

GOOD ROADS

Beautifying Country Roads.

The road-improvement campaign, which has been so ably conducted by those interested in riding, bicycling and auto-billing in recent years, is about to enter upon another stage of progress, which will appeal with special force to those interested in things beautiful. Heretofore the utilitarian view of road improvement has been kept well in the foreground, but now several New England communities are emphasizing the aesthetic value of beautiful road-sides. Scientific road treatment must of necessity come first, but beautifying road-sides represents even a more advanced stage of civilization. The pleasure of riding over good, firm, smooth country roads is greatly increased when the shrubbery and general road-side appearances are pleasant to look at, cool and inviting to the eye. That there are an art and a science in road-treatment is made very apparent by experiments made in New England.

Instead of sacrificing trees that would require half a century to replace, the road engineers devise some methods of preserving them, while new trees are planted at favorable places. Shrubbery along road-sides can be either a nuisance or a source of great aesthetic value. It all depends upon its location and nature. Along many road-sides a attempt is made to cut down all weeds, shrubbery and grass. Clean sweep is made of everything, and the result is anything but artistic. The movement started in New England now is to plant trees and shrubs along the road-sides to enhance their beauty. The plantings are far enough back from the roadway so that branches will never interfere with passing carriages, and steps are taken to keep the ditches free from all obstructing growths. It is asserted that farmers would give as much attention to trimming and caring for these trees and shrubs as they now devote to ruthless cutting down of everything along the road-side in the fall of the year, they would thrive and produce artistic effects. The selection of the proper trees and shrubs for the different roads is a matter for local consideration, but those which do not harbor insects injurious to field crops, and which give the most striking effect to the landscape, are recommended. These trees should be trimmed high so that surrounding views of the country will not be shut off, and in this way one will get the benefit of the shade without spoiling the view. Such artistic treatment of the road-sides requires judicious management, but systematic study of the subject is now being carried on in different parts of New England, and it is expected within a year or two a decided change for the better will be noticed along the leading country highways. Unightly hedges and close-cropped road-sides, with a general air of neglect and untidiness, may then disappear entirely, and the traveler will find constant feasts for the eye as he rides or drives through the country.—Harper's Weekly.

Question One of Comfort.

Professor Baker, in a paper on good roads, says:
"I believe that the roads in the corn belt of Illinois are among the best in the country, and that with a little intelligent care they can be made on the whole second to none. The earth roads in the prairie portion of Illinois are usually excellent, some years ten, months of the twelve, and are reasonably good for ten or twelve months of the year, but there are times in the spring when the frost is going out of the ground that they are practically impassable for loads. However, through the underdrainage of the soil by tile and through a better care of the surface, the period of impassability is comparatively short. There has been a very great improvement in these directions in recent years, but there is still room for discriminating improvement."
This short paragraph explains the peculiarity of the author's views. He considers a road reasonably good even if it is practically impassable for loads when the frost is going out of the ground; while people who want roads that are firm and hard all the year around, without clouds of dust in dry weather and without mud in wet weather, consider such a road unreasonably bad for a district that can afford something better. At the beginning of the twentieth century the question at issue is one of comfort as well as one of ton-mile costs. The farmer's horse and cart and load of hay have been in the glare of the footlights long enough to side-step for a time and let us hear from his wife and children. They may like to see their neighbors or go to school when the roads are impassable; they may like to keep clean when they drive or walk about, and they may wish to live like human beings instead of caged animals. It is not a matter of broken stone or gravel at all; it is not a matter of money

alone, but one of comfort as well.—New York Tribune Farmer.

The Millennium in Sight.

If even a very small proportion of the plans of the recently held New York State Good Roads Convention become realities, the millennium of macadam will certainly have dawned. For less than six cents added to each \$1000 of taxation the State could secure 1250 miles of improved macadam roads, and in seventeen years would have entirely paid for them. Long before that, however, the increased value of all property in the State, brought about by such a practical solution of the traffic problem, would have paid for the improvement several times over. Viewed from an automobilist's point of view the entire plan is so self-evidently a wise one that it seems impossible of failure. Unfortunately, however, intelligent and progressive citizens like the automobilists do not have much to say regarding the legislation of this or any other State. We only wish they had.—Automobile Magazine.

"NO BUTTONS DOWN THE BACK."

How Girls Are Kept From Scratching the School Desks.
A supervising principal of one of the newer down-town schools, having been inspired by a desire to keep the freshly varnished seats free from scratches, has issued an order that has given more trouble than did any other in his teaching experience, and that has incidentally brought down upon his head the wrath of every mother who sends a girl to the school. The principal made the discovery that the backs of the girls' seats were worse scratched than those of the boys, and upon investigation he found that the girls whose seats whose seats were scratched invariably wore dresses that were buttoned down the back. He then gave the order "No buttons allowed," and several indignation meetings among the mothers resulted from its enforcement.

But the principal stood firm and a demand for hooks and eyes was immediately felt in the neighborhood stores. No girl with buttons down the back of her dress is admitted to that school. Hooks and eyes have a way of coming unfastened, to the great annoyance of the teachers, and some mothers failed to find time to replace the forbidden buttons with the troublesome hooks and eyes, so safety pins fastened from the inside have been resorted to.

In many cases the small girls have to dress themselves and do not have a cheval glass for the contemplation of their backs, so the effect is frequently most grotesque. The waist line of one side is sometimes fastened to the middle part of the other side, which litches the skirt up several inches higher on one side than the other. However, the seats are kept free from button scratches. The boys in the same school who wear suspenders with buckles in the back are never permitted to take their seats with their coats off.

Danger in Sea Bathing.

In an address to the State Medical Association at New Haven, Conn., the President, Dr. John H. Granis, of Saybrook, said that the results of his practice and long observation have convinced him that there is danger in frequent sea bathing. He said: "That salt water bathing is a panacea for all ills seems somehow to be a prevailing impression. People from the interior are particularly convinced of it, and practice it very freely in their outings at shore and watering places. But from my personal observation I am convinced that sea bathing is overestimated as a benefit—or, rather, it is overdone.

"I am accustomed to saying that for the average child or adult the maximum of benefit is obtained by not more than one-half hour a week, five minutes every day, or ten minutes on alternate days, and further, if, after thorough rubbing, there remains a feeling of lassitude, an inclination to lie down or the desire for a stimulant, the time must be shortened to that point at which, after the bath, the bather exhibits a full reaction and a desire to resume his play or occupation immediately."

Baby's Remarkable Escape.

She belonged to the genus "proud young mother," and before the car reached Fifty-ninth street she had related enough instances of miraculous escape from sudden and violent death on the part of the infant, Howard, to make the accredited nine lives of the cat seem but a miserable number of chances to any poor beast. The last instance was, perhaps, the most thrilling. "You see," she said, "mother gave him a little ivory ring to cut his teeth on, and to this day I've never been able to tell how he did it, but I turned on hearing a gurgling noise, and there he was, with the ring half down his throat, and he choking to death." "What did you do?" asked her listener, with bated breath. "I ran to the window and began to scream, when suddenly I remembered the ring had a string attached, so I just ran back and jerked it." "I hope," returned her companion, "you have remembered to tie a rope to the leg of the table. You know the dear child is growing rapidly."—New York Sun.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

He Says That Nancy Hart Did Kill the Tories

KNOWS OF SOME RELATIVES

Tom Lee, a Great-Grandson, Lives in Pennsylvania, and He Has Some of the Nerve of His Distinguished Ancestry.

A few months ago some doubting correspondents hinted that the story of Nancy Hart was probably an exaggerated romance or a handed down tradition or maybe a myth. It is fortunate that the doubt was published, for it awakened and aroused the good old people of Elbert and Hart counties and brought to light facts and records concerning the old lady that might have passed into oblivion. That the story of her heroism is true is now established as clearly as it was when Hart county was cut off from Elbert and named for her, the only county in Georgia that was named for a woman. While this newspaper controversy was going on down in Georgia there was a great strapping Virginian named Tom Lee, 6½ feet high and large in proportion, operating the passenger department of the Lavkawanna railroad. He is the great-grandson of Nancy Hart, descended from her in a bee line through honorable Virginia ancestors. He knew nothing of this controversy concerning his maternal ancestor and said recently when speaking of her that it was the sorrow of his life that he was not personally acquainted with her.

Tom Lee is a great favorite among the railroad officials. Very recently he wished to try the work and speed of a new monster locomotive and invited the presidents and superintendents of several railroads and forty-three editors and newspaper men to go with him on a special to Pocono mountains and back again. On the northern roads the superintendents now have an indicator or Dutch clock in their private car that registers the speed. "What do you want?" said Tom Lee. "Well, about 70 miles," said the editor. The speed was then 55 miles an hour, but quickly the clock registered 56, 57, 58, 60, 65, 70, where it remained for several minutes while the engineer was holding her down to an even, steady pace. A glassful of water on the floor would not have spilled a drop. Tom Lee said: "I would have given you \$0 if you had asked for it." After a while they stopped at the Swiftwater house, where Washington and Lafayette played croquet after the war was over and where Joe Jefferson spends his summers. Tom Lee knows his lineage and that his parents were Virginians and nearly related to the Harts, for whom Thomas Hart Benton was named.

For the sake of many children who have never heard the story, I will briefly relate that during the dark days of the revolution five Tories came to her cabin and ordered her to get dinner for them. She did so and while they were eating and drinking and their guns were set up in the corner of the room she quietly took them outside, and standing at the door with one in her hand she drew aim on the leader and ordered them to surrender or die. One man started toward her and she shot him dead and seized another gun and shot another who had risen from the table. With another gun she kept the others quiet until some neighbors came and they were taken prisoner. No doubt this is a true story and a man had better not move to Elbert or Hart county and express any doubts about it. I have been there and know. Some years ago I lectured in Hartwell and from there journeyed to Elberton in a buggy with a preacher. We got a late start and the preacher's horse wanted to slow up at every house where there was a woman in sight, and when we got to the river the ferryman was away and we had to wait an hour for him to come back. So it was dark when we reached Elberton. The court house was lighted up and seemed full of people and the boys were rapping and calling for "Arp," "Bill Arp." The preacher unloaded me near by and told me to go up stairs and open the ball while he went home to put up his horse. As I hurried in the door the doorkeeper stopped me and said: "Hold on, my friend, you haven't paid." I modestly told him that I was the speaker. "Oh, yes," said he. "Maybe you are and maybe you ain't. Several other men have tried to pass on that schedule. I reckon you had better pay." So I paid a half dollar to go in and hear myself talk but I got half of it back when we divided proceeds.

Now, I don't know that Nancy could read or write, but she could shoot and in war times that is better. At any rate Georgians are proud of her and her great-grandson, Tom Lee, has never tarnished the name or fame of the family. When John Randolph boasted of his ancestral blood, Tristram Burgess of Rhode Island, his bitter enemy, rose up to say that good conduct in posterity was of more consequence than good blood in ancestors. "I have great respect," said he, "for the gentleman's English blood and his Indian blood, but he should remember that he is removed from them by several generations and that only one-sixty-fourth part of Lord Rolfe or Pocahontas blood flows in his veins. That is not much to boast of. The rest is widely scattered, diluted and degenerated." Burgess and Randolph had many spurs like that, but they never came to blows. There never was a time in the Southland when so much eager interest was manifested in tracing up ancestry—lineage. I receive letters almost daily from good people, from Carolina to Texas, asking for help to trace up and

prove their claim to join the Sons of Daughters of the Revolution or to service of their father or grandfather in the civil war of forty years ago. The genealogical department of The Constitution and George Smith's weekly contributions to The Journal are doing valuable and interesting work on these lines.

There is one other line that has been shamefully neglected. From first to last there were near 90,000 Georgia soldiers in the confederate army, and yet there is no record of them—neither in the counties nor the State nor at Washington. I do not suppose there are ten in a hundred of these soldiers whose children or grandchildren or near relatives can prove themselves. Colonel Avery did the best he could to make up a roll of each regiment and name the officers and the captains of the companies, but there is no roll of the men nor a record of who dropped out? Colonel Avery says: "The following list is painfully imperfect. It was taken from the confederate war records at Washington, D. C., and from the meager documents in the Georgia archives and such personal information as could be had. The war department of the confederacy was most loosely run. Regimental muster rolls were mingled and confused; the constantly occurring changes were not noted."

Now, ask any old soldier, Can you prove your service by any undoubted evidence? Is there any record that you can go to? Two years ago Governor Candler alluded to this shameful neglect in his message and urged the appointment of some one to gather up and make a record of these Georgia soldiers before the witnesses were all dead but nothing was done. Why do not the veterans demand it? It would cost but little—perhaps the salary of a good man for a year. The children and grandchildren of these soldiers are interested and have a right to demand the preservation and record of their father's or grandfather's honorable service. Why not? Will there be enough veterans or patriotism in the next legislature to see to this and have established a muster roll—some kind of a roll that the humblest citizen can point to as his hall of fame?—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Railroad Train a Mile Long.

A train one mile in length sounds like a record. But that is what was recently hauled over the Thunder Bay and Wabigoon section of the Canadian Pacific railway. It comprised 105 cars. Situate next to the engine was a testing car. The train was sent over the road to ascertain exactly the tonnage that could be hauled on the various grades between the lake and leveler sections of the prairie. With this knowledge gained, plans will be prepared to lower the grades where necessary, and generally improve the road to allow of the haulage of the maximum tonnage both directions. A portion of the \$2,000,000 appropriated for the improvement of that section will be applied to this work.

Spinach and Sand.
The French, who eat with their brains, say that spinach is the broom of the stomach. I wonder what kind they have in La Belle France? In New York the weed we call spinach would constitute the knife and fork of a gallinaceous biped as well as its digestive apparatus. That is, there is enough sand in a basket of spinach in the New York market to restock the craw and gizzard of a barnyard rooster. A miserable little handful of this silicated, moth-eaten stuff is sold for 15 cents. When cooked it makes a dab that will about fill an average-sized kitchen spoon. To wash it requires cook's entire afternoon, still it is gritty. Now, here is a chance for an enterprising young man to make a Rockefellerian fortune; let him sell washed spinach to householders, guaranteed free from sand and vermin. Make a specialty of the product. In a few years the newspapers will dub him "the spinach king," and his fame will endure.—New York Press.

He—It seems strange I should be so much in love with you, when three weeks ago we hadn't met.
She—Oh, it often happens that way.

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