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THE SPLENDID SPUR OR THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"Don't don't!" The honest girl's eyes were full of tears. "I wonder now—" she began; and I waited, eager for her next words. "Sure, master's at cards in the parlor, and 'll be drunk by midnight. Shall pass the night by the kitchen fire, if only thou make no noise."

"But your mistress—what will she say?"

"Is he'then these two years; and out of master's speaking distance forever. So blow out the light and follow me gently."

Still feigning to shiver, I followed her down the ladder, and through the stable into the open. The wind by this time had brought up some heavy clouds and mass'd them about the moon; but 'twas freezing hard, nevertheless. The girl took me by the hand to guide me; for, save from the one bright window in the upper floor, there was no light at all in the yard. Clearly she was in dread of her master's anger, for she stole across like ghosts, and once or twice she whisp'rd a warning when my toe kick'd against a loose cobble. But just as I seem'd to be walking into a stone wall, she put out her hand. I heard the click of a latch, and stood in a dark, narrow passage.

The passage led to a second door that open'd on a wide, stone-pav'd kitchen, lit by a cheerful fire, whereupon a kettle hissed and bubbled as the vapor lifted the cover. Close by the chimney corner was a sort of trap, or butterny hatch, for pushing the hot dishes gently into the parlor on the other side of the wall.

"Sit," whisp'rd the girl, "and make no noise, while I break a rackpunch for the men folk in the parlor." She jerked her thumb toward the butterny hatch, where I had already caught the murmur of voices.

I took up a chair softly, and set it down between the hatch and the fireplace, so that while warming my knees I could catch any word spoken more than ordinary loud on the other side of the wall. The chambermaid sat at the fire, and moved about singing as she fetch'd down bottles and glasses from the dresser—

"Lament ye maids an' darters  
For constant Sarah Ann  
Who hang'd herself in her garters  
All for the love of a man,  
All for the love of a man."

She was pausing, bottle in hand, to take the high note; but hush'd suddenly at the sound of the voices singing in the room upstairs:

"Fire on tout cas  
Des grand soulas  
Des honnetes gens!"

"That's the foreigners," said the chambermaid, and went on with her ditty:

"All for the love of a soulger  
Who christ'ning Sam was Jan."  
A volley of oaths sounded through the butterny hatch.

"—And that's the true-born Englishmen, as you may tell by their speech. 'Tis pretty company the master keeps these days."

She was continuing her song, when I held up a finger for silence. In fact, through the hatch my ear had caught a sentence that set me listening for more with a small heart.

"Confound the Captain," the landlady's voice was saying; "I warn'd 'n agin this fancy business when sober, cool-headed work was toward."

"Settle's way from his cradle," growl'd another; "and times enough I've told 'n; 'Cap'n says 'n, 'there's no sense of 'prop'n' about ye. 'A master mind, sirs, but 'll be hang'd for a hen-roost, so sure as my name's Bill Widdicombe."

"Ugly words—what a creeping influence has that same mention of hangin'!" piped a thinner voice.

"Hold thy complaints, Old Mortification," put in a speaker that I recognized for Black Dick; "sure the pretty maid upstairs is tender game. Hark how they sing!"

"And indeed the threaten'd folk upstairs were singing their catch very choicely, with a girl's clear voice to lead them:

"Comment dit papa  
—Margoton, ma mie?"

"Heaven language, to be sure," said the thin voice again, as the chorus ceased; "thinks 'n to myself, 'they be but Papisters, an' my doubting mind is mightily reconcil'd to manslaughter."

"I don't like beginnin' 'bout the Cap'n," observed Black Dick; "though I doubt something has miscarried. Else, how did that young spark ride in upon the mare?"

"An' that's why thy question should ha' been, Dick, with a pistol to his skull."

"He'll keep till to-morrow."

"We'll give Settle half-an-hour more," said the landlady. "Mary!" he whisp'rd open the hatch, so that I had barely time to duck my head out of view. "Fetch in the punch, girl. How didst leave the young man 'n the loft?"

"Asleep, or nearly," answer'd Mary.

"Who hang'd herself in her garters, All for the love of a man?"

"Anon, anon, master wait only till I get the kettle on the boil."

The hatch was slipped to again. I stood up and made a step toward the girl.

"How many are they?" I asked, jerking a finger in the direction of the parlor.

lives are in danger." And, gently as possible, I told her what I had seen and heard downstairs. In the middle of my tale, the servant stupp'd to the door, and return'd quietly. There was no lock on the inside. After a minute he went across and drew the red curtains. The window had a grating within of iron bars as thick as a man's thumb, strongly clamp'd in the stone-work, and not four inches apart. Clearly, he was a man of few words; for, returning, he merely pull'd out his sword, and waited for the end of my tale.

The girl, also, did not interrupt me, but listen'd in silence. As I ceas'd, she said:

"Is this all you know?"

"No," answer'd I, "it is not. But the rest I promise to tell you if we escape from this place alive. Will this content you?"

She turn'd to the servant, who nod'd. Whereupon she held out her hand very cordially.

"Sirs, listen: we are travelers bound for Cornwall; as you know, and have some small possessions, that will poorly reward the greed of these violent men. Nevertheless, we should be hurrying on our journey did we not await my brother Anthony, who was to have ridden from Oxford to join us here, but has been delayed, doubtless, on the King's business."

She broke off, as I started; for below I heard the main door open, and Captain Settle's voice in the passage. The arch villain had return'd.

"Miss Della," I said hurriedly, "the twelfth man has enter'd the house, and unless we consider our plans at once, all's up with us."

"Tush!" said the old gentleman in the chair, who, it seems, had heard all, and now set up brisk as ever. "I, for my part, shall mix another glass, and leave it all to Jacques. Come, sit by me, sir, and you shall see some pretty play. Why, Jacques is the neatest rogue with a small sword in all France."

"Sirs," I put in, "they are a round dozen in all, and your life at present is not worth a penny's purchase."

"That's a lie! 'Tis worth this bowl before me, that, with or without you, I mean to empty. What a fool thing is youth! Sir, you must be a dying man like myself to taste life properly. And, as I am a truthful man," he struck up merrily:

"Hey, nonai—nonai—no!  
Men are fools that wish to die!  
Let not life to laugh and sing  
When the bell of death do ring?  
Is't not fine to drown in wine,  
And turn upon the toe,  
To sing, hey—nonai—no?  
Hey, nonai—nonai—no!"

"Come and sit, sir, nor spoil sport. You are too raw, I'll wager, to be of any help; and bogging I detest."

"Indeed, sir," I broke in, now thoroughly angered, "I can use the small sword as well as another."

"Tush! Try him, Jacques."

Jacques, still wearing a stolid face, brought his weapon to the guard. Stung to the quick, I wheeled around, and made a lunge or two, that he put aside as easily as though I was a babe. And then—I know not how it happened, but my sword slipped like ice out of my grasp, and went flying across the room. Jacques, sedately as on a matter of business, stepped to pick it up, while the old gentleman chuckled.

I was hot and ashamed, and a score of bitter words sprang to my tongue, when the Frenchman, as he rose from stooping, caught my eye, and back'd me across to him.

He was white as death, and pointed to the bit of my sword and the demibeaver engraved thereon.

"He is dead," I whisp'rd; "hush—turn your face aside—killed by those same dogs that are now below."

I heard a sob in the true fellow's throat. But on the instant it was drowned by the sound of a door opening and the tramp of feet on the stairs.

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CHAPTER V.

The Flight in the Pine Wood.

By the sound of their steps I guessed one or two of these dozen rascals to be pretty far gone in drink, and afterward found this to be the case. I looked around. Sir Deakin had picked up the lamp and was mixing his bowl of punch humming to himself without the least concern.

"Fire on tout cas  
C'est le grand soulas!"

with a glance at his daughter's face, that was white to the lips, but firmly set.

"Hand me the nutmeg yonder," he said, and then, "why, daughter, what's this—a trembling hand?"

And all the while the footsteps were coming up.

"There was a loud knock on the door."

"Come in!" called Sir Deakin.

At this, Jacques, who stood ready for battle by the entrance, wheeled round, shot a look at his master, and dropping his point, made a sign to me to do the same. The door was thrust rudely open, and Captain Settle, his hat cocked over one eye, and sham drunkenness in his gait, lurched into the room, with the whole villainous crew behind him, huddled on the threshold. Jacques and I stepped quietly back, so as to cover the girl.

"Would you mind waiting a moment?" inquir'd Sir Deakin, without looking up, but rubbing the nutmeg coarsely up and down the grate; "a fraction too much, and the whole punch will be spoiled."

It took the Captain a back, and he came to a stand, eyeing us, who looked back at him without saying a word. And this discompos'd him still further.

(To be continued.)

A man has a lot more friends on his pay day than he has on theirs.—New York Press.



Good Roads. Olled Road in Kentucky.

HE olled road which a progressive county administration, taking advantage of a generous offer from the constructors, has introduced to the blue grass is an importation from the west. The method had its inception in California, other States looking on with keen interest and in experiments on small scale, profiting.

What application of the western idea to macadamized roads is not new, this is the pioneer trial in the limestone region and on roads such as Fayette boats. What, therefore, has the appearance of a thorough success means much to Kentucky and the country.

After considerable expenses and preparation, machinery costing \$800 having to be bought, the Home Construction Company undertook the experiment October 15. Ragland oil, obtained from the Licking Valley Oil & Gas Company, which appears to be the perfect road oil, was used. A mile and a half on the reconstruction part of the Newtown pike was treated, beginning one mile from the limits. A White's oil, similar in many respects to a street sprinkler, spread the crude oil, over which sand was spread to a depth of half an inch.

Last week one of the big rollers of the company was passed over it. In the time intervening between laying and rolling, the lighter oils had evaporated and the sand and penetrated limestone had set to an asphalt coat, the effect of the roller being still further to compress and smooth the surface. Despite several disadvantages of which inability to heat the oil and the cool season were chief, the results are probably all that could be hoped for. Waterproof, dustless and elastic, the road has also been made more durable. This last feature of the process, the discovery of which was incidental to the original use of oil as a dust-layer, has brought it to the attention of the entire country. In the west the first treatment of oil is charged to the construction account, and after that the cost is much less than keeping a road sprinkled. After the third year it is unnecessary to use the oil except for patching, and it is calculated that a well-oiled road will remain dustless and waterproof for ten years or longer. The saving in repairing alone will be large, the added comfort being incidental.

About 4000 gallons of oil and a thousand bushels of sand were required on the mile which furnishes the test. The oil cost 62 cents per barrel. The road has been reconstructed two years ago, and is a type of the fifty-two miles around Lexington, which the Home Construction Company is remarking. If the county finds it advisable to oil all of the reconstructed pike the goal of perfection will have been closely approached.

On the basis of a mile the cost of oiling the Newtown pike, exclusive of machinery, was \$244.

In future work the oil will be heated. This will give it greater penetrative power. Warmer weather will be chosen. To remove any inconvenience to travel only one side of the pike will be oiled at a time, and the sand will be spread immediately. About four days later this side will be in fit condition for travel, and the other may be oiled. Additional machinery also may facilitate the work.—Lexington (Ky.) Herald.

The Six Great Points.

The great points to be noted, in order to secure promptly a highway system which will answer the requirements for comfortable and economical inter-county and interstate vehicular traffic are:

First. The greatest possible mileage of earth roads shall be treated so as to render them available for the greatest period of time during each year.

Second. When old roads are to be improved by macadamizing extreme care should be taken in the preparation of the preliminary estimate lest confiding investors waste their money, or would-be investors be frightened away.

Third. The preliminary estimate and design for an improved road system should contemplate the expenditure of no dollar that is not absolutely necessary to the placing on the particular mile of highway where it is expended a substantial road improvement, adapted to subsoil conditions which prevail on that mile of road.

Fourth. Good road advocates should persistently agitate the question of National aid for highway construction.

Fifth. The legislative bodies of the various States not as yet co-operating should be persistently appealed to until all have agreed to loan the credit of those States, in order to wipe out the discredit of their present highway laws.

Sixth. The boards of supervisors in counties should be urged to supplement the work of their States by the sale of long term bonds, from the proceeds of which would come the road funds.

Do this, and the army of good roads people, once so small, will swell so as to number in its rank all public spirited Americans, and the day will not be far distant when the people of this land will be as likely to leave their important roads without smooth water-tight roofs as they will be to live in houses which are equally unprotected.

—Good Roads Magazine.

A British scout ship just launched at Newcastle was named the Attentive.

LIFE ON A SKYSCRAPER.

How the Roofs of Tall Buildings are Utilized by Dwellers.

The tops of some of the big skyscrapers are broad enough to accommodate a game of baseball and one may often see representatives of the younger generation of roof dwellers indulging in the delights of one, two old cat. For hide and seek and tag and a score of other games dear to the childish heart the opportunities afforded by the chimneys and pipes and columns of the broad roof could not be exceeded. It is odd to see little girls giving their doll parties here in midair above the busiest part of one of the busiest streets in the world. Some of the roofs have hammocks and swings; and croquet grounds and all the other equipment of a thorough outdoor playground.

To the older folks, too, the roof offers many seductive attractions as it does to the children. The women have tea here out of doors, unimpeded by the hubbub that prevails below them in Broadway. The men smoke their evening pipes and chat with visiting friends in calm seclusion when the pulsing life of the busy streets has faded to silence and the moon is hanging high above the Brooklyn Bridge. A deserted village is hardly more quiet than lower New York in the evening and night hours and the roof dwellers are far less likely to have their slumbers disturbed than are the residents of uptown streets and avenues.

Now all the dwellers of New York's cloud kissing heights are janitors and superintendents of big buildings. There are a number of other cases where citizens have learned the advantages of these lofty dwelling places and have adopted them as their homes. The great square tower of the Produce Exchange building houses several families; a number of well known New Yorkers have found the Madison Square Garden tower a pleasant abiding place, and in various spots about the city others have set up Laras and Penates on the roofs, fifty or twenty stories above the street.

Mr. Osborne, a writer above the street for many years had a loft in the tower of Madison Square Garden, where all his best known works of fiction have been produced. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is another author who has learned the use to which a roof may be put by a literary man who requires quiet, and all this summer he has virtually lived upon the roof of a New York hotel. "On my roof," he says, "I have been in the midst of the city's activity though not of it. The roof of the streets reaches the roof dwellers as a solid base, and besides, the roof is free of callers, for a man desires to visit a man very much to chamber to a roof to see him." This up-to-date adaptation of the chief feature of a prehistoric civilization adds one more to the many unique features of modern city life.—Pittsburg.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.—Cotton.

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion.

The soul that suffers is stronger than the soul that rejoices.—E. Shepard.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty; inaccuracy, of dishonesty.—C. Simmons.

People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.

I will chide no brother in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.—Shakespeare.

Few people disparage a distinguished ancestry except those who have none of their own.—J. Hawes.

The ultimate result of protecting men from their folly is to fill the world with fools.—Herbert Spencer.

All government—indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act—is founded on compromise and barter.

A Foot Warmer.

"Persons confined to the bed frequently suffer with cold feet," says the Modern Priscilla. "To such a foot muff is a great comfort. Make two cases about seven-eighths of a yard square of fine, but not heavy, unbleached muslin. Fill each case with feathers enough to make the cushion plump, but not stiff. Cover each cushion with any soft material you choose. Join the cushions securely by three sides, leaving the fourth open, for the admission of the feet. It is a good device, and will wash easily; this can be basted in, when the muff is in use, and taken out for washing as often as necessary. To some persons this large muff, coming up to the knees (as it should do), is a more satisfactory 'foot warmer' than either bed socks or the hot water bag."

English Sparrows Disappearing.

The English sparrows that fairly swarmed in New Albany are disappearing at a rate that has become noticeable to close observers, and they are at a loss to account for the rapid diminution in the number of the birds.

Whether they are dying off, being trapped or slaughtered in large numbers, or are going away can only be surmised, but it is certain that the number is rapidly decreasing. Persons who have been observing the decrease in the number of the birds are inclined to the belief that they are migrating. The birds have never before been known to migrate.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

For Irrigation.

Irrigation plans already outlined in California, Oregon and the Dakotas will involve the expenditure, in round numbers, of \$27,000,000, and reclaim a million of acres of land, capable of supporting a population of 500,000.



Woman's Realm.

Plain Skirt Popular.

The popularity of the plain skirt predicted many months ago has gradually become an established fact.

When trimming is used upon the skirt of cloth or velvet it is likely to be in a flat border trimming—flat bands, embroidery, etc., rather than in the fussy and intricate forms that prevailed for a time.

Fancy velvets, much exploited at the beginning of the season, have not gained the expected popularity, and ten costumes in plain velvet are worn by fashionable women to one of fancy velvet. In Paris, velvets in alternate satin and velvet stripes are fairly well liked, particularly for use in such coats as the one just described, and considerable is done with velvets in very small checks and in hair line stripes.

Velvets of very fine, soft quality in small checks, copper brown and black, claret and black, green and black, green and blue, wood brown and navy and other combinations make exceedingly pretty and useful boules of the shirt waist persuasion, with no trimming save a smart stock or a shallow guimpe and cuff finish of lace.—Indianapolis News.

New Fads For Girls.

Nowadays the smart girl never makes a mistake in selecting her hat, for it is not only its coloring and lines that she studies, but its perfect adaptability to her own individual self. The poke-bonnet, which some way always suggests kisses and shy sweet girls of the long ago, is in vogue again. It is quite as irresistible as ever, and perhaps a bit smarter in style. But you can be sure it is not every girl who will wear one. Yet if she is a typical "poke-bonnet" girl, then she will never look prettier than this winter in her high-crowned, quaint poke, tied straight under the dimple in her chin.

And with the coming of the poke has come back another old-time fashion. For dress occasions white silk stockings are now the correct thing. Worn with a slipper of black satin or black shiny leather they look extremely smart. A new black patent-kid slipper with a pointed toe and a high heel has for its decoration a rosette made of narrow black velvet ribbon. This rosette has the effect of being fastened to the slipper by narrow velvet bands and bright little rhinestone buckles, the stockings showing both below and above the rosette.—Woman's Home Companion.

Married Courtship.

However well assorted a married couple may be, it still behooves them both to take as much pains to please each other after marriage as before. "To have and to hold" is the old formula which no one can afford to forget. Many a precious treasure has been lost beyond recovery, let slip through careless fingers. One counts a thing all one's own, and leaves it unguarded, to come back and find it gone. When the lover is metamorphosed into the inattentive or overbearing and tyrannical spouse, when the dainty, charming sweetheart changes into the fretful and untidy wife, what marvel that the affection which was lavished upon the original refuses its tribute to the changeling? Many a woman has hardened and grown cold under indifference which was perhaps unintentional; many a man, fairly fond of his wife to begin with, has found his devotion strangled by elf locks or smothered in the wrinkles of a soiled wrapper. Home, it should always be remembered, is the shrine of love; its lights should be kept trimmed and burning, it should always be a haven of rest and peace. If, through carelessness, the lamp grows dim, if dust gathers on its window panes, and love finds no rest within its threshold, who shall blame the little god if he remembers that he has wings and uses them?—The Household.

How to Hold Your Friends.

Those who would make friends must cultivate the qualities which are admired and which attract. If you are mean, stingy and selfish, nobody will admire you. You must cultivate generosity and large-heartedness; you must be magnanimous and tolerant; you must have positive qualities; for a negative, shrinking, apologizing, round-about man is despised. You must cultivate courage and boldness; for a coward has few friends. You must believe in yourself. If you do not, others will not believe in you. You must look forward and be hopeful, cheery and optimistic. No one will be attracted to a gloomy pessimist.

The moment that a man feels that you have a live interest in his welfare, and that you do not ask about his business, profession, book or article merely out of courtesy, you will get his attention and will interest him. You will tie him to you just in proportion as to the intensity and unselfishness of your interest in him. But if you are selfish and think of nothing but your own advancement; if you are wondering how you can use everybody to help you along; if you look upon every man or woman you are introduced to as so much possible capital; if you measure people by the amount of business they can send you, or the number of new clients, patients or readers of your book they can secure for you, they will look upon you in the same way.

Soft fabrics prevail for afternoon wear.

That Frenchy little velvet bow is being overworked.

Warm colors reign supreme in the complete wardrobe.

A curious red on the crushed strawberry order is favored.

Tab's finish many a bodice back, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Skirt flounces caught down at the bottom in puff effect are new—old.

Every gown has its shoe or slipper to match, and the stocking follows suit.

Exquisitely lovely are the pale green art nouveau combs with jeweled floral tops.

The blouse with strapped front and a long silk scarf pulled through is popular.

Among the neckwear are pretty little lace chemisettes to be worn with surprise bodices.

One of the new lace blouses has perfectly close plain sleeves, after the fashion of ages ago.

Mass creamy white roses on the back of your evening toque where they will rest against the hair.

There is a place for odd scraps of lace in the pointed yoke and deep cuffs that ornament even cloth gowns.

The Central American republics have a curious clause in their postal regulations. The posts that go by water or railway are required to carry mail without charge.