DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 54. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1900. NO. 39.

WANTED,
WHEAT **WHEAT** WHEAT

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

P. H. GOLT, W. H. DENNY,	Wye Station,	Q. A. R. R.
J. E. MERRIKEN,	Willoughby,	"
W. F. PENNINGTON,	Queen Anne, Hillsboro,	"
EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
R. T. CARTER,	Tuckahoe,	"
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.

THE HUGHES
LUMBER and COAL COMPANY,
OF
DENTON, MARYLAND.
IS READY TO SUPPLY THE PUBLIC WITH ALL KINDS OF
BUILDING MATERIAL.

Excellent seasoned Framing, sawed to exact size desired. Flooring, Siding, Shingles, Laths, Lime, Hair. Fine Finishing Work. Moulding, Picket- of all kinds, and Mill Work generally. 50,000 FEET of DRY BOARDS and 40,000 SHINGLES just received. Prices very low. We will buy cross logs or lots of lumber delivered at our Mills, and PAY CASH. BERRY CRATES and BASKETS for sale.

A GOOD SUPPLY OF COAL

Always on hand. It is the best Lehigh, and we are selling it at Rock Bottom Prices Prices and Weight guaranteed.

THE HUGHES LUMBER AND COAL CO.,
Railroad Ave. DENTON, MD.

J. W. WHEATLEY,
THE MUSIC DEALER, 38 DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.,
begs to announce that his stock of Musical Merchandise is complete. At his store can be found

MATHUSHEK LUDWIG Bush & Gerts **PIANOS** | **ORGANS** WEAVER AND CARPENTER.

in the most Artistic Styles that are right.

☞We make a specialty of repairing Musical Instruments, and our charge will not break you either. In our Small Instrument Department we have just what you want with which to while away the Winter evenings. Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, Autoharps in all styles, Columbia and Queen Zithers, Accordeons, Harmonicas, etc. All the latest Songs and Instrumental Music. Call and get our catalogue of 10c Music It will surprise you. Over 1200 copies of this Music constantly in stock.

STATIONERY.—We take pleasure in keeping the finest line of box paper ever seen in Easton. We can surely please you. School Supplies, Memorandum and Account Book1. Agent for the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.

JAMES T. COOPER,
Undertaker and Funeral Director

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Mr. Cooper's long experience in embalming and all the other branches of his profession, render absolutely certain the proper performance of his duty in all matters intrusted to his care. All calls either by day or night, promptly answered. Residence on Main street, opposite the new drug store.

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Ridgely, Md.

Headache Caused by Eye-Strain.

Many persons whose eyes and head are constantly aching have no idea what relief scientifically-fitted glasses will give. Cunningly adjusted glasses will almost invariably increase the trouble for which they are worn, and in some cases may lead to irrecoverable blindness. Our ability to adjust glasses safely and correctly is beyond question

Eyes Examined Free of Charge. T. W. SMITH, Ridgely, Md.

THE AMERICUS FERTILIZERS

AMERICUS BRAND

Are the best on the American market, having for years maintained their leading position among the brands approved by grain growers. They are likely to deserve and keep the good reputation, which is based only on good quality

Shown by EXCELLENT CROPS.

Our patrons place their orders with us after years of the severest tests. Thus a substantial business has grown greater and greater with each succeeding year.

Special attention is called to

Americus Royal Bone Phosphate,
Pure Bone Meal and Fish Potash

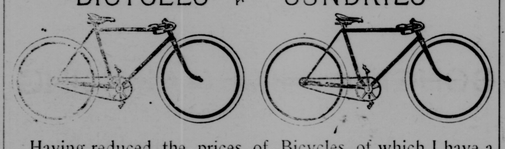
The farmers of Caroline county and adjoining districts are invited to call on

Charles F. Smith,
General Agent. RIDGELY, MD.

CARRIAGES AT LESS THAN FACTORY PRICES.

I have two full Leather-Trimmed Buggies, one Phaeton, varnish gloss very slightly dulled by being carried from last season, that I will sell below present factory prices. These are genuine bargains. Also a complete line of up-to-date Surreys, Daytons, Buggies, Harness, etc., at lowest prices.

BICYCLES AND SUNDRIES



Having reduced the prices of Bicycles, of which I have a large stock, I am now offering the greatest bargains to be had for the prices. $25 Wheels, strictly high-grade, tires and equipment reduced to $20; $20 Wheels now $17.50; 1900 Keatings, with noiseless roller chain and all latest improvements, $40. Full line Bicycle Sundries, Carriage Hardware, Specialties, Paints, Oils, Varnishee, etc., for carriages and buildings

Having secured the assistance of competent mechanics, I am now in a position to do anything in the line of Carriage and Bicycle repairing and painting in the shortest time consistent with good work.

Very truly yours,

J. N. RICKARDS,
RIDGELY, MD.

COLSTON'S PHARMACY.

Colston has just received a full line of Stationery.

PERFUMES, TOILET ARTICLES, RUBBER GOODS.

A large assortment of Books and Novels of the best authors, of which some of the titles are as follows: David Harum, Richard Carvel, In His Steps, Robert Hardy's Seven Days, Crucifixion of Phillip Strong, Peck's Uncle Ike and Red Headed Boy, Soldiers Three, Squire John, Country Lanes and City Pavements, Dora Tenny, The Heart of Virginia, Audrey's Recompense, Half a Truth, Under Egyptian Skies, A Charity Girl, The White Squadron, A Fatal Wooing, Little Lady Charles, The Spider Web, Married at Sight, The Unseen Bridegroom, Nerine's Second Choice, A Wedded Widow, Dorothy's Jewels, The Span of Life, and two hundred other titles from favorite libraries.

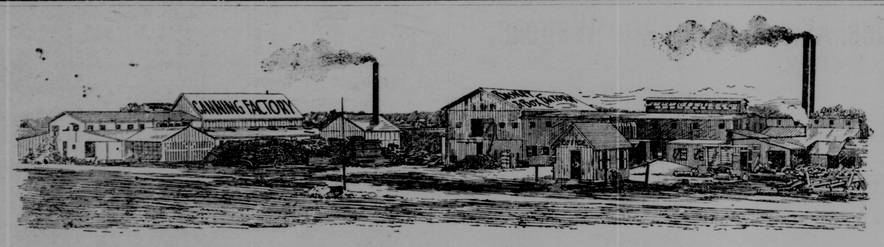
Call and take a look at the lines, assortments and works and I think you will "call again."

R. J. COLSTON.
MAIN ST. DENTON, MD

L. JOHN BLOXSOM,
—WITH—
STEVENS BROTHERS,
PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
206 S. Charles St., - - Baltimore, Md.
(N. W. Cor. Camden St.)

☞Members of the Exchange and can handle your grain to the best advantage. [6-16,2m

CRATES.



BASKETS.

T. L. DAY, SWING & COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BERRY CRATES, CUPS, PEACH AND TOMATO BASKETS AND COVERS,

are now ready to supply in any quantity, Crates and Baskets, made in a strong and substantial manner. Order early and take advantage of the extra inducements we offer for orders placed now.

FALLOWFIELD & TEMPLE, Agents, Marydel, Md.
W. W. GOLDSBOROUGH, Agent, Greensborough, Md.

T. L. DAY, SWING & CO.,
RIDGELY, MARYLAND.

A WOMAN'S WORK.

When breakfast things are cleared away
The same old problem's rising,
For she again sits down to think
Of something appetizing.
The dinner she must soon prepare
Or give the cook directions,
And great is the relief she feels
When she has made selections.

When dinner things are cleared away,
The problem that is upper
Is just the same, with one word changed,
"What can I get for supper?"
She wants to give them something new,
And long is meditation
Till choice is made, and then begins
The work of preparation.

When supper things are cleared away,
Again her mind is worried,
For then she thinks of breakfast time,
When meals are often hurried.
She ponders o'er it long until
The question is decided,
Then bustles round till she makes sure
That everything's provided.

That "woman's work is never done"
Has often been disputed,
But that she's worried is a fact
And cannot be refuted.
The worry over what to eat
Is greatest of these questions,
And glad she'd be if some one else
Would make the meal suggestions.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Consulting Detective

A STORY OF A VOCAL CLEW.

BY SEACOAL.

"Yes; I am a detective."

Tom Oakley, leaning over the back of a large stuffed chair in the club parlor, faced our little group with a cynical smile playing over his lips. One or two of us had suspected something of the kind, but all of us were astonished at his frank admission. He waited for some comment, but none of us spoke.

"A consulting detective, if you will, but nevertheless a detective," he went on. "I regret the necessity of the admission, not for the reason that I am ashamed of my work, but because my usefulness is likely to be somewhat impaired by knowledge of it. I presume you have the prejudice against the work that is common. Deal with the knowledge I have given you here in the club as you see fit. I shall not defend myself nor explain, no matter how much I may care for the loss of associations. However, detectives are not held in the disrepute they once were. When the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief was in application, a detective was not the sort of person one invited to dinner. That was the days of Jonathan Wild and Vidocq. After all, in those days it was the man himself and not his work that was in discredit. Now, when plays are written to glorify spies and detectives, it will hardly do to hold the latter in disrepute. However, I have discovered an especial aptitude."

"We all thought you were practicing law," remarked one of us.

"I faithfully tried to for three years," replied Tom, "and nearly starved. Clients were shy, having failed to perceive my great legal abilities. Something more than a year ago accident discovered my detective abilities, and in the year following I made more of an income three times over than in the three preceding years."

"Give us the accident, Tom," demanded Harwood.

"You know Weltwerter, the brewer?" added Tom. "Well, something more than a year ago an employee sought me to bring a suit for damages against him for injuries received at the brewery. Weltwerter is a good fellow, and I thought more would result from an appeal to his sympathies than from a suit, especially as I wasn't altogether clear that contributory negligence could not be proved against my client. The brewer was away at his country seat at the time, but I wrote him and promptly received reply to the effect that he would be at his city house on a certain night not far away, when if I would call we would talk the matter over. His house was in Bedford avenue, a double house, occupying several lots, with his stable on the rear street. Arriving at the appointed time, I found Weltwerter and his wife in great distress and excitement.

"Their house had been robbed. How much time had elapsed since the burglary they could not tell, but it was some time within two weeks, since the brewer had visited the house two weeks previously, and there were no signs of robbery then. All of their plate was gone, which, together with other valuables, made a substantial loss, but these things, however much value in money they represented, were nothing compared with the loss of certain papers, over which Weltwerter made great moan, declaring that in it the guiding purpose of his life was gone.

"Immediately on the discovery of the robbery the brewer had sent for the police detectives and was waiting for them when I arrived. At my suggestion all went over the house. We found a basement window at the back of the house broken and the rear door open. Evidently the thief or thieves had made their entrance through the window and had opened the door from the inside. A spoon on the floor near the door, an article of little value outside of it, another on the walk leading to the carriage house led us to follow in that direction and on the floor of that house found several unimportant articles apparently thrown away. It seemed to me that all the booty had been transported to the stable and removed at leisure from there because more was taken than two men could have carried away at once. Going back to the house all the indications to me were that whoever the person was he was familiar with the interior of the house, knew the location of the valuables and had gone about his work with a precision born of that knowledge. The valuables—plate and papers—had been locked in a large safe in the dining room. The safe doors were open and the lock uninjured, so that it was clear the thief knew the combination. I pointed out all three things to the brewer. But he was confounded. He could fix on no person, for only himself, his wife and his daughter Leila knew the combination. His servants, including the coachman, had accompanied him to his country place and had not been absent a day or a night.

"In the course of our examination we reached the large music room on the other side of the hall and in the rear of the parlor. As the Weltwerters were all musical it was the principal gathering place of the family when at home. There was a piano here, a harp, a violoncello in a frame, a rack for violins and a closet in the rack. In fact, there were instruments about sufficient to supply a good sized orchestra. The brewer, who had been looking over these instruments and had attempted to unlock the closet in the violin rack, suddenly made an outcry. The lock of this closet had been broken. He flung open the door excitedly to find that it was empty. From his outcries and the words passing rapidly between him and his wife I gathered that a valuable violin had been stolen, that it was an Amati for which he had paid a vast sum and that it was his own pet instrument.

"While the brewer was lamenting his loss I observed on the piano several sheets of music. Though I know absolutely nothing about music, I took them up and saw that it was not printed, but manuscript, music and that on the bottom of one sheet, but partially covered with notes, was written these words:

"'The gentleman relieving you of some of your valuables begs to submit that there are here grave errors of composition. Go to your graphophone and listen to how it ought to be.'

"Abruptly asking the brewer if he had a phonograph in the house, he indifferently pointed to a corner where I saw an instrument. Going to it, I found one with a recording applianpe attached. On the cylinder was a record. Removing it, I brushed off the dust and, replacing it, set the machine in motion, when an agreeable air was ground out in what I thought rather a good baritone voice, to be suddenly changed to spoken words—these:

"'Compare the version I have sung into the 'phone with your manuscript, and you will see that you are wrong in your sixths and can detect your error.'

"Weltwerter was quite evidently annoyed by my manipulation of the phonograph, and so when I showed him the sheets of music he replied impatiently:

"'Yes, yes; it is my daughter Leila's work. She composes music. This was done the day before we left for the country. It is not complete.'

"But the words written at the bottom of the page, to which I directed his attention, awakened him to interest. In fact, he was astounded, and he demanded that I should again put the machine in motion while he compared the written music with it. In this he was joined by his wife, an accomplished pianist, as I afterward learned. Again and again the record was played, until the voice was strongly impressed on my memory.

"The brewer could not recognize the voice, but Mrs. Weltwerter seemed to find something familiar in it, though she could not fix it into association with any person. The brewer evidently believed that the person who had written the words and sang to the machine were one and the same and that he was a musician. His indignation that a musician should be a thief and that thief should be enough of a musician to detect errors in his daughter's composition and be impudent enough to prove it was ludicrous.

"While Weltwerter was mixing his indignation at the critic with laments over the theft of his Amati by the critic I was closely examining the writing. It clearly indicated to me familiarity with the use of the pen together with the spoken words of the record, a habit of grammatical expression. Gaining the attention of the brewer, I said that these things indicated that the burglar was a man of education, a trained singer, of a baritone voice, familiar to a degree at least, with the technical side of music, and that other indications showed that he was familiar with the interior of the house and its habits and customs. Said I:

"'This is no ordinary burglar, Mr. Weltwerter. The points I have made should be clews to his detection and should enable you to settle on some one or more persons to be suspected. In fact,' said I under sudden inspiration, 'I should not be surprised if at the end you would find that the man coveted your Amati and that he entered the house for the purpose of securing that in the first place.'

"Mrs. Weltwerter was impressed and asked if I were a detective. Before I could reply her husband broke in with the explanation that I was a lawyer and it seemed to me in a tone implying that therefore there was no reason for giving consequence to my words. Before I could sustain myself by argument the police detectives summoned by Mr. Weltwerter made their appearance. After learning all the brewer could tell them they went about an examination of the premises after their methods and concluded that the burglary was the work of professionals, though they differed among themselves as to what professionals they were. I took issue with them and aired the theories I had advanced to Mr. Weltwerter. I showed them the writing on the music sheet and ground out the tune for them and wound up with suggesting that this man, avowing himself to be the one who had taken the valuables, possessed accomplishments not usually the acquirements of the professional burglar.

"These astute men resented my notions—treated them with infinite scorn, even intimated that I had written the words on the sheet to bolster up my position and said that they were quite certain that inquiry of Miss Weltwerter would elicit that the phonograph record had been made in her presence by a friendly critic—perhaps her instructor. Weltwerter seemed to wabble to their side, perhaps because the idea of an educated musician and a burglar in one and the same person was too incongruous for him to grasp with belief, but his wife inclined to my view. I was nettled, and the scorn with which I was treated made a detective of me, for, convinced that the police detectives would never find the man on the lines they adopted, I then and there determined to make the inquiry myself.

"One of the first things I did was to persuade Mrs. Weltwerter to send for her daughter Leila, with whom I had a conversation immediately on her arrival. One police notion was dissipated at once. She had never submitted her composition to the criticism of anybody and knew of no corrections sung to the phonograph. She was piqued over the assertion of error in her work, and as she listened attentively to the record, holding her written music in comparison, I watched her narrowly. Almost immediately a dull, red flush crept over her face, but whether it was due to a recognition of the voice or to a conviction that she had been detected in error I could not determine, but when the sudden change to the spoken words took place a sort of startled light sprang into her eyes. She hesitated in reply to my question if she recognized the voice, finally saying that she did not; that at first it seemed familiar, but the impression faded as she listened. I was not satisfied. It seemed to me as though the young woman could have said more if she were inclined—that she had something of suspicion. I pressed this view upon her, but she escaped conclusions by asserting that a tone or two of the recorded voice had suggested a person, but only a tone or two; that it was simply absurd to associate the person with the deed of burglary.

"Fortunately for me I had plenty of time to make inquiries, but notwithstanding that I devoted all my time to the work I made no headway. Firmly convinced that the burglar was a professional musician, I worked on that line, attending all places where I could hear baritone singers. I tried to make the acquaintance of all musicians who had been in the habit of gathering at the Weltwerter house, but it was summer time, and I could reach but a few.

"One day, at the end of three weeks of this discouraging work, I was sitting in my office quite despondent, when I was called up on the telephone by my sister. We had been conversing but a moment when some one cut in on us on a crossed line. I was about to demand of the central office to protect us in our possession of the line, when I was startled by another voice—the one of the record on the Weltwerter phonograph—the one I had been looking for, dreaming of, for three weeks, and I listened breathlessly. The subject of the talk of the two who had cut in was the orchestration of some musical score at a theater for which the voice was at work. It ended with a remark of 'the voice' that the other could communicate at any time with him by telephone and giving his telephone number.

"I closed my talk with my sister as quickly as I decently could and hastened to the central office. Learning the name of the subscriber who had the number 'the voice' had given, I was surprised to find it was that of a druggist on the hill. This did not bear out my theory, but I traveled to the store to find it one of the superior sort. It required the exercise of no little skill to discover who had talked through the telephone an hour previously on a musical subject, but it came out in the end, and I was told that it was a professional musician known as Elmer Molesworth, occupying apartments on a floor above the store.

"Inquiries in the neighborhood showed that the musician was held in esteem as an industrious, upright man. I learned, however, that more than once he had been one of a stringed quartet at musical gatherings at Weltwerter's. Armed with this fact, I sought Miss Weltwerter and forced her to the admission that she had recognized Molesworth's voice in that of the record, but was not willing to believe it. From her also I learned a valuable fact. She had as a precious relic a sheet or two of original manuscript by Mozart, which she kept in the safe in the dining room.

"On the occasion of a musical at their house once she had talked to Molesworth of this, and taking the musician to the safe had opened it before him to show it. I saw now how Molesworth had obtained the combination and knowledge of the contents of the safe. By a little strategy in a few days I obtained a note from Molesworth, so that I was enabled to make a comparison with the writing on the music sheet and to see a marked resemblance.

"It now seemed ripe for an arrest, but here Weltwerter stepped in. He feared if arrest were made his papers would be lost, and he preferred the recovery before everything—said he would sacrifice everything for them—his plate, valuables and even his loved Amati. He begged me to undertake their recovery. So I began my detective career by compounding a felony. I visited Molesworth in his apartments and bluntly charged him with the burglary. He was cool and self possessed. He denied my charge indignantly, but I told him the story of his deed and the methods of its accomplishment step by step and how I had been led to fix upon him. All this time my eyes had been busy about the room. As I ascended the stairs I had heard the sound of a violin, but I saw none. Beside his desk was a shawl on the floor and something seemed to be under it. Suddenly I sprang up and lifted that shawl. Under it was a violin. Molesworth turned pale, and I, lifting the instrument and pointing to a mark on it, said dramatically, 'It was the temptation to possess this Amati that led you into the crime.' He wilted at once. I followed up my advantage by promising him on behalf of Weltwerter immunity, silence and safety if he would return what he had taken, and he broke down and confessed.

"That afternoon I returned the prized papers and the Amati to the brewer. The plate had been disposed of or destroyed, and Weltwerter, highly pleased over his recoveries, let it go. He gave me a handsome fee.

"This started me on my career, for Weltwerter, with an exaggerated idea of my abilities, called me to ferret out a leak in the funds of a bank of which he was a director and in which I was successful. This led to similar employments, until now I am a full fledged consulting detective, who puts the public officer on the right track, though I maintain my lawyer's shingle on Court street as before.

"Weltwerter's papers? Oh, neither you nor I would care for them. They were proofs of his rights to an estate of rocks and trees and a ruined castle in Germany and to the title of the family from which he was descended. To obtain the money with which to support them he had brewed beer in this country. He has sold out to a trust, I believe, and is going to Germany soon."

The Story of Nikko Bridge.

Long ago a great hearted king came to Nikko river and looked across at the trees, up stream at the torrent and the hills whence it came and down stream at the softer outlines of the crops and spurs of wooded mountains.

"It needs only a dash of color in the foreground to bring this all together," said he, and he put a little child in a blue and white dressing gown under the awful trees to judge the effect. Emboldened by his tenderness, an aged beggar ventured to ask for alms. Now, it was the ancient privilege of the great to try the temper of their blades upon beggars and such cattle. Mechanically the king swept off the old man's head, for he did not wish to be disturbed. The blood spurted across the granite slabs of the river ford in a sheet of purest vermilion. The king smiled.

Chance had solved the problem for him. "Build a bridge here," he said to the court carpenter, "of just such a color as that stuff on the stones. Build also a bridge of gray stone close by, for I would not forget the wants of my people." So he gave the little child across the stream 1,000 pieces of gold and went his way. He had composed a landscape. As for the blood, they wiped it up and said no more about it, and that is the story of Nikko bridge. You will not find it in the guidebooks. —Kipling's "From Sea to Sea."

Sign Painting an Art.

To become a strictly first class sign painter it is absolutely essential to possess a natural ability for free hand drawing and also a quick eye, which requires much training, diligent practice and thorough instruction. To sketch out, outline and correctly form the various styles and numerous sizes of letters without the aid of a square or compass may be considered an art. The two parallel lines simply govern the size of the letter, and the rest of the work must be measured and proportioned entirely by the eye alone.

Many who are not experts, and probably never will be, are compelled to resort to mechanical methods, which is always bound to plainly show a stiffness and a marked contrast from that of the free and graceful hand. One of the most difficult styles of lettering is the script, which was very popular some years ago. A very few signs of this style are now in existence. The general demand is for a much heavier and bolder letter. One important reason is that there are a very few of the present generation that can do justice to this style of work. It requires an immense amount of practice, more so than any other kind of lettering. There is none of the old masters now living, and their examples of this, the most graceful and beautiful of all styles, have become a matter of the past.—New York Times.

The Deceivers.

"Look here, sir," she said as she entered a sewing machine office the other day; "your agent has imposed upon me."

"Is it possible, ma'am? In what respect?"

"Yes, sir, he has, and I don't want your machine!"

"How has he deceived you?"

"Why, he came into my house and told me that your machine was the best in the world. I have witnesses and can prove every word of it."

"But that was not deceiving you, ma'am."

"Yes, it was. I hadn't the machine two days before another agent called and said his was the best, and he had a circular to back it up. He had hardly got out of doors when another called and said his machine had taken ten medals."

"But we have taken 15, ma'am."

"Oh, you have!"

"And we have issued a challenge for a public trial, which no other machine dare accept."

"Is that so? Then your machine is the best, after all?"

"Certainly."

"Then you will please excuse me. I thought I had been imposed upon, and I'm afraid I was a little hasty. The other agents must have been the deceivers."

Traffic In Talismans.

As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so will those broken down in health or those who pursue the fickle goddess of fortune seek the advice of men commonly known as "quacks." A healthy man or a person favored with the good things of life has no use for medical works or for the occult sciences. The latter thrive on the unfortunate—those who want to better themselves in life and do not see their way clear to do so. Hence they seek the assistance of the mysterious, the occult, the magical, and it is for this reason that talismans still flourish in the civilized world and will continue to flourish so long as the supernatural sways human minds.

There are thousands of talismans sold in New York and other metropolitan centers every year. There are hundreds of men and women who make a business of making and selling them, and as much as $5 and $10 is often paid for a little circular piece of leather or metal containing inscriptions supposed to possess marvelous power. The charms sold these days are manufactured from the descriptions contained in the now rare books of Agrippa, Gadbury, Rabbi Solomon and others. They are chiefly of Hebraic origin and have been used by believers for hundreds of years.—New York Herald.

Helped by American Wealth.

When money in big piles is mentioned on the other side of the Atlantic, our minds leap to the Rothschilds and the Barings. Strange, is it not, that both of these great banking families originated in Germany?

Americans should feel particularly close to the Barings, however, inasmuch as the money that gave them their big start was the dot of an American girl, Anne Bingham, eldest daughter of United States Senator Bingham of Pennsylvania, the richest man in the country in his day. Among his modest possessions were 2,000,000 acres of virgin forest in Maine, for which he paid $250,000. Anne was married to Alexander Baring in 1798. Her sister, Maria Matilda, tried three husbands, the second being Henry Baring, a brother of Alexander. The first was Count de Tilly and the third the Marquis de Blaisel.—New York Press.