



# The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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### SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Allahabad, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Arriving in Allahabad, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father is dead, she is to be queen, and must marry him. She refuses and is informed by the priests that no woman can rule unmaried. She is given seven days to think it over. She still refuses, and is told that she must undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. If she survives she will be permitted to rule. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from Bruce and the rest of the party. She takes refuge in a ruined temple, but this haven is the abode of a lion and she is forced to flee from it. She finds a retreat in the jungle only to fall into the hands of slave traders. Kathlyn is brought to the public market in Allahabad and sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmitive, throws her into the dungeon with her father. She is rescued by Bruce and her friends. Colonel Hare also is rescued. Umballa, with soldiers, starts in pursuit. Kathlyn is struck by a bullet. The fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Bala Khan. Supplied with camels by the hospitable prince, they start for the coast.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued.

All day long they wound in and out, over and down the rolling mounds of sand, pausing only once, somewhere near four o'clock, when they dismounted for a space to enjoy a bite to eat and a dish of tea. Then on again, through the night, making about sixty miles in all. At dawn they came upon a well, and here they decided to rest till sunset. Beyond the well, some twenty-five miles, lay the low mountain range over which they must pass to the sea. At the foot of these hills stood a small village, which they reached about ten o'clock that night.

They found the village wide awake. The pariah dogs were howling. And on making inquiries it was learned that a tiger had been prowling about for three or four nights, and that they had set a trap cage for the brute. The colonel and Bruce at once assumed charge. The old zest returned with all its vigor and allurements. Even Kathlyn and Pundita decided to join the expedition, though Pundita knew nothing of arms.

Now, this village was the home of the nine brigands, and whenever they were about they dominated the villagers. They were returning from a foraging expedition into the hills, and discovered the trap cage with the tiger inside. Very good. The tiger was no use to any but themselves, since they knew where to sell it. They were in the act of pulling the brush away from the cage when they heard sounds of others approaching. With the suspicion which was a part of their business they immediately ran to cover to see who it was.

Instantly the chief of the brigands discovered that these new arrivals were none other than the white people who had given him and his men a superdrug and thereby mulcted them out of the sacred white elephant which was to have brought them a fortune.

Unfortunately, the men of Kathlyn's party laid aside their weapons on approaching the cage to tear away the brush. Eight brigands, at a sign from their chief, surrounded the investigators, who found themselves nicely caught.

The natives fled incontinently. So did Bala Khan's camel men.

"Death if you move!" snarled the chief. "Ab, you gave us bad opium, and we dropped like logs! Swine!" He raised his rifle threateningly.

"Wait a minute," said Bruce coolly. "What you want is money."

"Ay, money! Ten thousand rupees!"

"It shall be given you if you let us go. You will conduct us over the hills to the sea, and there the money will be given you."

The chief laughed long and loudly. "What! Am I a goat to put my head inside the tiger's jaws? Nay, I shall hold you here for ransom. Let them bring gold. Now, take hold," indicating the trap cage. "We shall take this fine man eater along with us. I am speaking to you, white men, and you, pig of a Hindu! Chahu! I will kill anyone who falters. Opium! Ah, yes! You shall pay for my headache and the sickness of my comrades. Chahu! And you white woman, she shall give a ransom of her own!"

The village juttied out into the desert after the fashion of a peninsula. On the west of it lay another stretch of sand. They followed the verdure till they reached the base of the rocky hills, which were barren of any vegetation, huge jumbles of granite the color of porphyry. During the night they made about ten miles, and at dawn were smothered by one of those raging sandstorms, prevalent in this latitude. They had to abandon the trap cage and seek shelter in a nearby cave. Here they remained huddled together till the storm died away.

"It has blown itself out," commented the chief. Then he spoke to Ramabai. "Who is this man?" with a nod toward the colonel.

"He is an American."

"He came for Allah?"

"Yes," said Ramabai, unsuspectingly.

"Ha! Then that great prince did not lie."

"What price?" cried Ramabai, now alarmed.

"The Prince Durga Ram. Three fat bags of silver, he said, would he pay for the white hunter with the white hair. It is the will of Allah!"

The colonel's head sank upon his knees. Kathlyn patted his shoulder.

"Father, I tell you mind not the mouthings of a vile guru. We shall soon be free."

"Kit, this time, if I return to Allahabad, I shall die. I feel it in my bones."

"And I say no!"

The chief turned to Ramabai. "You said the woman with you shall this day

seek two camels of the five you borrowed from Bala Khan. You will journey at once to Allahabad. Do not waste your time in stopping to acquaint Bala Khan. At the first sign of armed men each of those left shall die in yonder tiger cage."

"We refuse!"

"Then be the first to taste the tiger's fangs!"

The chief called to his men to seize Ramabai and Pundita, when Kathlyn interferred.

"Go, Ramabai! It is useless to fight against these men who mean all they say, and who are as cruel as the tiger himself."

"It shall be as the memsahib says," replied Ramabai, resignedly.

One morning Umballa entered the judgment hall of the palace, disturbed in mind. Anonymous notes, bidding him not to persecute Ramabai and his wife further, on pain of death. He had found these notes at the door of his zenana, in his stables, on his pillows. In his heart he had sworn the death of Ramabai; but here was a phase upon which he had set no calculation. Had there not been unrest abroad he would have scorned to pay any attention to these warnings; but this Ramabai—may he burn in hell!—was a power with the populace, with low and high castes alike, and for the first time, now that he gave the matter careful thought, his own future did not look particularly clear. More than ever he must plan with circumspection. He must trap Ramabai, openly, lawfully, in the matter of sedition.

Imagine his astonishment when, a few minutes after his arrival, Ramabai and Pundita demanded audience, the one straight of back and proud of look, the other serene and tranquil! Umballa felt a wave of blind hatred surge over him, but he gave no sign. Ramabai stated his case briefly. Colonel Hare and his daughter were being held prisoners for ransom. Three bags of silver—something like five thousand rupees—were demanded by the captors.

The Council looked toward Umballa, who nodded, having in mind the part of the good Samaritan, with reservations, to be sure. Having trod the paths of the white man, he had acquired a certain adroitness in holding his people. They had at best only the stability of chickens. What at one moment was a terror was at another a feast. For the present, then, he would pretend that he had forgotten all about Ramabai's part in the various unsuccessful episodes.

To the Council and the gurus (or priests) he declared that he himself would undertake to assume the part of envoy; he himself would bring the legal king of Allahabad back to his throne. True, the daughter had been crowned, but she had forfeited her rights. Thus he would return with Colonel Hare as soon as he could make the journey and return.

"He is contemplating some treachery," said Ramabai to his wife. "I must try to learn what it is."

In his shop in the bazaars Lal Singh had resumed his awl. He had, as a companion, a bent and shabby old man, whose voice, however, possessed a resonance which belied the wrinkles and palsied hands.

"The rains," said Lal Singh, "are very late this year. Leather will be poor."

"Aye."

All of which signified to Ahmed that the British raj had too many affairs

to attend to.

"You mustn't talk like that," said Bruce. "You've been in tighter places than this. If we can get free, leave the rest to me. So long as one can see and hear and move, there's hope."

"I'm becoming a coward. Do what you can. I promise to obey you in all things."

Bruce bent as far as he could, and went desperately to work at the knot with his teeth. Success or failure did not really matter; simply, he did not propose to die without making a mighty struggle to avoid death. The first knot became loose, then another. Kathlyn stirred her hands cautiously.

"Now!" he whispered.

She twisted her hands two or three times and found them free.

"Mine, now!" said Bruce. "Hurry!"

It was a simple matter for her to release Bruce.

"God bless those rupees!" he murmured. "There'll be a fine row in a minute. Keep perfectly still, and when the moment comes follow me in to the cave. They have left their guns in there."

"You are a brave and ready man, Mr. Bruce."

"You called me John once."

"Well, then, John," a ghost of a smile fitting across her lips. Men were not generally sentimental in the face of death.

"There are nine of us!" screamed one of the brigands.

"And I claim one bag because with-out my help and brains you would have had nothing," roared the chief. "Who warned you against the opium? Ha, pig!"

The first blow was struck. Instantly the chief drew his knife and lunged at the two nearest him.

"Treachery!"

"Ha! Pigs! Dogs! Come, I'll show you who is master!"

"Thief!"

The remaining brigands closed in upon their leader and bore him down upon his back.

"To the tiger with him!"

"Now!" cried Bruce.

He flung the rope from his hands, caught Kathlyn by the arm, and, running and stumbling, they gained the cave, either ignored or unobserved by the victorious brigands.

They dragged the stunned leader to his feet and haled him to the cage, lashing him to a wheel. Next, they seized the rope which operated the door and retired to the mouth of the cave.

"Rob us, would he?"

"Take the lion's share when we did all the work!"

"Swine!"

"I will give it all to you!" whined the whilom chief, mad with terror.

"And knife us in the back when we sleep! No, no! You have kicked and cuffed us for the last time!"

Bruce picked up one of the rifles and drew Kathlyn farther into the cave.

"Get behind me and crouch low. They'll come around to us presently."

The rascals gave the rope a savage pull, and from where he stood Bruce could see the lean striped body of the furious tiger leap to freedom.

"Keep your eyes shut. It will not be a pleasant thing to look at," he warned the girl.

But Kathlyn could not have closed her eyes if she had tried. She saw the brute pause, turn, and strike at the helpless man at the wheel, then lunge off, doubtless having in mind to test his freedom before he fed.

The remaining brigands rushed out and gathered up the bags of rupees.

This was the opportunity for which Bruce had waited.

"Come. There may be some outlet to this cave. Here is another rifle. Let us cut for it! When thieves fall out; you know the old saying."

was delivered that night he would rid himself of them all. The tiger was starving. In order to prove that he was not chattering idly he had the prisoners tied to the wheels of the cage. It would at least amuse him to watch their growing terror.

"Look! Some one is coming!" cried Kathlyn.

The chief saw the caravan at the same time, and he set up a shout of pleasure. Three fat bags of silver rupees!

Umballa, the good Samaritan, bargained with the chief. He did not want all the prisoners, only one. Three bags of silver would be forthcoming upon the promise that the young woman and the young man should be disposed of.

"By the tiger?"

Umballa shrugged. To him it mattered not how. The chief, weary of his vigil, agreed readily enough, and Umballa turned over the silver.

"The guru, my Kit! You see? This is the end. Well, I am tired. A flitree basket of gems!"

"So!" said Umballa, smiling at Kathlyn. "You and your lover shall indeed be wed—by the striped one! A sad tale I shall take back with me. You were both dead when I arrived."

Presently Bruce and Kathlyn were alone. They could hear the brute in the cage, snarling and clawing at the wooden door.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the Jackal's Lair.

The golden sands, the purple cliffs, the translucent blue of the heavens, and the group of picturesque rascals jabbering and gesticulating and pressing about their chief made a picture Kathlyn was never to forget.

"Patience, my little ones!" said the chief, showing his white, strong teeth in what was more of a snarl than a smile. "There is plenty of time."

Bruce leaned toward Kathlyn.

"Stand perfectly still, just as you are. I believe I can reach the knot back of your hands. This squabbling is the very thing needed. They will not pay any attention to us for a few minutes, and if I can read signs they'll all be at each other's throats shortly."

"But even if we get free what can we do?"

Kathlyn was beginning to lose both faith and heart. The sight of her father being led back to Allahabad by Durga Ram, after all the misery to which he had been subjected, shook the courage which had held her up these long, unhappy weeks. For she realized that her father was still weak, and that any additional suffering would kill him.

"You mustn't talk like that," said Bruce. "You've been in tighter places than this. If we can get free, leave the rest to me. So long as one can see and hear and move, there's hope."

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"There are nine of us!" screamed one of the brigands.

"And I claim one bag because with-out my help and brains you would have had nothing," roared the chief. "Who warned you against the opium? Ha, pig!"

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"Come. There may be some outlet to this cave. Here is another rifle. Let us cut for it! When thieves fall out; you know the old saying."

They ran back several yards and discovered a kind of chasm leading diagonally upward.

"Thank God! We can get out of this after all. Are you strong enough for a stiff climb?"

"I've got to be—John!"

"Trust me, Kathlyn," he replied simply. He had but one life, but he determined then and there to make it equal or outlast the six lives which stood between him and liberty.

The brigands, having succeeded in their mutiny, beheld themselves of their prisoners, only to find that they had vanished. Familiar with the cave and its outlet, they started eagerly in pursuit. They reasoned that if an old man was worth three bags of rupees, two young people might naturally be worth twice as much. And besides, being tigers, they had tasted blood.

A shout caused Bruce to turn. Instantly he raised his rifle, and pulled the trigger. The result was merely a snap. The gun had not been loaded. He snatched Kathlyn's rifle, but this, too, was useless. The brigands yelled excitedly and began to swarm up the ragged cliff. Bruce fung aside the gun and turned his attention to a boulder. Half way up the chasm had a width which was little broader than the shoulders of an ordinary man. He waited till he saw the wretches within



"It Will Be Death!" Objected Kathlyn and Bruce.

just then to give proper attention to the middle in Allahabad.

"But there is this man Ramabai. He runs deep."

"So!"

"He has been conspiring for months."

"Then why does he not strike?"

"He is wary. He is wary; a good sign." Lal Singh reached for his pipe and set the water bubbling. "In a few weeks I believe all will be ready, even the British raj."

"Why will men be sheep?"

Lal Singh shrugged. "Only Allah knows. But what about this guru's curse you say follows the colonel sahib?"

"It is true. I was there," said Ahmed. "And here am I, with a price on my head!"

"In the business we are in there will always be a price on our heads. And Umballa will bring back the colonel sahib. What then?"

"We know what we know, Lal Singh," and the face under the hood broke into a smile.

Five days passed. The chief of the brigands was growing restless. He finally declared that unless the ransom

was delivered that night he would rid himself of them all. The tiger was starving. In order to prove that he was not chattering idly he had the prisoners tied to the wheels of the cage. It would at least amuse him to watch their growing terror.

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"This Time I Am Pretending to Be Your Enemy."

a yard or so of this spot, then pushed the boulder. It roared and crashed and bounded, and before it reached the narrow pathway Bruce had started a mate to it. Then a third followed. This caused a terrific slide of rocks and boulders, and the brigands turned for their lives.

"That will be about all for the present," said Bruce, wiping his forehead.

"Now if we can make that village we shall be all right. Bala Khan's men will not leave with the camels till they learn whether we are dead or alive. It will be a hard trek, Miss Kathlyn. Ten miles over sand is worse than 50 over turf. I don't think we'll see any more of those ruffians."

"Kathlyn," she said.

"Well—Kathlyn!"

"Or, better still, at home they call me Kit."

They smiled into each other's eyes, and no words were needed. Thus quickly youth discards its burdens!

That he did not take her into his arms at once proved the caliber of the man. And Kathlyn respected him none the less for his control. She knew now, and she was certain that her eyes had told him as frankly as any words would have done; and she fell into his stride, strangely embarrassed and not a little frightened. The firm grasp of his hand as here and there he steadied her sent a thrill of exquisite pleasure through her.

Love! She laughed softly; and he stopped and eyed her in astonishment.

"What is it?"

"Nothing," she answered.

But she went on with the thought which had provoked her laughter. Love! Danger all about, unseen, hidden; misery in the foreground, and perhaps death beyond; her father back in chains, to face she knew not what horrors, and yet she could pause by the wayside and think of love!

"There was something," he insisted.

Umballa sent a messenger on before, for he loved the theatrical, which is innate in all orientals. He desired to enter the city to the shrilling of reeds and the booming of tom-toms; to impress upon this unruly populace that he, Durga Ram, was a man of his word, that when he set out to accomplish a thing it was as good as done. His arrival was greeted with cheers, but there was an undertone of groans that was not pleasant to his keen ears. Deep in his heart he cursed, for by these sounds he knew that only the froth was his, the froth and scum of the town. The iron heel; so they would have it in preference to his friendship. O, for some way to trap Ramabai, to hold him up in ridicule, to smash him down from his pedestal, known but as yet unseen!

He wondered if he would find any more of those anonymous notes relating to the inviolable person of Ramabai. Woe to him who laid them about, could he but put his hand upon him! He, Durga Ram, held Allah in the hollow of his hand, and this day he would prove it.

So he put a rope about the waist of Colonel Hare, and led him through the streets, as the ancient Romans had read about did to the vanquished. He himself recognized the absurdity of all these things, but his safety lay in the fact that the populace at large were incapable of reasoning for themselves; they saw only that which was visible to the eye.

On the palace steps he harangued the people, praising his deeds. He alone had gone into the wilderness and faced death to ransom their lawful king. Why these bonds? The king had shirked his duty; he had betrayed his trust; but in order that the people should be no longer without a head, this man should become their prisoner king; he should be forced to sign laws for their betterment. Without the royal signature the treasury could not be touched, and now the soldiers should be paid in full.

From the soldiers about came wild huzzahs.

Martens Easily Colonized.

Martens are not at all fastidious about the outward appearance of their dwellings, and a large good suspended from the top of a dead tree or a pole, or any kind of a weatherlight box or barrel, however rude, when divided into compartments answers their needs as well as the most costly and ornamental house. The rooms should be about four and one-half inches wide, seven inches high and eight inches in diameter. The birds will not build close to the ground, having a fear of cats and other invaders; hence the houses should be elevated from the ground not less than 15 feet. Drinking water is essential for martens and all other swallows, and the presence of a small pond, lake or river greatly increases the chances for colonization.

The Miner's Bath.

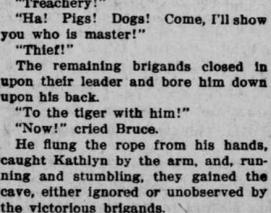
Mrs. Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes said at a recent sociological convention in New York:

"The economies that some of the rich would force upon the poor! Why, they'd have the poor as impossibly economical as the miner's wife in Trinidad."

"This woman said to a missionary: 'So you got your poem printed?'"

"Yes," replied the determined author. "I sent the first stanza to Uncle Know-It-All's column, with the inquiry: 'Can any one give the rest of this poem?'"

Then I sent in the complete poem over another name."



Breathe Clean Air.

No matter how carefully screened the windows of a sleeping car may be, dust and dirt will sift through the netting. So when you travel in a train at night you are forced to breathe in some unwelcome particles of soot and soil.

To keep out these particles carry a roll of cheese cloth or gauze when you travel and at night wet a square of it and tack it with thumbtacks or pins over the window screen. In the morning this square will be thick with soot and dust—and your lungs will be free of just that much less. So will your clothes, which is another consideration worth while.

The Road Drag.

The road drag is the simplest and least expensive contrivance yet devised for maintaining earth roads.

Improving a Poor Road.

A poor road will not only be improved by proper maintenance, but may become better in time than a good road without it.

Never Leave a Shoulder.

Never leave a shoulder in crowning a road. Cut clear to the ditches, so water can flow off the road.

Shape a Road With Grader.

Shape a dirt road up with the grader, but keep it in shape with a split-log drag.

Virginia Road After Improvement With Top Soil Gravel.

For hauls under 100 feet, or in making "fills," it is especially serviceable.

It is a mistake, however, to attempt to handle long-haul material with this scraper, as the wheel-scraper is better adapted to such work. For hauls of more than 800 feet, a wagon should be used. The machine most generally used in road work is the grader or road machine. This machine is especially useful in smoothing and crowning the road and in opening ditches.

A clay subsoil under a thin coating of soil should not be disturbed with a grader. It is also a mistake to use a grader indiscriminately and to pull material from ditches upon a sandy road.

Not infrequently turf, silt and silt from ditch bottoms are piled in the middle of the road in a ridge, making mudholes a certainty. It is important in using a grader to avoid building up the road too much at one time. A road gradually built up by frequent use of the grader will last better than if completed at one operation.

The foreman frequently thinks his road must be high in the first instance. He piles up material from ten inches to a foot in depth, only to learn, with the arrival of the first rain, that he has furnished the material for so many inches of mud. All material should be brought up in thin layers, each layer well puddled and firmly packed by a roller or traffic before the next is added. A common mistake is to crown too high with the road machine on a narrow road.

The split-log drag should be used to fill the ruts and smooth the road when not too badly washed. The drag possesses great merit and is so simple in construction and operation that every farmer should have one.

For Best Results.

The little attention that the earth road needs must be given promptly and at the proper time if the best results are to be obtained.

Good Roads Advocates.

It is gratifying to observe that every owner of an automobile immediately becomes an advocate of good roads.

The Road Drag.

The road drag is the simplest and least expensive contrivance yet devised for maintaining earth roads.

Improving a Poor Road.

A poor road will not only be improved by proper maintenance, but may become better in time than a good road without it.

Never Leave a Shoulder.

Never leave a shoulder in crowning a road. Cut clear to the ditches, so water can flow off the road.

Shape a Road With Grader.

Shape a dirt road up with the grader, but keep it in shape with a split-log drag.

"That wasn't happy laughter. What caused it?"

"Some day I will tell you—if we live."

"Live?" Then he laughed.

And she was slow to recognize the Homeric quality of his laughter.

"Kit, I am going to get you and your father out of all this, if but for one thing."

"And what is that?" curious in her turn.

"I'll tell you later." And there the matter stood.

The journey to the village proved frightfully exhausting. The two were in a sorry plight when they reached the well.

The camel men were overjoyed at the sight of them.

For hours they had waited in dread, contemplating flight, which would take them anywhere but to Bala Khan, who rewarded cowardice in one fashion only. For, but for their cowardly inactivity, their charges might by now be safe in the seaport toward which they had been journeying. So they brought food for the two and begged that they would not be accused of cowardice to Bala Khan.

"Poor devils!" said Bruce. "Had they shown the least resistance those brigand chaps would have killed them off like rats." He beckoned to the head man. "Take us back to Bala Khan in the morning, and we promise that no harm shall befall you. Now, find us a place to sleep."

Nevertheless, it was hard work to keep that promise. Bala Khan stormed and swore that death was too good for the watery hearts of his camel men. They should be crucified on the wall. Kathlyn's diplomacy averted the tragedy. Finally, with a good deal of reluctance, Bala Khan gave his word.

So Bruce and Kathlyn planned to return to Allahabad, and it was the khan himself who devised the method. The two young people should stain their skins and don native dress. He would give them two camels outright, only they would be obliged to make the journey without servants.

"But if harm comes to you, and I hear of it, by the beard of the prophet, I'll throw into Allah's sea a swarm of stinging bees that all Hind shall hear of it. Go, and may Allah watch over you, infidels though you be!"



"This Time I Am Pretending to Be Your Enemy."

Umballa sent a messenger on before, for he loved the theatrical, which is innate in all orientals. He desired to enter the city to the shrilling of reeds and the booming of tom-toms; to impress upon this unruly populace that he, Durga Ram, was a man of his word, that when he set out to accomplish a thing it was as good as done. His arrival was greeted with cheers, but there was an undertone of groans that was not pleasant to his keen ears. Deep in his heart he cursed, for by these sounds he knew that only the froth was his, the froth and scum of the town. The iron heel; so they would have it in preference to his friendship. O, for some way to trap Ramabai, to hold him up in ridicule, to smash him down from his pedestal, known but as yet unseen!

He wondered if he would find any more of those anonymous notes relating to the inviolable person of Ramabai. Woe to him who laid them about, could he but put his hand upon him! He, Durga Ram, held Allah in the hollow of his hand, and this day he would prove it.

So he put a rope about the waist of Colonel Hare, and led him through the streets, as the ancient Romans had read about did to the vanquished. He himself recognized the absurdity of all these things, but his safety lay in the fact that the populace at large were incapable of reasoning for themselves; they saw only that which was visible to the eye.

On the palace steps he harangued the people, praising his deeds. He alone had gone into the wilderness and faced death to ransom their lawful king. Why these bonds? The king had shirked his duty; he had betrayed his trust; but in order that the people should be no longer without a head, this man should become their prisoner king; he should be forced to sign laws for their betterment. Without the royal signature the treasury could not be touched, and now the soldiers should be paid in full.

From the soldiers about came wild huzzahs.

Martens Easily Colonized.

Martens are not at all fastidious about the outward appearance of their dwellings, and a large good suspended from the top of a dead tree or a pole, or any kind of a weatherlight box or barrel, however rude, when divided into compartments answers their needs as well as the most costly and ornamental house. The rooms should be about four and one-half inches wide, seven inches high and eight inches in diameter. The birds will not build close to the ground, having a fear of cats and other invaders; hence the houses should be elevated from the ground not less than 15 feet. Drinking water is essential for martens and all other swallows, and the presence of a small pond, lake or river greatly increases the chances for colonization.

The Miner's Bath.

Mrs. Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes said at a recent sociological convention in New York:

"The economies that some of the rich would force upon the poor! Why, they'd have the poor as impossibly economical as the miner's wife in Trinidad."

"This woman said to a missionary: 'So you got your poem printed?'"

"Yes," replied the determined author. "I sent the first stanza to Uncle Know-It-All's column, with the inquiry: 'Can any one give the rest of this poem?'"

Then I sent in the complete poem over another name."

Virginia Road After Improvement With Top Soil Gravel.

For hauls under 100 feet, or in making "fills," it is especially serviceable.

It is a mistake, however, to attempt to handle long-haul material with this scraper, as the wheel-scraper is better adapted to such work. For hauls of more than 800 feet, a wagon should be used. The machine most generally used in road work is the grader or road machine. This machine is especially useful in smoothing and crowning the road and in opening ditches.

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