## MARY RAYMOND SAIPMAN ANDREWS ILLUSTRATIONS OF ELLSWORTH YOUNG COPYRIGHT 1912 BY BOBBS MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.

ago; and Lucy knew quite well that her father had planned that the two should marry and unite the broad acres of the Hamptons.

But the young longing for romance which was in her in spite of the choking sober business of her life, rebelled at this. She would not give herself as well as all her thought and effort for Roanoke. She wanted to love somebody, and be loved for herself as other girls were; she would not marry Harry because he and her father had planned that the two should marry and unite the broad acres of the Hamptons.

But the young longing for romance which was in her in spite of the choking sober business of her life, rebelled at this. She would not give herself as well as all her thought and effort for Roanoke. She wanted to love somebody, and be loved for herself as the friend-stand that the great and that the great are first the great and that the great are first the great and that the great are first the great are f self as other girls were; she would not marry Harry because he and her girls between the general and Marquis Zappi and life and process. Prancis are the Chateau to live. Marquis before leaving of this son as the control of the son while the former case to care for the Marquis before leaving of this son as the control of the son and the process. Prancis to be a ward of the control of the son the leaving pictor as a ward of the grant of the son the leaving the control of the son that the will not interfere between table as several and ward to be a strange bow who process to be read and the son to be a strange to who the process to be read to be control to be process. Prancis takes a several discusser prancis takes a several discusser prancis takes a several to be the several discusser that the second to be read to be control to be prancis to be the second to be read to be control to be prancis to be the second to be read to be the second to the second dor of the wine cellar of the Zappis, crois receives a note from Pietro exing in detail how to escape from his on. Alixe awaits him on horseback lends him to his friends on board American sailing vessel, the "Lovely F." Francois, as a guest of Harry spion, on the "Lovely Lucy," goes to rrica to manage Pietro's estate in finia. Francois wins the respect and fration of the aristocratic southernestate in respect and labor!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Hero Worship. st had come about that Lucy Hampton was a scholar of Francois. The sung by the colonel at the dinner-table. Harry's and his happiness. Francois had offered to teach madem-

colonel had accepted the offer. "If you are not too busy, Chevalier. And I suppose your-ah-accent-is shall be ready to pay," and the colone!

extremely generous. "Father!" Lucy cried quickly. they swept up with their wide brown gaze full on the colonel's face. "I am not too busy, Monsieur the Colonel. Monsieur knows, but yet I am instructed. I was for years at Saint-Cyr. the great military school of As for money"-a quick motion, all French, spoke a whole sentence. "If Monsieur insists on that-that must finish it. To me it would be impossible to take money for the pleasure of teaching mademoiselle." He fashed at Lucy a smile all gentleness, and Lucy's eyes, waiting for that

The colonel blustered a bit, but the lessons were arranged as Francois wished, twice a week throughout the winter he rode over from Carnifax to give them. And little by little he came to know the small mistress of the manor as few had known her. People thought Lucy Hampton too serious and

smile, met his shyly.



Lucy Stood in the Doorway.

staid for a young girl; no one realized that, her mother being dead and her father such as he was, the clear-headed little person had begun at ten or twelve years old to know that she must make her own decisions, and a seer of visions. many of her father's also. At fourteen she had taken the keys and the responsibilities of the house, and now, at sixteen, she was in reality the head of the whole great plantation. The onel, who would have been most indignant to be teld so, leaned on her in every detail, and it was she who nned and decided and often executed the government of the little king-

All this lay on the siender shoulders I. Monsieur?" of Lucy Hampton, and besides all this he had begun in very childhood to old up the hands and do the thinking ompetent father. It was not wonderful that she was graver and slower to frolic than other girls of too much for me, Mademoiselle. It piece, deep yet in his reverie, as the Her conscientious young was full of care, and light-heart- your voice," he answered in the deep sparkled and spluttered. dness of youth had never had a tone of a Frenchman, the tone that chance to grow in that crowded place. has ever a half note of tragedy, as of leon—those men who talked about for cousin had come to live with them

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of ago; and Lucy knew quite well that talk English. That is breaking the "Did any of your family ever see

lean on others or to be happy without her share of the burden. Yet, Harry thought, "If I might only help her, and

But Lucy, going about her busy days, never guessed this. She thought of Harry as the boy whom she had grown up with, to be cared for tenderly always because of his misfortune, to be helped and planned for and loved indeed, because he was lame colonel lamenting on a day that there and her cousin, and because he was were no capable teachers of French in a dear boy and her best friend. But the neighborhood, that Lucy's school- as the hero of her own romance to girl command of the language was come, she refused to think of him at fast disappearing, and an accomplish- all. More firmly she refused such an ment so vital to a lady was likely soon idea, of course, because her father to be lost-this saga of regret being had hinted that it would complete both

Francois, with quick insight, saw as oiselle his mother tongue. And the much as this, and was anxious for the boy who had been his warm and steady friend. What he did not see was that Luck was fitting his own entirely good? One can not be too personality into that empty notch of careful, you know. At least we shall her imagination where an altar stood bors came, in the evening, and we sat not quarrel about the terms, for what and a candle burned, ready for the about the hearth, sometimes twenty ever money you think right to ask I image that was to come above them. people, each at his different duty, and entered his mind, for in felt himself a man of the world and his mind Alixe was the only woman living to be considered in such a relation. And, in spite of the seigneur, Francois' eyes were on his plate but in spite of Pietro, in spite of his wholehearted giving up of her, there was a shadow of the Jura Mountains?" happy obstinate corner in the depths of his soul which yet whispered As for my accent-I am a peasant, as against all reason that it might be that Alixe loved him, that it might be, for unheard-of things happened every day, it might be yet that-with France. I believe my accent is right. all honor, with all happiness to those others whom he loved-he might some day be free to love her. So that as he grew to care for and understand Lucy Hampton more and more, no faintest dream of caring for her as for-and the men they do not. And he did for Alixe came ever into his she settled back with her little feet mind.

On an evening when winter was waited in the dining-room of Roanoke House for his scholar. The room had a sweet and stately beauty, a graceful stiffness like the manners of the years before. The carved white woodwork over the doors was yellowed to ivory; the mantelpiece, brought from as if speaking to himself. "A picture France in 1732, framed in its fluted nymphs and shepherds, as if under protest, the rollicking orange of the fire. Over a mahogany sofa, covered hearth, and have looked and have seen with slippery horsehair, hung a portrait of the first lady of the manor and Francois, sitting soldierly erect in a straight chair, smiled as his gaze fell on it-it was so like yet so unlike a face which he knew. There was the delicate oval chin and straight nose, and fair, loose hair. But the portrait was staid and serious, while Lucy's amusement at the grave dignity of the

"But no, Madame-you are not so charming as your granddaughter," he said, addressing it aloud.

And then he stepped across the room to the fire, and held his hands to it and stared into it. The clock ticked firmly, the logs fell apart with soft came into his eyes as if they concentrated on something beyond the range of sight, the characteristic look of Francois, the old look of a dreamer, of

Then Lucy stood in the doorway. shadowy locks of light hair on her forehead.

"Good evening, Monsieur, I am hurt his foot and I must find plaster and bandage for him. But you will his tale." have enough of my talking even now. Father says I talk a great deal. Do toward the hearth. The carved nymphs Emperor's words. His voice shook.

frank admiration in every muscle of the girl in the deep chair smiled, but his face. He smiled, the same gentle the man sprang up and put the log through with the words which he reamused smile with which he had ad- back in place with quick efficiency. peated. dressed the portrait. "You never talk He stood silent by the tall mantelis a pleasure to me always to hear flames caught the wood again and some race-memory which centuries do him?" the girl asked.

only the year before, when his mother | not wipe out. "Only," he went on | The Frenchman turned a queer had died, his father being dead long speaking in French, "one must not look on her, and did not answer.

father considered it a good arrange effort for conversation. "What were caught a deep breath of excitement. ment. So strongly had this determi- you thinking of as you looked at the This was another Lucy Hampton from nation seized her that, looking entire- fire when I came in, Monsieur? It the serious young mistress of Roanoke ly down that way of thought, she had an air of being something pleasfailed to see that Harry might not be ant. Did I not say all that beauti-

> He corrected a lame verb with serious accuracy and she repeated the "But you haven't said yet what you said, and then, impetuously, "Tell me

> The large brown eyes turned on hers. "It was of my old home in France, Mademoiselle, when I was oftenest to inspire in him, he did not



Stretched Out His Arm as If to Hold a Sword.

very little," he said simply. "A large fire of logs makes me think of that." "Tell me about it," she begged with always a fire at your house?" "But no, Mademoiselle-not, of

course, in the summer. It was of the those words shall lead it to the fate winter time I thought, when the neighand the dear grandmere, was there and-" he stopped. "Does Mademoiselle really wish to hear how it was under another Napoleon," he repeatin that old farm-house of ours, in the ed dramatically. "Those were the pereur"!"

"Indeed, Mademoiselle wishes it." she assured him. "It will be a trip to Europe. I am sure I shall speak better French for going to France for ten minutes, and being among the French people, your friends. Wait now, till I am comfortable." She turned a deep chair so that it faced him, and dropped into it. "Put a footstool for me," she ordered, as southern women order the men they care on it and smiled at him. For a moment the man's brilliant gaze rested to it. "Now, Monsieur, racontez-moi une histoire," she spoke softly,

François Beaupre's look turned from many times painted in homelike coland the fire crackling, and the spinthem and hear them tonight.

across the room to the great oak table

throat and began-" sorry I kept you waiting. Hannibal pened when the Emperor was marching'-and then he was launched on I have told you."

A great hickory log fell, rolled out and shepherds seemed to frown in Francois stood regarding her, with disapproval at this irregularity, and

"Did any of them ever see Napo

his gentle pride, he went on. "I know, Mademoiselle, that I am a

her of General Gourgaud, the seigneur spite of the fact that one could see peasant boy all the opportunities were used to it—the hardy Virginians inside the bare, little, new cottage and bridle. It seemed to him he could had lain close and silent in his heart. about it!" But, though he smiled at He told her about the general's grufftold her; but he did not mention Alixe. tell me when I want to know so

much!" she pleaded, and went on. "How old were you? Did he speak to you? What did he say to you?" And the Frenchman laughed as it

at a dear child who was absurd. "Mademoiselle asks many questionswhich shall I answer?" he demanded. and the tone to her ear was the tone of love, and she trembled to hear it. "Answer"-she began, and stam-

House whom the country people knew.

yourself!'

answer.

"Quickly, Monsieur, tell me if it was

Francois turned his eyes on her.

"You have seen Napoleon!" she

her with that affectionate amusement

which she seemed, of all sentiments.

"Monsieur! you will not refuse to

Yes, Madamoiselle." he answered.

mered and flushed, and stopped. Francois went on, little thinking what damage he was doing with that unconscious charm of voice and look. "It is as Mademoiselle wishes, most certainly. I will even answer Mademoiselle's two questions at once to please her. It was when I was not quite three years old, Mademoiselle, at home in the farm-house in the valley of the Jura."

"And he spoke to you, to your own self? Are you sure?"

"But yes, he spoke to me, Mademoiselle.

"What did he say?" The smile on Francois' face went out and into its place swept an intensity of feeling: he answered solemnly: "There were quick interest. "Will you? Was there but few words, Mademoiselle, but they have been much to my life. They shall lead my life, if God pleases, which they foretold."

"What were the words?" whispered the girl, impressed with awe.

sword. "'Rise Chevalier Francois Beaupre, one day a Marshal of France perhaps you, Mademoiselle-who words the Emperor said."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Story Again. The girl, her face lifted to him. looked bewildered. "I don't under-

stand. The visionary eyes stared at her uncertainly. "I have never told this his face. "Ask me a thousand, Madthing," he said in a low tone

"Ah-but it's only me," begged the

"Only you, Mademoiselle!" His voice any-any daughter?" went on as if reflecting aloud. "It is the guiding star of my life-that like way, the way of a teacher of lanwearing away to cold spring, François on her and the girl saw it, and thrilled story; yet I may tell it"—he paused—

"to 'only you." Again the girl quivered, feeling the ter-of-fact tone. And then, "Made rot his uncle sent him from Chicago." intensity, mistaking its meaning. "I her to the fire, and the air of gazing should be glad if you would tell it," women who first lived in it, a hundred at something far away came again. she spoke almost in a whisper, but "It is a picture I see as I think of Francois, floating backward on a that time of my childhood," he began, strong tide to those old beloved days,

did not notice. "It may seem a simple affair to you. pillars, its garlands and chiseled ors on my brain. Many a night in the Mademoiselle—I can not tell that. It winter I have sat, a little boy, by the has affected my life. The way of it side of my grandmother, at that great was this: Napoleon marched to Germany in the year 1813, and passed all the faces, have heard all the voices with his staff through our village. The house of my father was the largest Condition That Must Be Recognized ning-wheel whirring, even as I see in the village, and it was chosen to be, for an hour, the Emperor's head-"And from time to time one of the quarters, and the Emperor held a men, as he talked, rose up and strode council of war, he and his generals, there. I, a child of three, was sleep They are entering "the strong, flour particularly ours, while the work that where lay always on a wooden plate ing in a room which opened from ishing, and beautiful age of man's we put our hearts into is not recoga long loaf of black bread, with a the great room, and I wakened with life." They decree the changes. The nized or rewarded. But in the strugface, as this man had seen it, had knife, and always a glass and a bottle the sound of voices, and ran in, unmap of the world may be rolled up- gle for spiritual existence we adapt kindly eyes and a mouth smiling al. of eau-de-vie-brandy. And I remem- noticed, for they were all bent over ways. He shook his head in gentle ber how manly it looked to me, watch- the table, looking at the maps and ited. But still they come, claiming all ing, when I saw him take the loaf lists of the mayor—and I pulled at the the rights of the adventurer and pio- to look elsewhere for recognition. We under his arm and hold it, and slice sword of Marshal Ney. And the mar- neer. Domains must be found for do not expect people to pay us for our off boldly a great piece of the fresh shal, turning quickly, knocked me them if the old earth has gone stale. best. We look to the approval of rye bread, and pour out a giass of over. I cried out, and my grand- If the life of danger and discovery is conscience, to the light of our ideal brandy and toss it off as he ate the mother ran to me, and I have often ended, then they will turn their hand bread. The stories seemed to grow heard her tell how she peeped from against our secure world and refash- good, or to the judgment of God. Our better after the teller had done that, the door under the shoulder of the big ion the pleasant places. They will "And always I waited, even through sentry who would not let her pass, uproot tradition and shatter the instithe tale of the ghost and the fire and how she saw a young general tutions. We should like them better appreciation of our best work we look sliding sounds, and he stared down at breathing hound, till the talk should pick me up and set me on my feet. if they fitted into our scheme, if they to a judge more just and keen-sightthem-his thoughts far away-a look swing round, as it did ever toward and how all the great officers laughed were ruddy and cheery and ended ed than our paymaster.-Richard C. the end, to the stories of Napoleon when he said that the sword was in there. But they come earnest and Cabot, in the Atlantic. that were fresh in men's minds in contest between Marshal Ney and me. critical. They jeer at our failures, those days. It was as if I sat on And how, then, the young general sug- reject our compromises. It isn't our needles before my bedtime came, yet gested that, to settle the point amic- idea of youth our peaceful picture of I did not dare to be restless and move ably, the marshal should draw his waht youth should be. Poets sing it about for fear that my mother might sword and give me the accolade—the as if it were a pretty thing, the gentle gentle, charming from the slippered gave a sigh of content and always the selle, to shorten the tale, it was not But it is lusty with power and disassend me suddenly to bed. But I always blow of knighting. And so, Mademoi- possession of a golden race of beings. feet, locked over the instep to the grand-mere patted my head softly to the marshal, but the Emperor himself trous to comfort. Men sigh for it as hear it, when my father cleared his who chose to do it. He made me if it had vanished with old Japan at ing other work. Our road overseer kneel before him, I- a baby-and he the hour when it is romping in their came along a few days later and placed "There is a small thing that hap struck my shoulder the blow of the courtyard and challenging their dear a white pole in the creek with inches accolade, and said the words which beliefs. They are wistful for it in and half inches painted on it so team-

Francois sprang to his feet and curse it in their councils, for youth high to ford. Link Lollop passed that stood as he repeated once more the never is what the elders would have "'Rise Chevaller Francois Beaupre, one day a Marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he cried, thrilled less track.—Collier's Weekly.

The girl leaning forward, watched him; with a gasp she spoke. "Thenthat is why you are really Chevalier Beaupre? Did the Emperor have the right to-to knight you?" "But yes, Mademoiselle," Francois answered with decision. "I have stud- sician knows that the best parts of hot as ever.—Philadelphia Record.

a right of the monarchs of France.

in abeyance, a right." The glance of the brilliant eyes met hers with a frank calmness which doorway and made his bow. "Au showed that he claimed nothing which plaisir de vous revoir," he said, and he did not feel; that this haphazard was gone. nobility had lived in his soul and grown with his growth, and come to be part of him. With a gentle humility, very winning as it sprang from

with a small place in life at the pres- ed on the hearth; hot dishes steamed ent. I know this. And even that on the table; the giri's face, the crackposition which I have is more than ling fire, the polished silver reflected my brothers. For you must know, from polished mahogany; the soft Mademoiselle, that the others grew up shod, solicitous service of a whiteto be farmers or tradesmen." He hes aproned negro; all this made the itated, and then in a few words told room fragrant with homeliness in of Vicques, and how he had given the one's breath in the air. But they which his own son could have had. of those days of open fires and no fur-And as he talked he remembered how. after his father's ruin, he had stood watched through the window his mother standing at the gate and talking to the seigneur, who held Lisette's see the dark braided hair of La Claire, coiled around her head, and the deep point of her white neck-handkerchief as she stood with her back to him, and the big bow of the apron tied about her waist. The picture came that he talked on, and told this stranger in a strange land many things that ness, which could not hide his goodcottage; something of Pietro also he

"You spoke of three children, Monsieur; who was the third?" asked

Francois went on as if he had not heard the question. "It was a happy life, Mademoiselle," he said. "And it has been so ever since-even, for the most part, in prison. I have wondered at times if the world is all filled with such kind people as I have met, or if

it is just my good luck." Lucy Hampton had been reading aloud to her sick black mammy that day, and some of the words of the book she had read came to her, and seemed to fit. "The kingdom of God and was tried for it-and all that-father talked about it so much I could not help knowing a little about it, but I don't remember distinctly."

"But certainly, Mademoiselle. was "the prince." "Then, haven't they just done some-

thing to him? Isn't there something people are interested in just now about that Prince Louis?"

The grave bright smile flashed out at her. "In truth, Mademoiselle, there is. The prince was shipped by his jailers on the frigate Andromede more than four months ago, for what port is unknown. One has not heard of him lately, and there are fears that he may have suffered shipwreck. But I do not fear. It is the hope of France, it is France's destiny which the An-Chevalier Beaupre. He was exiled Francois suddenly stood erect and dromede carries. It will carry that great cargo safely. The young prince from France, as you may or may not will yet come to his own, and I-and knows?-will cry for him 'Vive l'Em-

The tone full of feeling thrilled through the girl. She flushed and stammered as she went on, but Francois, carried away by his enthusiasm, did not think of it. "If you will let me ask just one question more, Monsieur, I will promise not to ask any

after. The flicker of amusement lighted emoiselle."

"No, only one. Did that seigneurthat General Gourgaud-did he have Harlem. "I never would have be-The Frenchman rose in a business-

guage at the end of a lesson.

Is Pointed Out by Writer in

Magazine.

it. It does unacceptable things, while

age stands blinking and sorrowful. It

is unruly, turbulent power on its end-

Thing Never Paid For.

gets satisfaction out of it, puts him-

self into it. Moreover he does things

that he cannot be given credit for,

finishes parts that no one else will

notice. Even a mediocre amateur mu-

Anyone who does his work well or

Clear the way for the young men.

every acre tramped upon and inhab. ourselves to the unappreciative fea-

led the question, and I believe that the moiselle has talked enchantingly well accolade—the knighting—was always this evening, but I have perhaps talked too much. I may have tired Maddisused, perhaps at times, but yet held emoiselle. I have the honor to wish

you a good evening." His heels together, he stood in the

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Prince Comes

The glittering morning sunlight of late March flooded the eastern diningpeasant and that I must be content room of Roanoke house. A fire blaznaces, of many luxuries and few comforts, and in happy ignorance of world progress, they suffered cheerfully and were strong.

Colonel Henry Hampton faced a portrait of the first Hampton of Roanoke. stately with brass buttons and silver lace, set in the panels seventy-five years before. Lucy had concluded her broiled chicken and bacon and hot bread, and now as he, late for breakfast always, followed in her wake, vividly. And it opened his heart so Herald with which a colored boy had he read the Norfolk and Portsmouth that morning ridden out from Norfolk, eight miles away. It was before the time of daily papers, except in a large city or two, and this of once a week was an event; a boy was sent to Norness; and how he had come to be the folk the day before its publication child of the castle as well as of the that the colonel might have it at the earliest moment.

"How would you like to see a live prince, Lucy?" he inquired. "The Hereld states that we have one with us, not ten miles from Roanoke. Prince Louis Napoleon was landed from the Andromede, in Norfolk, only yesterday. Poor young man," he went on condescendingly, "he has no money, I understand, and here he is stranded in a strange country with his fortune to make, and no assets but a title. It's little that will help him in the states!

Colonel Hampton glanced over to see if she were listening to his words of wisdom; he liked an attentive audience. He was enchanted with her expression. She had dropped knife and fork and, with her blue eyes stretched wide, her white teeth shining, was drinking in his sentences.

"Father! Is Prince Louis in Norfolk? How can it be? Monsieur Beaupre was talking to me about him last night, and he did not dream of his coming here. Surely he would have known if the prince were, expected."

Colonel Hampton smiled sarcastically. "You will find that your father occasionally knows more than even Monsieur Beaupre, and even on French questions, I may add," he announced, from a mountain height. "But in one point you are right, my dear. The prince was not expected ago, on account of his attempt on Strasburg, and was sent out on the Andromede, with sealed orders. No one knew his destination until he landed, on the twenty-eighth, in Norfolk. There"-the colonel got up and walked to the fireplace and stood with his back to the blaze, and his legs far apart, masterfully. "There, my dear, I have given you a dose of history for a female mind. How are you going to amuse your little self today?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dreadful.

"Mercy, child!" exclaimed Mrs. lieved my little boy could use such language. Been playing with bad children again, haven't you?" "No'm." replied her little boy. "Teddy Bacon "One," he answered briefly in a mat- and I have been playing with a par-

plays, are heard by no one but him-

self and "the God of things as they

are." There might be bitterness in

the thought that in ou' work we get

paid or praised only for what is not

tures of our environment and learn

seen more clearly when our work is

terms differ more than our tenden-

cies. The essential point is that for

Hi Failed to Come Up.

Hi Larity treated his peg leg to a

handsome coat of white paint one day

inches and half inches on it and has

since been using it as a measuring

stick when digging postholes and co-

Summers staring at the pole most in-

Queer Things.

cold her temper is apt to remain as

to come up."-Kansas City Star.

this week, after which he painted

Would Be Appreciable Betterment of Public Health. WAY FOR THE YOUNG MEN! his playing, his personal tributes to the genius of the composer whom he

their usual arguments one which is not so frequently used, but is very important-namely, that good roads are direct aids to sanitation. Weeds and other rank vegetable

mosquitoes and other disease-carrying insects. Sound road building causes the removal of weeds and similar trash. Weed and brush undergrowths by the roadside invite deposit of garbage and offal. Good roads do away with these disease-breeding agencies. Good roads also prevent disease by providing good drainage. Many farms

have no drainage except by ditches along the side of the road. Open ditches, clear of brush and debris, of hard surface and proper fall afford farms an opportunity to rid themselves of stagnant pools. Oiling of roads destroys insect lar-

school children who, in country localities, walk quite a distance to and from school, to keep their shoes and stockings dry, thus preventing colds, and their frequent consequences, pneumonia and tuberculosis. Logical tracing of effects to causes

leaves no ground for doubt that if all the roads in the United States were good roads there would be appreciable betterment of the public health

A Difference in Roads.

Two farmers living in separate counties, but at an equal distance from the cotton market, learned by telephone that co.ton had advanced in price \$1 per bale. The farmer living on a bad road, according to Arkansas Homestead, responded by hauling one bale of cotton, which was all he could get over the unimproved road, while the other farmer was able to haul four bales, owing to favorable road conditions. The rise in price gained a oprofit of \$4 to one and \$1 to his neigh-



·ROAD ·

USE BURNED CLAY ON ROADS

Sticky or Plastic Qualities Are De-

stroyed and Bears Traffic in

Wettest Kind of Weather.

(By OLIVER BENNOCK, Colorado Ag-

ricultural College.)

only material available from which

roads can be constructed is clay. In

such localities traffic is almost en-

tirely impossible during the wet sea-

sons, as the wheels of the heavy ve-

hicles will sink to the hub.

In some sections of the country the

Entrance to Ute Pass, Near Manitou. Colo.-One of the Best Examples of Mountain Road Building in West.

sticky or plastic qualities are destroyed, so that even in the wettest weather it will bear traffic. This permits the firing of the clay along the entire length of the road, thus avoiding the cost of hauling it, and at the same time gaining the advantage of burning the foundation of the road as

Good solid wood is laid at intervals along the side of the road, about one cord for eight linear feet of roadbed. twelve feet wide. The road bed is first evenly graded and then plowed as deeply as practical. Furrows about four feet apart are then dug across the road and extended beyond the part to be burned on either side. The first course of cord wood is laid longitudinally, so as to fire a series of flues in which the firing is started. From 15 to 20 of these flues are fired at once. The rest of the cord wood is then placed on this flooring and then the clay is placed over the whole structure as evenly as possible, in a layer of not less than six to eight inches. This is tamped and rounded off, so that the heat will be held within the flues as long as possible.

After burning, the road is graded and rolled until the road bed is smooth and hard.

GOOD ROADS AID SANITATION

If All Highways Were Improved There

Friends of good roads should add to

growths are prolific breeders of flies,

vae. Dry, hard roads also enable pedestrians, especially the thousands of

their transfigured memory, and they sters can tell when the creek is too way shortly after and found Simp tently. Link asked him what he was watching. "I've been settin' here nearly an hour," Simp replied, "waitin' to see what Hi's divin' after, but hit seems like hit takes him a long time Queer how things even themselves up. Even when a woman's love grows