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## EARLY CONNECTICUT ROADS

That the condition of a people's roads is an important index to their civilization is an axiom generally admitted by historians and economists. This is particularly true of newly settled regions. There the factors by which social development is determined are comparatively few and the relative importance of the highway is much greater. During the first stages of colonization, where facilities for communication by waterways are meager, the maintenance of roads is essential to the very existence of the state.

The early history of Connecticut illustrates this close connection in an exceptionally interesting manner. In addition to the local necessity for communication, the pressure of an alien population along the Hudson resulted in a desire for the union of the Connecticut River and the New Haven colonies and roads were

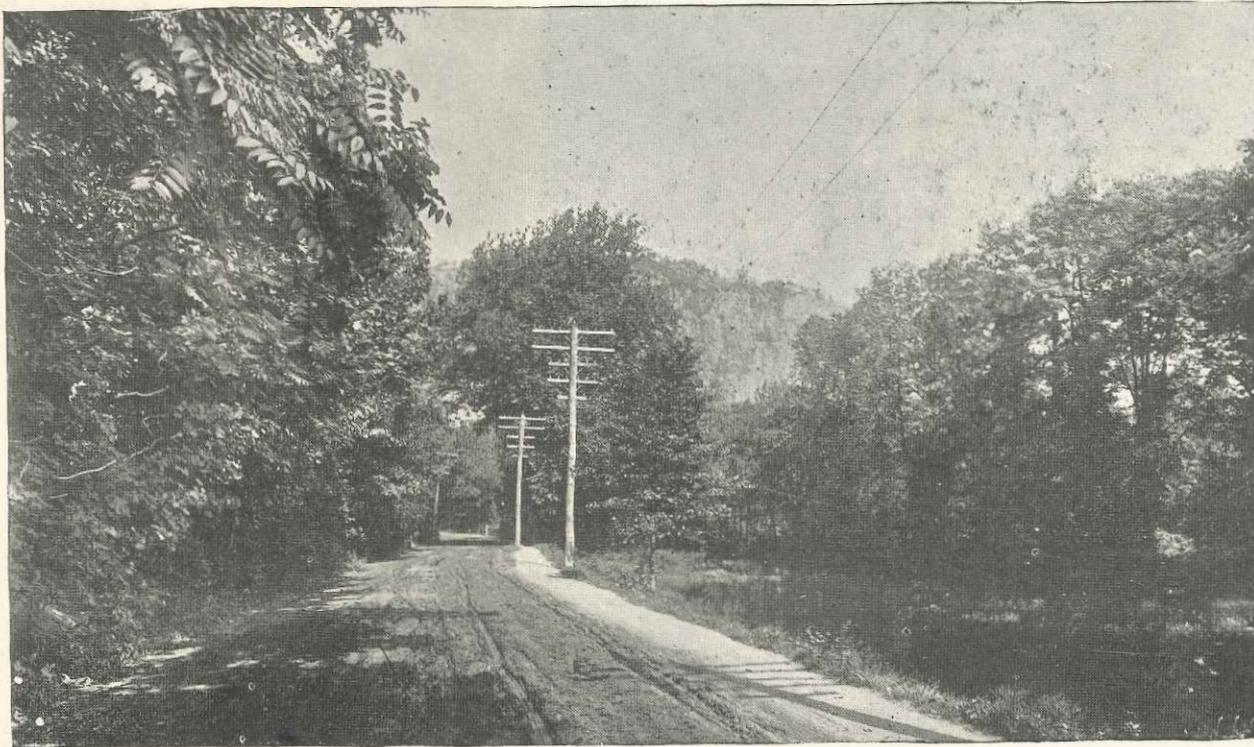
### The Story of This State's Trails and Highways.

By H. A. WARREN.

Frontenac, of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and the opening of the inland water route to Canada required the formation of closer ties between New England and northern New York. In 1758, the year in which these events took place, the Old North Road was conceived and it remained in use for more than forty years until superseded by the Hartford and Albany turnpike.

This highway through the Great Green Woods, as the northern half of Litchfield county was then called, was an amalgamation of shorter ways which from time to

colonial assembly to finish a road which he had begun from the present limits of the town of Salisbury in the direction of Hartford, the sparseness of the population did not appear to warrant the expense and the request was denied. During the succeeding twenty years the settlement of Norfolk, Canaan and New Hartford took place. The difficulties encountered by the sturdy colonists in reaching their destination are well described by Boyd in his "Annals of Old Winchester." "They left their families and stock at points along the way where openings in the forest could be found for grazing, and went forward with their axes and cleared a trail from one opening to another, and then moved their caravan. Tradition says that they went forward with their trail to a natural meadow at the northerly border of a small pond, a mile east of Norfolk center,



PICTURESQUE BIT OF HAMDEN,  
On the "King's Highway" or "Boston Post Road,"  
One of the earliest trails of Connecticut.

built between the two settlements at a very early date. At a later time the fact that the colony lay on the direct route between New York and Boston and between New York and Newport was a powerful incentive to the extension of these highways. For many years well-traveled roads led across the state from northeast to southwest and for its entire length along the shore of Long Island Sound. Then began the final conflict by which England wrested from France the control of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence valley; the center of political and military gravitation, previously shifting indefinite, became fixed for a term of years in the country including the Mohawk and upper Hudson valley together with Lakes Champlain and George; the strategic necessities caused by the capture of Fort

time had been built to accommodate the slowly growing population to the west of Hartford. Its history, together with that of its predecessors, throws a flood of light upon the life and customs of the time. The town and state records relating to it are full of valuable allusions to contemporary social conditions, of delightfully naive confessions of colonial thrift and shrewdness, of unconscious expositions of political and business maneuvering that impart a modern human touch to the financiering of the era and shadow forth the gigantic railroad manipulations of the present.

The pioneers who penetrated the Green Woods found no trails. The country was uninhabited even by the Indians. So slow was the colonization that when in 1733 Ezekiel Ashley of "Ousatonnuck" petitioned the

then returned and brought their families and flocks to this oasis. Thence they cleared the way to the foot of Haystack Mountain and along Blackberry river to Canaan, which must to them have been a happy land after the toils and privations of their journey."

The first traveled roads of this region were bridle-paths which led northwestward to the more thickly settled portion of the Housatonic in Massachusetts and eastwardly to connect with the roads in Simsbury and Farmington, which towns at that time covered a much greater area than now. An amusing picture is presented by the author just quoted of tavern life on these highways: "Landlord Mott erected his hostelry on the bridle-path that preceded the Old South Road.

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# EARLY CONNECTICUT ROADS

(Continued from page 5.)

The building was neither imposing or spacious. Its walls were of unhewn logs, its roof of hemlock bark, with an opening in the ridge for the escape of smoke from the capacious stone chimney which ascended to the level of the garret floor. How a tavern could be sustained in this uninhabited region is hard to conceive. Landlord Mott, however, took courage and made the best of his business. To an inquiry as to how he succeeded in retailing his first keg of rum, he replied that he was doing remarkably well; that hunters, when they came along, would fill their bottles, and that nearly every day he bought a glass of tanzu biters from his wife, and that she would then buy one of him with the same fourpence half-penny.

In 1752 the citizens of the century-old towns of Simsbury and Farmington joined the settlers of New Hartford at the eastern edge of the Green Woods in a petition to the county court for an order opening a road from Hartford to that place. The petition was granted and commissioners were chosen to lay out a route and a jury summoned to condemn the right of way. It led from "Col. Whiting's farm a Cross the mountain near to Mr. Joseph Woodford's and So Westwardly until it met with a Highway which is Layed thro the notch of the mountain near Chery's Pond So Called."

Then began a merry war of political intrigue and

laid out the sd way and cannot be supposed but to be too much engaged to be indifferent as Jurimen ought to be. 4thly. The Place where sd Highway is laid out [near the present course of the road over Talcott mountain between Hartford and Avon] is exceedingly bad very mountainous Stony & uneven at Several Places the Mountain is very Steep and Rocky, Scarce any Earth to be got & it hardly possible to make a feasible Road over it, besides Several other long and Difficult Hills, many wet Places & miry Marches, yt will cost vast Labour to build ye Causeys over, besides a Difficult Place in the River where a Bridge must be build near twelve rod in Length & the Banks of ye River so Sandy yt is next to impossible to make a Bridge stand in sd Place. Your memorialists verily believe that it will cost Five Thousand Pounds to make the Road merely passable, after all yt the Inhabitants of New Hartford and Symesberry for whose Sake it is pretended to be laid out, will not be helped at all thereby, but must seem Some more feasible way especially for Carting." The memorialists further bespeak their "Honors gracious Interposition" to set aside the doings of the court and direct the survey of a new road to include that passing over the river across the bridge already built at "Syder Brook"

In well-formed letters, contrasting sharply with the crabbed agents for Farmington, is an annotation upon

necessities of the road "to the Great Accommodation and Benefit of His Majesties Subjects and especially in time of Warr occasionally travelling or Marching thither [to Albany] from the Eastern or Central Parts of this Colony."

The committee was thorough if not circumspect. They submitted a plan for a new road "whose greatest Distance either north or south of a Strait Line between the State House in Hartford and Col. Whitney's House in Canaan is not more than two miles." The layout was a disappointment to numbers of farmers whose property it left at one side and the crooks and turns necessary to keep it within the two-mile limit of a "Strait Line" were so numerous as to make its projectors the laughing stock of the whole countryside. Nevertheless, the plan, somewhat modified, was accepted in spite of the continued remonstrance of Norfolk, and the towns through which the route ran were ordered to clear and build the road. The default of Farmington was brought to light at this time and she was compelled to construct her portion.

Of this road Boyd says: "This thoroughfare, known to a former generation as 'The Old North Road,' and now almost a myth, had in its day importance and renown. According to tradition it was the wonder of the age that a direct and practicable route could be found and opened through the jungle and over the succession of steep rocky hills and mountains of the Green Woods for travel, and the movement of troops and munitions between Hartford and Albany. Continental troops passed over it for service. Detachments of Burgoyne's army, as prisoners of war, marched over it to quarters assigned to them. It should not be inferred from the amount of travel upon it that the road was an Appian way. On the contrary, direct as it was, it went up and down the highest hills, on the uneven beds of rocks and stones, and passed marshy valleys on corduroy of the coarsest texture."

Roys, another local historian, thus describes the building of these roads: "The manner then pursued and approved of for making roads was to dig a pass or trench through knolls and on the declivities of hills, sufficiently wide for carts to pass forward, and in general not to pass each other but with great difficulty. The wet and marshy places which crossed their route were filled with earth which formed a level for the time above the water and mud. When coming to a rock of considerable size they very prudently sheered off, and took a circular turn, avoiding it as an unconquerable obstruction. The course of highways was generally over high ground in order to escape the swamps and dense forests which in many places lay directly in their way. Later, when the surface was cleared and dry, many alterations were made in their direction, which better accommodated the inhabitants in every part of the town."

The travel on the road was largely by horseback. Wagons and carriages began to be used in 1760, but only the roughest carts could stand the jolting of the new road, and saddle and pillion were easier for travel. "These," says Kilbourn, in his "History of Litchfield," "were regarded by the upper and middle classes as articles of especial convenience and gentility—much more so than carriages and coaches are now. Horses were trained to carry double; and it was not an uncommon thing to see father, mother, and at least one child mounted on the same horse. Ox-carts and ox-sleds were common, and journeys of hundreds of miles were not infrequently made in these tedious conveyances."

An interesting side light upon the state of settlement in the Green Woods at the time is given in a memorial addressed to the legislature by the inhabitants of Farmington, Simsbury and New Hartford on the completion of the road in 1764. The memorialists remind their representatives that "It is now become One of ye Greatest Roads in ye Government & wyl be of great Service if proper Care is taken to keep this Road in good repair and finish it thro-out. We therefore humbly request your Honours to take this matter into your Consideration & to Order & Appoint a Committee to take proper Care of the abovsd Road that it be kept in good Repair thro ye Towns not Inhabited that is ye Towns of Barkhamstead, Winchester & Colebrook & that this be done at the expense of ye Proprietors of sd Townships."

This petition was negated, but another to the same

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OLD TOLL GATE ON DERBY TURNPIKE,  
When abolished a few years since it was the last toll gate in the state.

plotting. The proposed route lay through the northern part of the town of Farmington now included in the territory of Avon; and while great expense was imposed upon the town by its building, but little benefit was derived in comparison with that reaped by the towns to the west; furthermore, Farmington already possessed a good road leading west from the meeting-house at Cider Brook, two miles south of the commissioners' layout.

As soon as possible a town meeting was held and agents were chosen to present a memorial upon the matter to the next legislature. Quaint and archaic, but strong and terse is the language of the aggrieved complainants. "Your memorialists beg Leave to observe," they write, "that the order of Court and the Report of the Com'tee concerning sd Highway confined the Jury too much within certain Bounds and did not allow them reasonable Liberty to examine and lay out the Road where they, when they came to the Place, sho'd think best. 2ndly, That the County Court did not follow the Direction of the Law in appointing the Com'tee aforesd, in yet they were chosen from Hartford and Wethersfield and Glassonberry and The Law directs that such Com'tee shall be taken from the Towns that have most need of the Highway, which in this case were manifestly Symesberry and New Hartford. 3rdly, That two of the memorialists who moved first to have a Road laid out were two of the Jury that

this ancient document which records the fate of the anti-logrolling attempt and gives the signature of a character afterward immortalized by Whittier. The words are as follows: "In the Lower House The Question was put Whither any thing Should be granted on this Memorial—Resolved in the Negative. Test Ab'm Davenport Clerk."

By some strange oversight the order to the several towns directing the building of this road was not made to extend to Farmington. It was the popular belief that the agents of the town knew more about this omission in the court records than they were willing to tell. At any rate, the object which the old township had failed to obtain by legislation was now accomplished either by direct machination of high officials or "Thro Mistake In ye Draftsman," as was afterward politely suggested by their opponents. For ten years the road remained unbroken and the tide of travel going east through the Green Woods divided at the eastern end of what is now the hamlet of Canton Street, reaching Hartford either via Farmington or by a road through the southern part of Simsbury which crossed the "Great River" at Weatogue.

This defiance of the higher authority lasted for ten years. It might have had a longer continuance but for the military events in the northwest. In the act of 1758 appointing a commission of survey through the Green Woods great emphasis is laid upon the strategic

# CITY GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

## A REPORT.

(A special committee of the National Municipal league, consisting of William Bennett Munro, of Columbia; Prof. Charles A. Beard, of Columbia; Dr. Ernest S. Bradford, of Washington; Clinton Roters Woodruff, Philadelphia, editor of the National Municipal Review, and Richard S. Childs, secretary of the Short Ballot organization was appointed before the Richmond meeting to plan an analysis of commission government for the discussion. The report of the committee as presented at the meeting is embodied in this article.)

## MAJOR FEATURES.

1. *Commission government is a relative success* as compared with the older forms. The people who live under it are generally more content. They feel that they are more effective politically and that commission government is an asset to their town. Substantial financial improvements have generally resulted, demonstrating a striking increase in efficiency and a higher standard of municipal accomplishment, and this may fairly be credited to the better working of the new plan.

2. This relative success of commission government results primarily because it is more democratic (i. e., sensitive to public opinion) than the old form. Among the features which undoubtedly are responsible for this increased sensitiveness are:

a. Its "unification of powers" as contrasted with the old undesirable "separation of powers." The commission having all the power has no one to blame for failure to please the public, cannot evade full responsibility, and having ample power to remedy each abuse, can be held responsible for any failure to do so. This stripping away of the old-time protective confusion-of-responsibility exposes the commission to the direct fire of public opinion and makes its members personally targets for public criticism. The unification of power unifies the whole governmental system, gives the government the single controlling brain which is neces-

sary to a successful organism, prevents lost motion, "pulling and hauling," deadlocks and ill feeling.

b. *The short ballot.* This makes each elective official conspicuous on election day and after; makes intelligent voting so easy that practically every citizen can vote intelligently without any more conscious effort than he expended on his business of citizenship under the old plan. The short ballot simplifies the whole work of citizenship so much that the citizens can handle their political affairs without employing a political machine as an intermediary political instrument. The short ballot in small cities makes the politician and his machine superfluous, and thereby substitutes for the old oligarchy of political experts a democracy in which the entire populace participate.

Being acutely sensitive and therefore anxious to please, commission government has been giving the people better government because the people are and always have been ready to applaud honest and progressive government. A contributing factor undoubtedly is the fact that the radical change has usually awakened a fresh civic interest among the citizens, which runs along of its own momentum for a considerable time and does much to tone up every branch of administration.

Commission government could reasonably be expected to succeed with these features (unification of powers and the short ballot) alone, and no new city charter should ever be classified as true commission government which lacks these essentials.

## OTHER FEATURES.

3. *Non-partisan ballot.* The non-partisan method of election is highly desirable, but not absolutely indispensable, as the short ballot by making the party label a superfluous convenience, thereby destroys much of the label's influence anyway.

4. *The initiative and referendum-by-protest* have proved useful as provisions for allaying the time-honored popular fear of trusting large powers to single bodies. The sensitiveness of commission government

reduces the necessity for these devices and instances of their use in commission governed cities are very uncommon. It should not be forgotten that Galveston and Houston, the first two cities to have the plan, made their success without those features. They have not proved dangerous or susceptible to misuse.

5. *The recall* is a desirable, but not indispensable extension and modification of the right to elect. We have no evidence that it has been misused. In several cases it seems to have been employed to good advantage. Under the sensitive commission plan it is less needed than with the old plan, and is more practical.

6. *The abolition of ward lines* is desirable in small cities, and has been generally welcomed as putting an end to numerous petty abuses. It tends to prevent petty log-rolling and emphasizes the unity of the city. Its importance, however, has been generally over-estimated, for there are many cities (Galveston before the flood being one) where ward lines have been abolished without developing any appreciable or permanent reform.

7. It is unsound and therefore unwise to make the commission auditor of its own accounts. This does not necessarily involve the election of a city auditor in all cities. Some authority, such as the governor, could appoint a state officer with power to investigate the accounts of all cities and make his reports public. This is in line with the National Municipal league's familiar demand for uniform municipal account and reporting.

8. It is unsound to give the commission control over the *civil service commission* as in Des Moines, unless the civil service commission be given a protected and long tenure of office and rotation of appointment. The civil service commission might better be appointed by some remote authority, such as the governor.

9. *Mayor's veto.* It is doubtful whether the mayor should have a veto over his conferees, or, in fact, any added powers, lest he overshadow the other commissioners and attract the limelight at their expense, leaving them in obscurity where the people cannot intelligently and justly criticize and control them.

## Early Connecticut Roads

(Continued from page 6.)

end met with a better fate two years later. The road had by that time become too important to neglect. As the petitioners observe: "It has been found to be of very great Benefit to the Publick and in particular for Transporting of Iron Pigs from Salisbury toward Hartford which is don in Greate Quantities. It is also the Nearest Road Towards Albaney and the best that has been yet found. Now," they continue, "youre Memorialists humbly shewth That by Reason of Greate and Tall Trees falling in and acrost sd Highway and Sum Bridges being Impaired and Sundry other amendments wanting. Travelers with Horses and Teemes, &c are Exposed to very Greate Difficultye." In accordance with their request the proprietors of the unincorporated towns were ordered to "keep the Road in Repare" and a committee of inspection was appointed to see that this duty was performed.

Soon after this the recalcitrant towns were settled. Business in the Green Woods grew. The ship-builders of Windsor and Hartford sought the tallest and straightest trees for masts; forges were erected by swift-running streams; saw-mills began their work of devastation; grist mills were started. During the Revolution the iron industries centering about the mines in the northwest part of the colony were kept busy in the manufacture of cannon. The following appeal to the stay-at-home patriots met with a ready response:

### NOTICE.

All gentlemen, farmers and others, well wishers of the grand cause of liberty, that will repair to Salisbury and cut wood for the furnace will not only render a substantial service to their country; but shall receive the great price of two shillings and six pence lawfull money, for each cord they cut and cord, and may, if they chuse, receive a part of their pay in salt, sugar and molasses to be paid by the managers at sd forge."

An interesting side light upon the scarcity of "hard" money at the time is furnished by the following notice in the Courant:

### FORGE AT COLEBROOK.

Mar. 6, 1780.

Wanted to employ immediately men to cut Wood, to manufacture Iron and Steel at this place for which they shall receive their pay as fast as they cut and settle their accounts, either in Bar Iron, Plough Iron, or Edge Tool Steel: I will give one hundred of iron for cutting and splitting 15 cords of wood, they finding themselves with provisions, ax, and blanket; provisions may be had of me as cheap as they were before the war.  
JACOB OGDEN.

On several occasions during these troublous times the heavily taxed people were put to an additional burden by the Indians in the Farmington. At one time New Hartford petitioned for permission to establish a lottery wherewith to obtain the funds for rebuilding her bridge. At the close of the war Farmington bitterly complains that the "Impoverishment brought upon this Town by the Warr" has rendered her unable to replace the three bridges swept away within her bounds.

The value of the road for military purposes was once more made apparent during the Revolution. In April, 1775, various bands of rugged farmers with musket and powder-horn marched to Hartford en route to Lexington. In reverse direction passed Capt. Mott of Preston and the sixteen men went from Hartford to the reinforcement of Ethan Allen and the second capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga. This fiery son of Litchfield county himself traveled along its course to the colonial capitol and left behind him a legend preserved by that indefatigable annalist, Boyd: "There is a tradition that Col. Ethan Allen, while on military service in the Revolutionary War, presumed to desecrate the Sabbath day by traveling over one of these roads, instead of spending the day in sacred meditations, when a little bushy-headed grand juror of the town of Winchester emerged from his log cabin by the roadside, seized the bridle rein of the Colonel's charger, and attempted to arrest him as a Sabbath breaker. The Colonel, sternly eyeing the legal digni-

tary, drew his sword, and flourishing it aloft, irreverently exclaimed: 'You d—d woodchuck! Get back into your borrow or I'll cut your head off!' Grand Juror Balcomb, finding what a Tartar he had caught, prudently abandoned his captor and retired into his cabin."

The means of communication with the outer world remained very scant until the next century. The post routes which ran through the more thickly settled communities were not established here. There was no public conveyance. Once a week the post-boy, generally a full-grown man, brought the newspaper and did errands for a consideration. In the Courant of December 26 is found the following notice, showing the business difficulties under which these prototypes of the modern express companies labored:

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The subscriber having supplied his customers with the Connecticut Courant almost five years, desires those who are indebted to him for the same to make immediate payment, as he is called on to make speedy settlement with the Printers. Those that intend to continue this custom in the future, must depend on making quarterly payments, as no papers can be had till they are paid for. Eben Burr, Jr., Norfolk.

These visits of the post-boy are thus described by Monroe E. Merrill in his oration delivered at the Barkhamstead Centennial in 1879: "The old-time tavern was in its glory in those days. No wretched inn or hotel, but the good old-fashioned tavern. There gathered of an evening all the good men of the place and smoked their evening pipe, and sipped in friendly sociability that cruelly murdered, buried, and almost forgotten beverage, the mug of flip. There, once a week, came the post-boy with his meager budget, his only paper the Connecticut Courant, then about a tenth of its present size, the wild notes of his horn heralding his approach long before he appeared in sight."

(Continued on page 10.)

# SATURDAY CHRONICLE



"It was the first written constitution known to history and that created a government"—Fiske.

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## President and Business.

The President is thoroughly right when, in his answer to the officers of three important manufacturers' associations, representing a million of employes and three quarters of a billion of capital, he says: "Nothing is more dangerous to business than uncertainty."

The imminence of legislation in which selfish demagogues and well-meaning politicians without business education or sound judgment are continually striving to incorporate hurtful provisions, is uncertainty of the most insidious and menacing kind. The President's callers ask him to stifle all legislation affecting business for the present.

The best service the President can do the sound business of the country is to guide through Congress sane and helpful legislation, imposing just standards and honest conduct of affairs upon unsound business. The best service his callers can do the capital and labor they represent is to co-operate with him through their influence upon their congressmen in stripping this legislation of the hurtful additions of ignorance and demagoguery he fears as much as they do. That is the way to end uncertainty.

## Refrain From Meddling.

The best known of all Turkish authors is a certain Nasr-ed-Din Hoja, who relates many pithy incidents of his doings and travels in Asia Minor. One of his most interesting stories concerns his neighbor, a Jew. It appears that the hoja (or teacher) was not well favored with this world's goods, but reflecting upon his various acts of piety he felt that Allah should reward him substantially if he but made known his wants in prayer. He, therefore, prayed regularly several times a day imploring God to send him a thousand Turkish pounds in gold, and always added that in view of his merits it should be a full thousand and "Yea, O Lord, if you were to send me nine hundred and ninety-nine I would not accept them."

His neighbor, the Jew, became wearied with the constant repetition of this prayer, and determined to put an end to it by seeing whether the pious hoja would stick to his word and refuse the nine hundred and ninety-nine. He accordingly counted out exactly nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds and mounting on the roof of the hoja's house while in the midst of his customary prayer, he dropped the sack containing the gold into the opening which in all Turkish villages serves as an outlet for smoke. The hoja perceived the sack, and, after examining its contents, interpreted the omen as an answer to his prayer. Upon counting the gold, however, to his dismay he discovered there were but nine

hundred and ninety-nine pieces. Remembering the words of his prayer he was at first reluctant to accept the gift, but, speaking aloud, finally said: "Allah has sent me nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces and he will also send me the thousandth piece," and locked the sum in his chest.

The Jew, who had overheard the hoja's words and perceived his actions, fearing for the loss of his money, ran to his neighbor and explained that the gold was not from Allah, but had been dropped through the opening in the roof by himself in order to test the sincerity of the hoja's prayer. The Turk maintained the divine origin of the gold and an altercation ensued, which was only terminated by the Jew's proposal to refer the dispute to the kadi, or judge. To this the Turk at first objected that his clothes were too shabby to permit of his appearance before the kadi, whereupon the Jew volunteered to lend the hoja a suit of clothes. A further objection that he was too weak to walk to the town was met by the Jew, who agreed to loan his ass to the venerable hoja.

Thus they appeared before the kadi, each telling his version of the story. The kadi was somewhat perplexed by the matter and hesitated to give judgment for either party. The clever hoja then intervened, and taking the kadi aside advanced his case by asking who had ever heard of a Jew giving away so large a sum of gold, and continued: "See what preposterous claims he will make. Ask him, for instance, to whom the ass on which I rode here belongs, and you will see that he will claim it as his." Of course, when questioned the Jew answered that he had loaned the ass to the hoja. The kadi, wavered, still wavered, whereupon the hoja said: "Ask him to whom the clothes I wear belong." The answer of the Jew that they were his was too much for the kadi, who thereupon pronounced judgment in favor of the hoja. The Jew returned home to grieve over his loss and complain of the injustice of the hoja and kadi. While thus musing he was surprised by the visit of his neighbor, the hoja, who, handing him the sack of gold, said: "This time I will return you your property, but let this be a lesson to you. Go on with your trading and your own business, but henceforth refrain from meddling in the affairs of Allah."

## Boyhood Memories.

Let's sit down at the edge of the old pool again, just for a moment. What, ho! Ben Lipscomb, Skeeter Jones, Asa Burrett, Aleck Evans! They come, they come, out of a vanished past, these stringy phantasms, to whom in that lost day a new suit of clothes were as the suit of Nessus, and the hint of beauty as a leper's taint! And Skeeter descends into the wild waters, finds the blue clay and daubs his gaunt frame with many stripes. Asa shines up the ragged bole of the old maple, walks out "hand over hand" to the edge of the highest branch and drops into midstream. Ben Lipscomb "skins a cat" and "chins" himself fourteen times without stopping. Aleck, bereft of two front teeth, expectorates through the aperture with an audible click that sets the brown ground squirrels into a rage, and then looks unconcernedly across the landscape at nothing, all too conscious in his studied unconsciousness of the groveling homage of his pals. Oh, to be able to spit through one's teeth like that!

And then you all squat down together in the shade and tell stories—of the Forty Thieves; of the tavern where the young man stopped and woulda been killed, only he saw the eyes move behind the picture hanging in his room; of Lafitte, the pirate, and his buried treasure—you guess you'll be a pirate—in fact, you're 'most sure you will—'cause you're tired of splittin' kindlin' wood, and bringin' the cows home, and goin' to school, and most boys that 'mounted to anything ran off and went to sea or something. Didn't they, Aleck? And then you all went home and ma said: "Where you been, boy; seems like a body is all the time looking for you all over the country, anyhow!"

## New Haven Employes Honest.

A member of the financial district relating a "hard luck" story to a friend during a downpour of rain, said that he had lost two valuable umbrellas in one day, and was at the moment minus, and getting wet. Being asked where he had lost them, he replied: "I left one in a public telephone booth on the White Star pier, while waiting to meet a friend on the Olympic,

and the other I left on a New Haven train on my home in the evening." His friend replied: "Write to New Haven and you will get the second one back."

Manifesting some incredulity, the umbrella loser was assured that the New Haven employes were strictly honest. "I'll tell you my experience," he added. "I live at Pelham Manor, and the members of my family do most of their shopping in New York. A few weeks ago my wife lost her pocketbook (which contained a few dollars) on the train. She wrote to New Haven and she got it back, money included. A few days later my daughter lost a valuable jeweled pin. She had been on a New Haven train, and on a chance that it might have dropped from her costume while on the train, she wrote to New Haven and got it back. About a week ago my son left a new suit of clothes on a train; he wrote to New Haven and got it back. The New Haven employes are honest."

## Condensed Classics—"Somnambulist."

(Continued from page 9.)

pistol which she held to her own head, but Lecoq grabbed her in time.

"I must die," she said, "I am a ruined woman. I must die for my child, or otherwise I should die of shame when he asks me who his father is."

"You will reply, madame," answered Lecoq, "by showing him an honest man who is ready to give him his name—M. Plantat."

"Laurence, my beloved," cried Plantat in a broken voice, as he entered the room. "I beg you to accept me."

She burst into tears. She was saved. They hurried off from the house in a waiting cab, and sent her back to Orcival, where she and M. Plantat were shortly married and departed at once on their wedding trip to Italy.

## DID HE DO RIGHT?

As Lecoq looked down upon the body of the Count he thought:

"There lies a wretch whom I have killed, instead of handing him over to justice. Have I done my duty? No; but my conscience will not reproach me, because I have acted rightly."

That the Count de Tremorel had committed suicide everybody in Paris soon knew—it was a ten days' sensation.

But the name of Laurence was not mixed up in the affair.

## Early Connecticut Roads.

(Continued from page 7.)

Gradually, as the country emerged from the privations of the Revolution and the perils of the constitutional controversy, there arose a demand for a closer intimacy with the capitol city and the outside world. Other portions of the young state already possessed good roads. In 1799 the Talcott Mountain and Greenwood turnpike companies were chartered and new roads were quickly put through. Where they followed the line of the Old North Road the latter's identity was merged into that of the greater highway; where the older route was left at one side it was finally abandoned and discontinued.

## Provoking a Smile.

"This," said the guide, "is Terpsichore, the muse of dancing."

"Well," said the young woman, "she isn't much of a dancer for these days. That pose doesn't look like any part of the tango."—Washington Star.

Jake (timidly)—I wish I knowed what you'd do if I should steal a kiss, Miss Linda?

Miss Linda (cooly)—'Twouldn't take no great while to find out, Jake.—Punch.

James (who is broke)—I have one faithful friend left.

Hulks (also broke)—Who is it?

James—My pipe. I can still draw on that.—Stray Stories.

"I despise a hypocrite."

"So do I."

"Now, take Jackson, for example; he's the biggest hypocrite on earth."

"But you appear to be his best friend."

"Oh, yes, I try to appear friendly toward him. It pays better in the end."—Boston Advertiser.