

THE SPLENDID SPUR OR THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER VIII.

She bandaged the sore with linen from my shirt, and tied it round with sackcloth from her own dress.

"Left arm round my neck, Jack; and 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 easy swing that rather lulled my hurt than jolted it.

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"No, 'twas not my pain but the sight of the sinking sun that wrung the exclamation from me—I was thinking," I muttered.

"Don't 'tis bad for health. But bide thee still awhile, and shalt lie 'pon a soft bed."

By this time we had come down to the road and the yells were still going on, louder than ever.

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I cried, "my comrade I left upon the road, brighter courage and fiercer heart never man proved, and yet left by me in the rebels' hands."

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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, I promise, before the end of my tale is reached.

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.

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

"But, Joan, if you do this—feel inside my coat here, to the left—you will save an army, girl, maybe a throne! Here 'tis, Joan, see—no, not that—here! Say the seal is that of the Governor of Bristol, who stole it from me for a while; but the handwriting will be known for the King's, and no hand but yours must touch it till you stand before Sir Ralph Hopton. The King shall thank you, Joan; and God will bless you for't."

"Hope so, I'm sure. But I am what to say, lad; for I be main thick with it."

"So I told her the message, over and over, till she had it by heart.

"Shan't forget, now," she said, at length; "so I'll be sure to be for a change. Bide still, nor fret thyself. Water's pasty an' oat cake, an' a keg o' beer that I'll stow beside thee. Pay no heed to feather, an' if he wills to get drunk an' fight w' Jan Tergagle—that's the cat—why, let'n. Drunk or sober, he's no' count."

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

"She was gone. In a minute or so I heard the trampling of a horse; and then, with a scurry of hoofs, Joan was off on the King's errand and riding into the darkness.

Little rest had I that night, but lay awake on my backen bed and watched the burning peat turves turn to gray, and drop, like by flake, till only a glowing point remained.

As day began to break, the old man picked himself up, yawned and lounged out, returning after a time with fresh turves for the hearth. He noticed me no more than a stone, but when the fire was restacked drew up his chair to the warmth, and breakfasted on oat cake and a liberal deal of liquor.

All day long I lay there helpless and waiting eagerly for Joan to return. It was not until nightfall that there came the trampling of a horse outside, and then a rap at the door. The old man started up and opened it, and in rushed Joan, her eyes lit up, her breast heaving, and in her hand a naked sword.

"Church and King, Jack!" she cried, and flung the blade with a clang on to the table. "Church and King! O brave day's work, lad—O bloody work this day!"

And I swooned again.

CHAPTER IX.

I Buy a Looking Glass at Bodmin Fair and Meet With Mr. Hannibal Tingcomb.

There had, indeed, been brave work on Braddock Down that 19th of January. For Sir Ralph Hopton with the 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.

Men, anxious to God, they divided—the Lord Mohun with Sir Ralph Hopton and Colonel Godolphin marching with the greater part of the army upon Sal-tash, whither Ruthven had fled and was intrinsically himself; while Sir John Berkeley and Colonel Ashburnham, with a small party of horse and dragoons and the voluntary regiments of Sir Bevil Grenville, Sir Nich. Slanning, and Colonel Trevanion, turned to the northeast, toward Launceston and Tavistock, to see what account they might render of the Earl of Stamford's army; that, however, had no stomach to await them, but posted out of the county into Plymouth and Exeter.

"'Twas on this expedition that two or three of the captains I have mentioned halted for an hour or more at Temple, as well to recognize Joan's extreme meritorious service, as to thank me for the part I had in bringing news of the Earl of Stamford's advance. For 'twas this, they own'd, had saved them—the King's message being but an exhortation and an advertisement upon some lesser matters, the most of which were already taken out of human hands by the turn of events.

But though, as I learn'd, these gentlemen were full of compliments and professions of esteem, I neither saw nor heard them, being by this time debilitated of a high fever that followed my wound. And not till three good weeks after, was I recover'd enough to leave my bed, nor, for many more, did my full strength return to me. No mother could have made a tenderer nurse than was Joan throughout this time. 'Tis to



GOOD ROADS.

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 plainly and forcibly set forth.

Mr. Wilcox said in part: "It has been said that good roads are the nation's salvation. If that is so, then in proportion as its roads are improved, in just that proportion will salvation come to the nation, and salvation 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 or localities, and then a liquid morass of mud in other sections, the money expended on the improved portions has been practically thrown away.

The methods we have been pursuing in road improvement have amounted to a hit or miss system, which equals no system at all, and if any project in the 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 spots continuous all our road work for road improvement has been, and will be, in vain—a prodigious waste of time, energy and money.

Our forefathers in this country, contrary to the experience of centuries, inaugurated the present township method for the construction, care and maintenance of the public highways. This system we have followed for more than a hundred years, and results have shown that it is vicious, with scarcely a redeeming feature.

Experience has demonstrated that no general road improvement worthy the name 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 existing 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 development of the nation.

"Primarily the common roads are for the farmer and the agricultural communities, and anything that can be done to foster this important factor—the agricultural interest—in national life should be undertaken without delay.

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 mud.

In France this scheme has been tried, it is said, for some time, with much satisfaction to the automobilist. The plan is simple. The surface of the macadamized road is cleared of dust and loose material, then boiling tar is sprinkled over the road lightly, and the screenings put back and rolled. The tar sinks into the hard bed, binding 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.

Macadamized roads turn into dust and blow away. Ruts are formed by constant wear in soft spots, and when it rains a pasty mud collects that is just as objectionable as is the dust. The tar sprinkling is intended to do away with all this.

In the experiment a piece of an ordinary country road, sixteen feet wide, just outside of Westfield, N. J., was taken. Two sections, about 1000 feet long, were used. On one the tar was run over the roadbed with the dust and screenings just as they lay. On the other the road was swept to the hard surface and then the tar was applied. In both instances the result seemed to meet with the approval of the road-making experts present.

The tar was put on in a very crude fashion by hand from a big watering can. It had penetrated nearly an inch after being on the road only three hours, and in a short time after it was laid there was no tracking on it, and it did not splatter or wheels driven over it.

H. W. Merkel, chief forester and constructor of the zoological section of Bronx Park, said he was very favorably impressed by what he saw, although the conditions were most unfavorable. He is going to try it on the Bronx Park on a section of East River walk, along the banks of the Bronx. A section of Crosey avenue, Bath Beach, Brooklyn, is also being experimented on, under the supervision of Director of Highways Fort.

The cost of treating a road in this way with tar is estimated at between

\$400 and \$500 a mile for a road sixteen feet wide. This would require 3000 gallons of tar to the mile.—New York 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 twenty-five 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. What the Gardeners of Darwin and Huxley Thought of Their Masters.

There is no personage more deeply and deferentially aware of his own importance than the English butler; next to him in privileges, and ahead of him in sturdy frankness, must stand the Scotch gardener.

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 patient and minute research in which he saw Darwin engaged struck his mind as merely a foolish and fussy form of trifling, not worthy to be considered an occupation. If, instead of bothering about the digestive capacity of worthless insectivorous plants, 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. Huxley, fearful that he might be overworked, had inquired if he did not need some assistance.

"No," came the reply; "the place is not very large, and Mr. Huxley is almost as good as another man."

Better than either of these true friends is that of the butler in a fine old English family, whose long service had caused him to feel a personal and proprietary interest in the sons and daughters of the house. He could not acquit himself of a sense of responsibility for their manners and conduct, and when at a large dinner-party he noticed one of them, a young girl who had but recently entered society, devote an amount of attention to her agreeable neighbor on the right obviously in excess 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 ear: "A little more conversation to the left, miss."—Youth's Companion.

WORDS OF WISDOM. Man proves his liberty by his loyalty 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 grafter.

Men who pride themselves upon being hardheaded, are often mere tools in the hands of other men.

Children have moral measles sometimes. Only let them alone and they will get well of themselves. There is a wise verb 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 from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an idea as noble as it is difficult.—Edward Howard Griggs.

Popularity of Barefoot Sandal. Contrary to all expectations, the barefoot sandal is here to stay, and thousands of pairs are daily being made up for next season. It was the general opinion last season, when so many of them were worn, that the sale must have reached its climax, but more than twice as many have been already sold than were produced all last season. The barefoot sandal is here to stay. Not only are they being made for the little ones, but many adults are buying them for house slippers, because of their wearing qualities.

A salesman, just returned from his Western trip, says out West there is as much demand for sandals as East and South. While the barefoot sandal was originally intended to be worn at the seashore and summer resorts, this salesman remarked that there were hundreds of children out West who never saw the seashore that wore barefoot sandals, being to them the ideal comfort and health shoe.—Shoe Retailer.

Humanity in Firemen. After rescuing the human inmates of some premises in Westminster Bridge road, which caught fire early last month, some firemen again entered the burning building in the hope of saving a little retriever pup which was making frantic efforts to escape. They succeeded in bringing out the dog, but it died soon afterwards. The National Canine Defense League have now shown their appreciation of the gallant conduct of the firemen by presenting each with a handsome address, in which details of the gallant act are fully given.—London Telegraph.

Humor of Today.

Man's Desire. Man wants but little 'ere 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 son." "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 News.

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 a week!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Dreadful Disappointment. "They say he was disappointed in love." "Yes. Her father failed in business just 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 Events and Things; "but the man with a little learning is not nearly so dangerous as the man who knows it all."—Yonkers Statesman.

Could Stand For Him. 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'clock." "How do you mean?" "Hands up."—Philadelphia Ledger.

How He 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 show?" "No; Myrtilla eloped in it with me."—Chicago News.

Would Even Things Up. "Oh, 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, fiercely.

Urban Bigotry. 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." Citizen—"Yes? I suppose the universal comment is that there are mighty few people who would care to be found dead there?"—Philadelphia Press.

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 her up to the house, and I'll give you \$1." Cabman—"Very well, sir. But suppose doesn't come?" Homer—"Oh, then I'll give you \$2."—Chicago News.

Not the Same. Sappy—"I overheard you defending me last night. Mr. Jenks was complaining to you that I had meant to 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 discussing 'ideas.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Haw, Bah Jove! Johnny—"Papa, what does it mean to be apprenticed?" Papa—"It means the binding one person to another by agreement. The person so bound has to teach the other all he can of his trade or profession, whilst the other has to watch and learn how things are done to make himself useful in every way possible." Johnny—"Then I suppose you're apprenticed to ma, ain't you, dad?"—London Tit-Bits.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

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 sobriety 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 trees 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 eminent mycologist, Mr. J. E. 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 paper.

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 manner.

Principles of construction that architects have slowly worked out, Lord 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 polygonal stems may be accounted for as strengthening against like obvious strains.

AN INGENUOUS CAPTAIN.

Slipper 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, experienced in the Bay of Biscay such terrific weather that she was obliged to lie to for two 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 filled and above water, he had plenty of air and could communicate with his men. Two sleeves had been made in the bag, and were 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 holed 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 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.

Wayide Observations.

Some books that are bound in gold have only dress inside.

An up-to-date leather goods manufacturer has brought out a new style pocketbook which he calls the Cassie Chadwick. Of course, it is extra large. "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 butcher, a Mr. Dodgin, coming up the garden path, so she told her husband to slip out the 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 coming out. "I am Dodgin, the butcher," he exclaimed, "Redad, so am I," said the miner.