

AN ARTIST AND HER AUNTY.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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"Marion," gasped Miss Adams, leaning against the balusters at the head of the third flight, "do you mean to tell me that you came here alone at night? Why, I'd be scared out of my wits!"

"I don't come very often, aunty," replied the girl, "but tonight I had to finish some drawings, as I told you. There's nothing to be afraid of. The building seems quiet, but there are people in many of the studios. If anything should happen and you should scream—"

"I'm likely to do it any minute," interrupted Miss Adams.

"—you'd have assistance in no time," Marion continued. "There! Do you hear those voices?"

A door was opened in the far end of the hall above them, and a burst of uproarious song rang out:

"Jefferson Brown tried to steal her away,
Coffin sent to his house yesterday,
Now he's in it!"

The door closed again, and the details of Mr. Brown's obsequies were lost to the two ladies.

"Well, I suppose even such people as those are better than nobody," said Miss Adams, "but not much."

The gas flickered and strange, alarming shadows ran along the dingy walls of the old studio building, but Sarah Adams marched with head erect and face to the front. Marion unlocked a door near the end of the hall and entered her workroom. The gas flamed up as the elder lady crossed the threshold, revealing a small apartment full of artistic odds and ends, furniture of weird designs, tapestries aesthetically ugly, and in the midst of all a dummy model with draperies that were still fluttering in the draft from the door.

Marion had found a letter on the floor and was holding the envelope under the gaslight. It was decorated with a pen and ink sketch of a table bearing a punch bowl and numerous bottles, and Miss Adams viewed it with the strongest disapproval.

"An invitation to the ladies' night at the Paint Pot," said Marion. "It's a very swell artists' club."

"These artists are a disreputable lot," rejoined Miss Adams, "and the more I think of you in such surroundings the unhealthier my conscience gets. I wish you'd come right back with me to Hatfield. Of course you're not going to that orgy."

In what seemed to be a sheet, the four corners being tied together.

As Aunt Sarah stooped to examine it she saw a card lying on the floor. She picked up the card and read the name, "Philip Hobart."

"So these are Mr. Hobart's things," said Aunt Sarah, "and a nice way he has of sending them around. Tied up in a sheet! Well, for goodness' sake, what kind of society has poor Marion got into, I should like to know? Let's see what Mr. Hobart has sent."

Aunt Sarah lifted the bundle up on to a table and untied the knots in the sheet. The contents then revealed themselves to be a considerable portion of a gentleman's wardrobe.

There were half a dozen shirts, a dress suit, two pairs of trousers, an overcoat and some shoes.

Aunt Sarah contemplated this assortment, and a red spot appeared in each of her cheeks. Any one who knew Aunt Sarah might have seen that she was angry. Presently she strode across the room and gave the messenger call a twitch that nearly dislocated its machinery.

"The idea of asking Marion to take care of this man's old clothes!" she exclaimed. "I never heard of anything so monstrous. It's time some of these crazy artists had a lesson in manners."

A boy appeared promptly in answer to the call. Aunt Sarah let him in after making him give his word of honor three times through the door that he was neither a burglar nor an artist.

"You take this bundle to Mr. Philip Hobart," said Aunt Sarah. "He lives"—

"I know where he lives," said the boy. "I've taken messages over there before."

"From here?"

"Sure!"

"Oh, you have!" said Aunt Sarah. "Well, I guess this will be the last one. You tell Mr. Hobart that Miss Marion Adams declines to be responsible for his old clothes and that her aunt, Sarah Adams, from Hatfield, Vt., says he ought to have known better."

The boy rubbed the side of his head thoughtfully.

"Let's see if I've got it straight," he said and repeated the message with great care.

"You're a bright boy," said Aunt Sarah, and she gave him half a dollar.



"MR. HOBART!" CRIED MARION, AMAZED.

"No," said Marion. "I haven't anything to wear. And now, aunty, I want you to stay here and make yourself comfortable for a few minutes while I hunt up the janitor. I must find out whether Phil Hobart has sent those things around."

"Who's Phil Hobart and what is he going to send?"

"He's an artist," replied Marion, "the most eccentric and at the same time the finest fellow in the world. He is going away for two or three months, and he has asked me to take care of a few little things for him. He has given up his studio and has no place for them."

"Doesn't he live anywhere?" inquired Miss Adams. "I suppose not, since he's an artist."

"He lives in that house that I pointed out to you on Eighteenth street—the one with the vines on the front—but it's a boarding house, and of course he will give up his room when he goes away. Now I'm going to find the janitor. If you get lonesome, ring for a messenger boy. There's the call box."

Marion hurried away, and Aunt Sarah hastily closed the door, supplementing the spring lock by pushing a bolt. No sooner had she done this than she became aware of a big bundle that had been concealed by the door when it was open. The bundle was done up

He had no sooner gone than Marion appeared. With the rapidity and directness of speech characteristic of the New Englander in earnest Aunt Sarah related what she had done. Marion was aghast.

"Oh, aunty," she cried, "how could you? He'll never forgive me. There must be some explanation. I told you he was eccentric, but!"

"Eccentric! I call it downright insulting. Where are you going?"

"To catch that boy and bring him back," answered Marion as she ran out of the room.

Aunt Sarah followed her down the three flights of stairs to the street, but the boy was beyond recall.

So they climbed the stairs again, Marion in fearful wrath, Aunt Sarah suffering in sympathy, but sustained by conscious rectitude.

"You shouldn't have done it without consulting me," sobbed Marion as she re-entered the studio. "He may be offended and go away without giving me a chance to explain. I may never see him again."

"Small loss, I should say," rejoined Aunt Sarah. "Still, if you feel so badly about it you can write a note to him and say it was all my doing. Thank heaven, my shoulders are broad enough! Let him come and see me. I'll give him a piece of my mind."

GOOD GRAVEL ROADS.

FAR SUPERIOR TO THE COMMON EARTH HIGHWAY.

Information as to the Selection of Material—Preparing the Foundation—Grading and Rolling Very Important.

In connection with the building and maintenance of gravel roads the most important matter to consider is that of selecting the proper material. A small proportion of argillaceous sand, clayey, or earthy matter contained in some gravel enables it to pack readily and consolidate under traffic or the road roller. Seaside and river gravel, which is composed usually of rounded, water worn pebbles, is unfit for surfacing roads. The small stones of which they are composed, having no angular projections or sharp edges, easily move or slide against each other and will not bind together, and even when mixed with clay will turn freely, causing the whole surface to be loose, like materials in a shaken sieve.

Inferior qualities of gravel can sometimes be used for foundations, but where it becomes necessary to employ such material even for that purpose it is well to mix just enough sandy or clayey loam to bind it firmly together. For the wearing surface or the top layer the pebbles should, if possible, be comparatively clean, hard, angular and tough, so that they will readily consolidate and will not be easily pulverized by the impact of traffic into dust and mud. They should be coarse, varying in size from half an inch to an inch and one-half.

Where blue gravel or hardpan and clean bank gravel are procurable a good road may be made by mixing the two together. Pit gravel or gravel dug from the earth, as a rule, contains too much earthy matter. This may, however, be removed by sifting. For this purpose two sieves are necessary, through which the gravel should be thrown. The meshes of one sieve should be one and one-half or two inches in diameter, while the meshes of the other should be three-fourths of an inch. All pebbles which will not go through the one and one-half inch meshes should be rejected or broken so that they will go through. All material which sifts through the three-fourths inch meshes should be rejected for the road, but may be used in making side paths. The excellent road which can be built from materials prepared in this way is so far superior to the one made of the natural clayey material that the expense and trouble of sifting are many times repaid.

Some earth roads may be greatly improved by covering the surface with a layer of three or four inches of gravel, and sometimes even a thinner layer may prove of very great benefit if kept in proper repair. The subsoil of such roadway ought, however, to be well drained or of a light and porous nature. Roads constructed over clay soils require a layer of at least six inches of gravel. The gravel must be deep enough to prevent the weight of traffic forcing the surface material into weak places in the clay beneath, and also to prevent the surface water from percolating through and softening the clay and causing the roadway to be torn up.

Owing to a lack of knowledge regarding construction, indifference or carelessness in building or improving, roads made of gravel are often very much worse than they ought to be. Some of them are made by simply dumping the material into ruts, mudholes or butter-like depressions or on unimproved foundation and are left thus for traffic to consolidate, while others are made by covering the surface with inferior material without any attention being paid to the fundamental principles of drainage. As a result of such thoughtless and haphazard methods the road usually becomes rougher and more completely covered with holes than before.

In constructing a gravel road the roadbed should first be brought to the proper grade. Ordinarily an excavation is then made to the depth of 8 or 10 inches, varying in width with the requirements of traffic. For a farm or farming community the width need not be greater than 10 or 12 feet. A roadway which is too wide is not only useless, but the extra width is a positive damage. Any width beyond that needed for the traffic is not only a waste of money in constructing the road, but is the cause of a never ending expense in maintaining it. The surface of the roadbed should preferably have a fall from the center to the sides the same as that to be given the finished road, and should, if possible, be thoroughly rolled and consolidated until smooth and firm.

A layer, not thicker than four inches, of good gravel, such as that recommended above, should then be spread evenly over the prepared roadbed.

If a roller cannot be had, the road is thrown open to traffic until it becomes well consolidated, but it is impossible to properly consolidate materials by the movement of vehicles over the road, and if this means is pursued constant watchfulness is necessary to prevent unequal wear and to keep the surface smooth and free from ruts. The work may be hastened and facilitated by the use of a horse roller or light steam roller, and, of course, far better results can be accomplished by this means. If the gravel be too dry to consolidate easily, it should be kept moist by sprinkling. It should not, however, be made too wet, as an earthy or clayey matter in the gravel is liable to be dissolved.

As soon as the first layer has been properly consolidated a second, third and, if necessary, fourth layer, each three or four inches in thickness, is spread on and treated in the same manner, until the road is built up to the required thickness and cross section. The thickness in most cases need not be greater than 10 or 12 inches, and the fall from the center to the sides ought not to be greater than 1 foot in 20 feet, or less than 1 in 25.

WAR WITH BOERS NEAR

Transvaal Sends Ultimatum to Great Britain.

DEMAND WITHDRAWAL OF TROOPS

South African Republic Warns English Government It Must Cease Its Hostile Preparations at Once—Radical Change in Transvaal Situation.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—A London news agency publishes the following dispatch from Pretoria: "An urgent despatch has been handed to Conyngham Green, the British diplomatic agent, requesting explicit assurance of the withdrawal within 48 hours of the British troops from the Transvaal borders, as well as the withdrawal of the British forces landed in South Africa since the Bloemfontein conference."

The Transvaal ultimatum, which is signed by E. W. Reitz, secretary of state, concludes with the following four demands:

"Her majesty's unlawful intervention in the internal affairs of this republic, in conflict with the London convention of 1884, by the extraordinary strengthening of her troops in the neighborhood of the borders of this republic, has caused an intolerable condition of things to arise, to which this government feels itself obliged, in the interest not only of this republic, but also of all South Africa, to make an end as soon as possible, and this government feels itself called upon and obliged to press earnestly and with emphasis for an immediate termination of this state of things and to request her majesty's government to give assurances upon the following four demands:

"First. That all points of mutual differences be regulated by friendly recourse to arbitration or by whatever amicable way may be agreed upon by this government and her majesty's government.

"Second. That all troops on the borders of this republic shall be instantly withdrawn.

"Third. That all reinforcements of troops which have arrived in South Africa since June 1, 1899, shall be removed from South Africa within a reasonable time, to be agreed upon with this government, and with the mutual assurance and guarantee on the part of this government that no attack or hostilities against any portion of the possessions of the British government shall be made by this republic during the further negotiations within a period of time to be subsequently agreed upon between the governments; and this government will, on compliance therewith, be prepared to withdraw the armed burghers of this republic from the borders.

"Fourth. That her majesty's troops, which are now on the high seas, shall not be landed in any part of South Africa."

To these demands is appended the definition of the time limit for a reply: "This government presses for an immediate and an affirmative answer to these four questions and earnestly requests her majesty's government to return an answer before or upon Wednesday, Oct. 11, 1899, not later than 5 p. m."

"It desires further to add that in the unexpected event of an answer not satisfactory being received by it within the interval it will with great regret be compelled to regard the action of her majesty's government as a formal declaration of war and will not hold itself responsible for the consequences thereof, and that, in the event of any further movement of troops occurring within the above mentioned time in a nearer direction to our border, this government will be compelled to regard that also as a formal declaration of war."



ALBERT V. ROE, steering his wheel, and a bar to the right of this grip gives him additional leverage when he needs it.

When he reached Chicago, the officials of the Postal Telegraph company presented Roe with a new uniform, and when he began his journey from Chicago it was like a new start. An escort of 20 messenger boys set the pace for him out of the city. From Chicago Roe goes to Omaha and other big cities in the west. He will visit for a day at his home in Grinnell, Ia. Roe is 19 years old.

Don't Women!

Don't write to a woman, when the roof leaks. Write to a carpenter. Don't write to a woman, when the water pipe bursts. Write to a plumber. Don't write to a woman when you are sick, write to a doctor. But why such superfluous advice? Simply to call attention to the fact that "women" who are not qualified physicians offer medical advice, in advertisements worded in such a deceptive manner that you are apt to overlook the important fact that the woman is not a physician.

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