PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1905.

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Chatham Record.

## THE SPLENDID SPUR

### THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

as easy as a baby.

"Left arm round my neck, Jack; an sing out if 'tis hurtin' thee." It seemed but six steps and we were

out on the bright hillside, not fifty paces from where the plow yet stood in the furrow.

Down the hill she carried me, picking the softest turf and moving with an easeful swing that rather lull'd my hurt than jolted it. I was dozing,

even, when a strange noise awoke me. Twas a high, protracted note, that seem'd at first to swell up toward us, and then broke off in half a dozen or strawberry the color." more sharp yells. Joan took no heed and hearing me moan, stopped short. "Hurts thee, lad?"

sight of the sinking sun that wrung the I muttered.

By this time we had come down to will bless you fo't." the road and the yells were still going road, descended another slope, and witted." came all at once on a pile of low buildings that a moment before had been over, till she had it by heart. hid. "Twas but three hovels of mud, | "Shan't forgit, now," she said, at were issning-

Tergagle's a clawin' my legs-Gar-rout, sober, he's no 'count." thou devil's cat-Blast thee, let me zog! Pull'n off Joan-Jo-an!"

The voice died away into a wail, then side, they saw this:

A rude kitchen-the furniture but over and draining upon the mud floor, glowing point remained. floor, where they rested, filling the den and a liberal deal of liquor.

he pointed at the cat, opening and sword. shutting his mouth like a dog, and barking out curse upon curse.

tracken beds, and explain'd: "That's feyther; he's drunk."

With which she turn'd, dealt the old man a cuff that stretch'd him senseless, and gathering up the turves, piled them afresh on the hearth. This done, she I Buy a Looking Glass at Bodmin Fain took the keg and gave me a drink of it. The stuff scalded me, but I thanked her. And then, when she had shifted my bed a bit to ease the pain of lying, she righted a chair, drew it up and sat beside me. The old man lay like a log where he had fallen, and was now snoring. Presently, the fumes of the liquor, or mere faintness, mastered me, and my eyes closed. But the picture they closed upon was that of Joan, as she leaned forward, chin in hand, with the glow of the fire on her brownish skin and in the depths of her dark

But the pain of my heart followed into my dreams. I woke with a start and tried to sit up.

Within the kitchen all was quiet. the floor; the cat curled upon the hearth. The girl had not stirred; but looking toward the window hole, I saw night outside, and a frosty star sparkling far down in the west.

"Joan, what's the hour?" "Sun's been down these four hours." She turned her face to look at me. "I've no business lying here."

"Chose to come, lad; none axed thee that I knows by." "Where's the mare? Must set me

across her back, Joan, and let me ride "Mare's in stable, wi' fetlocks

swelled like puddens. Chose to come, lad; an' choose or no, must bide." "'Tis for the General Hopton, at

or no, must win there this night."

burial."

"But go I must," cried I; and here- already taken out of human hands by upon I broke out with all the trouble the turn of events. carry the warning. And "Oh, Joan!" was Joan throughout this time. 'Tis to

I cried, "my comrade I left upon the road. Brighter courage and truer heart She bandaged the sore with linen never man proved, and yet left by me from my shirt, and tied it round with in the rebels' hands. Alas! that I sackcloth from her own dress. "Twas | could neither save nor help, but must all most gently done; and then I found | still ride on; and here is the issueher arms under me, and myself lifted to lie struck down within ten mile of my goal-I, that have traveled two hundred. And if the Cornishmen be not warned to give fight before Lord Stamford come up, all's lost. Even now they be outnumber'd. So lift me,

> win to Bodmin vet." "Reckon, Jack, thou'd best hand me thy letter."

Joan, and set me astride Molly, and I'll

Now I did not at once catch the extent of these words, so simply spoken, but stared at her like an owl.

"There's horse in stall, lad," she went on. "Tearaway's the name and

"But, Joan, Joan, if you do this-feel of them, but seeing my eyes unclose inside my coat here, to the left-you will save an army, girl, maybe a throne! Here 'tis, Joan, see-no, not "No. 'Twas not my pain but the that-here! Say the seal is that of the Governor of Bristol, who stole it from exclamation from me-I was thinking." me for a while; but the handwriting will be known for the King's, and no "Don't; 'tis bad for health. But bide hand but yours must touch it till you thee still awhile, and shalt lie 'pon a stand before Sir Ralph Hopton. The King shall thank you, Joan; and God

"Hope so, I'm sure. But larn me on, louder than ever. We cross'd the what to say, lad; for I be main thick

So I told her the message, over and

stuck together in the shape of a head-length; "an' so hearken to me for a less cross, the main arm pranting out change. Bide still, nor fret thysel'. toward the moor. Around the whole Here's pasty an' oat cake, an' a keg o' ran a battered wall, patched with furs, water that I'll stow beside thee. Pay and from this dwelling the Areams no heed to feyther, an' if he wills to get drunk an' fight wi' Jan Tergagle-"Joan!" the voice began, "Joan-Jan | that's the cat-why, let'n. Drunk or

She had the letter in her bosom and stepped to the door.

She was gone. In a minute or so l broke out in a racket of curses. Joan heard the trampling of a horse; and stepped to the door and fung it wide. then, with a scurry of hoofs, Joan was As my eyes grew used to the gloom in- off on the King's errand and riding into the darkness.

Little rest had I that night, but lay two rickety chairs, now toss'd on their | awake on my bracken bed and watched faces, an oak table, with legs sunk into the burning peat turve turn to gray. the earth, a keg of strong waters, tilted and drop, flake by flake, till only a

a ladder leading up to a loft, and in | As day began to break, the old man two of the corners a few bundles of | picked himself up, yawned and lounged bracken strewn for bedding. To the out, returning after a time with fresh left, as one entered, was an open turves for the hearth. He noticed me hearth; but the glowing peat-turves no more than a stone, but when the fire were now pitch'd to right and left was restacked drew up his chair to the over the hearthstone and about the warmth, and breakfasted on oat cake

with smoke. Under one of the chairs | All day long I lay there helpless and a black cat spat and bristled, while in waiting eagerly for Joan to return. the middle of the room, barefooted in It was not until nightfall that there the embers, crouched a man. He was came the trampling of a horse outside, half naked, old and bent, with matted and then a rap at the door. The old gray hair and beard hanging almost to man started up and opened it, and in his waist. His chest and legs were rushed Joan, her eyes lit up, her breast bleeding from a score of scratches, and heaving, and in her hand a naked

"Church and King, Jack!" she cried, and flung the blade with a clang on to No way upset, Joan stepped across the table. "Church and King! O brave the kitchen, laid me on one of the day's work, lad-O bloody work this day!"

And I swooned again.

CHAPTER IX.

and Meet With Mr. Hannibal Tingcomb.

There had, indeed, been brave work uary. For Sir Ralph Hopton with the a single tear. Cornish grandees had made short business of Ruthven's army-driving it headlong back on Liskeard at the first charge, chasing it through that town, and taking 1200 prisoners (including Sir Shilston Calmady), together with many colors, all the rebel ordnance and ammunition, and most of their arms. At Liskeard, after refreshing their men, and holding next day a solemn thanksgiving to God, they divided-the Lord Mohun with Sir Ralph Hopton and Colonel Godolphin marching with was intrenching himself; while Sir John Berkeley and Colonel Ashburnham, with a small party of horse and dragoons and the voluntary regiments of Sir Bevill Grenville, Sir Nich. Slanthe northeast, toward Launceston and Tavistock, to see what account they army; that, however, had no stomach

to await them, but posted out of the county into Plymouth and Exeter. halted for an hour or more at Temple, left no sound but that of the gulls as well to recognize Joan's extreme wailing about the cliff at my feet. fashion by hand from a big watering never saw the seashore that wore meritorious service, as to thank me for This was all the answer I won. the part I had in bringing news of the Bodmin, I am bound, Joan; and wound | Earl of Stamford's advance. For 'twas this, they own'd, had saved them-the steps shuffling across the court within. laid there was no tracking on it, and "And that's seven mile away; wi' a King's message being but an exhorta- The shutter of the grating was slipp'd it did not splatter on wheels driven bullet in thy skull, and a peat quag thy tion and an advertisement upon some back, and a voice, crack'd as the bell, over it. lesser matters, the most of which were asked my business.

that was on my mind, and the instant | But though, as I learn'd, these genneed to save these gallant gentlemen of | tlemen were full of compliments and | Cornwall, ere two armies should com- professions of esteem, I neither saw I come on business concerning the es- favorable. He is going to try it on the ing frantic efforts to escape. They sucbine against them. I told of the King's nor heard them, being by this time de- tate." letter in my breast, and how I found lirious of a high fever that followed my. The voice mutter'd something, and walk, along the banks of the Bronx. died soon afterwards. The National the Lord Stamford's men at Launces- wound. And not till three good weeks the footsteps went back. I had been A section of Cropsey avenue, Bath Canine Defense League have now ton; how that Ruthven, with the van- after, was I recover'd enough to leave kicking my heels there for twenty guard of the rebels, was now at my bed, nor, for many more, did my minutes or more when they returned, Liskeard, with but a bare day's march- full strength return to me. No mother and the voice repeated the question: ing between the two, and none but I to | could have made a tenderer nurse than

her I owe it that I am alive to write these words; and if the tears scald my eyes as I do so, you will pardon them, promise, before the end of my tale

In the days of my recovery, news came to us (I forget how) that a solemn sacrament had been taken between the parties in Devon and Cornwall, and the country at peace. Little I cared, at the time; but was content-now spring was come-to loiter about the tors, and while watching Joan at her work, to think upon Delia. For, albeit, I had little hope to see her again, my late pretty comrade held my thoughts the day long. I shared them with nobody; for the' 'tis probable I had let some words fall in my delirium, Joan never hinted at this, and I never found out. One day-'twas early in May-we went to Bodmin Fair, where I bought

Joan a hand mirror, which I handed to her as we were riding home. "What i' the world be this?" she asked, taking and looking at it doubt-

"Why, a mirror." "What's that?"

"A glass to see your face in," I explained.

"Be this my face?" She rode forward, holding up the glass in front of her. "Why, what a handsome looking gal I be, to be sure! Jack, art certain 'tis my very own face?"

"To be sure," said I, amazed. "Well!" There was silence for a full minute, save for our horses' tread on the highroad. And then-

"Jack, I be powerful dirty!" This was true enough, and it made me laugh. She looked up solemnly at my mirth (having no sense of a joke, then or ever) and bent forward to the

glass again. "By the way," said I, "did you mark a carriage just outside the crowd by the Cheap Jack's booth-with a whitehaired gentleman seated inside?" Joan nodded. "Master Hannibal

Tingcomb, steward o' Gleys." "What!" I jumped in my saddle, and with a pull at the bridle brought Molly to a

"Of Gleys?" I cried. "Steward of Sir Deakin Killigrew that was?"

"Right, lad, except the last word. 'That is,' should'st rather say." "Then you are wrong, Joan; for he's dead and buried, these five months. Where is this house of Gleys? for

to-morrow I must ride there." "'Tis easy found, then; for it stands on the south coast yonder, and no house near it; five miles from anywhere, and sixteen from Temple, due south. Shall want thee afore thou startest, Jack. Dear, now; who'd ha'

thought I was so dirty?" The cottage door stood open as we rode into the yard, and from it a faint smoke came curling, with a smell of peat. Within I found the smould'ring turves scatter'd about as on the day of my first arrival, and among them Joan's father stretch'd, flat on his face: only this time the cat was curl'd up quietly and lying between the old man's shoulder blades.

"Drunk again,' 'said Joan shortly. But looking more narrowly I marked purplish stain on the ground by the old man's mouth, and turned him softly

"Joan," said I, "he's not drunk-he's dead!"

She stood above us and looked down. first at the corpse, then at me, without speaking for a time; at last-

"Then I reckon he may so well be "Girl," I call'd out, being shock'd at this callousness, "'tis your father-and

"Why, that's so, lad. An' he were alive, shouldn't trouble thee to

bury 'n." And so, before night, we carried him up to the bleak tor side, and dug his grave there; the black cat following us to look. Five feet deep we laid him, having dug down to solid rock; and having covered him over, went silently on Braddock Down that 19th of Jan- back to the hovel. Joan had not shed

The next morning, following Joan's directions and her warnings against quags and pitfalls, I was soon riding south across the moor and well on my road to the House of Gleys.

It was high noon-and a dull, cheerless day-before the hills broke and let me have sight of the sea. Nor till the noise of the surf was in my ears did I mark the chimneys and naked gray walls of the house I was bound for. A thin line of smoke blown level from the chimney was all the sign of the greater part of the army upon Sal- life in the building; for the narrow The old savage was still stretched on tash, whither Ruthven had fled and lights of the upper story were mostly shuttered, and the lower floor was hid from me by a high wall enclosing a courtlage in front. One stunted ash, with boughs tortured and bent toward the mainland, stood by the gate, which ning, and Colonel Trevanion, turned to was lock'd. A smaller door, also lock'd, was let into the gate, and in this again a shuttered iron grating. Hard by run over the roadbed with the dust and might render of the Earl of Stamford's dangled a rusty bell-pull, at which I tugg'd sturdily.

On this, a crack'd bell sounded, far surface and then the tar was applied. and South. While the barefoot sandal in the house, and scared a flock of In both instances the result seemed to was originally intended to be worn at 'Twas on this expedition that two or starlings out of a disus'd chimney. meet with the approval of the road- the seashore and summer resorts, this me last night. Mr. Jenks was compocketbook which he calls the Cassie three of the captains I have mentioned Their cries died away presently, and making experts present.

I rang again, and a third time, and after being on the road only three ideal comfort and health shoe .- Shoe now at last came the sound of foot- hours, and in a short time after it was Retailer.

"To see Master Hannibal Tingcomb," answer I. "Thy name?"

"Thy name?" (To be continued.)



Among the principal addresses at the New York and Chicago Road Association's recent convention at Erie, Pa., was one by Frank Z. Wilcox, of Syracuse, in which the need for and justice of government aid in constructing interstate highways on modern line was What the Gardeners of Darwin and Huxplainly and forcibly set forth. Mr. Wilcox said in part:

"It has been said that good roads so, then in proportion as its roads are improved, in just that proportion will salvation come to the nation, and sal- the Scotch gardener. vation is not of much avail unless it be continuous and constant.

"No chain or bond is stronger than its weakest link, and no highway can attain its greatest usefulness unless it is improved its entire length. If there be road improvement in places wide world should be thoroughly systematized road improvement should be that system, as it involves an expenditure of the people's money. Peter Cartwright on one occasion was asked by his bishop if he was growing in grace. He replied that he was growing in spots. So far we have simply here and there improved our roads in spots, and unless we make these improved for road improvement has been, and most as good as another man." the construction, care and maintenance | ters of the house. He could not acquit of the public highways. This system himself of a sense of responsibility we have followed for more than a hun- for their manners and conduct, and dred years, and results have shown when at a large dinner-party he noticed that it is vicious, with scarcely a re-

deeming feature. Experience has demonstrated that no general road improvement worthy the neighbor on the right obviously in exname can ever be accomplished without State or national aid. It is unnecessary for us here to speak of the old Roman roads or the continuous lines of national highway now existent in Europe, as these are all matters of record. One small community or township can never plan or act for other communities or townships in the construction of interstate roads any more than in other matters affecting the general good. There must be a strong centralized power acting for all these communities or towns in matters that are of a common interest to all, and what matter is of more interest and importance to all communities or to all the people than the common road. Good roads of long continuous line are necessary for the highest and best de-

velopment of the nation. "Primarily the common roads are for the farmer and the agricultural com- grafter. munities, and anything that can be done to foster this important factorthe agricultural interest-in national in the hands of other men. life should be undertaken without de-

Waterproofing Roads. Automobile owners and the driving public as well will watch with intense interest an experiment made at Westfield, N. J., in the use of tar sprinkled over a macadamized roadbed to abolish those twin nuisances, dust and

In France this scheme has been tried. it is said, for some time, with much satisfaction to the automobilist. The from degrading elements, to make it plan is simple. The surface of the constantly helpful in little ways to macadamized road is cleared of dust those who are touched by it, to keep and loose material. Then boiling tar one's spirit always sweet, and avoid is sprinkled over the road lightly, and all manner of petty anger and irritathe screenings put back and roiled. bility-that is an idea as noble as it is The tar sinks into the hard bed, bind- difficult .- Edward Howard Griggs. ing the stone anew and forming a new face on top. It is claimed that it also waterproofs the roadbed and also adds life to it.

it rains a pasty mud collects that is just as objectionable as is the dust. away with all this.

taken. Two sections, about 1000 feet are buying them for house slippers, belong, were used. On one the tar was screenings just as they lay. On the other the road was swept to the hard as much demand for sandals as East

H. W. Merkel, chief forester and some premises in Westminster Bridge constructor of the zoological section road, which caught fire early last of Bronx Park, said he was very favor- month, some firemen again entered the ably impressed by what he say, al- burning building in the hope of saving "He shall hear it in time. Say that though the conditions were most un- a little retriever pup which was mak-Bronx Park on a section of East River | ceeded in bringing out the dog, but it Beach, Brooklyn, is also being experishown their appreciation of the galiant mented on, under the supervision of conduct of the firemen by presenting himself useful in every way possible." Director of Highways Fort.

\$400 and \$500 a mile for a road sixteen Herald.

Wide or Narrow Tires. On good roads the Michigan station found the draft of wide and narrow tires about equal. On plowed land narrow-tired wagons pulled forty-five per cent. harder than those with wide tires; in sand two inches deep twentyfive per cent. harder, and on sod sixteen per cent. harder. A wagon not greased pulled eighteen per cent. harder than one well greased.

#### WISE SERVANTS.

ley Thought of Their Masters. There is no personage more deeply and deferentially aware of his own are the nation's salvation. If that is importance than the English butler; next to him in privileges, and ahead of him in sturdy frankness, must stand

It was Darwin's gardener who, when a friend of the family inquired after the health of the famous naturalist, who had been somewhat ailing, replied confidentially that he did not doubt his master would be better "if only he could find something to do!" The paor localities, and then a liquid morass | tient and minute research in which he of mud in other sections, the money saw Darwin engaged struck his mind expended on the improved portions as merely a foolish and fussy form of has been practicaly thrown away. The trifling, not worthy to be considered methods we have been pursuing in an occupation. If, instead of botherroad improvement have amounted to ing about the digestive capacity of a hit or miss system, which equals no worthless insectivorous plants, the system at all, and if any project in the great man had grown cabbages or

raised roses, the gardener's opinion of him would doubtless have been higher. The gardener of Professor Huxley, with equal unconsciousness of doing so, also cast a slur upon his renowned employer.

Mrs. Huzley, fearful that he might be overworked, had inquired if he did not need some assistance. "No," came the reply; "the place is

spots continuous all our road work not very large, and Mr. Huxley is alwill be, in vain-a prodigal waste of Better than either of these true tales ed the present townships method for prietary interest in the sons and daugh-

one of them, a young girl who had but recently entered society, devote an amount of attention to her agreeable cess of that accorded to the less fascinating gentleman on her other side. his perturbation increased till it could no longer be borne in silence.

Under pretense of passing her a dish. he managed cleverly to whisper in her

"A little more conversation to the left, miss."-Youth's Companion.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Man proves his liberty by his loyally

to law.

He who makes friends makes the best fortune. Evil has a good servant in the man

who is proud of his doubts. It takes more than taste for fried chicken to make a good pastor.

Opportunity makes the great difference between the greedy and the

Men who pride themselves upon being hardheaded, are often mere tools

Children have moral measles sometimes. Only let them alone and they will get well of themselves. There is a wise herb in the gardens, and it is called Thyme.-S. Weir Mitchell.

Real character is not outward conduct, but quality of thinking. The teaching of the Great Exemplar on this point was positive, but the world has ignored its scientific exactness .-Henry Wood.

Just to be good, to keep life pure

Popularity of Barefoot Sandal. Contrary to all expectations, the barefoot sandal is here to stay, and Macadamized roads turn into dust thousands of pairs are daily being and blow away. Ruts are formed by made up for next season. It was the constant wear in soft spots, and when general opinion last season, when so many of them were worn, that the sale must have reached its climax, but more The tar sprinkling is intended to do than twice as many have been already sold than were produced all last sea-In the experiment a piece of an or- son. The barefoot sandal is here to dinary country road, sixteen feet wide, stay. Not only are they being made her up to the house, and I'll give you just outside of Westfield, N. J., was for the little ones, but many adults \$1."

cause of their wearing qualities. A salesman, just returned from his Western trip, says out West there is salesman remarked that there were plaining to you that I had meant to Chadwick. Of course, it is extra large, The tar was put on in a very crude hundreds of children out West who can. It had penetrated nearly an inch barefoot sandals, being to them the

Humanity in Firemen. After rescuing the human inmates of each with a handsome address, in The cost of treating a road in this which details of the gallant act are way with tar is estimated at between fully given,-London Telegraph,

## feet wide. This would require 3000 Humor of To:day

Man's Desires. Man wants but little here below,

And though he fumes and frets, Man wants but little here below, And that is all he gets. Philadelphia Record.

Accounting For the Delay. "Rome wasn't built in a day, my

"Did some of the Romans go on a strike, pa?"-Brooklyn Life. In Northern Ohio.

Stranger (looking at his watch)-"What time do your banks close here?" Hotel Clerk-"That depends entirely on Mrs Chadwick."-Chicago Tribune.

Came in Handy. Hoax-"By the way, old man, how was that cigar I gave you yesterday?" Joax-"Fine. My wife made catnip tea out of it for the baby."-Chicago

He Knew.

Father-"But do you think you can make my daughter happy?" Suitor-"Happy? Say! you should just have seen her when I proposed!"-Brooklyn Life.

Couldn't Afford It. Physician-"Do you have any chronic trouble with your stomach?" Patient (with an impatient snort)-

"Doctor, my salary is only \$14 aweek!" -Chicago Tribune. A Dreadful Disappointment. "They say he was disappointed in

"Yes. Her father failed in business fast a week before the day set for the wedding."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Opinion. "A little learning may be a dangerous thing," remarked the Observer of | tects have slowly worked out, Lord time, energy and money. Our fore- is that of the butler in a fine old Eng- Events and Things; "but the man with fathers in this country, contrary to lish family, whose long service had a little learning is not nearly so danthe experience of centuries, inaugurat- caused him to feel a personal and pro- gerous as the man who knows it all." -Yonkers Statesman.



She-"I am willing to marry you, but you must see papa first." He-"I have, but I guess I can stand

for him."-Philadelphia Telegraph. How He Looked. "Robbed by footpads, were you? It

must have made you feel like thirty cents." "Yes, and I'll bet I looked like 12

o'cłock." "How do you mean?" "Hands up."-Philadelphia Ledger. How It Occurred.

"That's an old-fashioned-looking automobile you have, Cogger." "Don't matter. It carried off a prize the other day."

"Don't mean to say you had it at a "No; Myrtilla eloped in it with me,"

-Chicago News. Would Even Things Up. Ouch! Stop that!" yelled

Tommy. "Why, Tommy, aren't you ashamed?" exclaimed his mother. "I wouldn't cry like that if it were my hair that was being combed."

"I'll bet you would if I wuz doin' the combin'," replied Tommy, flercely. Subbubs-"Oh! you may sneer, if you please, but let me tell you the death

rate in lovely Swamphurst is so low as to excite universal comment." Citiman-"Yes? I suppose the universal comment is that there are mighty few people who would care to be found dead there."-Philadelphia

Cheap at That. Homer (to cabman)-"Say, I want you to drive down to the depot at noon and call for my mother-in-law. Take

Cabman-"Very well, sir. But supshe doesn't come?" Homer-"Oh, then I'll give you \$2."-

Chicago News. Not the Same.

snub him, wasn't he?"

Miss Peppery-"No, indeed." Sappy- "No? I thought he was: at any rate, I heard you say: 'You misjudge him, I don't believe such a thing ever entered Mr. Sappy's head." Miss Peppery-"Oh! we were just dis-

Haw, Bah Jove! Johnny-"Papa, what does it mean to

cussing 'ideas.' "-Philadelphia Press.

be apprenticed?" Papa-"It means the binding one per-

son to another by agreement. The whilst the other has to waten and learn how things are done to make don Tit-Bits.

# POPULAR

Late experience in the British navy has suggested that loathsome disease may be spread by tattooing, and those who must decorate in this way are warned that the needles should be sterilized.

Rheumatism seems to be practically unknown in Japan, A French observer attributes this to the sobrlety of the people, their vegetarian diet and their great use of water. They not only drink large quantities of pure water, but take two or three baths daily throughout the year.

The appearance of a bark disease among the Para rubber tress in certain districts in Ceylon during 1903 created some alarm among rubber planters, but prompt measures for its treatment were carried out under the advice of the Government mycologist. Mr. J. B. Carruthers, the officer in question, states that the disease was due to a canker fungus; further details regarding its structure and treatment will form the subject of a later

Phosphate rock is of organic origin, largely derived from guano and decaying animal matter which contains phosphoric acid. In rainless regions such as the Peruvian coast and some of the Pacific islands, the guano may accumulate to great thickness without loss of soluble matter. In moist districts, however, the phosphoric constituents are dissolved out by percolating waters, and the solutions coming in contact with limestone may convert the latter into lime phosphate. The phosphate deposits of Florida are thought to have formed in this man-

Principles of construction that archi-Avebury suggests, were adopted by plants millions of years ago. Some plant stems are round, others are triangular, others quadrangular, and so on, and it seems possible to give a mechanical explanation of the differences. Builders have adopted the girder as the most economical method of resisting a strain in one direction. Plants seem to have built on a like plan, tree trunks being round to resist strain from all directions, while plants with opposite leaves and strain in two directions have two girders, giving a quadrangular stem, and triangular and pentagonal stems may be accounted for as strengthening against like obvious strains.

AN INCENIOUS CAPTAIN. Skipper Mattson Used a Novel Method of Stopping a Leak in His Boat. Many have read in Mr. Hopkinson Smith's story of "Cap'n Bob" who stopped up a hole in his ferry-boat with his own arm, and thus saved many lives. The London Daily Express describes a method of stopping a leak no less novel and ingenious than "Cap'n Bob's," and not so trying to physical well-being as that adopted by the heroic pilot. The Norwegian bark Flora, bound for Cape Town, ex-

perienced in the Bay of Biscay such

terrific weather that she was obliged to lie to for six days. In the buffeting that the vessel received she sprang a leak, and began to take in water at the rate of six inches an hour. All hands were kept at the pumps day and night without intermission. As the gale abated the bark drove before it into calmer seas. Captain Mattson found the leak was getting worse and set his brains to work. He constructed a great waterproof canvas bag, sixteen feet long, six feet in circumference and two feet in diameter. This he kept distended by the means of hoops. A window of glass was let into the side, five feet from the bottom. The captain stepped into the bag, and by means of tackle was drawn under water so that he could see the leak. The other end of the bag being open and above water, he had plenty of air and could com-

tied tightly about his wrists, so that he could work freely. In this way, looking at the leak through the inserted window, the captain worked steadily while the ship was hove to. The vessel rolled in a heavy swell, and sometimes Captain Mattson found himself from seven to ten feet below the surface. At one time the chafing of his feet against the vessel's side wore a hole in the bag, and

municate with his men. Two sleeves

had been made in the bag, and were

the water entered and covered him. But he was drawn up in good time. the bag was repaired, the work continued and the leak stopped.

Wayside Observations. Some books that are bound in gold have only dross inside.

An up-to-date leather goods manu-Sappy-"I overheard you defending facturer has brought out a new style "Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay." may be made into a jug to hold the stuff of which eggnog is made. There is a circus owner who is so

strict as to the use of ardent spirits

that he refuses to employ a tight rope walker.-Dallas News. Dodging the Butcher.

A miner's wife some time ago ran up a bill at the butcher's and was always in fear of being pressed for the money. One day she espied the butchere a Mr. Dodgin, coming up the garden path, so person so bound has to teach the other | she told her husband to slip out the all he can of his trade or profession, back way and so avoid the unwelcome visitor. The butcher, getting no response at the front door, went to the back, where he met the husband com-Johnny-"Then I suppose you're ap- ing out, "I am Dodgin, the butcher," prenticed to ma, ain't you, dad?"-Lon- he exclaimed, "Bedad, so am I," said the miner.