DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 59 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1905. NO. 18

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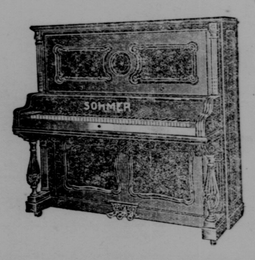

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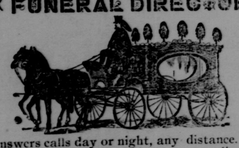

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Time Table—In effect Dec. 14, 1904.

EASTWARD. Read Down. Daily Ex. Sunday.	EASTWARD. Read Down. Daily Ex. Sunday.	BALTO. FERRY SERVICE. STATIONS.		WESTWARD. Read Up. Daily Ex. Sunday.	WESTWARD. Read Up. Daily Ex. Sunday.
P.M.	A.M.			NOON.	P.M.
3.50	7.00	Lv... Baltimore...	Ar.	12.00	9.20
5.50	9.00	Ar... Love Point...	Lv.	.....	.....
P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.

Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	RAILROAD DIV. STATIONS.		Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sunday.
P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.
6.00	9.10	Lv... Love Point...	Ar.	9.50	6.30
6.30	10.00	....Queenstown....		9.20	5.40
6.52	10.25	....Centreville....		8.50	5.05
†6.41	†6.14	....Wye Mills....		†9.05	5.22
6.55	10.32	....Queen Anne....		8.50	5.00
7.13	11.00	....Denton....		8.33	4.35
7.29	11.21	....Hickman....		8.17	4.12
7.44	11.50	....Greenwood....		8.02	3.50
8.05	12.15	....Ellendale....		7.42	3.12
8.19	12.30	....Milton....		7.25	2.55
8.40	12.55	....Lewes....		7.05	2.30
P.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.

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[1-21-1y]

The Salvation Of "Whitey" Bowen

By HOWARD FIELDING

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THERE was a woman whom destiny appointed to be the salvation of "Whitey" Bowen, and a very remarkable appointment it was. Had I been in destiny's place I should not have selected her for such a service. She would have seemed to me much more likely to destroy than to save him or any other man in whom she happened to take an interest. Yet aside from a single instance of heartless and mercenary conduct I know nothing reprehensible that she ever did.

She was in fact a mystery. She arrived in the rough little city of Carillon, N. M., on the edge of an October afternoon and went to the Merchants' hotel, where she wrote upon the register, "Mrs. Celia Lorne and maid." The maid came a few hours later by a train from the opposite direction. She was a colored woman of middle age and of a singularly somber demeanor. There was an ill founded rumor afterward that Mrs. Lorne came from St. Louis and the maid from Denver.

The lady herself was slender, dark eyed and somewhat intense in her

THERE WERE SOME HASTY WORDS.

manner, yet always under control. She had narrowly missed the fatal gift of beauty spoken of by the old romancers. Her face was spoiled by high, prominent cheek bones and thin, straight lips. She was not past thirty and might have been believed had she called herself twenty-five, except that nobody ever believed Mrs. Lorne. That was one of her peculiarities. I know of only a single serious falsehood in which she was detected, yet long before that time I had learned to distrust her statements as if they had been uttered by a habitual liar. So far as I am aware, it was the same with all who became acquainted with her in Carillon, and this was no secret from herself. She used to make a jest of it while declaring that she was the most truthful of women. Even "Whitey" Bowen, who was in love with her, could not take her word.

We called him "Whitey" because of his pale yellow hair and very light gray eyes. He was a handsome fellow and wonderfully well built. His father was a Kansas farmer and was called well to do, as we learned from the son, but later developments proved that the elder Bowen must have been a bit of a miser and extremely reticent about his affairs, for he was worth five times as much money as the members of his own household supposed. He had sent "Whitey" to the Ohio State university, and the boy had made an excellent record in scholarship and athletics. The father and son quarreled in the summer following the young man's graduation, and "Whitey" admitted to me that it was because he knew too much.

"I tried to make my father over," said he. "I couldn't be satisfied with him as he was."

Upon another occasion he was more explicit and stated that the first grave quarrel arose from his attempt to reform his father's table etiquette. It appeared that Bowen senior had the pernicious habit of eating with his knife and that he bitterly resented any interference with his liberty in this respect. There were some hasty words and a suggestion that "Whitey" would better learn how to earn his food before he set himself up as an authority on feeding, and this was the trivial beginning of much sorrow. "Whitey" went forth from his father's house; but, unlike the prodigal of Scripture, he carried no portion of goods with him. After brief wanderings he came to Carillon, where he eventually found employment as a brakeman for the Santa Fe railroad.

The schedule of his toil gave him most of his leisure in Carillon, which was not a good place for a young man. "Whitey" Bowen brought few bad habits with him. It was indeed quite unnecessary, for they could be acquired in our city without the slightest difficulty, and I regret to say that "Whitey" showed a considerable aptitude. The fact is that he felt disgraced by his quarrel with his father.

He had the terrible handicap of a start in life which destroyed his self esteem. Moreover, he had absolutely no interest in railroading and did not care to rise, although he might have done so easily, for he was a man so thoroughly reliable by nature that not even strong drink could destroy this quality in him, and, besides, he had the immense advantage of a splendid personality, which made him known and remembered by his superiors.

After he had been in Carillon about six months he began to receive regular letters from his father. His mother was long since dead. I saw some of the letters. The earlier ones were full of a stubborn pride and an offended authority. They gave the boy an option of complete submission to the paternal will and were more than vague in regard to the rewards that would follow. Then I began to detect an undercurrent of anxiety and an old man's longing for his son. The feeling was sternly repressed. Only a phrase here and there revealed it. There were quaint, almost laughable, hints of pecuniary assistance in case the young man should be in difficulties, but no money ever came.

"Whitey" always replied to these epistles, but with distressing brevity. The tone was always perfectly respectful, but it must have been direful for an anxious father to read those deadly short sentences. Three or four of them penned in an enormous hand covered half a sheet of paper and conveyed as little information as ever I saw in a letter.

By and by the elder Bowen began to hint at illness, and then indeed the son showed an increasing anxiety, but it did him no good. There was something which he wanted his father to say in one of those letters, something which would have called the boy home, but it was not said, and I never found out what it was.

It became obvious to me after a little while that the old farmer was really failing toward his grave and that he knew it right well. I began to urge "Whitey" to go home, but without success. He could not read between the lines of those letters. He was not old enough to recognize that presentiment which comes to a man of advanced years when the end of the long journey really draws near.

There was, however, one letter which moved "Whitey" more than the others. It contained a bit of news about a girl in the home town, and this news, though of no more consequence than a new gown—so little, in fact, that I have entirely forgotten what it was—had been expressed with a crude and simple tenderness. The sentence was one of those which an experienced writer of romance would give much to be able to pen, yet the like of it will come to him only when he forgets his art. It showed that this girl was dear to the father because he always thought of his son when he looked at her. Then indeed I had strong hope of sending "Whitey" home, but Mrs. Lorne appeared in Carillon and spoiled the chance.

From the first meeting between them this woman exerted a strange and contradictory influence. Whatever she said to him seemed to produce an effect exactly opposite to that which would have been the ordinary sense of the words. She showed no great liking for him and did not encourage him to seek her society. Yet he was drawn to her, not as a man may be tantalized into striving after that which is difficult of attainment, but because he felt from the very beginning that she was his friend.

"Mrs. Lorne is the most sympathetic woman I've ever met," said he to me after a conversation to which we three had been parties.

I remember staring at him in amazement, for of all the cold blooded, cynical talk that ever I heard in this world Mrs. Lorne's upon that occasion was easily the chief. What element of sympathy with anybody or anything "Whitey" had been able to find in it I was unable to discover. He felt her sympathy, he declared, and that was the end of it.

I ought to say here that Mrs. Lorne's conduct while in Carillon was severely circumspect. For instance, she had a private parlor at the hotel, but neither Bowen nor any other man was received in it, though there was nothing to prevent. In the public parlor or upon the veranda Mrs. Lorne entertained all her male acquaintances, and, though she took the wrong side of every moral question and applauded every sinner who was mentioned in her presence, she preserved a certain delicacy of language and theme and required it from all with whom she conversed. Therefore her utterly wrong hearted view of life was the more dangerous. An exultant sympathy with evil may be expected of a coarse and rude transgressor, and its influence is discounted, but when a woman of exterior refinement takes it upon herself to be the devil's advocate she stands a chance to carry her case in the courts of this world.

"Mrs. Lorne stirs up all the good that's in me," said "Whitey" to me one day. "That woman will be my salvation."

Upon the other hand, she openly encouraged the young man's wildness, laughed at his best aspirations and praised him for the worst of his escapades.

Among the singular contradictions of her influence I will mention this: Though he was drawn to her so strongly at first and for a time gave up his thought of going home, he presently began to move in the opposite direction.

"I don't know, I don't know," he would say to me while pacing up and down my room in the dead hours of the night. "I've been talking with Mrs. Lorne this evening. Perhaps, after all, I ought to go home."

"Did she tell you to?" I would ask.

"No, no; not exactly," he would admit with hesitation. "In fact, she rather spoke against it; admired my spunk and all that. But somehow she made me see that it's the right thing to do."

The situation was in some respects incomprehensible to me. I knew that the boy was in love with Mrs. Lorne and that he had no reason to be hopeful. She was supposed to be a widow, but as the information came from herself alone it was to me wholly unreliable, and though she were really free it would not make "Whitey" Bowen's chances any better, for Mrs. Lorne would never marry a poor man. The chances were overwhelming that the end of this romance would be conventional, yet no less tragic for its commonplace quality. "Whitey" would be led finally into a mad proposal; he would repeat it many times, and at last, despairing, he would plunge into wild dissipation and make a miserable end.

I now know that Mrs. Lorne had more accurate information regarding "Whitey's" prospects than he himself had. She happened to have a correspondent in his home town, and she had learned that Bowen the elder was almost a rich man, that he was in very bad health and that he still loved his son. She had not come to Carillon with this knowledge. My opinion is that she had been sent there as a result of some treaty with her family, following a scandal which involved some serious pecuniary irregularity of hers—a crime, in fact. It is needless to state the evidence upon which I base this verdict, but it is fairly conclusive and is supported by the fact that she remained at Carillon exactly one year, though during the last month or two she must have been anxious to leave.

Meanwhile "Whitey" drifted more and more into her influence, and yet he was ever more clearly persuaded that he ought to go home. I am sure that he had already proposed to her once and had accepted a flat refusal precisely as he always took everything that she said—exactly opposite. He was even cheered by the rejection. Then came a really grave letter from home. The father's state of health was nearly as bad as it could be, and he wrote to plead for his son's return.

"Whitey" took this letter to Mrs. Lorne, and she told him not to go. That evening he settled all his affairs and climbed aboard the engine of a fast freight bound east. The engineer was Andy Russell, a splendid fellow and a good friend of "Whitey." I was at the station in a pouring rain to bid the boy goodby.

An hour later a man came running to my office, where I was sitting alone and in gloom, glad that "Whitey" had gone, yet missing him to the bottom of my heart.

"No. 21 has been wrecked!" cried the messenger, bursting in upon me. "She's all piled up a mile this side of Leonard's. The engine crew are dead, and "Whitey's" gone with them—under the engine, the whole lot. What do you think of that?"

I did not say what I thought. I ran to the station bareheaded and did not utter a word till I arrived there. This is what had happened: A washout had undermined the rails at a point about fifteen miles from Carillon, leaving them standing with nothing under them, as will sometimes happen. Like ghosts the two bright lines of iron gleamed in the rays of the headlight; like ghosts they vanished, and the great machine plunged downward. The cars that followed piled themselves so high above the pit that the wrecking derrick which was sent out from Carillon could not reach the top of the pile.

I obtained permission to go out with the wrecking train, and while it was being made up I waited at the station. I stood outside in the rain, too sick at heart to feel the need of shelter. Suddenly a hand clutched my arm, and I turned to face Mrs. Lorne.

"Is this true?" she cried. "Is it true that he is dead?"

"Yes," said I, "it is true."

She thrust a sheet of yellow paper before my eyes. There was a lamp above my head, and I could read the words. It was a telegram from "Whitey" Bowen's home—from Mrs. Lorne's correspondent there. It contained the information that "Whitey's" father had died that afternoon, leaving the bulk of his property to his son, an amount exceeding $100,000.

"That is mine," said she in a tone as cold as steel. "I am his wife."

"His wife!" I cried. "When did this happen?"

"That will be proved at the proper time," said she. "The money is mine. And, isn't it queer," she added in an indescribable tone, "I sent him a note to be handed in to the engine cab at Slayton's, three miles up. I applauded his resolution and told him to go home and never come back."

"YOU HAVE SAVED ME."

"I got your note," said a voice behind me, "and I came back. You have saved me."

It was "Whitey" Bowen. As ever, he had taken her advice by contraries. He had walked back along the rails in the drenching rain because she had told him to go on.

At sight of him Mrs. Lorne screamed, the first emotional outburst to which I ever knew her to yield. Then she turned and fled through the rain.

"Did you hear?" I gasped.

"Yes," said he wearily. "It isn't true. I suppose she had made some sudden plan to prove our marriage, but of course she can't do it now. I shall never see her again. As soon as this wreck is cleared I shall go home—too late, too late! But this has made a man of me, my friend. My salvation has been in it somehow."

A Spelling Rule.

At a school inspection some of the boys found a difficulty in the correct placing of the letters "i" and "e" in such words as "believe," "receive," etc., when the inspector said blandly, "My boys, I will give you an infallible rule, one I invariably use myself." The pupils were all attention, and even the master pricked up his ears. The inspector continued: "It is simply this. Write the 'i' and 'e' exactly alike and put the dot in the middle over them."—London Telegraph.

Not What He Meant.

Mother (to her daughter)—Will you play that new sonata for the doctor? Daughter—But, mamma, the doctor has had so much sorrow lately— Doctor—But, my dear young lady, to hear you play will not be pleasure.—Fliegende Blatter.

Sidestepped It.

Miss de Muir — Mr. Foxey, am I younger than I look, or am I older? Mr. Foxey—All I know about that is that nobody could possibly be half as young as you look.—Chicago Tribune.

Household Hint.

The Visitor—Your cook is perfection itself. How do you manage her? The Hostess—Easily. We learn what dishes she likes best herself and then we have those only.—Puck.

Gratitude has a faithful memory and a fluent tongue.

THE CITY OF CROCODILES.

In Ancient Site Said to Have Been Built by Pharaoh.

The crocodile, one of the most sacred animals of the east, has given its name to several ancient sites. Of the various "cities of crocodiles," the names of which have been handed down to us by Herodotus, Pliny and Strabo, perhaps the most striking was the "Crocodilopolis" of the ancient Egyptian province of Fayum, which, according to tradition, was built by that pharaoh who "made the lives of the children of Israel bitter with hard service."

This province lies within an almost complete circle of hills—a little oasis in the midst of the desert, where roses and grapes mingle with figs and olives and luxuriant palm trees grow almost into forests.

Its capital is Medinet, and a little to the north of the city are a number of irregularly shaped mounds. Beneath these are the ruins of the pharaoh built "Crocodilopolis," the "City of Crocodiles," later called Arsinoe, and the shrine of the sacred crocodile of the neighboring Lake Moeris, which was then 450 miles in circumference.

This lake held the sacred crocodiles, and as each died in turn it was buried in one of the 1,500 underground sepulchers of the world famed "Labyrinth" at hand, side by side with the embalmed bodies of successive pharaohs.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE NAME AMERICA.

When It Was First Proposed For the Newly Found Continent.

The name of America for the newly discovered continent was first proposed in the little volume put forth at St. Die, in the Vosges, in the year 1507 by Waldzeemuller, better known by the Hellenized form of his name, Hylacomylus. Three or four editions of this treatise were published at St. Die before 1507, and a few years afterward an edition without date was printed at Lyons by Jean de la Place. All these editions are of extreme rarity, and probably that printed at Lyons is the rarest of all, though the library of the British museum possesses two copies of it. It has never been suggested that any maps were engraved to accompany either of the editions, but it has always been supposed that the earliest map with the word "America" marked on the new found world was the "Typus Orbis," engraved on wood for the "Enarrationes Joannis Camertis in C. Julii Solini Polyistora," printed at Vienna in 1520 for Joannes Singrenius. In this map the new world is represented as a long island, on which is the inscription: "Anno d. 1497 haec terra cum adjacentibus insulis inventa est per Columbum Innuensem ex mandato regis Castelle. America provincia."

BRET HARTE AS A HUNTER.

The Reassuring Message He Received After an Accident.

During the time he acted as United States consul in Glasgow Bret Harte occasionally indulged in a day's sport with the gun, and it was during one of his shooting excursions that the famous American author met with an accident which might have disfigured him for the remainder of his life, his face being badly cut through the recoil of an overloaded gun. Fortunately the doctor's skill prevented him from being permanently marked.

Writing about the occurrence to his friend, T. Edgar Pemberton (who quotes the letter in his "Tribute to Bret Harte"), the novelist concludes his letter by telling of an amusing effort which was made to console him on account of the accident.

"When the surgeon was stitching me together," he wrote, "the son of the house, a boy of twelve, came timidly to the door of my room:

"'Tell Mr. Bret Harte it's all right,' he said. 'He killed the hare.'"

How Ned Got Even.

"Oh, I have a lovely secret!" cried Bessy as she ran into the dining room.

"What is it?" said her twin brother Ned.

"I will not tell you. It wouldn't be a secret if I did," answered Bessy teasingly.

"All right, then, but I will get even," said Ned angrily. So he went out to Bessy's playhouse and on the chair where she generally sat playing with her dolls placed a lot of pins. After awhile in came Bessy and was just about to sit down when a playmate called her and said:

"Mamma has given me two dolls—one for you, the other for me—so let's go and dress them."

Soon after Ned went in with a book in his hand and sat plump down on the pins he had placed on the chair for Sister Bessy. It was a good lesson for Ned, and now he plays no more practical jokes on his sister.

The Elephant as a Worker.

Any one who thinks the elephant a slow, clumsy beast would have cause to change his opinion on seeing him at work along the rivers of northern Siam. The rainy season, which begins in April, is the time when the teak logs, cut during the dry season in the forests about the upper waters of the Menam river, are floated down to Rahang, where they are caught and rafted to Bangkok. Instead of red shirted, spike shoed "river drivers," such as handle the logs in their downstream journey to the sawmills on the Penobscot and Kennebec in Maine, the "lumber driving" of the Siamese rivers is done by barefooted, half naked men on elephants, and the "bone" labor and much of the thinking involved in the operation are done by the elephants.

Something He Can't Do.

Put a piece of wood or a ruler on the floor and ask some one in the room to jump over it. It will look so easy to do that some one will answer, "Certainly I can."

"Very well; try," the questioner will reply. And at the same time he will lay the piece of wood close to the wall, saying, "Now, come on and try."

An Obliging Hen.

My small brother Fred went into the chicken house just as the hen got off her nest.

"Mamma," he cried at the top of his voice, "the speckled hen lays boiled eggs; feel them!"

COUNTESS POTOCKA.

The Woman Who Sang to Chopin as He Sank to Death.

As the great Chopin lay dying his soul was ushered out by the song of the beautiful Countess Delphine Potocka, who had been his dearest confidante and friend. The romance of their friendship, one of the sweetest in history, is related by Gustav Kobbe in the Delineator. The last tragic scene in the life of the composer has often been described and has been painted by Barrios, but it is so touching that one may well read another version of it. Mr. Kobbe writes:

"Then came what is perhaps the most touching scene that has been handed down to us from the lives of the great composers. When Delphine entered what was soon to be the death chamber Chopin's sister Louise and a few of his most intimate friends were gathered there. She took her place by Louise. When the dying man opened his eyes and saw her standing at the foot of his bed, tall, slight, draped in white, resembling a beautiful angel, and mingling her tears with those of Louise his lips moved, and those nearest him, bending over to catch his words, heard him ask that she would sing.

"Mastering her emotion by a strong effort of the will, she sang in a voice of bell-like purity the canticle to the Virgin attributed to Stradella—sang it so devoutly, so thereally, that the dying man, 'artist and lover of the beautiful to the very last,' whispered in ecstasy: 'How exquisite! Again, again!'

"Once more she sang, this time a psalm by Marcello. It was the haunted hour of twilight. The dying day draped the scene in its mysterious shadows. Those at the bedside had sunk noiselessly on their knees. Over the mournful accompaniment of sobs floated the voice of Delphine like a melody from heaven."

FORTIFICATIONS.

They Play but a Secondary Role in the Defense of States.

A fortress spells immobility and dispersion. We should therefore look askance at it until proof is given that it has a definite purpose to fulfill in a reasoned scheme of strategy. We must not allow ourselves to be led away by the glamour surrounding a heroic defense. We must look to the end and leave panegyrics to poets. We must, in short, regard all fortification as an auxiliary and nothing more. A fortress, because it is a fortress and because it is ours, is not necessarily an advantage and may be the reverse. If we gain battles we gain the enemy's fortresses; if we lose them he gains ours, whether they are in the interior or upon the sea. In each case the larger the garrison the greater the disaster. Fortresses, and, in fact, all fortifications, have never played anything but a secondary role in the defense of states, and no nation has ever yet been saved by them. They can as auxiliaries occasionally assist an army and they can aid naval capital, wisely invested and wisely used, to bear splendid interest, but they can never reestablish moral superiority when once it is lost nor create it by the virtue attaching to its parapets if it does not exist. Over the portals of the fortress or harbor of refuge should be written in the largest and blackest of characters the words that Dante discovered over the gates of hell.—Military Cor. London Times.

VALOR AND HEROISM.

Proof That the Real Brand of It Exists In South America.

"Every country has its heroes, and it is refreshing to read something of the heroic in the history of the countries south of us," said a thoughtful man. "In a history of South America attention is called to a number of things which tend to show that the popular estimate of valor and heroism in that section of the world may not be altogether the correct one. It is related that once the Peruvian monitor Huascar fought against three Chilean ships.

"After both Admiral Grau and his flag lieutenant were killed Captain Aguirre took command, was killed, and then succeeded by Captain Carbajal, who was put hors de combat by a shell. The command devolved then on Lieutenant Rodrigue, who was killed; then on Lieutenant Palacious, who was disabled, and finally Lieutenant Gareyon, with the ship on fire, three feet of water in the hold and with a loss of half his officers and crew, was forced to strike his flag. On July 23, 1879, the Huascar was in action against the Chilean ship Abtao. Torpedoes at that time were not much understood, and one, being fired from the Huascar, through faulty mechanism returned back straight upon the ship. Seeing this and knowing that if the ship was struck she must sink, Lieutenant Diaz Cansco jumped overboard and in the water with his hands altered its course just before it came in contact with the ship."

Tricked the Stamp Fiend.

Stamp collectors are delighted when they secure a specimen which was issued before some mistake in printing was detected. During the Buffalo exposition the government issued a stamp to commemorate the occasion which depicted the Empire express train. A practical joker cut out the central part of one of the stamps which contained the train and carefully replaced it so that the train was in an upside down position. This he pasted on an envelope and mailed it to a friend who was a rabid collector.

The practiced eye of the stamp fiend at once discovered the misplaced position of the train, but did not notice the deception, and the collector was almost wild with joy until he offered it for sale, when he was informed that it was not a "rare" but a "cut out" stamp he preserved.—New York Press.

Love and the Worldlings.

"You know, they say, 'all the world loves a lover,'" began the sentimental young man.

"Yes," interrupted the cynic, "but not as much as it loves to hear the lover's letters read out in court."—Philadelphia Press.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty, inaccuracy of dishonesty.—Simmons.