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SHASTA.

The Romance of a Trail that Was Scented with Roses.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

An artist in Yreka! The time and place were unreasonable, for it was 18[illegible] in Northern California. Yet there he was—Arthur Bantry, a man whose [illegible] years looked more like fifty, as reckoned by the record of sorrow which the [illegible] had lined in his face. He had come to the Pacific coast with the multitude of gold hunters, and he had handled the pick and shovel more than the brush and palette since his desertion of art for [illegible]. But in his cabin, one day, I found him at work, in the clear light of a northward window, on a portrait of a girl. The original sketch had been made long before, as the worn condition of its leathern case showed. The [illegible] was a sweet and delicate face, about one-fourth the size of life, and Bantry was carefully touching it here and there with the veriest tip of a fine brush. I saw that he was deftly adding slightly to the apparent age of the subject, and I laughed at this.

"It can't be a portrait, Arthur," said I, "or you'd be taking off the maturity instead of putting it on."

Instead of answering me, he gazed

"HE GAZED BEYOND ME."

beyond me, with an arm on the rude table, and his body leaned forward as though he saw, or was trying to see, the [illegible] of the picture. [illegible] moments in the [illegible] of my friend had previously puzzled me and I had guessed that some deep affection had affected his manner, if not his mind. Now I [illegible] that the likeness had something to do with the matter, and I hastily apologized for my ill-timed levity. At this moment the cabin [illegible] of [illegible] entered.

Nelson Garth was as handsome a fellow [illegible] distinction to the rough [illegible] of an early California [illegible], or [illegible] the signs of culture in the transition to the manners and [illegible] of the wilderness.

"Ah, my sweetheart!" he exclaimed, on seeing the picture; and thus he, too, perceived that the occasion was not one for [illegible] moment. "I didn't mean to be disrespectful," he added, "and I'm in dead earnest [illegible] and for that girl. The [illegible] is [illegible]. I [illegible] somehow feel that it is a presence—that it is [illegible] tangible."

Arthur Bantry straightened up in his [illegible] and said: "Yes, that is a portrait [illegible] wife and daughter [illegible]. [illegible] our eyebrows in surprise and inquiry, he gravely continued: "I was a pioneer in these parts, as you know, long before the forty-niners [illegible]. A [illegible] disposition and a desire to find wild and untamed subjects for pictures brought me here. That was [illegible]. The [illegible] thing that I did was to let my wife and child accompany me. The mother was as adventurous as I in pursuit of picturesque Nature, and together we ventured recklessly into the wilderness of Indians. Our child, Rose, was then only four years old. One day I was sketching at the edge of a forest, while the mother and child [illegible] wild flowers. I had [illegible] a landscape, and into it I meant to [illegible] the figure of the child. For that purpose I had [illegible] sketched her face, and was giving it the final touches when, in sport, she scampered away. Her little hands were full of wild roses, and as she ran she scattered the leaves along her trail. '[illegible], papa,' she cried, 'follow the rose leaves.' The mother pursued the runaway, and together, they disappeared behind an immense tree at the border of the woods. Instantly I heard the exultant yells of Indians, and the affrighted shrieks of my wife and child. I rushed to their rescue, but it was too late, even had I been able single-handed to cope with a band of twenty. I only saw and heard the captives departing from me into the forest, and that was the last of them to me. This portrait is the one that I made that day, but from year to year I have added to the age of the child's face. That was my only way to keep her with me. In doing this I have been guided by the [illegible] face of my wife, whom the little girl resembled wonderfully at the time I last saw her, and who may have preserved the likeness until now if she be alive. I have made every [illegible] to find a trace of them, but with no success whatever. Whether they are alive in miserable captivity, or happily have been killed by their captors, I do not know."

That was the story told by the artist at Yreka, and it introduced the girl of the picture to [illegible] vividly as a living creature. Upon Nelson Garth the [illegible] with Rose Bantry [illegible] had an impressive effect. He had already [illegible] fallen in love with the [illegible], and now he [illegible] of the original.

[illegible] that stand for [illegible] the [illegible]. But a year later there was an expedition against the early Modocs, through the gleaming snows and under the [illegible] pines of majestic Mount Shasta. And why this expedition? Because the Indians rose up one night and massacred every white person, with the single exception of myself, in all the vast region now comprised in Modoc county. I was not in my own cabin at the time, but had taken a party of young Indians and gone a day's journey deeper into the mountainous wilds to [illegible] a grand annual elk hunt. [illegible] my absence from home had [illegible] to do with the sparing of my life, [illegible] I think not. My insignificance [illegible] as a lover and holder of property [illegible] perhaps.

Our great elk hunt had been wonderfully successful. My excuse for killing thirteen huge cows with my own hand at that time is found in the fact that a friendly tribe of Indians down the mountains near my own house was literally starving. I at once sent back a runner to tell the good news and to bring the famishing tribe to devour the tons of meat where it lay. It was the return of this runner, with hundreds of hungry Indians stepping on after him up the mountain and through the dense woods, that brought me my first news of the terrible massacre. It seemed incredible; it seemed utterly impossible that I should now be the only living white person in a place that only the season before was teeming with happy and hopeful settlers. I took two fine and faithful young Indians, and descending almost with the rapidity of shot on our snow-shoes to the homes and green grasses of the [illegible] valley, I found only dead bodies and burned ruins. Believing myself to be the first white man to learn of the massacre, I hastened on alone to the nearest white habitation. This was the now famous Soda Springs, the property of perhaps the wealthiest man in the world, Senator Stanford. I was a part owner of the Springs at this early date. We had a little mountain hotel, my two partners and myself, and [illegible] to winter at our ranch deeper in the mountains. And this was what I was doing at the time of the massacre away over the spurs of Mount Shasta to the East. I chose to take care of the stock and live with only Indians about me, simply because I liked solitude and the silent dignity of the Indian was always more decent to me than the garrulous white man.

I hastily told the terrible news and then threw myself into the saddle, arms in hand, and set out through the tortuous [illegible] mountain trail for Yreka. This city of Yreka was at that time a sort of capital of Northern California, a populous and most prosperous mining town, with banks, tides of [illegible], hotels. A great city was Yreka in the days of old. I [illegible] before me [illegible] more than [illegible]. The narrow, snow-bound, steep and stony trail was simply terrible. But I was [illegible] mounted. My horse had all the gathered strength of a winter's rest in [illegible] and [illegible] from [illegible] into the arms of friends at Yreka.

When Arthur Bantry heard the news, he cried: "Now for a campaign of extermination against the Modocs."

That was the general sentiment at Yreka. But Nelson Garth and I knew that Arthur Bantry hoped, [illegible] yet ardently, to search once more for the lost trail of the rose leaves.

CHAPTER II.

The motley army which set out from Yreka contained no more eager men than Arthur Bantry, who sought to learn the fate of a wife and daughter, and Nelson Garth, who was actuated as really by love of an unacquainted sweetheart as though he had wooed her. And I had been able to impart a faint gleam of things from [illegible]. A year prior to this time some half hostile and wholly wild Indians had visited my camp with a white girl, whom they proposed to sell for two horses. The girl could not talk to me or understand a word. She had been a captive since a mere child, and as she did not want to come to me, and as I would have surely been misunderstood if I did not buy her, I waited, hoping some white men might come my way and help me with their presence and advice. And that was all. I had never seen her any more. But I had kept up constant inquiry for her and had sent word to Lieut. Crook, now Gen. Crook, and famous in many wars, who was then in charge of the nearest military post, of the fact about this poor white girl prisoner. Of course, when the massacre took place the first question in my mind was as to the fate of the white girl who was a prisoner among that nomadic band of savages.

When I saw the portrait of Arthur Bantry's daughter, even though he had made her grow to womanhood in the picture so strangely, I recognized her as the captive. Desiring to learn more before telling him, I had worked slow, but now I told him all. Beautiful she was as any dream of beauty. She was sad and silent, piteously sad. She had stood pulling at the tasseled tops of some tall grass at the side of the trail, as the Indians sat on their ponies bartering. That was all she did, and said nothing. She only looked at me once, out of her great, sad eyes that nearly all the time kept looking down. And she did not speak, in any tongue, when I spoke to her. And she would not come to me when I asked her to. Nor did she give me her hand when I offered her mine. And so she went away. But I thought, after she was gone that night, she did not care to show any concern or emotion. I thought, and I thought a thousand things, indeed. I offered my young Indians the two horses for her. Finally I offered to give two horses for even any information about her. Let the [illegible] be at once and frankly confessed that it is doubtful if I should have gone down into the valley of death after the massacre but for the memory and the hope of this beautiful, sad and silent [illegible].

As the expedition started for its first [illegible] under the somber pines and fir and cedar trees that [illegible] the mountain slope, it was as motley a set of men as ever [illegible] about any camp [illegible] on this earth. Could Shakespeare have but seen that gang! Perhaps, [illegible] of the men had lost brother, father, friend, fortune in the massacre. These were sober and quiet enough. Perhaps a like number had lost nothing, having nothing to lose, and were now merely adventurers—on their way [illegible] to plunder the dead, possibly. Perhaps a like number were of the lowest [illegible] of humanity, for the jails had been given a holiday.

As we stood at breakfast, a tin cup of coffee in the right hand and a sandwich of dough and burnt bacon in the other, two tall and [illegible]. In [illegible] against the [illegible] of the snows

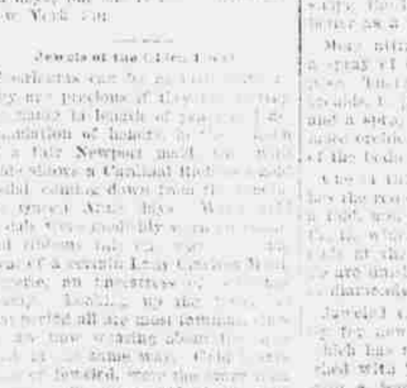
mountain before us. Instantly I knew them for my two young friends who had gone down into the valley of death with me when we had first heard of the massacre. Take a map and trace the route of my travel since leaving my own camp, and you will see that in three days I had made almost the entire circuit of the grandest and sublimest snow peak in all the world. I was now not forty miles from my own camp, my own Indians, my own cattle and horses. These swift and splendid young fellows had kept promise, and were coming to tell me how things now stood. Their information, whatever it might be, was of the greatest importance. Did the compact with the Modocs still hold good? Was Pitt River and Modoc and Shasta still friendly, or did they quarrel over the plunder, after the fashion of [illegible] nations? [illegible] important [illegible].

But such a panic! Pistols in the air instantly! A dozen, forty, fifty shots! The two tall and shapely figures melted back and away as they had come. And that was all—all except a "stampede" of horses, cattle, mules, men! The cattle first took fright at this apparition—those two shapely and shadowy savages on the steep, deep snow under the pines that lifted before us—and they, like the men in the early morning, started for the world below. Then the mules, [illegible] braying, followed the bellowing cattle. Then the horses. Then the men dashed [illegible] down the mountain after their horses. And they never came back—cattle, horses, mules or men!

The Rodgers, the banker, whose father had fallen in the massacre, pulled the remnant of men together that afternoon, had what few cattle [illegible] that had lodged in the snow, and as night came on, and the crust of deep snow hardened, the little band set forward, silent, slowly, in single file, through the great [illegible] woods to cross the Sierras. Each man had a horse and drew a sled. The sled was often only the hide of a bullock with blankets, bread, bacon, arms, ammunition, anything indeed that fell to the lot of the man who drew the sledge in the general distribution of [illegible]. Here were stout, [illegible] men now. Napoleon on the Alps, the hunchback Hannibal before him were simply luxurious robbers in comparison with this sober and earnest little string of men on their tortuous way through the pines to recover a kingdom that had been lost to civilization. Cortez drawing his ships by [illegible] over the isthmus knew nothing half so terrible in that warm and luxurious land. For here with us on the very first night nearly every man had feet, face, or hands badly frozen. And the wolves! Before it was yet quite full dawn we were compelled to form a solid circle with our faces to the wolves, our sleds and horses in the center. And such beautiful teeth! We sat down on our sleds facing the wolves. The wolves promptly sat down right before us, their great red tongues lolling out of their hungry mouths, their beautiful white teeth glistening in [illegible]. Two [illegible] of [illegible] had already been captured and instantly devoured.

"Look here. I've cut myself somehow," whispered one of the men who had lost a sled. We only discovered that he was hurt by the blood that made the white snow red. This poor fellow was reputed to be a professional pickpocket when at home in the enjoyment of civilization and liberty. But he was a good soldier here, and did not even cry out when a wolf tore away a handful of flesh from his leg; but he merely laid it to some accidental awkwardness of his, had his leg bandaged as we all sat there, shivering and looking down into a thousand hungry throats, waiting, praying for sunrise. Had that poor pickpocket by sign or sound indicated that the wolves had begun to eat our men as well as our provisions, there would probably have been a two-second panic. Then some few white bones on the bloody snow—the red epitaph over the common grave of the "Army of Northern California."

When light came and the wolves went back a little from our faces we made roaring fires and broiled, or rather turned, our beef, so that it would be less heavy, and, finally, less attractive to the wolves in these terrible marches at night. While this was being done I posted on alone with Capt. Rodgers, whom I had come to know and greatly respect, if not to quite yet trust, to see, if possible, if there was any abatement in the tremendous depth of snow, for our sleds were now all worn and broken, our horses were weak and failing for want of food. After an hour or so we



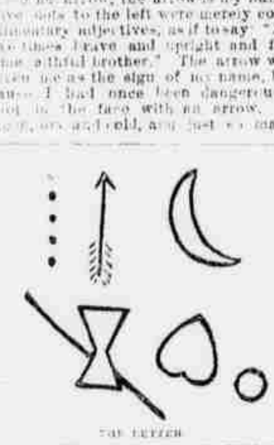
"WE CROSSED A HUGE BEAR TRACK."

crossed a huge bear track, or rather what Rodgers called a bear track. It was simply the track of about twenty Modocs on the war-path! They were going toward my own camp. But I kept my own counsel. There was no turning back now. To tell the worn and half-hearted band of men that the Modocs was also with us would have insured a sort of paralysis. It was [illegible] on [illegible] or perish.

This "bear track" at this time and place could mean but one thing—and how you need a map of the whole thing here—and that was now between the three Indian tribes that [illegible] about the [illegible] of Mount Shasta. Either this or the Modocs were merely on their way to my camp for cattle. This trail [illegible] was pointing direct for either my cattle or the scalps of my Indians. In either case the only [illegible] to the little army was the danger of a panic. But this is the [illegible] danger that any man has to meet in war, especially in the wilderness where the wild beasts, where even the elements, conspire to destroy.

Captain Rodgers sat down to rest and I went on alone to the top of a [illegible] and tremendous mountain of snow, from which the grasses and flowers of the desolated valley could be seen. It was here that I had rested with my two young Indians both on going to and returning from the scene of massacre. We had left a letter here in Indian characters, and as these two Indians who had created the panic before mentioned had probably passed this way I hoped to find a new letter from them

here. I was not disappointed. It took some patient search, some circuitous and tedious delay, which I have not time to set down, but a letter I found on the inner side of a scale of sugar-pine bark. Bear in mind that the sugar-pine tree is always used by the Shasta Indians. You might search the forests in vain for any sign on any other tree than the sugar-pine. It was written in sign language. In the first place an arrow, the arrow is my name. Five dots to the left were merely complimentary adjectives, as if to say: "My five times brave and upright and five times faithful brother." The arrow was given me as the sign of my name, because I had once been dangerously shot in the face with an arrow. A moon, or, and cold, and just so many



THE LETTER.

days old, was the date of the letter. And now here is all the news, and most important it was, as you will see. The sign of the Modoc is the reed, or rather the tule, a long slim line represents the tule. This shows the early history of the Modoc and his floating islands among the reeds and tules of the lakes. An awkward figure, looking like a demoralized hour-glass, represents the Pitt River Indians. You see they come by time round from an immemorial custom by keeping a continual girdle of blind pits drawn around the edge of their vast and fertile valley. As these blind pits had sharpened elk and deer antlers at the bottom, to say nothing of deadly pointed spears set upward, you may well understand that they were terrible enough to give a name to any people. And in the latter the tule or reed, although badly broken, is thrust downward point through the pit. So I easily read that the battle was a bloody one, and that many Modocs were killed as well as many more of their enemies.

And what did an awkward and helpless and overturned heart mean? And what was the round and helpless little circle for? Ah, me! This postscript of the Indians' letter on a bit of sugar-pine bark, may be briefly translated thus: "As for the matter of the beautiful girl, we can only say that we have learned nothing at all, and all our search and inquiry has ended where we began, in this narrow little circle."

TO BE CONTINUED.

MENDING POCKET KNIVES.

Sentimental Reasons That Lead People to the Cutler's Shop

A man of an inquiring turn who had read on the front of a cutler's shop the sign, "Pocket Knives Rebladed and Rehandled," and who recalled the fact that when he was a boy he used to get a new blade put in sometimes when he broke one out of his knife, found, upon inquiry, that boys still get new blades put in knives just as they used to, but that as a matter of fact the people who have pocket knives repaired are mostly older persons, and that the knives are likely to be valued for their associations.

"I've carried that knife for fifty years or more," says one gentleman, and he hands over a knife that he's carried since he was a boy, and that he'd have [illegible].

Many knives brought in for repairs are prized because they are gifts, or they were bought in some foreign country, or they just suit the hand of the man that uses them. There are various more or less sentimental reasons why a man may prefer to keep the old knife rather than discard it for a new one. Then it may be that in some other cases the knife is too valuable to be thrown [illegible]. So that first and last and for one reason and another out of the vast number of pocket knives carried a good many come in to be mended.

The repairs made to pocket knives are of a varied character. They may consist, for example, in the putting on of one new pearl side on a pearl-handled knife to replace a side cracked or [illegible]. With long use the blade at the hinged end or the spring in the handle or the rivet by which the blade is held may get worn so that the knife blade won't close properly, or may be the spring is no longer as it should be, flush with the back of the knife. In fact, a great many things can happen to a pocket knife, and, of course, the more blades the more things can happen, but the cutler repairs them all.

The phrase "rebladed and rehandled" suggested of course, the idea of a complete renewal, and the inquirer wondered if it might not be possible that with the repair of a knife in one part and another, such a renewal might occur. And the cutler said that not only was it possible, but that sometimes it actually did happen that with successive renewals of its various parts the whole knife came sometimes to be entirely renewed, and there was left of the original knife nothing.—New York Sun.

Miss Kiss the Teacher.

Miss Julia Wilson, a school teacher in White county, Indiana, has introduced a new method by which to prevent tardiness among her pupils, says the Chicago Record-Herald. She announced before the school that she would kiss the first arrival every morning. Miss Wilson is a handsome lass of 18 summers, and the boys declare she is "sweet as a peach." The first morning after her announcement as early as 5 o'clock a number of the oldest school boys were roosting on the fence awaiting their pretty school teacher's arrival. At 8 o'clock the entire school was there. The Township Trustees also put in an appearance. Miss Wilson kept her promise.

THE NEW WOMAN OF FIFTY.

Young Looking Grandmothers of To-day and a Fresh Cause of Discontent

The grandmother may not have disappeared altogether, but her outward and visible signs have changed enough to make her very different from what she used to be. The woman of fifty today looks as little like the ideas formerly entertained of that age as [illegible].

[illegible] the ideal of thirty years ago is in her mind she may look like an old woman. If she prefers to follow the mode of the day she may look as young as her dressmaker and her own natural ambition will enable her to appear. And this youthfulness will not attract the least attention.

If her hair be without a suspicion of gray and her figure slim that will be no more [illegible] than the youthfulness of her dress, and the woman of fifty may now dress like the woman of thirty and still observe the best standards of taste. She may even dye her hair without committing any such transgression of the laws of [illegible] she would have been guilty of several years ago. Even if she dyes it yellow she will be criticised no more sharply than the woman of thirty would if she did the same thing.

Now middle age has the privileges of youth and is at liberty to keep itself as attractive looking as possible. The woman of fifty is not to be put among the aged nowadays because she happens to have accumulated a certain number of years and has become a grandmother. She is not for that reason to be counted among the women who are forbidden to think of their looks or to attend to their appearance further than to see to it that their white caps are [illegible] trimmed with ribbons and their black dresses free from wrinkles. It used to be a foregone conclusion that they would have [illegible] themselves whether their gowns were [illegible].

The woman of fifty enjoys her present privileges so much that it is a wonder that she could ever have [illegible] herself to the old ideas. Whether the liberty that is shown now toward the woman of this age will be extended to those still [illegible] remains to be seen. It is certain that nobody [illegible] twenty years ago that the women of fifty would ever look as they do today, or would be able to dress with taste and propriety in the styles that they might today. So this new view may be extended to take another and older class.

The new woman of fifty has not been received by all of her sex as a complete [illegible]. Some of the older [illegible] are plainly founded on prejudice, but what follows is not the talk of a woman who is in the least prejudiced, and there is no [illegible] to be made of her intelligence. She thinks that women were happier when they were [illegible] at fifty.

"There may be," she said, "greater satisfaction among women of a certain age that they look younger now than they were able to appear several years ago, but they are no happier than they were for this reason. There are more dissatisfied [illegible] looking women of [illegible] nowadays than there ever were [illegible].

"I think it is [illegible] to the fact that their new [illegible] and their new place in the world [illegible] in the least agree with their [illegible] of the [illegible] like [illegible] is [illegible] would at [illegible].

"It is this [illegible] between the woman's looks and [illegible] unhappy and discontented [illegible] that she looks [illegible] younger than she [illegible]. That makes her [illegible] would like to [illegible] with the [illegible]. But that is [illegible] the majority of [illegible] compelled to [illegible] and [illegible].

"That is the [illegible] summer [illegible] old days, but [illegible]."—New York Sun.

Jewels of the Olden Days.

[illegible] they are precious [illegible] of a fair Newport maid [illegible] shows a Cardinal [illegible] coming down from the [illegible] Anne days [illegible] a certain Lady Caroline [illegible], an [illegible] all are most [illegible] same way [illegible] of jeweled, were the [illegible] links, and they were [illegible] the fashion when set with "Mocha"—known to [illegible] the name of [illegible]. Strings of pearls were woman's pride and delight, from two to five and six grains each in weight, and wondrous solitaire pearls, pierced with holes and weighing twelve grains each, were envied possessions. To [illegible]

to own others set with rubies, as well as garnets, the diamonds to number twelve and being smaller [illegible] something to be proud of, with an amethyst alone, so with twelve diamonds was a smart [illegible]. Long diamonds, which we are beginning to revive, and which weigh [illegible] and one half to three grains, were very much in vogue for "[illegible]," as they were called, to stomacher pieces, as well as earrings. A pair of [illegible] earrings with moderate drops sold then for $27. [illegible] earrings and drops were also [illegible] worn, and so were gold [illegible] set with [illegible] which was the [illegible] of [illegible]. Mourning rings were [illegible] then, and [illegible] in favor with the [illegible] and silver, swung from watch chains and ribbons, and [illegible] watch keys. Children [illegible] in their [illegible].—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Women as Inventors.

As inventors women have been [illegible] to the [illegible] could be given of women who have invented articles which have [illegible] them in comfortable circumstances. Women inventors occupy all ranks of society, from the [illegible] working women to the Empress of the French, who invented the dress improver which years [illegible] into use [illegible]. The woman who patented the improved baby carriage made [illegible] while a young girl living at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, devised a simple toilet requisite from which she received an income of [illegible] a year. The wife of a clergyman invented an improved corset, which was the means of making her independently rich. It was a woman's invention [illegible] the paper bag [illegible]. Another clever woman is responsible for the wonderful device for deadening the sound of [illegible] on the overhead railway. Women have perhaps more often acted as the instigators of inventions than as inventors. The machine by which the Brother [illegible] made their great fortune was invented by Rev. William Lee, who was an eminent Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, England. The story of his life is [illegible] fell in love with an [illegible] and [illegible] her, who [illegible] the [illegible]. His wife [illegible] he watched the [illegible] movements of her hands and was thus led to speculate on the possibility of constructing a machine which would do this work more expeditiously. Lee, however, unfortunately [illegible] owing to the machine being regarded as a device for throwing people out of work, and he died poor and friendless, a broken-hearted man.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The [illegible] hat pins are [illegible].

[illegible] on [illegible].

Buttons and buckles [illegible] steel are used on the new [illegible] coats.

Panne velvet is frequently [illegible] on children's coats. It [illegible] youthful in effect.

Large [illegible] are [illegible] are very attractive.

An English fancy [illegible] plain [illegible] like [illegible].

The low cased collar is [illegible] generally [illegible] Paris [illegible].

[illegible] with a [illegible] with a [illegible] side [illegible].

[illegible] through which the [illegible] twice and [illegible].

[illegible] day at [illegible] the [illegible].

Many [illegible] spray of orchids [illegible] and a spray [illegible] of the [illegible].

[illegible] the round [illegible] a [illegible] which [illegible] are finished with [illegible] diamonds [illegible].

Jeweled [illegible] for new [illegible] which has the [illegible] finished with [illegible] a jeweled dog collar, while a couple of jeweled chains are draped from the collar in front to the [illegible].

Muffs are taking [illegible] additional ornaments, and one in black chiffon has two bunches of violets with the foliage upon it. One cluster of the flowers is at the top on the right side of the muff, and at the lower edge on the left side, at the beginning of the [illegible].

An Awakening in the South.

ONE of the most forcible evidences of the prosperity of the South, and an assurance that that portion of the country has been brought to a realizing sense of some of its needs, is the enthusiasm manifested over the subject of improved highways. It will be hard to find one point in which the South has recently experienced a greater awakening. Last June, when the good roads train under the auspices of the Illinois Central Railroad made a trip starting at New Orleans, the southern end of the line, it left behind it a trail of leagues and associations, state and local, devoted to improving the highways of half a dozen States. The recent convention at Buffalo, which attracted delegates from all over the Union and even [illegible], the Atlantic had an equally good result, although in a different way. Now comes the announcement that the Southern Railway Company has inaugurated a great movement in its desire to improve the road systems contiguous to its tracks. The company is to run a good roads special fully equipped, along its lines, stopping at various points to build a half mile or a mile of good road, and show the people what can be done and how to do it.

This initiative should receive cordial cooperation. Rivers, the natural, and railroads, the artificial, highways, are of little use if the people only a short distance away from their lines are unable to reach them. In many ways the people of the South have been held back for want of decent transportation facilities by the ordinary highway. In the rules governing the new rural mail delivery system one of the requirements is the ability to travel twenty-five miles a day, and the impossibility of doing this has in many cases delayed the extension of the system. This is equally true of business [illegible] of all kinds, more especially the marketing of produce on a [illegible] market. It has been estimated by a man fully acquainted with market conditions in the South and Southwest that opportunities for more than a million dollars increase in profits have been lost to farmers in the last few years through inability to get to market quickly at a critical time.

And this is not alone of the South and the Southwest. Right here in New York State farmers have been kept away from profitable markets by roads which were bogs or quagmires instead of paths fit for a man to ride over or [illegible] to travel in. But New York [illegible] and to-day the improvement of the highways is a question which is seldom allowed to drop out of sight. It is an omen of good for the Southland that the people are demanding of their legislators more and more attention to the highways. [illegible] the road building, although of national importance, is a local work, and must be [illegible] under local conditions. It is in this regard that the good roads trains are doing well. They strike all [illegible] of [illegible] and all kinds of difficulties and show the people how to improve their travel facilities at the least possible expense, in the shortest possible time and with the smallest amount of trouble.

That the railroads have an eye to the main chance in developing the lands along their lines in no way detracts from the ultimate benefit of their work to the farmer in the immediate neighborhood, as well as to the dweller in the city which the farmer wishes to reach with what he has to sell.—New York Tribune.

Good Roads Save Money.

One of the most important and encouraging of the many conferences held at the Pan-American Exposition was the good roads congress. The questions of mutual concern which brought together delegates from thirty-one of the States, and from Mexico and Canada, is one upon which much has been spoken and written, and had the congress merely [illegible] to continue the movement of improved roads it would have been of little note. The delegates, however, were not limited to the discussion of what might to be done. They were able to compare notes upon what has been done.

Practically [illegible] reports came from the South where highway improvement has been needed greatly. There was a general agreement among representatives of all parts of the country that the [illegible] public interest in good roads was steady and promising, and there was a general belief that much progress would be made in the next few years.

Maryland has not overlooked this question. State aid has been enlisted in the worthy cause of road improvement and public sentiment will probably be found in sympathy with a determination to keep up with sister States in this important work.

Moreover, good roads, aside from convenience, are of great money value to any community. Business is aided as well as comfort or pleasure. The price of hauling produce over a bad road far exceeds the cost of keeping the same highway in good repair.—Baltimore Herald.

A Substitute.

Money may not buy happiness, but it is often capable of purchasing an acceptable substitute.—Chicago News.