

### The Construction and Maintenance of Earth Roads.

(Continued from page seven)

at long intervals. The only way to keep an earth road in good condition is by the employment of men whose duty is repairing once or twice a year or business it shall be to watch the road continually and make such small repairs as may be necessary from time to time. Ruts and holes should be filled with stones unless a considerable section is to be so treated. They should be tramped full of some good material like that of which the road is constructed. When work is needed over a considerable area, earth roads can be rapidly repaired by the use of road machines and road rollers. In case the roadway is sufficiently high, the work should be gradually pushed to the ditches and finally shoved off the roadway or placed where it will not be washed back into ditches by rain. The advantage of this method is that there is secured at once a smooth, firm surface, a surface which will stand much longer than one composed of worn out material thrown up from the ditches. When, however, the crown is worn down and the roadway low, it is desirable to work from the sides, scraping the material lightly toward the middle until the proper crown is obtained, and then compacting the surface by the roller.

It is claimed that two good men with two teams can build or repair more road in one day with a roller and road machine than many times that number can with picks, shovels, scoops and plows, and do it more uniformly and more thoroughly.

As soon as possible after long continued rains, the roads should be gone over with the scraper and put in proper form, and then rolled down hard. While earth roads should generally be repaired in the spring and fall of the year, if they receive daily attention, they will require no extensive repairs. The old adage, "a stitch in time saves nine," finds application here.

A system of common road maintenance introduced in Vermont, has been so successful in operation that "much better roads are secured at less expense, and the tax rate for highways has been reduced each year." This system is like that applied to railway maintenance—the roads are divided into certain lengths and each length allotted to a section man, caretaker or farmer. It is suggested that our important country roads could be divided into sections varying in length from one to five miles, and a good road man who lives on the section put in charge. It should be his duty to devote a few hours each week to the filling of small ruts or holes and to the protecting of the road from running water. He would have plenty of work to do in keeping the road clean, free from loose stones and rubbish, in cutting weeds and clearing drains and side ditches. The efficiency and economy of this plan of road maintenance have made the roads of France and other European countries deservedly famous.

### Asheboro Route 2 News

The protracted meeting at Charlotte will begin the 2nd Sunday in October, conducted by Rev. Halley. It was to have been the first Sunday in September, but was postponed.

Miss Lora Spencer, of Mecklenburg, is visiting at Mrs. T. W. Andrews' this week.

Miss Nellie Clark has been employed to teach the school at Gold Hill this year.

Chester Bulla left Monday for Charlotte where he will enter the Medical College this year.

David McCain, who has been ill, is improving.

### THIS LADY'S GOOD APPETITE

### Mrs. Hansen, in a Letter From Mobile, Tells How She Gained It.

Mobile, Ala.—"I suffered for seven years, with womanly trouble," writes Mrs. Sigurd Hansen in a letter from this city. "I felt weak and always had a headache and was always going to the doctor. At last I was operated on, and felt better, but soon I had the same trouble.

My husband asked me to try Cardui. I felt better after the first bottle, and now, I have a good appetite and sleep well. I feel fine, and the doctor tells me I am looking better than he ever saw me."

If you are sick and miserable, and suffer from any of the pains due to womanly trouble—try Cardui. Cardui is successful because it is composed of ingredients that have been found to act curatively on the womanly constitution.

For more than fifty years, it has been used by women of all ages, with great success. Try it. Your druggist sells it.

W. B. - Write for Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chas. T. Casper, Inc., 111 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. For Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment of Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

### Clever Paris Beggars.

Begging is forbidden on the Paris boulevards. But one day recently a pale, poorly dressed man was seen humbly approaching various pedestrians. He was evidently not used to begging, and as he told his pathetic story without the requisite boldness people passed him by unnoticed. A man dressed in black stepped up to him and showed him a card. He carried a thick stick and wore a heavy mustache and thick boots, which are the outward and visible signs, with a multicolored ribbon in the buttonhole, of a detective in plain clothes.

"Now, then, get out of this or I'll run you in," he said roughly. Then in a lower tone, "Poor chap!" and furiously he gave the man some silver.

People had seen him do it, and, cheering the kind hearted policeman, they, too, gave to the poor beggar. A few minutes afterward in a side street the two men divided the spoils and moved off separately to ply their trade elsewhere. The detective wasn't a detective at all, but a beggar made up for the part.

### Finally Lost It.

"I may have lost my golf ball," thought the old man as he crept on all fours round the bush into which it had rolled, "but I will not lose my temper."

So he continued to grovel and grope and to wear a persuasive, patient smile. His knees bagged, his back ached horribly, and the bush bestowed upon his hands a generous quantity of thorns. But he refused to discard his smile and kept on repeating:

"No; I will not lose my temper. I will not."

Suddenly the elusive ball caught his eye. Flopping flat, he stretched his hands toward it, grasped it among its nest of thorns and gingerly withdrew it.

"Holy-toity!" exclaimed an old woman behind him. "You ought to be ashamed, bird nesting at your time of life!"

And then he did lose his temper.—London Answers.

### A Fearless Quaker.

Uncle Abe was noted for his ability to turn his clouds inside out and show the silver lining. If any particular cloud was dark through and through he wisely supplied it with the lining from another. His yoke of steers had taken the cash prize on the first day of the fair. On the second some new contestants were entered, and Abe would probably be outclassed. But, as usual, he had made the most of good fortune while it lasted.

"Aren't you quaking in your boots?" a friend asked.

Abe thrust out a foot clad in new tan leather.

"Why, yes," he said; "I am quaking in my boots. But when I got that \$50 yesterday I made sure they should be new boots. It ain't so bad to quake if you can do it in new boots."—Youth's Companion.

### Ghiberti's Famous Doors.

The world renowned doors of the baptistry at Florence represent nearly the entire lifework of Ghiberti. He began the first pair when he was twenty-three years old, and when he finished the second pair he was seventy-three. Excepting the three statues outside Or San Michele and one or two minor works, these two pairs of bronze doors represent his labors for half a century. These doors, declared by Michelangelo "fit to be the gates of paradise," represent the book of Genesis in all the depth of its meaning, and the skill of the artist has never been overpraised. It is impossible to exaggerate the glory of the work, and if one has the time and money the sight of those wonderful doors is well worth the trip to Florence.—New York American.

### Pull or Push?

Is there any such thing as pull? Does the horse pull the cart, or does he simply push on his collar and so draw it along? Would you pull a weight that was fastened to your coat-tails, or in that case would you simply be pushing against your clothes? Do our political officeholders always get their jobs through their own push, or is it usually a matter of pull? This is an interesting problem. Think it over.—New York Globe.

### Very Strong.

"I see," said Staters, "that our old friend Atkins had a strong article in one of the Boston papers the other day."

"Really?" said Binks incredulously. "I'd never have believed that of old Bink. What was it?"

"A recipe for pickled onions," said Staters.—Harper's Weekly.

### Long Drawn Out.

Little Elmer had just been given a piece of pie. "Are you going to give me another piece, mamma?" he asked.

"Why do you ask, Elmer?" she queried.

"'Cause if you ain't I'll eat this piece real slow," was the reply.—Chicago News.

### Unfeeling.

Orator—I ask yer, wot is this life we 'old so dear? 'Soon I'll be 'laid' with me forefathers. The Voice—"An' givin' 'em points at the game tool—London Tit-Bits.

### Dodged the Ruins.

Mr. Cleverton—You saw some old ruins in England, I suppose? Miss Struckett Kitch—Yes, and one of them wanted to marry me.—Princeton Tiger.

### The Dear Girls.

Maybellie—See the beautiful engagement ring Jack gave me last night. Estelle—Gee! Has that just got around to you?—Toledo Blade.

## OLD TESTAMENT TIMES BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BIBLE STUDIES

### DESTROYING GOD'S WORD

Jeremiah 35—5-7. "The Word of our God shall stand forever."—Isaiah 40:8.

THE Prophet Jeremiah was shut up in prison. The disaster upon the kingdom had, to some extent, awakened the people to a slight repentance in which the king joined, yet it was a repentance of fear rather than heart repentance. The king had enmity against Jeremiah because the Divine message came through him. He seems to have hoped to restrain the Prophet from further proclamation of the coming trouble through fear. However, the Lord directed the Prophet to write out all of his prophecies on a scroll, after the ancient style, in columns. Jeremiah dictated and Baruch served him as amanuensis.

By the Lord's direction this book of Jeremiah was to be read to all the people, in the temple, on the occasion of a general gathering for worship and repentance. Since the Prophet himself could not go, he directed Baruch, who took the scroll and read it in the hearing of the people. Its prophecies of dire disaster made a deep impression. One of the princes of the people was present and heard the reading and reported to others of the king's counsellors. They sent for Baruch and had him read it before them all. They also, were deeply impressed and concluded that it should be brought before the king. But meantime Baruch and Jeremiah were hidden, the probability of the king's displeasure being great.

Hearing of the manuscript, the king was anxious to have it read before him by a scribe. During the reading, as two or three columns of the manuscript were read, the king cut them off with a pen knife and threw them into the fire—until the entire manuscript was burnt and destroyed. By the Lord's direction Jeremiah dictated his prophecies afresh, Baruch again acting as amanuensis; and this edition was made still more complete than the former. Amongst other things it included the Divine edict that none of Jehoiakim's posterity should ever sit upon the throne of David.

### God's Word Indestructible

Thomas Paine, Voltaire and Ingersoll imagined that they had made the Word of God to appear so ridiculous that it would never have influence amongst men. Robert Ingersoll is quoted as having said, "In ten years the Bible will not be read." How little the poor man knew on the subject.

The frontispiece of a well known Weyliffe Bible pictures Satan and others, religious and irreligious, blowing with all their might to put out a light. In proportion as their energy and strength became exhausted, the light grew stronger and burned the more brightly. This illustrates the futility of all attempts to quench the Word of God.

Although we have passed the day when any one would attempt to destroy the Bible, we have not passed the day of opposition to the truth.

Satan would fain have the people of God worship the book rather than study and appreciate its contents. In consequence, not a few are opposing the light that is now shining from the Word of God—discussing to us the fact that much that came down to us from the Dark Ages is contrary to the Bible as well as to reason. Many of the professed teachers of the church are heartily opposed to Bible study, although their opposition is advanced as cautiously as possible for fear of the people.

A Famine For the Word of God. Scriptural truth is a scarce commodity at the present time—the world is full of error and sin and unrighteousness. The Lord's disciples must so love truth and righteousness as to hunger and thirst for it. To such spiritual food will be granted. Truth will be dispensed to them as "meat in due season."

The Scriptures from first to last give us to understand that God's Word is to shine more and more brightly down to the very end of this Gospel Age. St. Peter declares it to be "the more sure Word of prophecy, to which we do well that we take heed, as to a light shining in a dark place until the Day dawn and the Day Star arise in your hearts" (II Peter 1:19).

The Bishop of London opposed the Trinitarian translation because the practices of the time were not in harmony with the Scriptures. Similarly, today, there are doctrines, traditions, creeds from the Dark Ages still revered, and which a better understanding of the Bible would correct and put to shame. Hence the opposition to the better understanding of God's Word. Nevertheless, the Word of God shall stand forever, and the spirit of the truth shall make free all the children of the truth.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. The eternal years of God are hers."

## FRED'S TRIP TO FAIRYLAND.

Freddy Bryan was sick, so sick that he had to lie on the couch all day, and his mamma didn't know whether he was going to have the mumps, whooping cough or measles. She feared all three when he would not get up to play and ate so little.

She remained by his side, giving the medicine the doctor ordered. Only when she had to go out into the kitchen to prepare meals was he alone.

He had a beautiful pillow to rest his head on, and he was not so sick but that he liked to look at it and wonder about it, for all one side was a picture—and such a beautiful picture! There was blue sky with white clouds, green grass and tall trees, a great big castle with a yellow path leading straight up to it, and a big mill with a little stream into a white foam, while water lilies and blue flag flowers stuck their heads out of the water, as if inviting some one to pick them. He thought how much he would like to go up the winding walk to the castle and find out whether there were any little boys and girls in there to play with. Then there was a cute looking little boat tied to a stake in front of the mill. How he would like to get in it after visiting the miller and sail up the little stream to find out what more there was beyond where the stream seemed to end. Might it not be the



Jeremiah dictating to Baruch.



THEN A HEAD STUCK OUT OF ONE OF THE WINDOWS.

commencement of Fairyland? If he were only up in the top of one of those tall trees he might see.

Heigho! How tired he was! If he could only rest in such a beautiful place he might soon get well. And he took the pillow in both hands and turned it slowly around and around.

Then a head stuck out of one of the windows of the castle, and a sweet voice said, "Know you not, little boy, that this is an enchanted pillow?"

"What is that?" asked Freddy.

"Why, a pillow of strange sights and sounds. Fairies live in the castle, run the mill and play by moonlight on the grounds. It is enchanted land." And a beautiful red light burst out of the window, making the little fellow that was talking look like white wax.

"Can't I come to the castle to see you?" asked Freddy.

"Yes, if you wait until moonlight," was the reply.

Then the next thing Freddy knew the moon came up slow and full and showed him the way to the mill, where a man, dressed in a snow white suit, was turning the great wheel around. He showed Freddy how to do it, after which the little boy got into the boat and, with a pair of silvery white oars, rowed upstream until he came to a strange land, where tiny creatures, all trimmed up with flowers, were dancing, holding hands. Freddy felt so gay that he took hold of hands and danced, too, after which they all went to the enchanted palace and had a feast of cherries and sugar plums.

Freddy had never had enough sweets in his life, because his mamma was afraid they would make him sick, and now he ate and ate as if he would never stop.

Then he heard a voice saying, "He is better, mamma," and coming out of the castle he saw the doctor and his mamma standing over him.

He wiped the sweets from his brow, smiled sheepishly and said: "Such a dream as I have been having! I wouldn't care about it not being so, only the sugar plums. I wish I had this minute all I dreamed I was eating." Then he laughed aloud and asked for something to eat, and though it was not sugar plums, the boy ate ravenously, and his mother knew he was better.—Philadelphia Record.

### Cats and Dogs.

To say that it is raining cats and dogs is incorrect unless there is wind as well as rain. That is because the saying has a history. In the stories that people told 2000 years ago in the north of Europe the cat was the animal that ruled the rain and the dog was the one that made the wind blow. The people that told these stories were the ancestors of most Americans, and so the stories have stayed with us.

### What "Hamlet" Lacked.

In a mining camp town "Hamlet" was one evening given by a strolling company, and this is the criticism that appeared next day in the local paper, written by the miner dramatic critic: "There is too much chinning in this piece. The author is behind the times and seems to forget that what we want nowadays is hair raising situations and detectives.

"In the hands of a skillful playwright a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle, and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have lifted the audience out of their coudies.

"The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet sasses his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation.

"Our advice to the author is more action, more love-making and plenty of specialties. The crazy girl scene should be cut out altogether and a rattling good song and dance substituted."

### Charles V. at Table.

Emperor Charles V. of Austria, by far the most powerful ruler of his day, was thus described as he appeared at table by Roger Ascham, secretary to the English ambassador, in 1550: "I stood hard by the emperor's table. He had four courses; he had sod beef—very good—roast mutton, baked hare; tussie be no service in England. The emperor bath a good face, a constant look; he fed well of a capon; I have had a better from mine hostess Barnes many times in my chamber. He and Ferdinand, king of the Romans, ate together very handsomely, carving themselves where they list, without any curiosity. The emperor drank the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine." It was notorious that the emperor ate and drank immoderately, and as a natural result he suffered terribly from gout from the time he was thirty years old.

### Game to the Last.

Douglas MacDonald and his old crosby, Donald MacDougal, were once opposed to each other in a famous curling match, and the last two stones to finish the game were the two cronies'. Donald MacDougal, with enormous deliberation, threw his stone. He threw it well. He made what is called a pat bid and jumped for joy. Then it was Douglas MacDonald's turn. His case seemed hopeless, but such a spled, did throw did he make that the pat bid was knocked off, and his stone lay at the side of the tee, winning the game. In his joy the old fellow jumped sky high. He came down so hard that he broke right through the ice. He sank, but, bobbing up again, he shouted from the cold water:

"Hi, lads, we've won, and if I dinna come out o' here alive be sure ye pit that stone on my grave!"—Exchange.

### Dirt and Death.

When a celebrated Paris physician was asked how the city could prevent the coming of a plague then ravaging other European places he answered, "Boli your ice!" That tersely called attention to the necessity of utter cleanliness and that even ice made from impure water carried disease.

"Yellow fever," said Henry Ward Beecher, "is God Almighty's opinion of dirt." The chief contributing cause toward modern efficiency in surgery is that surgeons have learned to keep clean. Nothing is so spotless as a good hospital. Everything is boiled and sterilized—beds, instruments, clothing, washrags, floors, hands and finger nails. That is why they save lives there. Nobody would die if he could keep perfectly clean. Death is the final triumph of dirt.—Chicago Tribune.

### He Understood the People.

One of Jay Gould's campaigns as a dealer in railroads was with the Wabash system of railroads. He got control and after effecting a reorganization which increased the capital stock and also the bonded debt sold them out. It is related of him at this time that an associate said to him, "Mr. Gould, don't you think you are bonding this much higher than the property will stand?" "That may be," answered he, "but the American people are mighty partial to bonds."

### She Has Positive Proof.

"The Cook—Sure, an' ye don't mane to tell me that ye think it's bad luck to break a mirror? The New Maid (earnestly)—I don't think; I know it. The Cook—Ochay! An' how do ye know it? The New Maid—Every time I break one I lose my job.—New York Journal.

### Part of the Sale.

"Shall we pose as millionaires or as foreign dukes at the hotel?" "As the latter, my boy. As millionaires we might be expected to display some evidences of wealth, but as dukes nobody can possibly take it unless it we skip."—Kansas City Journal.

### Carrying No Favor.

"Lead a hand, Hiram, and help ketch the alderman's pig." "Let the alderman ketch his own pig. I'm out of politics for good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Taken at His Word.

Creditor—Suppose I'll have to wait till the day of judgment for what you owe. Debtor—Yes; call later in the day, though.—Pittsburgh Blatter.

Thought works in silence; so does virtue. One might erect statues to silence.—Carlyle.

### Used Another Man's Legs.

In the hall of the house of representatives there is a painting of George Washington. He looks a most commanding person, with the stature of a giant and a faultless physique. But looking at the portrait recently a public man commented:

"That is a good deal of a sham. George Washington never looked like that, though I've no doubt he would have been proud to appear so magnificent.

"Notice the legs," the speaker continued. "They are perfect beauties, but they are not Washington's. They are the legs of General Smith of New Jersey, a soldier of the Revolution.

"It happened this way," he explained in conclusion: "Washington had quite unimpressive legs, and the artist who painted that picture was so dissatisfied with their shape that he persuaded General Smith to lend his faultless members as models. So, while we have the face and torso of our great first president, the supporting legs are those of one of his generals. Long may they stand!"—Washington Post.

### Not the Answer He Expected.

One of Lord Desborough's best anecdotes relates to a clergyman who was far more at home in the hunting field than in the pulpit, says London Tit-Bits. On the morning of a meet he was much annoyed at having to officiate at a funeral; but, this over, he mounted his horse and started in pursuit of his friends. On the road he sought information of an old woman with a donkey cart.

"Well," she said, "if you ride to the top of the hill you will come to a 'meenister.' Then if you turn to the right you will be likely to come up with them."

Handing her a shilling, he said, "My good woman, why did you call the sign post a minister?"

"Why, you see, sir, it's like this; We used to call 'em sign posts, but since you've been in these parts we call 'em meenisters, 'cos, though they points other folks the way, they never goes themselves. Go on, Noddy!"

### Death in Factory Fires.

The question is often debated as to whether persons who lose their lives in a fire developing with great rapidity undergo extreme physical suffering. An authoritative opinion is expressed by the New York Medical Journal, which says: "Unnecessary anguish of mind has probably been felt by relatives of unfortunate workers killed in factory fires by reflection on the supposedly agonizing pain caused by such a death. Where a great bulk of highly inflammable substances is quickly consumed in a closed space the result is the production of large quantities of carbon monoxide. This gas, it is well known, combines with the haemoglobin of the blood to form a compound that refuses to combine with oxygen. The result is a speedy and probably painless asphyxiation before the flames have had a chance to attack the bodies of the victims."

### Dainty Snails.

The writer who qualified the snail as "foul and unclean" was guilty of a libel. Snails are most dainty feeders and strict vegetarians, as many gardeners know to their cost. Apparently three centuries ago snails were more popular in England than they are now. The fastidious author of "The Faerie Queene" gives a recipe for their preparation: With our sharp weapons we shal thee fray And take the castill that thou lyeest in; We shal thee flay out of thy foule skin, And in a dish, with onions and pepper, We shal thee dresse with strong vinegars.—London Standard.

### How Gold Leaf Kills.

The Chinese consul at San Francisco discussed at a dinner his country's customs.

"There is one custom," said a young girl, "that I can't understand, and that is the Chinese custom of committing suicide by eating gold leaf. I can't understand how gold can kill."

"The partaker, no doubt," smiled the consul, "succumbs from a consciousness of inward guilt."—Los Angeles Times.

### Manuscript Letters Rare.

Manuscripts and holograph letters from living literary celebrities should be hoarded with great care by their recipients. The prospect is that they will grow increasingly rare. Autograph signatures are probably all that the next generation will be able to bid for in the auction rooms and add to its collections.—New York Tribune.

### Disinterested Advice.

"I have told my constituents that I regarded myself as a servant of the people," said Senator Borah.

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "but you want to keep people from gettin' an idea that you're one of these servants who are always on the lookout for tips."—Washington Star.

### A Weather Prophet.

"Now, Mrs. Brown, I have pinned up your new almanac." "Oh, thank 'ee, miss, thank 'ee, but my 'corns tell me the weather far better than any of they 'ere-almanacs!"—London Opinion.

### In the Barnyard.

"Look how queerly that hen is acting. Do you think she is hatching a plot?" "No; I think she is plotting a hatch."—Baltimore American.

Industry keeps the body healthy, the mind clear, the heart whole and the purse full.—Simmons.