ments Liberal Contracts will be made.



CHAPTER XVI.

EXIT UNCLE SAM. "Truly, the ways of the parent are peculiar! If you wanted your son knocked on the head, were there not enough people in London able and willing to execute your commission, but you must needs send for him to this place? Come, tell me how it all happened."

Thus spake the cheery voice of uncle Sam as he entered our drawing room the next morning after the events narrated in the last chapter. Though still depressed in spirit (now chiefly because of the horrible suspicion which I knew my father entertained), I was fairly well in health, and was dressed to receive our visitor. My father's melancholy was more apparent than mine, and his serious demeanor contrasted strangely with the buoyant gaiety of his brother.

"Ernest had an awkward fall on the stone floor of the crypt late on Monday night or on Tuesday morning, and lay there unconscious for some time before he was discovered. That is with a man of your mental calibre. all," answered my father, "but he is No; you must take my hand and asnearly, if not quite, well now."

know-I remember my own little es-Really, the faculty of blushing in a young man will delude even the old and experienced more effectually than the most skilful lying. So, Ernest, you young dog, you are no better than other people, ch? But enough of this. How are Knight and Faulkner getting on with the renovations? I hope they are pushing the work vigorously. I would like to see the place completed and decent before I return to New York. I gave them carte blanche to do everything necessary to be done,

and particularly insisted on despatch." My father looked intensely glum as he listened to this speech, and some moments elapsed before he spoke. As for myself, it was a considerable time before I could resolve my uncle's words; and desiring not to commit myself. I remained silent.

"Your judgment or motive is not so good as it might be in this case, Sam. My boy has discovered perfectly reliable evidence that a quarter of a million Venetian sequins were concealed by old Roger Trueman in the Abbot's Cell here, and wishing to pleasantly surprise me decided to withhold his information until he had verified it. This is why he visited the place on Monday night, when he found the place and ten chests as indicated by Roger Trueman himself; but with this difference, that all the chests had been opened, and every sequin stolen."

"Stolen!" exclaimed uncle Sam; "how do you know that? And if so, how can you tell whether they were stolen a year or a century ago?"

"Very easily. By merely examining the cell and the chests, and considering the attendant circumstances, anyone endowed with common sense is bound to conclude that the robbery was committed as recently as four or five days ago."

"Positively you astound me. Have you examined your servants and Knight and Faulkner's mea?"

My father shrugged his shoulders and smiled grimly. "There would be no use in that," he said grimly.

"I think there would be very great use in it, and that it ought to have been done before. Really, you astound me. Tell me the whole of the circumstances as briefly and clearly as you can. At present, I am not at all satisfied with the matter."

"And I still less so. Ernest, tell your uncle all you know about it," and with these words my father rose from the couch on which we were all three sitting and walked through the open window to the veranda.

With a fluttering heart I begun my task, describing the manner in which I had found and appropriated Roger Trueman's Record (which I read to him in full, having provided myself with the volume for that purpose), and with my subsequent proceedings. My uncle listened with deep attention, only occasionally diverting his eyes from me to look at his brother, who was restlessly pacing up and down the veranda. In this way an hour or more

passed, and I had completed my story. "Thank you," said uncle Sam, and pressed his hand upon his forehead, a habit of his when thinking. After a few moments he started to his feet and walked to the window, I following him. "Robert," he cried, "come here; I have something to say to you."

My father re-entered the room. "Your son has read that Record to me and explained how he found it, and what he has done and experienced in respect of it. I am not convinced that the sequins have been recently stolen or that they have been stolen at all, though I perceive nothing improbable in either theory. Things quite as strange happen every day. But I have this to say to you. You have expressed yourself at leadst twice this morning in a manner I am not disposed to toi-

Copyright 1896, by Robert Bonner's Sous erate from any man, even my own brother. You have plainly insinuated, here in the presence of your son, that I pretended not to know the business which called him to the crypt on Monday night, and that because of some motive-I think that was your wordbetter reason to be satisfied with this matter than you have. If by the latter you mean that a man who has not lost a quarter of a million sequins has better reason for satisfaction than one who has, I am content the remark

should pass. But the first observation of which I compain admits of no sophistry. The only motive that could animate me in feigning ignorance of your son's business in the crypt would be to conceal that I was concerned in some way in the stealing of those sequins. And besides, I do not like your manner towards me. All my successes have been due to a good memory and the power to read the thoughts and moods of men, and the instincts which have earned me all I "On the floor of the crypt!" echoed never done you or your son the slightsure me of your belief that I have uncle Sam, in a tone of surprise. "What est wrong, and in particular that you was he doing in the crypt at that un- are satisfied I know nothing about the earthly hour? No, no; I beg your par- treasure you have failed to find further den. Don't tell me, I don't want to than what you and your son have told me. Do that, and I am still your capades when I was about his age. friend and brother, and will aid you with all the means in my power to solve this mystery. Decline my terms, and I will do my best to forget your

> Quite calmly but with terrible disinctness did uncle Sam thus challenge his brother. He had drawn nimself up to his full height, and his head was set back a little further than was customably have supposed as he stood waiting for a reply that he was engaged in nothing of particular import. Indeed, the expression of his face was not unlike that which he bore when uttering one of his cynical dogmas of which he had such a plentiful store. and he actually smiled as he listened to my father's reply-words which snapped my most cherished hope like

a thread and plunged me to the lowest depth of despair I had as yet sunk to. "Indeed I will do no such thing. Unasked and from my heart I assure you that the good will I have ever borne the two hundred and fifty thousand towards you survives this affair, ser- sequins you ought to have found there. ious as it is; but I cannot and will not | Where the others are I don't know; comply with the terms you dictate, but what I do know is that your uncle come what may. Surely you might have known that anything here was from here about a week ago. I will yours for the asking-that I would tell you the details, if you want to years. have given you anything I had, so long | know them, when you come to your as I retained a small competency for

my son hereafter." Uncle Sam remained motionless and silent for a full minute or more after my father had finished speaking; then, father was at my side, holding my drawing a deep breath, and uttering hands in his, and earnestly endeavora hardly audible sigh, he rested his ing to comfort me. Presently I grew hands on a table, leaned forward, and | calmer and got up-that unnatural and fixing his gaze upon his brother, ad- piteous product of adverse circum-

"My curse upon you for an unthinkmy last when I put myself in a position for you to mete out such treatseeking hind, you married the girl care nothing for the loss of the money whose love I had won-who had solemnly pledged herself to me. Yes, you married her knowing that I was her choice, and that her father compelled her to become your wife on account of your broad acres. I complained not then to you, but went forth into the world trusting not vainly to Nemesis to avenge the wrong I had sustained. The sweetheart of my boyhood was not your wife for long; and paused, as if unable to find the preas for your Suffolk acres, what of them | cise word he wanted-"act. or Adams now? They will scarce support the shall, if he recovers sufficiently to do slave who plows them. Yes, Nemesis avenged your first injustice to me, and she will avenge your second. I had outlived almost the memory of that great wrong, and returned to you after twenty years, rich and influential, prepared to benefit you and your son in pained him keenly to show what he any way I could, and now, forsooth, did against my brother, for he was in a half-hearted, cowardly manner, much attached to Sam as a boy, and and without any sort of evidence, you often inquired of him after he had gone accuse me of having robbed you of a away to America." quarter of a million of sequins! By the "I don't want to know any more powers that be, I swear I never saw a sequin in my life, that I am not even | shall," I replied, as I rose from the sure I am correct in thinking. It is couch, picked up my letter, and read a gold coin worth nine shillings and it. It was from Constance Marsh and fourpence of British money; but my ran as follows: supposition being correct, can you think I would make myself a thief for five hundred and sixty thousand dollars?-I who on many occasions have profited more in one deal, and made eight times as much out of the Wabash pool alone. No. I am not a thief; or if I was, I should not come to Suffolk to practice my profession. It is possible you may live to be convinced of the cruel blunder you have made; but troublesome things to any one who I care not how that may be, for you is iil. I am so glad to learn from your are already dead to me. Good-bye. father's telegrams that your accident Ernest, my boy. I am sorry for you was only slight, and shall be pleased It is a hard fate to be the son of such to see you back in London again-for.

the sen of a wise man is generally | uncle,

a feel, so by natural balance you

should be wise, for you are certainly the son of a fool." He turned to go, but I clutched his arm and prevented him, crying out despairingly--

"O father, father, what have you done? Unsay your words, and believe with me that uncle Sam has done us

much kindness and no wrong." My passionate plea received no answer. Uncle Sam gently disengaged himself from my grasp and moved towards the door. "If at any time you should need a friend," he said, addressing me, "I hope you will think of your uncle. Stay; I had almost forgotten to give you this," and taking a letter

from his pocket he tossed it to me;

but I was too dazed to catch it, and it

fell on the carpet. Then, waving his

hand in token of farewell, he hastily quitted the room and was gone. on his knees, and his head buried of my own; and further, that I have in his hands. I spoke to him-I forget what it was that I said-but he took no notice of me, when through the open window I saw uncle Sam passing out of our gate. As soon as he was off our premises he stood still and looked intently at Holdenhurst Hall for a little while, then turned abruptly and walked at a great rate down the road which led towards

> Bury St. Edmund's. weak from loss of blood and other consequences of my recent accident, think my reason must have sucinto an upright position, while I of 1879. screamed out-

"It is false! It is false! I will go to arms' length. "I would to Heaven it were false," he exclaimed, "but it is true-too true. Shall I show you the proofs?"

"You cannot." I shouted; "you have no proofs." Then for the first and last time in his life did my father burst out in anger against me. "Is everybody in conspiracy to madden me?" he asked excitedly. "I tell you, your uncle has stolen those sequins, and that recentary with him, yet one might reason- ly. Still, I would not have told him so, or complained to anyone, if he had not sought to extort a contrary declaration from me. Do you think I would denounce my own brother on doubtful or slender evidence? If you can think so badly of me, where then shall I turn for sympathy in my trouble? Must I publish what I would fain conceal in order to induce you to believe your own father? Look at that," and he took from his pocket a large thin gold coin and placed it in my hand; "that is one of the sequins you went into the crypt to fetch-one of found means to convey them away

senses and remember that I am your father." I sat down on a couch and burst into an agony of tears. In a moment my

dressed him with intense earnestness. stances, a youth without hope. The kindness of my lather was such ing and cowardly wretch! This is the as none but the parent of an only child, moter and his proposal head for second great injustice I have suffered | can understand. In endeavoring to al- | America. at your hands. May that moment be leviate my distress he appeared to forget his own. "This is a great misfortune," he said, "the greatest which ment for a third time!. Twenty years | has befallen me since your dear mother ago, by grace of a miscalculating, self- died; but we must try to forget it. I -I would it had been sunk in the sea or that the Turks had had it-but I neplore my brother's conduct, more especially as he has won your good will, and I had hoped and believed that

good would come of it." After a space my father resumed: "When you feel disposed to hear the story I will relate all the circum stances of your uncle's recent-" he so; he was an eye-witness of the-the act. But I have grave fears the old man will die, and even Dr Thurlow admits such an event is not improba ble: he is an old man, and these trou bles are more than he can bear It

about it now, and perhaps I never

No. -, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, W., April 22, 18-Dear Mr. Trueman:-Many thanks for your kind letter. Pray accept my apology for having allowed it to remain unanswered for two days; but

news of your having met with an ac

cident followed so closely upon your departure that I have been in doubt whether to write or not, for letters are man, but you are not without hope of course, you will return with your

To be continued.



white uniforms are selling butter and cheese in the streets of Berlin for a new company

The babobao trees of Senegambia are believed to be the oldest living trees on earth. Some scientists have put the age of one of these trees at 6000 years.

The oldest love letter in the world is in the British Museum. It is a proposal of marriage for the hand of an I looked at my father. He was sit- Egyptian Princess, and it was made ting on a low seat, his elbows resting | 3500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick.

> Leather shoes are seldom worn in Algeria by the natives of Arabian descent. Their footwear consists of pieces of camel's hide bound around the feet with thongs, or of sandals made of braided twine.

"Falsehood, thy name is woman," is tattooed on the arm of a convict who has just escaped from the prison in This spectacle, in itself pathetic, and Graz. The police have advertised a symbolizing as it did, the collapse of description of him, of which the above my fervent hope, enraged me. Being tattoo mark is the most salient fea-

A yard of rain-to be precise, 36.52 cumbed beneath my accumulated load inches-is the recorded downfall of the of disappointments and anxieties, for last year in London. It has been an in a sudden burs? of artificial strength exceptionally wet year even for the have would scarcely fail me in dealing I rushed at my father, laid my hands British Isles. The record is five inches upon his shoulders, and forced him above the highest previous total, that AND SIE BEETER

A motherless pig has been adopted my uncle and beg him to pardon you." by a hen belonging to Mrs. Henry Lan-My father started to his feet, and ders, of Mantua, N. J. The hen had grasping me by the wrists, held me at been sitting on a nest of eggs, but these she kicked out of the nest whe she took charge of the little pig, which lies contentedly under the ben's wing.

The carcass of an elephant in the Ghent Zoological Gardens, which had to be killed, was bought by a local pork butcher, who transformed it into Frankfort sausages. He was able to manufacture no fewer than 3800 pounds of sausages, which sold like hot

An English watchmaker has just finished making a tiny watch in the form of a shirt stud. Its dial is two-sixteenth of an inch in diameter and it is to be worn with two other studs. By turning the upper stud the watch is wound, while by turning the lower one the hands are adjusted.

The Chequers Inn, at Slapstones, near Osmotherly, must be unique among English inns in one respect. It boasts of a fire which for more than a century has never been allowed to go out. The place is a quaint little building, to which many visitors resort on account of its never extinguished fire and the turf cakes baked upon its hearth. It has been in the occupation of one family for more than a hundred

AMERICANS MONEY MANIACS.

So Say Europeans-They Like to Be Con

servative on the Continent. It is the theory of Europe that American conservatism draws a money line beyond which it will not go. When any man of Europe, according to the Illustrated Sporting News, has a pro- Sun. posal of business too big for the European mouth-wearing its self-imposed half-muzzle of conservatism-that pro-

Mankind does not change; its methods change, the trade has still its Kidds and Blackbeards. Present commerce has its pirates and its piracies; only the buccaneers of now do not launch ships but stock companies, while Wall and Broad streets are their Spanish main. They do not, like Francis Drake, lay off and on at the isthmus to stop pirate ships; they seek their

galleons in the Stock Exchange. It was common-for money-making has its romances-and the adventur ous uncertainty of the thing, the push ing into the unknown, which formed the lure. Have you ever considered that nine of ten among those who went with De Soto and Balboa and Coronado and Cortez and Pizarro, if asked by some quiet neighbor, would have refused him the loan of one hundred dollars unless secured by five-fold the value? And yet the last man jack would peril life and fortune blindly in a voyage to worlds unknown, for profits guessed at, against dangers neither to be counted nor foreseen.

There are men reckoned shrewd in business whose business can be overcome by ciphers. It is as though they were wise up to seven figures. Mr. Harley was of these; he had his boundaries. His instincts were solvent, his policies sound, his suspicions full of life and courage, so that you went no higher than nine millions. Burdened beyond that, his imagination would break down; and since his instincts, his policies and his suspicions rested wholly upon his imagination, when the latter fell the others must of need go with it. There is a depth to money just as there is to a lake; when you led Mr. Harley in beyond the nine million dollar mark he began to drown.

For South Africa.

The mine owners of South Africa are entering into contracts with Chinese laborers to work in the mines of that country. Ships are already at Hong-Kong to convey these laborers to the field of operations. The contracts are guaranteed by the British authorities, and are for three years.

Humor of oday

Chatham Record.

he intrepid De Soto, When the Indians said what they'd do to Him and his pack If they didn't turn back, Told those savages where they could go to.

A New Team to Him. "I notice that the Turner decision shut the Anarchists out."

"The Anarchists? Never even heard of the team!"-New Orleans Times-Democrat. Limited. Henrique-"I understand you gratify

your wife's slightest wish."

expensive wishes that I do not gratify."-Judge. All Serene. "Has Jones an assured reputation

Ottinger-"Yes; it is only her more

as an author?" "Absolutely. Why, he says he can now turn out poor work all the rest of his life."-Life

The Line of Least Resistance. Barber (to absent-minded old gentleman, who has called for a shave)-"Can't shave yer, sir, unless yer 'old

yer head up." Old Gentleman-"Nev'r min', make it a hair cut."-London Tatler.

A Sprinter. stewed boa constrictor is equal to

"I'll bet a live boa constrictor wouldn't be equal to two calves if I saw it coming."-Houston Post.

Self-Conscious. Miss Borde-"Oh, horrors! here comes Miss Tawker. She's been abroad this spring." Miss Sharpe-"Yes, any one could tell

that. She's got a broad grin on her face."-Philadelphia Public Ledger. Practical Demonstration.

fair maid who had been kissed unexpectedly. "It will afford me pleasure to show

you," calmly replied the audacious young man .- Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Reason Why.



"No; mamma thinks we can spend more money here in New York."-New York American.

Still Others. "Ah," said the fair widow, "you have been in some pretty tight squeezes, haven't you, Colonel?"

"Yes," answered the old warrior, putting his arm around her waist, "and I'm not the only one."-Indianapolis

Time Was Too Short. "So," snobbed Illma Vaselineovitch, "Ivan Ninespotski died in battle! Do you say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

Record. Not to Be Fooled. Mrs. Subbubs-"I told Bridget to string the beans this morning."

Mr. Subbubs-"Yes. Well?" Mrs. Subbubs-"Well, she flared up and told me I couldn't string her; that we'd eat them loose or not at all." Philadelphia Press.

Truthful. "Didn't you say you had all the com-

"Well," answered Farmer Corntossel, "after you folks are gone we do have 'em. That's what we take boarders for."-Washington, Star.

Too Changeable. "Here, young man," said the old back this thermometer ye sold me."

manded the clerk. time it says another thing."-Philadelphia Ledger.

"What's the matter with it?" de-

Ups and Downs. Lady (who is on a visit to her native town)-"How is Mrs. Grabb? I haven't seen her in a long time." Hostess-"She is having her usual ups and downs." Lady Visitor-"And what may they

be, I pray?" Hostess-"Oh, running up bills and running down her neighbors."-Town and Country.

A Philosopher. Kloseman-"? etter be economica while you're on your vacation." Spenders-"Not much. It's too

hard." Kloseman- "It is, eh? Well, if you don't live economically then you'll have to afterward." Spenders-"Yes, but it isn't so hard to be economical when you have to."-

Philadelphia Public Ledger,

Hickory Nut Macaroons. One pound of powdered sugar, one pound of chopped hickory nuts, the whites of five unbeaten eggs, half a class. Now, however, some strong elecup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop on buttered paper and dry in the oven. These are delicious.

Cream Rarebit. Melt a tablespoonful of butter, to which add one-half pound of cheese cut fine, one saltspoonful of salt, and one-fourth as much pepper. When the whole has become creamy, add gradually one cap of cream and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Serve on toast or light crackers.

Plain Layer Cake.

Cream a cup of butter with two of powdered sugar and when light beat in the yolks of four eggs, a small cup "Here's an explorer claims that of water and three cups of prepared flour or enough to make a good batter. Lastly fold in the stiffened whites of three eggs, reserving the extra whites for the filling. Bake in greased layer tins in a steady oven.

Egg-Plant. Peel and slice egg-plant and leave it in cold water for an hour. At the | wholly at the expense of the farmer, end of that time take it out, wipe it then he should spurn the proffered dry, lay it on a flat dish and pour over alliance. If, on the contrary, they are it five tablespoonfuls of olive oil and | proposing, through State and National two of vinegar. Leave it in this for fifteen minutes. Remove the egg-plant, burden off the farmer and place it sprinkle with salt and pepper and on the taxpayers of the cities, he ought "Oh, how could you!" exclaimed the | broil it on a gridiron before a clear fire | to bid them welcome, and extend the or in the broiler of a gas stove. Cook glad hand. five minutes on one side, turn and cook on the other side.

> Queen Pudding. One pint of nice, fine bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup sugar, yolks of eggs, beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done. Whip the white of the eggs stiff, beat in a traspoonful of sugar, which has been strained, the juice of a lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly. Pour the

in the oven. Bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream, if preferred.

whites of the eggs over this, replace

Vanilla Souffles. Heat one cupful of milk, rub two level teaspoonfuls of cornstarch and four level teaspoonfuls of flour in a little cold milk; pour into this the scalding milk and stir until it thickens; add beaten yolks of four eggs ad a pinch of salt; remove from the fire; beat the whites of the eggs stiff and stir them carefully into the hot mixture; fill souffle cups two-thirds full; stand in a pan of hot water and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. Serve with a vanilla sauce.

MINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

An easy way to keep enamel saucepans, pie dishes, etc., clean: Take a small piece of emery cloth, damp it, and rub all soiled parts; rinse well "Part of it," replied the returned first in soapy, then clean, water, when soldier; "part of it."-Fort Worth they will be found quite spotless and quite new.

To clean slimy sponges mix together one tablespoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of common soda, with enough boiling water to cover the sponge. Place the sponge in the mixture and allow it to stand twenty-four hours. Afterward wash the sponge in warm water until quite clean.

To test the purity of water take some of the suspected water in a clean. glass-stoppered bottle; add a little forts of a home?" asked the indignant pure sugar; expose, having well stoppered the bottle, to the light, in a warm room. Should the water, even after a week's exposure, become turbid, it is dangerously impure for drinking; if it remains clear, it is safe.

Keep a string bag. It will be found most useful in the kitchen. It should be hung up in some special place, and lady, with fire in her eye, "I've brung all pieces of string that come tied round parcels should be put in it. String is constantly required, and it is far better to know exactly where to "It ain't reliable. One time ye look find a piece than to be obliged to at it it says one thing, and the next | hunt about and waste time in searching for this necessity.

cases, in which they can be slipped farm life better worth living. In fact after being properly washed. These it would be a great permanent benecases are easily made. They take a fit. ferred.

to see what comfortable rests they mers as a class move more deliberateare for piazza or summer cottage. Get ly. They take time to look into the several colors (the reliable colors) and whys and wherefores, and to consider weave the pillow in blocks of color all objections. So far as I am able just as you used to weave colored to learn, the farmers are taking up this papers when you were a kindergart- question seriously and in time will ner, and leave fringe at the edges or make their influence most powerfully turn the ends of the raffia in, making felt. I think Congress wil be ready it plain. Stuff the pillow with curled to enact a national law whenever there hair and you will have a nice cool is a general demand for it from the pillow, and a pretty one.



City Friends. MONG those interested in road improvement, the farmers of course stand A g farmers of course and first. The character and condition of the roads are of vital interest to them every day in the year. The farmers, until recently, have been compelled to struggle with the road problem without much help or encouragement from any other ments of the city population are rallying to their support. Among these may be named the manufacturers of road building machinery; the makers and users of bicycles and automobiles, and the moneyed men of the cities who have money invested in the country. These people are entering into the work for road improvement with even

farmers. Just now the farmers who want better roads are brought face to face with a most important question. Will he accept the assistance of these city allies? Will he welcome the aid of the machinery man, the capitalist, the bicyclist and the automobilist? Or will he treat them as schemers who are trying to meddle with his affairs?

more enthusiasm and zeal than the

The answer to these questions ought to depend on what these city friends of good roads are proposing to do. If they propose to have the country roads improved in order to increase their business, and enhance their pleasures, taxation, to lift a large part of the

This is a live question for the farmer to consider and answer. Already the opponents of State and National aid are at work trying to sow seeds of suspicion in the minds of the farmers, and they will do their best to prevent any co-operation between the country

and city friends of good roads. As a matte rof fact, State and National aid offer the only hope of general road improvement, and such aid can never be secured if the city people array themselves against it. Unless the farmers are wholly blind to their own interests, they will welcome aid from any and every source, and will make every effort to secure the powerful aid of the State and Federal Governments.

Depends on the Farmers. The candid and unprejudiced opinion of a public man on a question concerning which he is well qualified to speak is nearly always of interest. Such an opinion concerning the prospect for National Highway legislation was recently recured from a gentleman who is a close observer of men and events, and who has spent many years at the

National Capital. He said:

I have watched the growth of the so-called "good roads movement" with much interest, and especially since Colonel Brownlow introduced into Congress his bill providing that the Government should pay half the expense of improving the roads. As regards the prospect of such a measure ever becoming a law, I will say that it all depends on the farmers. If the agricultural classes go to work in earnest for Government aid, they will get it; if they do not, Congress will never enact such a law. In Government affairs, as in most other affairs, I have noticed that the people who go after things are the people who get them. The farmers as a class receive comparatively little serious consideration from Congress simply because they don't demand it. Every Congress now appropriates more than a billion dollars, but how much of this is spent in the rural districts? Almost nothing. Millions are spent for public buildings in cities; millions for improvement of rivers and harbors; millions for the army and navy; millions for the Government at Washington, etc. Occasionally a few thousand dollars go for something that directly benefits the farmers, but that is all. Of course there isn't as much chance to give the farmers direct benefits from the spending of public money. But national aid to road improvement furnishes an ideal opportunity. It would even up things to some extent. It would certainly be a big thing for the rural districts. The money spent would of course make good times; but the main benefit would come from the improve-Table silver, such as knives, forks | ment of the roads. It would increase and spoons, can be made to retain its | the value of farm lands; it would ennew, unscratched look indefinitely by able the farmers to market their crops being provided with little chamois to better advantage; it would make

little time and trouble at first, but last | If any other class of our population for years, and their use becomes a hab- had such an opportunity to enjoy the it. Canton or outing flannel may be fostering care and aid of the Governsubstituted for the chamois, if pre- ment, how they would work for it. They would give their Senators and Make at least one raffia pillow just Representatives no rest. But the farfarmers of all sections.