# DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 53. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899. NO. 45.



## WANTED, YOUR WHEAT.

See Our Agents, Who Are Prepared to Pay Highest Market Prices on Delivery.

| | | |
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| W. H. GOLT, P. H. DENNY, | Wye Station, | Q. A. R. R. |
| S. N. SMITH, JR., | Willoughby, | " |
| W. F. PENNINGTON, | Queen Anne, Hillsboro, | " " |
| EUGENE LYNCH, | Downes, | " |
| W. H. ANDERSON, | Denton, | " |
| H. C. HOBBS, | Hobbs, | " |
| W. R. PETERS, | Hickman, | " |
| M. L. BLANCHARD, | Blanchard, | " |
| W. S. LORD, | Greenwood, | " |
| I. T. BAKER, | Ellendale, | " |
| J. CULVER, | Milton, | " |
| E. W. INGRAM, | Lewes, | " |

Grain also received on Storage in Elevator, Queenstown, and negotiable Receipt issued, covered by Insurance. Particulars furnished on application to

WILLIAM M. CONN, QUEENSTOWN, MD. } Manager For { WM. HOPPS & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

## TWO CARLOADS OF CARRIAGES.

I have just received a complete line of the latest style

**Carriages, Buggies, Daytons, Surreys, Phætons, Cornings, Spindles,**

Runabouts, &c., in grades from ordinary to fine quality, which will be offered at

*MARVELOUSLY LOW PRICES.*

A long experience in building and dealing in this line enables me to judge quality and to give the best possible values for the price.

**BICYCLE DEPARTMENT.**

The celebrated Keating Bicycle, with their improved noiseless double roller chain, are the lightest and best. Prices, $75, $50, $40, $35. Write postal for catalogue.

Other makes from $18.00 up.
Second-hand Wheels $5.00 up.

I can also save you money in Carriage Material Bicycle Sundries, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

Carriage and Bicycle Repairing done in the best manner.

J. N. RICKARDS, RIDGELY, MD.

## The Monarch of Strength is LION COFFEE.

(ABSOLUTELY PURE.)

Its strength comes from its purity. It is all puro coffee, freshly roasted, and is sold only in one-pound sealed packages. Each package will make 40 cups. The package is sealed at the Mills so that the aroma is never weakened. It has a delicious flavor. Incomparable strength. It is a luxury within the reach of all.

Premium List in every package.
Cut out your Lion's Head and get valuable premiums free.

**If your Grocer** does not have Lion Coffee in his store, send us his name and address that we may place it on sale there. Do not accept any substitute. WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

## AN OPPORTUNITY WHICH SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED!

Eyes Examined and Tested Free of Charge by Dr. H. W. Dobson.

**BALTIMORE OPTIC COMPANY,**
OCULISTS AND OPTICIANS,

Are now in your town, and no charge is made to determine if your eyesight can be improved or headache relieved by wearing properly adjusted glasses. Glasses adjusted for reading and all defects of vision. Every pair guaranteed and competition defied in prices and adjustment. Special attention given to children, and removal of Perigium and Cataract.

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☞Persons wishing to consult him can leave order at Mrs. Whitby's, Greensboro.

J. O. TAYLOR WITH

## J. C. LEIB & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
14 East Camden St. - BALTIMORE

REFERENCES: Traders' National Bank of Baltimore; First National Bank of Stewartstown, Pa. Branch at Stewartstown, Pa.

## T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
**No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland,**
☞Fruits and Vegetables; Maryland Peaches and Sweet Potatoes.

## OLD RELIABLE BRANDS

—MADE BY—

## PATAPSCO GUANO CO.,

BALTIMORE.

COON BRAND GUANO, BALTIMORE SOLUBLE,
DISS. S. C. BONE.

ALL IN GOOD DRILLING CONDITION.

CENTREVILLE, QUEEN ANNE'S CO., MD., AUGUST 3, 1899.
PATAPSCO GUANO CO., BALTIMORE, MD.
DEAR SIRS: We used on the Waverly Estate 250 lbs. of BALTIMORE SOLUBLE per acre on 20 acres of fallow last fall, and have just threshed from same 2120 bushels. We shall use it this fall.
Yours respectfully, RALPH ROBINSON.

TRAPPE, TALBOT COUNTY, MD., JULY 26, 1899.
PATAPSCO GUANO CO., BALTIMORE, MD.
I used BALTIMORE SOLUBLE on 18 acres of corn ground and threshed 20 bushels to the acre. The straw was very heavy. I have a good set of grass on my farm. I shall use the Baltimore Soluble next fall.
Yours truly, JOHN K. CAULK.

*NAMES OF AGENTS.*

HENRY HUGHES, DENTON.
B. G. STEVENS, WILLISTON.
W. H. DEEN, FOWLING CREEK.
A. G. SAULSBURY & BRO., RIDGELY.

## FARMERS' STANDARD, FARMERS' MIXTURE, ROCK AND POTASH,

(South Carolina Bone and Potash)

Are three brand of Fertilizers which have grown good crops for Maryland Farmers for more than thirty years. These goods maintain their excellence, and their popularity increases year by year. The great importing firm of

## G. OBER & SONS

Are the manufacturers. Every farmer knows the name of these reliable people. Leave your orders with

**SOMERS BLAKE, AGENT,**
DENTON, MARYLAND.

JOS. H. BERNARD, PRESIDENT. FRED. R. OWENS, VICE-PRESIDENT.
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CAPITAL, $50,000.00.

## PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

We Solicit Your Business, and Guarantee Prompt and Careful Attention.

Open an Account With Us!

DIRECTORS:

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| JOS. H. BERNARD, Greensboro. | ALBERT W. SISK, Preston |
| FRED. R. OWENS, Denton. | F. A. PORTER, Burrsville. |
| THOS. L. DAY, Ridgely | J. FRANK LEDNUM, Preston. |
| ROBT. JARRELL, Goldsboro. | HY. T. NUTTLE, Andersontown. |
| GEO. C. MOORE, Queen Anne. | WILLARD C. TODD, Williston. |
| PAUL HOLSINGER, Ridgely. | F. P. COVEY, Federalsburg. |

J. W. KERR, Denton.

## DR. WM. B. NOBLE, DENTIST,

(OF PHILADELPHIA.)
has opened an office in
*RIDGELY,*
and will practice there every alternate Tuesday.

## Good Farms for Sale!

I have some excellent farms for sale, some of which are located in Tuckahoe Neck and various other parts of Caroline county. These farms are of different sizes and are adapted to the growth of varied crops. I also have some woodland for sale and some dwellings in Denton and Ridgely. Apply for particulars

OSCAR CLARK, Attorney,
Denton, Md.

## HARRY B. MASON,

PAINTER AND DECORATOR.
DENTON, MD.,
Has had ten years' experience in the cities of Wilmington, Philadelphia and New York, and is now ready to make contracts and guarantees skillful work, fair prices and entire satisfaction

## Thomas Carmine,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,
Ridgely, Maryland.

Contracts taken in Caroline and adjoining counties. Thirty-three years experience. Plans and specifications cheerfully furnished. Best of references from Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties.

## J. B. K. EMORY AND CO

(EMORY & NEAVITT.)
—GENERAL—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
LIGHT STREET,
Baltimore, Maryland

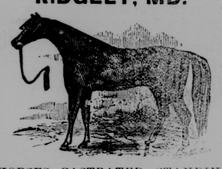
## HENRY R. LEWIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Maryland.

Will practice in the courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

## G. K. EBLING,

Registerd Veterinary Surgeon,
RIDGELY, MD.



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Castrating and Spaying A Specialty,

Ridgeling Horses a Specialty. Cattle and bitches spayed and ruptured colts cured.

## To Town Taxpayers.

All parties in arrears for town taxes are hereby notified that unless payment is promptly made I will proceed to collect the same according to law. I will be at my new home, on Main street, every Saturday afternoon to receive them.

BENIAH KINNAMON,
7 29 2m Bailiff of Denton.

## JOHN W. CLARK, JR.

Auctioneer,
Box 85. Denton, Maryland.
*Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.*

## For Sale,

A FARM of 248 acres, convenient to Church, School and Railroad. Good quality land. Easy terms, 12 month's time on first payment. Inquire at
THIS OFFICE.

## Corn For Sale.

Corn for sale in quantities of ten bushels or more. J. M. SHORT.
8-19-3t. Hackett Farm, near Ridgely.

## For Rent for 1900.

Fair Ground Farm; also house and lot on Main street, in Preston. Apply to
MRS. JOANNA McSHANE.

## JOHN W. COOTEE,

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER,
DENTON, MARYLAND
Practical Stair Building a Specialty.

## Paying Double Prices

*Price,* $18.75.

for everything is not pleasant, is it? But that's what you are doing, if you don't buy here. Did you think it possible to buy a $60.00 Bicycle for $18.75? Catalogue No. 60 tells all about Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Organs and Pianos.

What do you think of a fine suit of Clothing, made to your measure, guaranteed to fit and *express paid* to your station for $5.50? Catalogue No. 57 shows 37 samples of clothing and shows many bargains in Shoes, Hats and Furnishings. Lithographed Catalogue No. 47 shows Carpets, Rugs, Portieres and Lace Curtains, in hand-painted colors. *We pay Freight,* sew carpets free, and furnish lining without charge.

What do you think of a Solid Oak Dryair Family Refrigerator for $3.95? It is but one of over 8000 bargains contained in our General Catalogue of Furniture and Household Goods. We save you from 40 to 60 per cent. on everything. Why buy at retail when you know of us? Which catalogue do you want? Address this way,

*Price,* $3.95.

JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md. Dept. 909.


### WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW.

The rooms are hushed, the lights are low.
I sit and listen to the wind
That comes from out the distant hill,
It comes and croons in an undertone
Of alien regions vast and lone,
Of pleasures lost in a land unknown,
Then steals away, and all is still.
'Tis good to listen to the wind
When rooms are hushed and lights are low.

When those we love have gone and gone,
'Tis weary to be left behind—
To miss sweet eyes where late they shone,
To look for what we may not find,
Long cherished forms that haunt the mind
Soft voices that were once too kind;
To live and miss them one by one
Is weary work. Who'd stay behind
When those we love have come and gone?
—New York Times.

### A DESPERATE RIDE.

**He Braved the Storm of Bullets and Saved the Regiment.**

"That is one of the bravest men I ever knew," said General Rosecrans, pointing out his inspector general, Arthur C. Ducat. "I saw him coolly face almost certain death to perform a duty. Three on the same duty had fallen before his eyes, and he had to run the gantlet of a thousand muskets, but he did it."

The words were spoken to James R. Gilmore while on a visit to "Old Rosey's" army at Murfreesboro, who records them in his "Personal Recollections."

General Rosecrans referred to Ducat's behavior at the battle of Iuka. The inspector general had observed that a regiment of General Stanley's division was about to be overwhelmed by a much larger force of the enemy.

"Ride on and warn Stanley at once," said Rosecrans as Ducat reported the danger. An acre on fire and swept with bullets lay between him and the menaced regiment. Ducat glanced at it and said:

"General, I have a wife and children."

"You knew that when you came here," answered Rosecrans coolly.

"I'll go, sir," said Ducat, moving his horse forward.

"Stay a moment. We must make sure of this," said the general, beginning to write dispatches, the paper resting on the pommel of his saddle. He wrote three; gave one to each of three orderlies and sent them off at intervals of about 60 yards over the bullet swept field. Then he looked at Ducat, who had seen every one of the orderlies fall lifeless or desparately wounded. Without a word he plunged into the fire, ran the gantlet in safety, got to Stanley and saved the regiment, but his clothes were torn by minie balls, and his horse received a mortal wound.

### POETRY WHICH BURNED.

**The Successful Scheme of a Rhymester to Make Money.**

A very wealthy, sedate and enterprising manufacturer in Pennsylvania has a brother who is trifling, dissipated and of course a spendthrift. But the fellow now and then displays remarkable ingenuity in "making a raise." All his life he has indulged, among other bad habits, that of writing execrable verse, much of which, however, he has managed to get printed.

Lately he conceived the monstrous idea of having all his stuff printed in a book and with the aid of an unscrupulous printer succeeded in bringing out the "work" in quite handsome shape. But in the most affectionate terms he "dedicated" the book to his wealthy brother, who regards his near mad dissolute kinsman's "poetry" as really the most reprehensible thing that the incorrigible fellow does.

But the rhymester and his "black art" accomplice knew their business. They printed a large edition of the book and sent a copy to the wealthy man, who immediately purchased the entire edition and the plates and made "words that burn" of the "poems" by means of a bonfire. He also sent to his cruel brother and induced him to accept a salary so do nothing but throttle his verse fiend.

The wicked printer obtained capital enough to go to Chicago and carry on a reputable printing establishment, and the bad brother is earning more money by keeping his verse fiend silent than better poets do by keeping their muses constantly at work.—Woman's Home Companion.

### A Hawaiian Temple of Refuge.

Kawaihae's one remaining point of interest is the ruins, back on the hill, of a temple of refuge built by Kamehameha the Great. It is the very last of the heiaus, where in the old days, during strife, the peaceful sought and obtained immunity from harm—for into these temples a man might not pursue an enemy. This ruin indicates a very substantial structure, in parallelogram form, about 220 feet long by 100 wide. Entrance is gained through a narrow passage between two high walls, and the interior is laid off in terraces and paved with smooth, flat stones. The wall up hill is 8 feet high, and on the down hill side 20 feet high, and both are 12 feet thick at base.—Caspar Whitney in Harper's Weekly.

### A SONG OF LOVE.

My love has eyes of gold and golden hair,
My love has beauty as a crown to wear,
And goodness like a spotless robe upon her,
Oh, good and dear and fair!

My love has smiles that make old age grow young,
Hands like white roses and a silver tongue,
And yet, by me, who through God's grace have won her,
How can her praise be sung?

In heaven is it of heaven that they sing?
Rather of some forlorn remembered thing!
So I would sing the winter of life without her
Who taught my life its spring.

But they who in the outer darkness wake
And keep a lightless vigil for her sake,
These the wild lovely hopeless songs about her,
Which praise her best shall make.
—E. Nesbit in Black and White.

## The Sixth Mrs. Washane.

She Subdued the Crankiest Man In Pottsville.

People generally in Pottsville pitied the new Mrs. Washane that was to be. Not that Pottsville people were acquainted with her and allowed their acquaintanceship to run riot with their sympathies. Not so. They knew of her by hearsay only, as a widow—Widow Douglas, they believed, of Green Meadows.

But they did know John Washane—that was enough to know—John Washane, who had placed less than a year ago the plain yet touchingly inscribed stone to the fifth Mrs. Washane. The first Mrs. Washane's stone testified that "none knew her but to love her;" the second, "Her price was above rubies." Mrs. Washane, third, was lamented as one who "had done what she could;" the fourth, as "one whom the heart of her husband could safely trust in," while No. 5's epitaph was, "She always made home happy." And now No. 6 was about to be offered at the connubial altar—so said Pottsvillians.

It was talked over at the various sewing circles, and suggestions were offered, motions made and carried as to the best way in which to appraise the new Mrs. Washane to be of her unenviable prospect, and one day, as it happened only a week prior to the marriage, an anonymous epistle found its way to the Widow Douglas of Green Meadows. It ran thus:

Dear Friend—Though strangers to you, we feel it incumbent upon us to write you ere you take upon yourself the vows of connubial obedience to one John Washane of Pottsville. He is a good man. He is an honest man. He is a generous man. But truth compels us to state that in spite of many virtues he has worried his many former wives into untimely graves by nagging and bossing. That this may not be your fate is the wish and prayer of YOUR WELL WISHERS.

The Widow Douglas read the letter, a curious little frown, which was half a smile, showing itself as she perused the anonymous missive.

The wedding ceremony was over. Mrs. Washane, sixth, was an accomplished fact, and the twain, now one, having driven in their own hired hack all the way from Green Meadows to Pottsville, were about to enter the house which Sally Lancaster had with indignant vehemence got in readiness to receive the bride.

"And now, John, as soon as we can get our clothes changed I think that you had better hang that gate while I am getting supper. I noticed it sags."

"Lu-Lucia—wh-what?" John Washane was plainly astonished at the admonitory tone of his new made helpmate. Mrs. Washane's answer was a trifle disturbed in tone, though sweet.

"I hope, John, that you're not going to annoy me by causing me to repeat my words. My dear departed husband always paid close attention when I spoke. I said, 'You'd better hang that gate as soon as you get your everyday clothes on, as it sags so.'"

Thus was the beginning of John Washane's sixth marital venture. When he came into the house, he was urged to take off his boots at the threshold and reminded, "Never did I thus have to address my first husband." Constantly was the statement made: "What would my dear partner Douglas have thought had I been obliged to ask him to bring up coal? Dear George would never have failed to procure the best of meats and butter." Until at last John Washane became accustomed to the oft repeated assertions and actually felt that, compared with the late George Douglas, he, John Washane, was an outcast and a villain. No longer did he refer to Susan, Matilda, Jennie, Carrie and Mary as patterns for all future housewives to copy. What were they as compared with her to whom the sainted Douglas had bowed in allegiance before? His voice took on a humbled cadence when he spoke to or of his Lucia. His? How had he ever dared to woo this piece of perfection? How had he been so favored to win her?

He referred to his own unworthiness one day to a neighbor lately moved into the town, a man who years before had lived in Green Meadows.

"As I think of her former partner I wonder what she saw in me that should lead her to renounce the name of George Douglas. It may be that she saw my need and, as it were, was willing to snatch me as a brand from the burning—what were you about to say, Lawton?"

"You never knew George Douglas personally?"

John shook his head.

"But you did, I dare say, by reputation at least?"

Mr. Lawton grinned.

"I did," he said, with a silent, mirthful chuckle. "And so you are the man that married Lucia Douglas. A good woman she and a clever one. But George Douglas—well, yes, I knew him, too—lots of folks did—the grocery shop keepers best of all. Thought that he was a kind of saint, did you? Well, now, Lucia didn't when he used to beat her till she was nearly dead; and she didn't when he stole Parson Grant's colt; nor she didn't when he used to swear blue streaks at her; nor when she used to have to keep herself and him from starving by taking in washing—oh, she didn't think him a saint till he up and died in the gutter, relieving her of a nuisance. I mind how she broke down when we told her he was dead and said: 'He's done one good thing that I hope the Lord will give him credit for, he's died.'"

John Washane walked home in a dazed condition.

"Lucia." His voice was still somewhat awed as he addressed her, in spite of what he had heard. "Lucia'—did—did—did"—

"Oh, John, why don't you say what you start to without repeating? Dear George used to speak so differently."

"Did he ever cuss you?" John had found his tongue at last.

"Why, John?"

"And strike you? Get drunk—steal—neglect—come, Lucia, tell me. I want to know the truth."

Mrs. Washane's dimples became apparent.

"Some one has been talking," she said, a twinkle in her brown eyes, "so I may as well admit it. He was—oh, John, dear, he did make my life so miserable, so unbearable."

"Why did you deceive me so?" John demanded, pulling upon his knees the wife whom hitherto he had hardly dared to kiss. "You made me think he was an angel—all but."

"It's too bad," Mrs. Washane gave a playful tweak to the grizzled mustache so near her face, "but, John, dear, I did it in self defense. I'd heard how you told your second wife of the virtues of Susan. And I'd heard how she came at last to the conclusion that you didn't think she was worthy to untie your shoestrings and so died. And then you told your third wife that she had been a treasure, that Matilda was not to be mentioned lightly, that she was a worker, a helpmate, a woman of a thousand and you could never forget her worth; and then Jennie died and you put on her tombstone what you never told her you thought about her; and then Carrie heard of Jennie's goodness and how you could trust her, but died not knowing that you trusted her, too; and then Mary—the sweetest woman that ever lived, I admit, for I knew her, she was my own cousin—Mary became your wife, and you never told her that she made your home as happy as heaven, and she died. And, John, dear, I didn't want to hear what all the others had heard, and so I gave you the chance to hear the kind of talk your wives had heard—and—John, dear, you're not angry, dear, are you—because—well, it has been lovely here, and I'm so glad you married me and gave me a chance to forget George Douglas. You're not angry, John, dear?"

And John Washane kissed his pretty, coaxing young wife and said: "If you'll never mention your 'dear departed' to me again, I'll tell you what I think. I've got a wife now who is the best and brightest, loveliest, sweetest, cleverest, dearest woman— There, there, puss, don't smother me!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### An Insulting Parrot.

Bayard Taylor relates the following about a parrot once owned by a lady in Chicago, says Our Animals Friends.

When the great fire was raging, an owner saw that she could rescue nothing except what she instantly took in her hands. There were two objects equally dear, the parrot and the old family Bible, and she could take but one. After a moment of hesitation she seized the Bible and was hastening away, when the parrot cried out in a loud and solemn voice, "Good Lord, deliver us!" No human being could have been deaf to such an appeal. The precious Bible was sacrificed and the bird saved. He was otherwise a clever bird.

In the house to which he was taken there were among other visitors a gentleman rather noted for volubility. When the parrot first heard him, it listened in silence for some time, then, to the amazement of all present, it said very emphatically, "You talk too much!"

The gentleman, at first embarrassed, presently resumed his interrupted discourse. Thereupon the parrot laid his head upon one side, gave an indescribably comical and contemptuous "H'm-m!" and added, "There he goes again!"

### An Automatic Tragedy.

"I got a pair of those automatic suspenders the other day."

"What are they?"

"They are a patent contrivance that adjusts itself without outside aid."

"Adjusts itself?"

"Yes. I put 'em on and went to call on Bessie Clinker. They were all right as long as I stood up, but when I sat down they immediately shortened up. And when I stood up again they wouldn't let go."

"What did you do?"

"What could I do? I sat down again, and they shortened up some more."

"Must have been awfully unpleasant."

"I should say so. My trousers were three inches above my shoe tops when I finally said good night."

"Then what did you do?"

"Walked home on tiptoe."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### She Always Has It.

Willie—Say, pa, is every word in the dictionary?

Pa—No, I guess not, my son. Every little while a new one comes into use.

Willie—What's the last word, then, pa?

Pa—I don't know. Go ask your mother.—Chicago News.

### See How Long You Will Live.

There is a very simple rule for finding the average number of years which persons of any age may expect to live. If the present age be deducted from 80, two-thirds of the remainder is the answer required. This result is not absolutely accurate, but it is near enough. For instance, a man aged 20 might by this rule expect to live 40 years longer, which is just what the latest actuarial tables give. At 40 the expectation of life works out at nearly 27 years, while the tables give it as more than 25 years. At 60 the above rule allows just over 13 years, and the table shows a little less.

### Forests of the North.

The forest area of all the British possessions in America is estimated at about 800,000,000 acres. The settler has cut his way into the fringe of the vast woodland, but his depredations are nothing as compared with the terrific scourge of fire which has rampaged through it at different times.

## A HISTORICAL RIDE.

IT WAS WORTH THREE STARS TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

**Marcus Whitman's Wild and Perilous Journey of 4,000 Miles From Oregon to Washington and the Results Which Followed In Its Wake.**

The ride of Marcus Whitman was ever snow capped mountains and along dark ravines, traveled only by savage men. It was a plunge through icy rivers and across trackless prairies, a ride of 4,000 miles across a continent in the dead of winter to save a mighty territory to the Union.

Compared with this, what was the feat of Paul Revere, who rode 18 miles on a calm night in April to arouse a handful of sleeping patriots and thereby save the powder at Concord?

Whitman's ride saved three stars to the American flag. It was made in 1842.

In 1792, during the first administration of Washington, Captain Robert Gray, who had already carried the American flag around the globe, discovered the mouth of the Columbia river. He sailed several miles up the great stream and landed and took possession in the name of the United States.

In 1805, under Jefferson's administration, this vast territory was explored by Captains Lewis and Clark, whose reports were popular reading for our grandfathers, but the extent and value of this distant possession were very slightly understood, and no attempt at colonization was made, save the establishment of the fur trading station of Astoria in 1811.

Strangely enough, England, too, claimed this same territory by virtue of rights ceded to it by Russia and also by the Vancouver surveys of 1792. The Hudson's Bay company established a number of trading posts and filled the country with adventurous fur traders. So here was a vast territory, as large as New England and the state of Indiana combined, which seemed to be without any positive ownership. But for Marcus Whitman it would have been lost to the Union.

It was in 1836 that Dr. Whitman and a man by the name of Spaulding, with their young wives, the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains, entered the valley of the Columbia and founded a mission of the American board. They had been sent out to Christianize the Indians, but Whitman was also to build a state.

He was at this time 35 years old. In his journeys to and fro for the mission he soon saw the vast possibilities of the country, and he saw, too, that the English were already apprised of this and were rapidly pouring into the territory. Under the terms of the treaties of 1818 and 1828 it was the tacit belief that whichever nationality settled and organized the territory, that nation would hold it. If England and the English fur traders had been successful in their plans, the three great states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho would now constitute a part of British Columbia. But it was not destined to be.

In the fall of 1842 it looked as if there would be a great inpouring of English into the territory, and Dr. Whitman took the alarm. There was no time to lose. The authorities at Washington must be warned. Hastily bidding his wife adieu, Dr. Whitman started on his hazardous journey. The perils, hardships and delays he encountered on the way we can but faintly conceive. His feet were frozen, he nearly starved, and once he came very near to losing his life. He kept pushing right on, and at the end of five terrible months he reached Washington.

He arrived there a worn, bearded, strangely picturesque figure, clad entirely in buckskin and fur, a typical man of the prairies. He asked audience of President Tyler and Secretary of State Webster, and it was accorded him. All clad as he was, with his frozen limbs, just in from his 4,000 mile ride, Whitman appeared before the two great men to plead for Oregon.

His statement was a revelation to the administration. Previous to Whitman's visit it was the general idea in congress that Oregon was a barren, worthless country, fit only for wild beasts and wild men. He opened the eyes of the government to the limitless wealth and splendid resources of that western territory. He told them of its great rivers and fertile valleys, its mountains covered with forests and its mines filled with precious treasures. He showed them that it was a country worth keeping and that it must not fall into the hands of the English. He spoke as a man inspired, and his words were heeded.

What followed—the organization of companies of emigrants, the rapid settlement of the territory and the treaty made with Great Britain in 1846 by which the forty-ninth parallel was made the boundary line west of the Rocky mountains are matters of history.

The foresight and the heroism of one man and his gallant ride had saved three great states to the Union.—Omaha World-Herald.

### The Wise Man.

The wise man will not expect too much from those about him. He will bear and forbear. Even the best have foibles and weaknesses which have to be endured, sympathized with and perhaps pitied. Who is perfect? Who does not need forbearance and forgiveness?—Samuel Smiles.

The flesh of young giraffe, especially that of a young cow, is extremely good, somewhat like veal, with a gamelike flavor. The tongue, from 18 to 20 inches long, is also very good. But the marrow bones afford the greatest luxury to the South African hunter.

The buran, or snow hurricane of the Pamirs is a meteorological phenomenon of great interest. Even in midsummer the temperature during a snow buran frequently falls to 14 degrees F., while in the winter of 1892-3 it dropped to 45 degrees below zero at the end of January. The buran comes with startling suddenness, the atmosphere growing dark with whirling snowflakes where scarcely a minute before the sky was perfectly clear.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.