceive said: "It would physician I must tell you. As your physician I must tell you. The doctor's eyes were here for one wide open and piercing Fantasia, who sat opposite at him, thin and bewildered. "Your case is hopeless. Make your peace with God. You cannot live beyond two months."

Amazed and pallid, Fantasia's form blank, his eyes staring, he started his lamp. After a long stare, he said: "This is the last of February."

"Yes," said the doctor, taken aback. "This—arising and groping toward the door and bowing—"I must die by the 15th of April."

"The date is accurate," said the doctor, with villainous solemnity.

A little later a chambermaid from the Bella Vista heard laughter coming from a door on the upper corridor.

Now all the town heard of the stinking condition of Fantasia McMillen and the effect of the doctor. Everybody had come to know the why Mexican, and everybody fell in love with him. That he could not live was depressing. Elodia's tears spontaneously gushed forth, right in the plaza, and

then she tried to smile strugglingly, her pretty head on her heaving breast. Some tried to soothe her. But yonder crept Fantasia, bent, coughing, sinking every day. The slight blinded her.

The little Shakespearean enthusiast was going down. He looked as the days went by ghastly. At length he kept his room for half of every day, and the public saw him walk out slowly when the afternoon was almost over. Many guessed the love of the doctor, and presently the progress of McMillen's disease was the subject which held the breathless attention of the town.

In those picturesque streets, where tropical odors floated, where Carrer's palace and cathedral looked down out of three centuries of sleep and Popocatepetl gazed across the valley into Cuernavaca, the doctor every day contained news of the health of that unique consumptive. It was an advertisement for the doctor. After a year of failure people at least looked at him. He began to think that he would not have to go back to Iowa. During these two months he seemed on probation with the people of Cuernavaca. His reputation was staked on his prophecy. The death of McMillen gave promise of making his fortune.

These facts lent a grimness to the play now enacted. From stalking glumness the doctor sometimes broke into feverish merriment. He did not sleep. The plan was too fearfully successful. Yet Elodia smiled on him more and more. She grew to pay but little heed to Fantasia. The sighing seniority of the place, hearing the doctor's declamations with one voice. "I think you'll be or marrying of some lass of the north," she said rashly, daintily, to the doctor. "I think you have not like us—our poor lass of the south. Ah, so cold, so cold! I see these Americans of the north!"

He could have carried her off, wading through fire, with the great titillation of that moment had it not been for the dry cough of Fantasia's cough. They were standing in the dreamy plaza at dusk, while the hand played Zenobia and sonors marched around. Elodia shamelessly flirted with the doctor, her Castilian customs left in California, and then, never seeing them, crept by McMillen, haggard, a man approaching the portal of his end. Medical suggestion, gone beyond recall, was indeed successful to ghastliness.

The doctor, nervous, was fiercely gay and presently got drunk. Rapidly sank McMillen, and the girl who had thrown him over was taking up with the doctor who could not sleep. April entered. Only for one hour every afternoon did poor Fantasia crawl into the plaza. The public digested his condition. They looked, and yonder in the sun, dreamy, delicate, sat the Shakespearean enthusiast, awaiting his last hour. Another week passed. He appeared no more. Then one morning the following notice in Spanish and green bills was posted all over the town:

PORFIRIO DIAZ TREATER. April 15, 1901. The Day of the Death of FANTASIA McMULLEN, TRAGEDIAN. The public who have cordially held his decline are requested to participate in his DEATH.

An eminent medical authority has proclaimed it. He submits. Having devoted his life to the stage, as he lived so shall he die. S:45 p. m. AND SIZE IT DONE. This uncanny freak of madness created a stir. Many rushed to the doctor, who was as amazed as they. He, having taken a large dose of some drug to steady his faculties, arose, pale, before a small crowd and said in halting Spanish:

"There is nothing strange to this. I will give you my professional opinion. Disease has brought him near to dissolution. It has undermined his brain. This is the production of a mind sinking. His derangement has fastened on this purpose. The event is likely to occur as he states it, for the power of suggestion on the human understanding is incalculable. The disease, having set a time for its end, and the body being ready, the supposition that the intensity of that belief will cause death at the hour exactly is tenable, accurate and scientific. Such cases are well known. Furthermore, any forcible prevention of this course would produce a mental shock which might bring death still earlier. My advice to the authorities is to favor the demented patient, assist his harmless eccentricities, and let death come as he wishes it."

The crowd was promulgated, approved. Some laughed, some shrilled, some scoffed. The doctor, seeming ill, was changed man. Even yet, however, Elodia could infuse into him the wine of rapture; also he was becoming prominent.

By 3 in the afternoon, April 15, every ticket was sold. They had been placed in the "Merced" drug store and had left 200 Mexican dollars in their stead. At half past 7, so strongly had the matter attracted the imaginations of the plaza, many were entering the theater. The undercurrent of belief that this must be some jest detracted from the horror of the event and spurred on the doctor. The doctor, Elodia, Fantasia, all were creatures of foreign education, all were natives of Cuernavaca. Who knew what stunning novelty lurked here? Yet Fantasia McMillen was near his death.

Everybody stared blankly at everybody else, and the audience was silent. There was nobody at the door to take the tickets. The doctor, with necessary bravado, occupied a front seat. Elodia was not seen.

At 8:15 the electric lights were put out, and a thrill went round. The curtain arose, displaying a lounge and a bare table with candles burning on it. In this dim light appeared the deathly face of McMillen, fixed with disease, upon a pillow on the lounge. The audience held its breath, and some murmured that this was beyond decency. Suddenly the figure on the stage arose, walked unsteadily forward, like a sleeper in a tragedy, thin arm outstretched. He spoke, and his voice was hollow. His words were from the Spanish translation of "Richard III."

Let me sit here on the dead tomorrow. Think how this shall do to my prime of youth.

A murmur, a wavered, swept over the house. He moved backward, bent by that black dream:

Tomorrow in the battle shall we see And all his nightingale, despair and die He swayed. The intensity of this

frightfully real. He sank to a chair beside the table, almost with his back to the house. His head fell backward and sidewise and, gazing at the audience, seemed twisted by dislocation of the neck, hanging. A moment's dead silence. Horror, total absolute, stiffened the onlookers. Then, with no warning, he leaped up. On the stage sprang Elodia in dazzling red and red hat, eyes glistening. He, like a maniac, shrieked:

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" She struck a tragic attitude and answered, luring him on:

"Withdraw, my lord. I'll help you to a horse!" At that instant, in the silence, came the whistle of the night train from Iguuala faintly.

He sprang at her, leaping the couch with acrobatic agility, arms outstretched, as were hers. He knocked down the table, and the stage was dark—a skirlish, a sound of running feet, silence.

The knowledge of this fake broke on the audience. One raucous curse was torn from the doctor. In wrath many scrambled to the stage. Men cried out, women shrieked. No one knew how to turn on the lights. The doctor, first on the stage, hit his shins against the fallen table and tumbled over it. Others fell on him. A disgraceful scrimmage mixed with execrations ensued in the dark. The doctor struck out wildly. The fight increased. After ten minutes some one found the rear exit open. Fifty men poured whooping into the street. The doctor in the lead, they dashed away to the station. The distance was great. It was afterward learned that a coachman had been bribed to whirl the fugitives thither.

At last, laying and breathless, they lay out on that level space about the depot. The train was beginning to move. Here the coach stopped. Yonder in the shadow plunged on Fantasia and Elodia. Yet three yards lay between them and the train when a bullet, fired by the American, struck McMillen's arm. He sank. She seized and dragged him to the car. He clutched at the railing. The pursuers came halloping behind. She clasped his body and, running beside the train, thrust him to the platform. She then sprang up. The train was going faster. The pursuers came lunging on, only to find the last car beyond their reach.

Within, astonished passengers beheld Fantasia fall into a seat, fainting and bloody. Elodia, white, called for a doctor. One was found on the train and pronounced the wound slight. He dressed it. Fantasia opened his eyes to see the blinking cheeks of Elodia.

"The money," gasped he. She took a bag of bills from her dress and held it up.

"Ah," murmured he, a faint smile flickering on his face, all lined with sickly pain, "then Richard is himself again."

The doctor is in Iowa.—Argonaut.

A Kind Word For the Owl. The tiny wren whet, or Acadian owl, stays with us in winter, though, being entirely a "bird of the night." It is seldom seen, and the tremulous vibrating note of the screech owl is well known in a rural neighborhood. The virtues of the entire owl tribe combine in this gentle, mild mannered bird, and he does not deserve his inappropriate, repellent title. With myrtle, Cedar, and laurel, his ambition leads him to attempt a song, resulting in a succession of soft, subdued notes that may be exceedingly pleasing. He may even take up his residence in unused buildings or small houses placed for his accommodation and, if disturbed, flies about in a bewildered manner, confused by the sunlight.

His work during the night comes down, and through him we overlook many a mouse walking out under the cover of the darkness. In the little hollow where his housekeeping begins—for you know he is scarcely larger than a robin—the four to six spherical eggs lie upon the leaves and feathers provided to receive them, and it is to be regretted that the blinking owlets are not regarded in a friendlier light.

Stories of Swift. I only know one good humored anecdote of Swift. It is very slight, but it is fair to tell it. He dined one day in the company of the lord keeper, his son and their two ladies with Mr. Cesar, a Frenchman, who was at his house in the city. They happened to talk of Britons, and Swift said something in his praise and then, as it were, recollecting himself, said, "Mr. Cesar, I beg your pardon." One can fancy this occasioning a pleasant ripple of laughter.

There is another story I cannot lay my hands on to verify, but it is to this effect: Falkner, Swift's public publisher, some years after the death of the author was dining with some friends, who rallied him upon his odd way of eating some dish—I think asparagus. He confessed that Swift had told him it was the right way. Therefore they laughed the louder until Falkner, growing a little angry, exclaimed, "I tell you what it is, gentlemen, if you had ever dined with the dead you would have eaten your asparagus as he bade you."

Service Made a Difference. "When our boys answered Lincoln's call, many of them were pious lads who attended Sunday school and church and never strayed from the path of rectitude," said a Maccon county (Kan.) Union veteran in chatting with a citizen representative the other day. "I remember how in a short time the boys began to play cards and do other things they never did at home. At the fore part of the war when a boy was impending the boys would throw away their cards. Each boy expected to be killed, and he did not want a deck of money cards to be among the relics sent back to his folks after he was dead. But as the war went on the boys got hardened, and in many of the fiercest engagements toward the close of the war the fellows lay behind breastworks calmly playing cards and shooting derisively at the gunners as shells fell all around them."—Kansas City Journal.

The least in quantity and the most in quality describes DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills for constipation and liver complaints. J. C. Simmons.

THE TASTE FOR EGGS

HOW IT DIFFERS WITH PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES.

Some Folks Like Bird Fruit Fresh Laid, but Others Will Snack Their Lips Over Any Old Kind, and the Older the Better.

Wherever wild birds' eggs are found in quantities they are substituted for hen's eggs to a large extent, being cheaper. On the eastern shore of Virginia eggs of the laughing gull are commonly eaten, and a few years ago the eggs of terns and brons were gathered in immense numbers along the coast of Texas. Bookeries of sea birds, where accessible, are commonly pillaged, the most notable instance in point being observed on the Farallone Islands, 30 miles from San Francisco. These volcanic islets, rocky and precipitous, are the haunt of myriads of murrets, puffins, gulls and cormorants, and every summer the eggs of the various species are sought by semipalmated "eggers." No fewer than 150,000 dozen of them are collected annually and sent to San Francisco, where they fetch 20 cents a dozen at retail. A murre's egg has about twice the capacity of a hen's egg and is remarkably well flavored. It is laid on the bare rock, the mother bird building no nest, and is sharply pointed at one end, a provision of nature to prevent it from rolling off. If it is disturbed, it rolls around as on a pivot.

Of course many kinds of eggs are eaten other than those of birds. Turtle eggs are highly prized wherever they are abundant, and terrapin eggs are often served with the flesh. Eggs of alligators and crocodiles (which look almost exactly like goose eggs, being covered with hard shells, with hard shells) are considered a delicacy in some parts of the world. Shad roe is a familiar example of the use of fish eggs as food, and caviare is simply sturgeon eggs preserved. Some savages eat the eggs of certain insects.

In the Malay archipelago salted ducks' eggs are a favorite article of diet. The new laid eggs are packed for two or three weeks in a mixture of clay, brick dust and salt, after which they are eaten hard boiled. Ducks' eggs in China are buried in the ground for a year and permitted to undergo partial decomposition, being dug up for market at the end of that time. Many such eggs are imported into this country for use of pigtailed epicures, and a sample examined in San Francisco by a government expert seemed to be covered with hard shells, with hard shells, and an added egg to the shell. Immense quantities of hen's eggs are shipped from Italy to England for pastry, with shells removed and packed in airtight vessels, each containing the whites and yolks of 1,000 eggs. This method does away with risk of breakage, but care has to be taken that all the eggs used are fresh, inasmuch as one bad one will taint all the rest in a refrigerator.

There is always more or less danger of disease infection through the medium of hen's eggs in cases where attention is not paid to cleanliness in the henhouse and chicken yard. The shell of an egg has minute pores, through which germs can enter, and in this way typhoid or other pathogenic bacteria may be communicated to the unsuspecting consumer. An eggshell is provided with a natural varnish, which hinders the intrusion of such harmful organisms to some extent, but it is very important to keep the laying birds in quarters that are frequently white-washed and otherwise made sanitary.

Recently a special investigation of the make up of the white of an egg was conducted at the agricultural experiment station in Connecticut, with the result that this substance was found to consist mainly of four different kinds of albumens. It also holds some sulphur, which stands silver teaspoons. The yolk is much more complicated, containing among other things phosphorus, potassium, magnesium and iron. When the egg becomes rotten, the phosphorus forms phosphuretted hydrogen, and the sulphur gas, which is a sulphide of hydrogen, both of which have an exceedingly bad smell.

The bacteria which cause the egg to rot or spoil make their way through the pores of the shell. It has been found that onions fed to hens in large quantities will communicate a flavor to the eggs laid, and another fact is that fresh eggs must not be put in the neighborhood of certain things, such as apples, leeks, etc., as they acquire from the latter a foreign taste. As for the popular notion that brown eggs are "richer" and more nutritious than white ones, experiments by the department of agriculture have proved it a delusion. Furthermore, it is now certain that hard boiled eggs are quite as digestible as soft-boiled, though, a point that does not make a slight difference so far as healthy persons are concerned.—Providence Journal.

His Trouble. "What brought you here, my poor man?" inquired the prison visitor. "Well, lady," replied the prisoner, "I guess my trouble started from attending too many weddings."

"Ah! You learned to drink there, or steal, perhaps?" "No, lady; I was always the bridegroom."—Philadelphia Press.

"I have been suffering from dyspepsia for the past 20 years and have been unable after trying all preparations and physicians to get any relief. After taking of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure I found relief and am now in better health than I have been for 20 years. I can not praise Kodol Dyspepsia Cure too highly." Thus writes Mrs. C. W. Roberts, North Creek, Ark. J. C. Simmons.

GOOD ROADS SPECIAL.

Novel Highway Scheme on the Line of the Illinois Central.

A novel scheme of arousing a wholesome and active interest in the construction of desirable highways and one which can scarcely fail to produce satisfactory results is that arranged by the Illinois Central Railroad company and the National Goods Roads association. A train of several cars, one or more for commissary and dwelling purposes and the rest for the transportation of first class roadmaking machinery, will leave New Orleans for Chicago with a force of expert road builders. At 20 or more places between those two cities the train will be side tracked and practical demonstrations given in the art of making smooth, hard and durable wagon ways. A model road one mile long will be built in each of the places at which the train stops, and the residents of the favored towns are to be called on to provide the material for foundation and grading.

The coming of the "good roads special," as the train will be called, is to be announced here and there along the line of the railroad by advance agents of the movement, who will hold mass meetings for the purpose of expounding the advantages of highways that are properly made and of proving to the townspeople that the construction and maintenance of such highways constitute a duty which they owe to themselves and to future generations. It is expected that the arrival of the train will be awaited with great eagerness at the places it will visit, and the promoters of the venture hope that it will result in greatly stimulating the good roads movement, at least along the route of the Illinois Central.

REPAIR OF HIGHWAYS.

Should Begin as Soon as the Roads Are Open to Traffic.

The Massachusetts state highways commission says that repairs should begin the day they are opened to traffic, and the attention which they receive the first few months of use determines their usefulness and length of life.

Accordingly the commission has adopted the system of continuous repairs, the cost of which "is about \$4,250 a mile for the road and \$1,000 for the roadside." Where the length of road warranted if the work is done by men who devote their whole time to it; otherwise it is done by local men, under a division engineer, which proves much more costly than the first named plan. "Through rolling with a steam roller as soon as the frost is out in the spring and before the subgrade is dry (is one of the best means of keeping a stone road in good condition."

The report contains a table showing the cost of maintaining roads by towns prior to 1900, in 1900 and the total to the close of that year, with the average per mile, both total and for 1900. The maximum expenditure for maintenance was \$900.08 per mile per year for 1.61 miles of road in Athol, or a total of \$4,224 since the road was built. The expenditure per mile in 1900 for this stretch was \$103.38. Considering the year 1900 alone the repairs per mile of road ranged from 96 cents for 2.08 miles in Haverhill to \$1,125 for 4.19 miles in Leicester.

ROADS OF NEW YORK.

In Poorer Condition Than They Were Five or Ten Years Ago.

Time was, and not so long ago, when supervisors were almost indifferent to road improvement as it is understood now, says the New York Star. They had to be educated in the advantages of macadam. As we know, the improved bicycle was a great factor in enlightening them. But for the advent of that remarkable vehicle country roads would be very generally what they were ten years ago—deep in dust in dry weather and of the consistency of plowed fields in wet. The farmer came in time to appreciate good roads, but he still balks at the cost. As there is a large contingent of ruralists in the legislature, it is no easy matter to get through a liberal appropriation for road building.

It may be pointed out that when the bicycle ceased to be a craze local interest in keeping up the macadamized roads declined. Throughout the state the roads are not in as good condition as they were, say, four years ago. In time the automobile with a cheapening in the process of construction will supplant the bicycle as a good roads educator, and then, we predict, the sum of \$220,000 will be regarded as a rather small state appropriation to help along the laying down and maintenance of highways.

Amateur Road Builders.

The average country road builder turns out an article that looks well in dry weather. A rainy season, especially in the spring, when the snow is melting and all earthwork is loosened by thawing frost, speedily develops the amateur character of the work. Many a piece of roadway on which township or road district officials have expended days and weeks of thought and work has been washed away because it was a dam in the path of spring waters seeking the lowest level, and the portions left have been turned into quagmires because insufficiently drained.

A Unique Tree.

A magnificent oak tree at Athens, Ga., not only owns itself, but possesses other property. It was owned many years ago by Colonel W. H. Jackson, who in his childhood played around its massive trunk and in later years grew to love it almost as he would his own child. Fearing that after his death the old oak would fall into the hands of persons who would destroy it, he recorded a deed conveying to the tree "entire possession of itself and of all the land within eight feet of it on all sides."

French as She Is Spoken.

"Entre nous," said Miss Ayres, who delights in talking dictionary French, "are you very fond of Mr. Goodhart?" "Well," replied May Brightly, "he's a very good friend of mine."

"Better than that. He's my bosom and. He brings me a box every time he calls."—Catholic Standard and Times.

ROADMAKING MACHINERY.

It Has Diversified Highway Building of Many Difficulties.

Road building in many sections of the country has never got beyond the gravel wagon and the farmer's shovel. In most states the farmer "works out" his road tax on a day that is most convenient to himself and when there is nothing that can be done on the farm. He runs a scraper up and down the highway, throwing the dirt in mounds, hauls a few loads of gravel, scatters it about profusely and the job is done for the year. It is this kind of "road building" which makes many country highways impassable for a good portion of the year.

In no department of mechanical industry has greater progress been made than in the perfection and manufacture of roadmaking machinery. The use of experts reduces road building in any kind of soil to a very simple proposition. A wider knowledge of modern roadmaking machinery among the agricultural classes would divert the problem of many apparent difficulties in the minds of those to whom legislators must look for the initiative in this matter.

Modern steam power roadmaking machinery, combined with state aid under a state engineer of highways, furnishes the practical solution of the good roads problem in this country.

ILLINOIS HIGHWAYS.

Money Annually Wasted Would Soon Build Good Roads.

Hard roads statisticians have figured that Illinois now spends and has been spending for years more than \$2,500,000 annually on its road work—more than it is proposed to raise from both state and township taxation under the Curtis bill. This money goes for the pay of the county and township and road district officials, for roadmaking tools, for labor, and where farmers work out their road tax the allowance to them is figured in.

This sum, it is estimated, would be sufficient in a dozen years to equip every township in the state with a north and south and an east and west macadam road of first class quality, yet this enormous sum is annually spent for nothing—dumped into the mud, literally as well as figuratively, through lack of scientific skill applied to road building.

Advocates of good roads legislation are not all sticklers for macadam, which is usually meant when "hard roads" are mentioned. Gravel, slag, "gumbo" and many other cheap materials can be used. It is even admitted that a fair quality of road can be made of ordinary prairie soil, but it must be scientifically constructed.

THE COST TO FARMERS.

How Bad Roads Count in Figuring Profit and Loss.

A potent argument with the farmer when he can be made to listen is the influence of good roads on the marketing of his product. With country roads as they are there are seasons when the farmer could not get his grain to market if he were offered its weight in gold. Unless he has large capital he cannot take advantage of the actual market conditions, but must be content in selling by the state of the country roads. He cannot sell unless he can deliver wagon load lots at the railroad station.

A consequence is, any students of this question, that the farmers of Illinois could have equipped the state with macadam pavements for the money they have lost through being forced to sell their product when the roads happen to be good enough to permit hauling.

Remembering and Forgetting. "What's the matter, Charlie? Didn't your uncle remember you in his will?" "Oh, yes, he remembered me in his will all right enough. The trouble is he didn't forget me when he was drawing up his codicil."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF COD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES

should always be kept in the house for the following reasons:

FIRST—Because, if any member of the family has a hard cold, it will cure it.

SECOND—Because, if the children are delicate and sickly, it will make them strong and well.

THIRD—Because, if the father or mother is losing flesh and becoming thin and emaciated, it will build them up and give them flesh and strength.

FOURTH—Because it is the standard remedy in all throat and lung affections.

No household should be without it. It can be taken in summer as well as in winter.

Prepared by SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

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Scrofula Is a disease as old as antiquity, and as young as the newest born infant. It has infested the blood of humanity from ancient times down to the present minute. It is hereditary or may be acquired. It appears in swollen glands, scrofulous sores, hip disease, boils, pimples, eruptions, and, as believed by high authorities, even in the forms of catarrh and rheumatism. It can be cured by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently. We know this, because Hood's Sarsaparilla has done it. It will cure you if you give it a trial. You should begin to take it today. My Disease—'I suffered from hip disease; had 5 running sores; used crutches and could not walk; was confined to my bed for weeks at a time. Hood's Sarsaparilla has accomplished a perfect cure and saved my life. I have a good appetite and feel strong and well.'—ANNIE ROBERTS, 49 Fourth St., Fall River, Mass. In Her Eyes—'My little girl had scrofula and sores appeared in her eyes. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cured her and she has never had another attack.'—Mrs. H. H. H. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

PATENTS C. A. SNOW & CO. KIDNEY DISEASES are the most fatal of all diseases. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles. FRISCH Bros. and Mfg. J. C. Simmons, Druggist, Graham

Do You Want To Be Entered? If You Do Then Read THE GUNMAKER of MOSCOW By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. A Serial Story of Great Strength It Will Be Published in This Paper, Beginning Soon. Subscribe Now and Get the First Issue. \$1.00 Per Year in Advance. THE TWO BUILDERS. Two men, a Chinese legged man. One found that rock must build a house, and each, in building, was an artisan most skilled. But one thought of the days of work and weary was at heart. The other thought not to toil. But how 'twere best to start. The one knelt down before his job with one confession dismayed. He asked the job to build the house and prayed; and the other gathered up his tools and straight the task mastered. He heaved the joints and hung the doors and nailed and nailed and nailed. The one prayed on before his job through all the weary while; The job perched from the altar smoke with something like a smile. The other, when he built his house, Took all the extra plans And burned them at the 'foot' feet, An offering of thanks. The one looked up from where his knelt And cried, "O Lord, wrought man, You did not wait for holy dirt and Yours was a wicked plan." The other smiled and answered him, "I'd not ask you to lend A quality that might be termed As simple lip-lips." The beauty of the legend is That it may be applied To any work we may attempt Or any faith build. For asking Providence to do Some thing which we would do is to teach a lazy man The usefulness of work. —John Ward in Baltimore American.</