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MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

(Continued.)

"Kito, you have your orders," he says in English, which language most Hindoos speak.

"Oh, yes, sahib," the driver replies, "it is all right," replies the Hindoo driver, who has been bought, body and soul, with Russian gold.

Away they go, and as they go the baron chuckles to himself a dozen times as he pictures the consternation and jealous rage of his Yankee rival at finding him so favored by the fair American. He conceives the secreted note from time to time, and has read it so often that each word comes distinctly before him, thus:

"The writer begs leave to informa the baron that she will receive him at eight this evening and be at home to no one else. Regarding the proposition contained in his letter, she is of the opinion can decide better than the present."

What can he make of this other than a willingness to surrender? He, the cunning diplomat, who in times past has met and successfully wrestled with the most masterly questions of the day, now finds himself in the toils of the merciless little god Cupid, who throws dust in his eyes and temporarily blinds him.

At the appointed time the vehicle pulls up before the hotel, and Baron Popoff rides away. He leaves to several people, who are at his disposal, strictly to note the exactness of his arrival for the diplomat is a great stickler at punctuality, and, if going to his execution, would want the volley fired at the proper time to the second.

Then he enters the caravansary and gives his card to a waiter. Presently that functionary returns with the information that the lady is in the parlor, and conducts the baron thither.

He finds Molly and her father in the small parlor, quite alone. The presence of the senator is not exactly to the liking of this ardent lover; but since the game seems to be playing into his hands, he does not see how he can feel very badly about it. After all, one question is only one of time. He believes he has won by virtue of his name, and the father as well as the daughter favors his suit.

No one knows better how to carry himself in the drawing room than the baron, for he has mixed much with royalty in his own land and other countries where he has been sent as Russia's agent.

He apologizes to Demosthenes Tanner for the scene in Cairo and hopes it has been quite forgotten. At this the giant from Illinois laughs good naturedly and declares that all parties ought to be satisfied at least, as he and the baron came out of the small end of the horn together, there is no reason they should be foes.

Conversation becomes general, and the diplomat exerts himself to make a good impression on the stout legislator and his daughter. He has a large bump of conceit, and believes that as the evening passes he draws nearer his goal.

Several times he finds an opportunity to whisper to Molly. She blushes beautifully and holds a warning finger up saying:

"Not yet, baron. You must wait until we know each other better."

Then the courteous Russian bows and smiles and mentally pats his shoulder as he sees victory in the near future. Poor fool! So the mighty Samson of old may have congratulated himself when making love to Delilah, never dreaming that he would awaken to find his head shorn and his strength gone. So many another giant in the history of the world has been brought to his Waterloo by means of the blinding god Cupid.

One thing gives the baron the keenest delight. He drinks the sweet cup to the dregs. While engaged in an animated conversation with Molly, as he describes the glories of the Russian capital in winter, he chances to glance toward the end of the little parlor.

Here a fine mirror is set in the wall, for the furnishings of the room are superb. It is in this glass he sees what pleases him.

A man stands in the large drawing room a man he has good reason to remember, since it was his sword that pierced the baron's shoulder under the palms on the bank of the Nile. Mynheer Joe seems no more to advance. He seems to have come upon the scene by accident, and is rooted to the spot. The wily diplomat sees his opportunity. He will now proceed to put a weapon more pointed than a sword to the Yankee's heart.

"If you will pardon me for taking your hand, Miss Tanner," pleaded the baron, "I will explain to you how the ladies are supposed to act when being presented to the czarina, as I hope she long you will have that pleasure."

She allows it, of course, although half ends in smiling his motif. This is the picture Mynheer Joe gazes upon—his lips curved in the act of raising Molly's white hand to his lips.

All the while the baron has one eye on the mirror. He sees the look of fury on the American's face. He sees the fingers clench and press against his brow as though struck a blow, and turning, rushes out of the room.

Then the diplomat smiles. He no longer feels the pain in his shoulder. It has been wiped out by this last clever stroke of fortune, since he believes he has given better than he received—a Roland for an Oliver.

The Russian's cup is full to overflowing. He thinks fortune has turned to smile upon him again. It is like a kaleidoscope—one has to adjust the lens, but the exhibition of the design pays for the trouble.

In that direction, so he reasons and around, all obstacles must be swept out of the way. Since Mynheer Joe is one of these obstructions he will find himself hurled through space perhaps before he knows what is wrong.

Little does the wily baron suspect that all this affair is a deep-laid scheme, which has for its foundation the desire to rid the little company of his hated presence. They find it impossible to breathe the same air as the diplomat, and hence there must be an exodus on the part of someone.

Like everything else in this world, the evening must come to an end, although the baron makes no note of the lapse of time. He finds the old senator yawning frequently with a noise like the rushing of a mighty wind through the forest, and wonders why he does not retire himself off; but the legislator shows no signs of doing it. Evidently the sailor must content himself with the progress already made, and leave the balance for another time.

He makes an engagement for the following morning immediately after breakfast he will be on hand with a pulkee gharry to take Miss Tanner and her father to meet some of the highest dignitaries of India, just at this time chancing to be in Bombay. The American girl accepts the invitation in a way that at another time might excite a little suspicion in the brain of the diplomat, but just now he is too intoxicated by love to notice it. This is what Miss Molly says:

"We will be ready to go with you when you come, baron. Eight o'clock, remember."

"To the minute," he responds, bowing low over her hand, and even daring to press it.

The young girl smiles as she bids him good night, while Demosthenes bobbles over in his offhand way. Both are thinking of the same thing, that at eight o'clock on the following day Baron Popoff in order to keep his engagement may have to walk over miles of green water, unless the carefully laid plans of the plotters fail to operate.

The next hour will tell. It is fraught with deep suspense for Molly. The senator retires, but she continues to keep her seat in the parlor, awaiting news.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"BON VOYAGE, MYNHEER JOE!"

The baron finds his vehicle awaiting him just outside the hotel. His driver is on hand, and with his usual form shows the nobleman into the carriage. Some jocular remark is made by the baron, who is in such a decidedly jolly humor that he can even notice a menial.

Just as they are about to move off, a man gives a signal, and the baron stops the vehicle while he holds a low consultation. The driver sits like a statue. If he hears, he gives no evidence of it; at any rate, the talk must be a sealed book to him, for the men converse in Russian.

"Move on, Kito," comes the order.

The stranger has not entered the vehicle, and yet, when the driver casts a look behind, he fails to see him. Of course, the shadows are dense along under the trees near the hotel, and it may be he has secreted himself among these. Again it is possible he hangs on behind the vehicle.

Away they go, in a cloud of dust, in the direction of the city proper, where lights still abound, and there is no sign of sleep, such as would be falling upon an American city at this hour.

The baron leans back in his equipage and gives himself up to delicious reflection. He has won many diplomatic victories in the past, but, really, for the life of him, he cannot remember one that has given him half as much genuine pleasure as this signal conquest.

He declares he is beginning to grow old; that this is the real reason Mynheer Joe got the better of him in the affair of honor. But if he is unable to wield the sword with the same dexterity as of yore, he has gained in other things. As a man grows older, he is apt to prove more foolish with regard to love affairs. The baron knows it, and does not deny the soft impeachment with regard to himself. It is time he was marrying and keeping his place in the family.

These sorts of comfortable reflections come to his mind when he lolls back in comfort in the shigram and thinks of the future. Mynheer Joe, outwitted at last and deserted by the girl, the American, will fly from India, the baron may finish his diplomatic task with honor, proceed with his bride to St. Petersburg and be received with great eclat by both potentate and people whom he has mutually served by his brilliant work.

Thus he muses, smoking his cigar meanwhile and taking life as comfortable as he can. It strikes him that the vehicle is tossing about more than is necessary, if the driver has taken the direct road, and the baron idly thrusts his head out of the open window.

The moon is concealed for the time, being back of some clouds, so that all he can make out is that the neighborhood does not seem familiar. Just then there is a grand lurch; one side of the shigram drops into a small cavity in the street, and the baron comes very near being tossed out. He has the breath somewhat shaken from his body by the sudden concussion. The vehicle comes to a sudden stand. This makes the baron furious; he has a violent temper that occasionally fledges into hot heat when things do not go to please him.

"Kito!" he roars, shaking the door.

"Sahib, I am here," answers a voice.

"Oh, you are! Unfasten this door! I cannot make it slide," snaps the baron.

"Sahib, it opens this way." Whereupon the baron steps out upon the street.

"Where are we?" he demands, looking around at the dimly seen houses, with their strange fronts. "I do not recognize the place. This is not the road from the hotel to my rooms—the road we traveled over in going. Speak, Kito!"

"It is not, sahib," meekly replies the humble driver, who stands close by him.

"How does this come, miserable dog?" demands the Russian, half tempted to chastise the wretch who has led him into this pickle.

"It is my fault. I thought to take a short cut to your rooms. The moon betrayed me. I saw not this hole. Thank Allah it is no worse," replies the other, endeavoring apparently to conciliate him; but the enraged Russian grows warmer every minute.

"No worse!" You fool, unless we can lift the wheel out of the hole, I may have to walk—all through your stupidity! Do you know, I've a mind to teach you a lesson such as the serfs in Russia learned long ago!"

With that, the baron, blind with passion, leaped over to the vehicle and snatches the whip.

It is a wicked looking instrument of torture, especially in the hand of one who knows how to handle such a thing; and the baron, no doubt, has had experience among sledge dogs during his journeys in the frozen wastes of Siberia to be able to pluck a piece of flesh from a certain spot on an animal. An adept with such a whip can annihilate a horsefly that has lodged upon the back of the leader, and, although the report sounds like the discharge of a pistol, the animal has not been even touched.

It can be set down as certain, therefore, that the person familiar with a whip has no desire to feel such an instrument of torture laid upon his back or legs. Kito raises his hand in protest.

"Sahib, forbear! It would not be well for you to strike me," he says calmly.

The moon has appeared again. It shows a singular spectacle—the shigram partly turned over, the angry baron, whip in hand, and the splendid figure of his Hindoo driver standing there in an attitude of fearless warning, his right arm raised as if to keep the Russian from going too far.

Perhaps the baron had seen the knout laid upon wretched humanity so often in his native land that his first inclination is to use a whip upon one for whom he has conceived a sudden anger, not counting the consequences. That may do when applied to the debased serfs of Russia, but it will not be endured in this land, where proud blood flows through the veins of even the meanest of the people.

The baron does not know what he invites. He sees the action of his driver, and instead of moderating his zeal it enrages him still more.

"You scoundrel! Dare to threaten me, a Russian nobleman! Take that."

Even as he speaks he gives the cruel whip a sudden momentum. The lash cuts the air and comes with a tremendous snap against the limbs of the Hindoo driver.

He simply gives an exclamation, although the pain must be intense. Hardly has the blow been struck than the athletic form of the driver is seen in motion. Instead of retreating, he springs toward the baron. Already he is too near the Russian for the other to apply the lash a second time.

He immediately drops the whip, having no further use for it, and throws himself into an attitude of self-defense.

In addition to being a master with the fists and a champion pistol shot the baron has done what Russian officers do not practice as much as their British cousins, he knows the science of self-defense. He is not a giant in size, nor yet a pigmy, but a well formed man, with muscles hardened by constant exercise.

Thus, when the Hindoo driver comes plunging at him, Baron Popoff assumes his favorite attitude and expects to lay the fellow out with a solid blow. Like many another man he counts without his host.

As the driver reaches the baron, he, too, has his hands before him in pugilistic style. There is a quick interchange of blows, some lightning counters, and the dull sound of a heavy stroke is heard.

Baron Popoff gives no cry, but sinks to the ground several feet away, senseless. Perhaps, in that brief space of time when he finds his most efficient hands met and parried by his antagonist, some dim suspicion of the truth may have flashed into his brain. No common Hindoo driver could use his fists in that style.

Before he has time to form a definite conclusion however, there comes the blow that all his science cannot ward off, and the unlucky Russian knows no more until he opens his eyes on a strange scene, with the shores of India low down in the east.

[illegible] Mr. Grimes himself. Besides, here is Kassee and Sandy Barlow.

Then the Hindoo driver, Kito, the man who delivered such a telling blow to the baron, must also be an old acquaintance. Mr. Grimes has him by the hand. In a cheery tone he exclaims:

"That was a knock-out worthy of a Sullivan, Mynheer Joe. It cancels all your past obligations to the baron."

"He struck me with the whips, the beggar," says Joe, painfully rubbing the spot where the barbed lash had flecked him and drawn blood. "It's lucky for him my temper differs from his own, or I'd have his life for that blow."

"He won't take it already. I'm afraid you've broken his neck," says Grimes.

"Oh, no! He'll come to presently. We have the officers ready to close him. Come, lay hold of the wheel. She went in as near as you please," from which talk it may be inferred that there has been something singular about the accident that has occurred to the baron's pulkee gharry.

The vehicle is raised upon a sound portion of the pavement. Then the still senseless Russian gentleman is placed within, and Sandy gets along side, having the coachman ready, while the man who has taken the place of the original Kito, who lies in a stupor at the home in the rear of the Malabar Hotel, his liquor having been drugged, mounts to the driver's seat.

"You will look after that party, sir?" he calls back.

"Rest easy. When he comes to in the morning, he will find himself lying by the Towers of Silence, with no one to tell him how he got there. Go your way, Joe," returns Mr. Grimes.

An hour later, the strange passenger is handed up the side of the good ship Avalanche. A few low words are exchanged between the captain and the swarthy Hindoo, whose arms seem of steel; then a warm handshake, a "God bless you, Mynheer Joe!" and they separate.

As Joe and the little newspaper correspondent leave the boat at the gangway, they see the ship gliding toward the sea and bearing the vindictive Russian diplomat to far-away Valparaiso. In all probability he will never cross their path again.

The little party met at the early chota hazri, and around the table the story is told in low tones. Even the old warhorse, Demosthenes Tanner, confesses to a feeling of relief, now that the baron will give them no more trouble. He experiences the sensations of a man who, after vainly striking repeatedly at a bothersome fly, finally succeeds by a lucky blow in demolishing his tormentor.

It is not necessary that we should follow these friends further. With the disappearance of the baron from the field, their troubles cease, and the sea before them promises pleasant sailing.

Mynheer Joe manages his case with wisdom and tact. Much planning is done by those concerned, and finally, when they reach Calcutta, the vivacious Molly becomes Mrs. Mynheer Joe. It is decided that Joe and his bride set sail for China, to explore that country, while the others bend for New York, via London.

Thus, one pleasant July morning—the most delightful of all months in India—these two stand on the deck of the Hong Kong steamer, waving farewell to the friends on shore, while the foghorn voice of the Illinois statesman comes over the green waters like a benison, calling:

"Bong voyage, Mynheer Joe, bong voyage, dear boy!"

And there the curtain falls.

The End.

Pugilism in Japan.

The extent to which the Japanese are becoming Europeanized in the less essential matters of life is shown by the manner in which our sports and pastimes are taken up by the vernacular press.

The recent fight between Fitzsimmons and Sharkey was reported at length by more than one Tokio paper, their names in the native syllabary becoming Shachi and Fuitsumurafu. Footballers and oarsmen are no less remarkable, and that the best of the sahibs or lords of the palace, who formerly used Mikados as a puppet and followed its changing pastimes, is now to be seen playing a game in Tokio show how thoroughly the Japanese have earned more backs on their old ways and ideas.—London Mail.

A Preacher's Remarkable Task.

A preacher in England has three times written out the whole contents of the New Testament. He has done this with the object of familiarizing himself with the various books, which he claims to have in this way completely mastered. He always preaches from the New Testament, and is rather fond of boasting of his knowledge of this portion of the Bible. Many a time he has been heard to say that anybody could quote any words from it for which he could instantly give book, chapter and verse.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Drain.

A drain that is stopped up is one that is not only unserviceable, but a nuisance to boot. When foul there is always a disagreeable stench therefrom, and, being always damp, contaminates decomposes quickly. Nothing is more important than to frequently examine the orifices of drain pipes and ditches, in order to have a free flow of water in them.

Weed Seeds in Grain.

Several hundred samples of timothy, alsike and red clover on sale by local dealers in different provinces have been analyzed at Ottawa, Ont. In some ten to thirty per cent. by weight of sand was found; sixty-three per cent. of the samples contained over 2000 weed seeds per pound; forty-four per cent. over 5000 and twenty-five per cent. over 10,000. Not more than two per cent. of the samples were found free from weed seeds. These facts are in line with a recent complaint from a Massachusetts farmer in regard to the rapid spread on his farm of a "new weed with white blossom and a hot, bitter taste." Investigation showed the presence of wild carrot, that pest of the hay field in so many localities. The weed had first appeared in quantity along the borders of a field of oats. Better for the farmer to have paid double price all the rest of his life for the best grade of weed oats from a reliable dealer than to have introduced such a weed in cheap gain seed. It costs more to raise pedigree seed and to raise it on clean land, but the result is worth the difference. Better raise one's own seed on the farm than to buy high priced at the store.

Tools For Winter Pruning.

In trimming trees, we want something that will make a good, smooth wound. The advantage I find with my saw is that it has a stiff back, making the blade perfectly rigid, which can be brought up with a set screw. That will make a good close cut where the saw will not get a chance to wable. Of course, the teeth of the pruning saw are fine and well set, so that it cuts rapidly. There was a blade on the end for folding, but that is a very poor tool, because you will make one or two strikes before you hit in the right place, and those make two or three wounds, and you get two or three suckers to heal over those wounds. The saw is in all cases the best tool to prune with, and makes very little injury to the cambium in cutting, and that is the important part of the tree, for that is the part from which we get all our growth, and want to take the greatest care of it.

Some might say, "What about the pruning shears?" They are all right under certain circumstances for smaller limbs, when there is not much resistance in cutting it off, but take the limb of an apple tree where the wood is hard, in order to get that limb off you have to work the shears often, and you will work the bark off there, bruise the cambium for an inch, and the wound heals very slowly. We use a long handle on the saw for high trimming.

It is not necessary to pare wounds, because you want to have the inner bark protected as much as possible, and if you pare down it will allow the frost to get to the inner bark.—W. N. Hutt, in American Cultivator.

Best Fertilizers For Tomatoes.

Fertilizer tests of interest are reported in Bulletin 92 of the Indiana station. The experiments were carried out during the seasons of 1899 and 1900 on moderately heavy clay loam that would naturally yield about twenty-four bushels of wheat or fifty bushels of corn per acre. The fertilizer formula followed in the main was that recommended by Voorhees, viz., nitrogen 4.7 per cent., phosphoric acid 7.2 per cent. and potash twelve per cent., applied at the rate of 700 pounds per acre; and was composed of muriate of potash, nitrate of soda, azotin and acid phosphate. This mixture cost about $32 per ton. One some plots one or more of the fertilizers was omitted, and the amount applied on the different plots also varied. Barnyard manure applied on clover sod at the rate of twelve to fifteen two-horse loads per acre formed one plot in 1899.

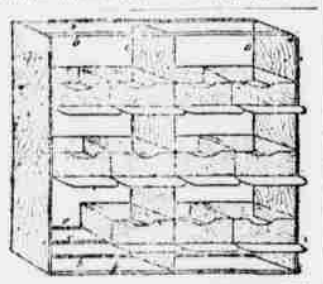
The best results were obtained by using a complete fertilizer in liberal amounts. The use of nitrogen alone, either in the form of nitrate or organic nitrogen, was unprofitable. The yield on the barnyard manure plot was the largest obtained with any of the fertilizers. This fertilizer had a tendency to delay and prolong the ripening period, but the total yield was very near double that obtained from any other plot.

In the whole the use of the commercial fertilizers considerably increased the yields and hastened the maturity of the crop. The results also indicate that on lands of the type used where clover is grown in the rotation, a fertilizer made up of three per cent. nitrogen, seven per cent. available phosphoric acid and twelve per cent. potash would more nearly meet the requirements of the tomato crop than the Voorhees formula, and would be about $5 per ton cheaper. Earlier ripe tomatoes at the station indicate that sulphate of potash gives a better quality of early tomatoes than the muriate.

Practical Nest Boxes.

The accompanying drawing illustrates very well the improved nests designed and successfully used by William Proctor, of Massachusetts. They are very easily made, and the plan of construction is as follows: Take three boards, one inch thick by twelve inches wide and of any convenient length. The boards are placed far enough apart to admit of two nests side by side.

Strips one inch wide and one inch thick, represented in the diagram as 1, 1, are nailed across both top and bottom to hold the uprights in place and make the frame firm. Supports for the nest boxes are wires, designated by 2, 2 in the diagram, and to put them in place holes are augured through all the boards, which is best done before the pack is put together. Strips might well be used in place of



SIMPLE AND CONVENIENT NEST BOXES.

the wires and would give additional strength. If wire is used, it will prove most satisfactory if kept tight.

The nest boxes are made of half-inch lumber. They are eleven and a half inches wide, twelve inches long and five inches deep. The bottom is made to project six inches, providing a step for the hens to mount on. The space above the [illegible] would depend entirely on the [illegible] poultry, but with hens five inches high a four-inch space below a wire will be sufficient. The improved nest boxes have the advantage of being flat, easily made and readily cleaned.—American Agriculturist.

Early Spring Plowing.

The plowing of the land in spring is an ordinary matter to farmers, yet it is the most important work performed, for the season that the growth of the crop and the yield depend on the first preparation of the soil. The amount of moisture, warmth and supply of plant food is regulated according to the capacity of the soil to absorb, retain and yield to the crops the desired elements necessary to complete growth. The time has been when potatoes were planted in the sod, just laying off the rows and cultivating the crops after the plants appeared above ground, and it may be added that good crops have been secured in that manner. Nevertheless, better results have been obtained when the land was plowed and then worked over until it became fine. In proof of the fact that the careful preparation of the soil increases the yield, it is well known that a garden plot will produce more than a field, although the land of the field may be fully as rich in plant food as the garden plot, but the difference is that the preparation of the soil for a garden is usually complete, and when the field is treated in the same manner it will not fail to show the effects of the better preparation. The foundation upon which all good crops are built is the land, and the beginning of the crop is when the land is plowed.

Plowing the manure in is one method of working it into the soil, but all farmers do not plow their lands the same depth so turn under their manure in the same manner. If the manure is put under too deep some time need elapse before the roots of the young plants will get down to it. It will not be very long before the plants will find the manure and utilize it, but early in the year it is very important that such a crop as corn should get a good start, and the loss of a week at the beginning may have an injurious effect on the crop should the season come on dry. If the manure is spread on the surface and then worked into the top soil with a harrow, the young plants will be enabled to use them from the start, and the harrow will also render the soil fine. Two objects will be accomplished by so doing—first, the manure itself will be made finer, and, second, the fineness of the soil will result in better disintegration of the mineral elements existing therein, independently of the manure, thus providing the plants with available food at the beginning, and also throughout the growing season. Manure that is plowed under will be very useful at the time the plants are maturing, for the more rapid the growth of the plants when young the greater their root power and feeding capacity.

No crop should go into the soil until the ground is warm enough to germinate the seed. Corn that begins to grow and is checked by cold rains, or cold soil, will be thrown back in growth a week or two, or perhaps more, and it is therefore better to wait a few days for the soil to become warm than to lose more valuable time in growth later. The warmth will depend upon the depth and fineness of the soil and its dryness. A well-plowed field that is properly drained, will become warm several days sooner than one which has been plowed in a careless manner. The air enters a porous soil, and the heat goes wherever the air can enter. If the soil is fine the surface water can be more easily retarded as it passes down to the subsoil and reach the under-drains sooner, but if the moisture remains near the surface, by reason of shallow plowing, the land will be cold until the season gets very warm, at which season corn should then be well under way. The rule should be to plow as early as the soil will permit, and keep it loose with the harrow. It is an old remark that no farmer can harrow a field too often. It may add to the expense for labor, but the crop will be better enabled to derive plant foods, moisture and warmth, as the fine soil stores water that would be lost in summer on hard soils and gives it to the plants when it is most required.—Philadelphia Record.

Valuable Testimony.

Good roads reduce the wear and tear on horses, harness and vehicles, according to the testimony that follows:

General Stone—One farmer, when I asked him how he was getting on paying his taxes for new roads, replied: "I save more on repairs on my wagons and harness than the whole amount of my tax on good roads."

Charles L. Andrews, Moorestown, N. J.—The stone roads have every advantage over the dirt roads. They are much easier on horses. They are a saving of horseflesh, saving of time, and, as "time is money," consequently a saving of money.

Charles S. Athetson, Magnolia, N. J.—I am part owner and operate a farm of two hundred acres near the line of the recently completed "White Horse" telford road. I consider this road one of the greatest public benefits ever conferred upon the people of this locality. At a distance of eight miles it brings us nearly an hour nearer market. It enables us to dispense with one team. Our teams are in better condition and require less feed and attention in doing the same amount of carting. We make a daily saving of one cent a horse per mile.

Thomas J. Beans, Moorestown, N. J.—When a farmer living alongside a stone road sends out his team with a load they do not seem to pull the load; it just rolls along, and they accompany it.

William Jones, Medford, N. J.—I live fifteen miles from Philadelphia, and a great feature of my business is the growing of truck for that market. At present I am five miles from a stone road, and I am obliged to put four horses to my truck wagon and send two men with it until they reach the stone road; then the leading team is taken off and one man brings it back home, and the other settles back in his gig top and goes to sleep, as there is no danger of a loaded team leaving the stone road bed until city pavements are reached.

Treatment of Roads With Gas Tar.

While roads in the United States have been treated with crude oil to lay the dust and render them compact, in Italy the same end has been attained by using gas tar, and the experiments which have been made seem to be quite successful. M. G. Rimini, the district engineer at Lugo, near Ravenna, has published an account of the application of gas tar to some sections of the public road in that locality. He uses it in two different places on the provincial route near Lugo, where the circulation is very active. The first portion treated measures forty feet long and ten feet wide and the second 750 feet long and thirteen feet wide. In spite of the prolonged dryness the results of this treatment have exceeded the expectations, and the surface of the road has become very hard and compact, so that it is difficult to pierce it. There is no dust and the rainwater flows off without penetrating, and thus there is no mud formed. The color of the soil becomes that of a very dark sand. It is not necessary to treat the whole surface of the road, but only a band in the middle about twelve feet wide. As to the cost of the treatment it is estimated at only $86 per mile. M. Rimini is making observations of the two sections thus treated before applying it on a larger scale.

A Government Road For Light Vehicles.

An enthusiastic automobilist has recently revived a proposition which was advocated a century ago, but has lain dormant for many years. It is for a Government road from New York to Chicago, and possibly to the Pacific. This road is to be suitable for bicycles, automobiles and light carriages. Asphalt is spoken of as the most suitable pavement for the rubber-tired vehicles. The main road would be through the most thickly settled sections, with branch roads leading to important points in the neighborhood of the route. The proposition at first seems, says an exchange, great and the cost insurmountable, but when it is considered what the combined efforts of the various cities benefited could do, the proposition seems more feasible. The great work which has been accomplished by the bicycle riders of this country for the improvement of the highways is certainly wonderful, and shows what is possible when the energies of a large number are concentrated toward the same end. Such an enterprise would not encroach upon the business of any company, since its success would be entirely identified with the non industry.

Science and Eating.

We are very willing to eat what we should procure it is palatable, but no amount of science will overcome the idiosyncrasies of taste. Therefore it is delightful to know that many of the things we crave are just the things we need. The scientists tell us that tea and coffee are not only harmless, but helpful, if we don't begin to drink them until we are thirty, and if we don't pay less than thirty cents a pound. Coffee has recently escaped from the latter ban, for a very good brand may now be bought for less than twenty-five cents. Another important point to remember is that if we would live long and prosper neither coffee nor tea should be drunk unless the grounds are removed within, at least ten minutes after making. Coffee, if boiled at all, should be boiled quickly, but tea should never boiled. A certain amount of sugar is necessary to keep the human system amiable.