DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising,—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1905

VOL. 59 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1905. NO. 31

John L. Everngam, Denton. | John L. Everngam, Denton.

Best clothing for men, young men and boys

OUR STOCK of men's, young men's and boys' suits is so large and varied that scarcely anyone can fail to be suited. They are absolutely correct in style; they fit as only thoroughly well-tailored clothes can fit, and they give the longest possible wear.

$7.50 MEN'S DRESSY SUITS.—Single and Double-breasted black Thibet, fancy mixed Cheviots, Cassimeres, Blue Serge, and Homespun, 34 to 42 breast measure, and Stouts 38 to 46.

$10.50 MEN'S SUITS.—Single and Double-breasted, some half-lined, black Thibet, fancy Worsted, Cheviots, Serge, and the new gun-metal gray.

$12.50 MEN'S SUITS.—Single and Double-breasted Sack Coats, of fancy Worsted and Cassimere, in gray, brown, and other stylish colors. Also black and blue Serge. The coats have the long, rolling lapel, broad, concave shoulders, non-breakable fronts and deep vent in back.

$14.50 MEN'S SUITS.—Single and Double-breasted Sack Coats, of fine Worsteds, neat patterns, and Cassimeres in stylish gun metal effects, steel gray checks, and other handsome patterns. These suits are extremely stylishly tailored.

$16.50 MEN'S STYLISH DRESS SUITS.—Black Thibet, black unfinished Worsted, fine, neat steel-gray. The trimming, workmanship and general effect of these suits are those of the finest custom-made clothes.

$5.50 YOUNG MEN'S ALL-WOOL BLUE SERGE SUITS.—Young men's single-breasted Sack Suits. Padded Shoulders.

Young Men's Spring Ties

Of the newest shapes and styles—just the kind to wear with one of these new suits and with our

Young Men's Straw Hats

In all the various styles and shapes.

Boys' Norfolk Suits, $4.50

Size 8 to 16, of blue Serge, fancy Cheviots, fancy Worsteds. Coats with pleats running to shoulder, and belt at waist.

Boys' Double-breasted Suits, $4.50

Sizes 8 to 16, of all-wool blue Serge, fancy Worsteds, Cassimeres. Stripes, plaids, checks, and overplaids. Some blouse knee pants.

Boys' Knee Pants Suits, $1.50 to $6.00

Sailor, Eton, Norfolk, Russian Blouse, Norfolk Blouse, Knee Pants, Buster Brown, and Double-breasted. Size 3 to 17.

Boys' Double-breasted All-Wool Serge Suits, $3.50

JOHN L. EVERNGAM
DENTON, MD.

Maryland, Delaware & Virginia Railway Co.

RAILWAY DIVISION

Schedule in Effect Monday, May 8th, 1905.

EAST BOUND. (READ DOWN). Sunday Only	Satur. Only	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Daily Except Sunday	STATIONS.	WEST BOUND. (READ UP). Daily Except Sunday	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Satur. Only	Sunday Only
217	111	109	103		106	110	112	214
Passenger	Exp.	Exp.	Ex. Mail		Ex. Mail	Ex.	Ex.	Ex.
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
7.30	3.00	4.00	7.25	Lv.....BALTIMORE.....Ar (Pier 7 Light St.)	12.45	9.20	8.20	9.55
9.35	5.10	6 10	9.35	.....LOVE POINT.....	10.45	7.20	6 20	7 55
9.41	5.18	6 18	9.43	.....STEVENSVILLE.....	10.29	7.02	6.02	7 41
9.48	5.22	6.22	9.47	.....CHESTER.....	10.25	6.58	5 58	7.37
f 9.52	f 5.26	f 6.26	f 9.51	.....NARROWS.....	f 10.20	f 6.53	f 5.53	f 7.33
9.57	5.31	6.31	9.56	.....WINCHESTER.....	10.14	6.47	5.47	7.27
f 9.59	f 5.33	f 6.33	f 9.58	.....WALSEY.....	f 10.11	f 6.44	f 5.44	f 7.23
10.06	5.40	6.40	10.07	.....QUEENSTOWN.....	10.07	6.40	5 40	7.18
	f 5.45	f 6.45	f 10.12	.....BLOOMINGDALE.....	f 9.59	f 6.32	f 5.32	
	f 5.51	f 6.51	f 10.18	.....WYE MILLS.....	f 9.52	f 6.25	f 5.26	
	f 5.57	f 6.57	f 10.24	.....WILLOUGHBY.....	f 9.46	f 6.19	f 5.20	
	6 05	7.05	10.32	.....QUEEN ANNE.....	9.37	6.10	5.12	
	f 6 12	f 7.12	f 10.39	.....DOWNES.....	f 9.30	f 6.03	f 5.05	
	f 6.15	f 7.15	f 10.42	.....TUCKAHOE.....	f 9.27	f 6.00	f 5.02	
	6.23	7.23	10.50	.....DENTON.....	9.20	5.53	4.55	
	f 6.31	f 7.31	f 10.58	.....HOBBS.....	f 9.11	f 5.44	f 4.47	
	f 6.39	f 7.39	f 11.06	.....HICKMAN.....	9.04	f 5.37	f 4.40	
	f 6.43	f 7.43	f 11.10	.....ADAMSVILLE.....	f 9.00	f 5.33	f 4.37	
	f 6.47	f 7.47	f 11.14	.....BLANCHARD.....	f 8.56	f 5.29	f 4.33	
	6.54	7.54	11.21	.....GREENWOOD.....	8.49	5.22	4.26	
	f 7.01	f 8.10	f 11.28	.....OWENS.....	f 8.43	f 5.13	f 4.13	
	f 7.05	f 8.05	f 11.32	.....OAKLEY.....	f 8.39	f 5.09	f 4.09	
	7.15	8.15	11.42	.....ELLENDALE.....	8.22	5.02	4.02	
	7.29	8.29	11 56	.....MILTON.....	8.05	4.45	3.45	
	f 7.37	f 8.37	f 12.04	.....WHITESBORO.....	f 7.56	f 4.36	f 3.36	
	f 7.41	f [illegible]	[illegible]	.....OVERBROOK.....	f 7.53	f 4.33	f 3.33	
	7.50	8.50	12.15	.....LEWES.....	7.45	4.25	3.25	
				Ar.....REHOBOTH.....Lv				
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.

CENTREVILLE BRANCH.

EAST BOUND. (READ DOWN). Sunday Only	Saturday Only	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Daily Except Sunday	STATIONS.	WEST BOUND. (READ UP). Daily Except Sunday	Daily Ex. Sat & Sun	Saturday Only	Sunday Only
217	211	209	203		206	210	212	214
Passenger.	Ex.	Ex.	Ex. Mail		Ex. Mail	Ex.	Ex.	Ex.
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
f10.06	5.45	6 45	10.12	Lv.....QUEENSTOWN.....Ar	9.57	6.30	5 30	7.18
f10.14	f 5.53	f 6.53	f 10.20	.....BRISTON.....	f 9.49	f 6.22	f 5.22	f 7.10
f 10.20	f 5.59	f 6.59	f 10.26	.....PERLEE.....	f 9.43	f 6.16	f 5.16	f 7.05
10.25	6 05	7.05	10.32	Ar.....CENTREVILLE.....Lv	9.37	6 10	5.10	7.00
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

WILLARD THOMSON, General Manager. T. MURDOCH, General Passenger Agent. A. J. BENJAMIN, Supt. & Div. Pass. Agt.

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Berry checks and punch cards promptly printed at this office.

THE

CAMBRIDGE MANUFACTURING CO.,

of Cambridge, Md., announces to the public its several branches of business as follows:

Large Wheat and Corn Mills.

FIRST—Large wheat and corn mills, now making 125 barrels finest Roller-Patent Flour per day; and utilizing 600 to 800 bushels pure white corn per day in all kinds of finest grits, meal, hominy and flour. Awarded *GOLD MEDAL* at St. Louis Exposition.

Grades in Ordering.

Flour: "A—Best," "B—Pure." Meal: Bolted and Granulated; Hominy Grits, Hominy Samp, and Corn Flour. Chops, Bran and Middlings.

Patronage earnestly solicited for small as well as large orders. Prompt shipment assured. ☞We also pay highest market prices for wheat and corn. Send samples.

Tin Can Factory.

SECOND—Large new and latest improved tin can factory, with capacity of 50,000 to 60,000 tomato, peach and corn cans in 10 hours; for which your orders are solicited at lowest prices, with prompt delivery in bulk or cases. ☞County packers can save larger part of Baltimore rate of freight by buying cans from us.

Saw and Lumber Mills.

THIRD—Large saw and lumber mills, equipped to manufacture 30,000 to 40,000 feet lumber per day in box shooks and cases of all kinds, with full line of building material, viz.: *Brick, House Framing, Flooring, Siding, Ceiling, Laths, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Weights and Cords, Stair-Rails, Newels, Banisters, Pickets, Brackets, etc.*, to include complete outfit for houses. Patent *Sun Proof Paint* also in stock, guaranteed for five years. Canners, as well as contractors and builders, are invited to write for prices. ☞Lumber bought for highest cash prices from any saw mills; also standing oak, gum and pine timber.

Shipyard and Railway.

FOURTH—Shipyard and railway for building boats of all sizes, including gasoline and sail vessels. Small boats and boats upward of 200 tons hauled up by steam. All kinds of repair work done at reasonable prices. Estimates furnished. One new bugeye, just completed and not yet launced. 73 feet long, 20 feet wide, 5½ feet depth of hold. Will sell cheap. Inquiries given prompt and personal attention.

Steam Pile Driver.

FIFTH—Large, new steam pile driver, steam propeller, now ready to do all kinds of wharf and bridge work, driving piling, etc. Wharves built and repaired cheap. Write us.

Box and Basket Factory.

SIXTH—Large and lately improved box and basket factory, now making a full and complete assortment of X-Brace Tomato Baskets, Peach and all kinds of Truck Baskets, Grape and Berry Crates; Tomato, Peach and Cantaloupe Carriers. Berry Cups a specialty. All baskets and berry cups nicely packed and stored in new dry building. It may be to your advantage to book your orders now, so as to secure them in time.

The Cambridge Manufacturing Company, Cambridge, Md.

J. C. LEONARD, President.

GEORGE GERLACH, Secretary. W. E. WOODROW, Manager.

Ye Stirring Adventures of Captain Elisha Hopewell

By CHARLES B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1904, by Charles B. Lewis

[Ye captain was ye sole owner of ye brig Mary Ann, and between ye years 1779 and 1786 he sailed out of ye ports of Salem and Boston, generally accompanied by his wife Nancy.]

IT was in July of the year 1781. British warships were thick on the American coast, and, though Yankee craft were constantly dodging in and out, each skipper realized that he ran a terrible risk. One day early in the month Captain Elisha Hopewell of the brig Mary Ann of Salem, who had not made a voyage for two months, entered his house to say to his wife:

"Waal, Nancy, I've got a cargo for the brig at last."

"I should think it was about time," replied the wife as she mixed her dough for the usual two loaves of bread without looking up.

"What d'ye think 'tis?" asked the captain as he sat down and pulled off his right boot, which had been chafing his heel.

"Duuno. But I shall be ready when the brig is."

"Nancy, I don't think you'll care about goin' on this voyage. It's a rayther peculiar cargo, and I guess you'll sort of decide to stay home and mind the cat and the hollyhocks."

"Now, Elisha Hopewell, don't be silly. What's the cargo and where's the Mary Ann goin'?"

"The cargo is—is p-o-w-d-e-r!" whispered the captain.

"Well, what of it?"

"A hundred bar'ls of powder, a thousand pounds of lead, five bar'ls of flints and 200 muskets."

"And where ye bound fur, Elisha?"

"Goin' to try to git into Wilmington, North Caroleeny. The lead and the flints and the muskets is all right, Nancy, but think of a hundred bar'ls of powder! By Josh, but it gives me cold feet!"

"I'm thinkin' it will give the British cold feet if them North Caroleeny patriots git hold of it," she grimly replied, but without the shadow of a smile. "When will you be ready?"

"Day after tomorrer."

"So'll I."

"But, Nancy, think of the powder—a hundred bar'ls of it! Just let a spark touch it, and we'll be blowed into a million pieces!"

"I'm a-goin' along to keep the sparks away. Now, Elisha, don't waste any more breath nor make that hole in your stockin' any bigger. I'm goin' along, powder or no powder. The cat can scratch around fur a livin', and it wouldn't be no great harm if the hollyhocks died fur want of water. That's all, and it won't do no good to say another word."

The captain pulled on his boot and went out and split some wood to bake the bread, and the subject wasn't mentioned again for twenty-four hours. Then the wife sent a few things down to the brig, shut up the stove, poured all the water out of the teakettle and appeared on board. Next morning the Mary Ann put to sea. The brig had been built for a trader. She was fast, but she mounted no guns. As for firearms, there was only one musket aboard, and just who that belonged to nobody seemed to know. While nearly every other merchantman out of New England ports could make more or less of a stout defense if attacked, the Mary Ann depended on her wings alone. In this matter both Elisha and Nancy were agreed.

"THE CARGO IS P-O-W-D-E-R!" WHISPERED THE CAPTAIN.

"Guns and powder and ball cost money," was the way the captain put it, "while wind don't cost nothin'."

"Even if we could fight and lick one of them British men-of-war we could never bring her into port with our seven men," was the argument used by the wife.

After heading straight out to sea until he believed he was clear of any of the blockaders Captain Elisha laid his southern course. Now and then a distant sail was sighted, but nothing happened to cause alarm until the brig was well down toward Cape Hatteras. Then one evening as fair progress was being made and all was going well Nancy looked up from her sewing at Elisha as he came sauntering down into the cabin and said:

"Elisha, you know how my feet allus burn at sea when we're goin' to have a calm? We'll lose the wind before 10 o'clock."

"By Josh, but I don't like it!" he exclaimed, with considerable vigor. "We're slippin' right along to git around the cape by sunup, and we can't have no calms."

"Got to have, Elisha, and it won't do no good to talk about it."

In less than two hours the breeze had fined down and died out, and the Mary Ann lay tossing on the ground swell. The cargo was one to be got into the hands of the southern patriots without delay, and at least a portion of it was something no skipper cared to have aboard any longer than he could make a port. As the calm came Captain Elisha Hopewell fretted and fumed and wondered if it would be his undoing. The British still held Charleston, and from that port they patrolled the southern coast. Nothing had been in sight when night closed in, but morning and a breeze might find a frigate in his wake or coming up the coast. At the end of an hour and as he was still pacing the deck Nancy joined him and quietly said:

"Elisha, you may git ready fur a thunderstorm."

"N-o-a!" he fairly shouted as he flung up his arms.

"It's comin', Elisha. I can smell a thunderstorm ten miles off, as you very well know."

"But the powder, Nancy—the hundred bar'ls of powder! We shall be struck by lightnin' and blowed to mince meat!"

"Mebbe we shall, but we can't help ourselves. That's all jest now, Elisha. Better change your clothes and git ready fur the rain."

Five minutes later there came a flash of lightning, followed by the rumble of thunder, and within a quarter of an hour there was a terrific downpour of rain which lasted for a full hour. At every flash of lightning the crew of the brig shivered and trembled, and they were a frightened and humbled lot when the storm finally passed over. The breeze did not come up as the heavens cleared, and then every sailor knew that the calm would hold until sunrise. Midnight came and the captain was just leaving the deck in charge of his mate when Nancy, who had declared her intention of going to bed half an hour before, suddenly appeared on deck and began sniffing and snuffing at the air.

"Is the wind a-comin'?" asked the captain, with considerable interest.

"No wind, Elisha," she answered, "but I'll tell you what's what. I don't know what's become of all your noses that you can't smell a whale close by!"

"A whale!" shouted the captain. "But, by Josh, then, your nose must have got a twist in it! If there was a whale within five miles of us"—

"Whale almost alongside of us, sir!" interrupted a voice from the bows of the brig. And there was a hurrying forward to confirm the announcement.

A whale fully sixty feet long had risen to the surface so quietly that no wash of the sea betrayed his presence. He was lying head and tail with the brig and almost rubbing her starboard side, and every man wondered that the odor of the leviathan had not betrayed his presence long before.

"I said a whale, Elisha," observed Nancy as she looked over the rail upon the great bulk, "and I calkerlate you'll acknowledge I'm right."

"But what we goin' to do with him?" asked the captain in a bewildered way.

"Nothin' 't all. Jest let him be. He's old enough and big enough to take care of himself."

"But if he staves in the brig he'll stave in the powder!"

"Can't be helped. You can't argue with a whale. We'd better all keep still and see if he won't go away."

The suggestion was followed, but the leviathan did not take his departure. He seemed to have come to the surface to take a long nap. Now and then a long drawn sigh escaped from his spout hole, but so far as could be observed by the men, who moved about in their bare feet and peered over the bulwarks at intervals, he never moved a fin. His queer hanging on made everybody nervous, and the result was that nobody slept. Captain Elisha paced up and down on tiptoe, and Nancy got out needle and thread and found a jacket of his which needed mending. An hour after midnight the captain descended to the cabin to whisper to her:

"Nancy, I'm jiggered if I know what's to be done!"

"Now, Elisha, what's the use of all this stewin'?" she asked as she held her needle suspended to look at him. "A calm is a calm and is goin' to continer to be a calm till the wind gits up. 'Pears to me that even Deacon Taylor's oxen could figger that out."

"But it's the whale. Nancy—the whale!" he hoarsely whispered.

"What about the whale? He hain't hurt nobody yet, and I don't think he intends to. I'm worryin' more about our cat at home than I am about the whale alongside."

"Jest one flap of his tail would bust in the brig and the bar'ls of powder, and away we'd go!"

"Waal, I ain't goin' to worry 'bout no flaps, and it won't do you no good to prowl around. Better lie down on the locker and git forty winks of sleep."

The hours dragged on, and the calm continued; so did the whale. When dawn came stealing over the sea at last he was rubbing the barnacles off his side against the Mary Ann and taking lots of comfort. The first thing they all looked for was the whale. The next thing was for sight of sail, and Nancy pointed her finger to the east and nudged the captain with her elbow and quietly said.

"Elisha, don't you kind of think that's an English frigate comin' in on the breeze which we hain't got yet?"

"By Josh, and I do!" he shouted after a brief look. "Yes, sir-e-e! That's a British frigate, and the Mary Ann is as good as captured this very minit! Nancy, you might as well begin to pack up your pins and needle."

"I shan't pack nothin', Elisha. She's got a small breeze out there, but it won't hold. It'll die out and then whip around and come off the cape."

"That'll be it, captain," added the mate as he leaped up on the rail to squint at the sky and observe the set of the sea.

"But if it falls calm she'll lower her boats to tackle us," persisted the captain. "I'm tellin' you that the brig is as good as captured right now, and we might jest as well git ready to see the inside of an English prison. By Josh, Nancy, but didn't I tell you to stay home?"

"You did, Elisha, but I'm here all the same. What a man you are to fret! That Britisher is seven miles off yet, and can't you see how the wind's dyin' out? Now, you stop your frettin' and let Providence sort of take hold. Nobody is ever captured till you've got hold of their coat tails, and even then the coat may wriggle off."

The eyes of the crew were on the captain, however, and the wife's stout hearted words did not prevent despondency. The entire crew agreed that the Mary Ann would never enter the port of Salem again, and those who had extra garments began to put them on so as to save being despoiled. Captain and mate sat down on the cabin skylight and sighed and groaned, while Nancy walked the deck and occasionally glanced from the whale to the frigate. When the latter had come up within five miles she lost the last of the breeze. She knew the brig to be a Yankee trader, and her captain would take no chances. Down dropped a boat, and fifteen men followed it, and in a minute more it was headed for the brig.

THE WHALE HAD BREACHED BETWEEN THE BOAT AND BRIG.

"Waal, mebbe you can git some comfort out of that!" growled Captain Elisha as he rose up and pointed toward the boat.

"That boat hain't boarded us yet," replied Nancy.

"But what's to hinder her?"

"Can't tell, but I somehow feel as if Providence would pull us out of this. Elisha Hopewell, you hain't got half the grit I thought you had, and you're chewed tobacco and eat codfish till you seem to have lost all your faith!"

Even though the frigate was five miles away, a sort of quiver went through the whale as her boat struck the water. It could not be doubted that he heard the sound. When the boat had covered a mile he parted from the brig and slewed himself around almost by inches. Ten minutes more, and there was a cry that he had disappeared. He went as he came, silently and without showing a patch of foam. The boat was pulling steadily on, with the young sun glistening on the bayonets of the armed crew, and Captain Elisha had just fetched another groan of despair when there were shouts of astonishment from forward and aft.

The whale had breached between the boat and the brig. He came up from the sea as if he had 200 pounds of steam on and had forced a good third of his length out of water before he fell on the surface with a mighty crash. He did not rush at the boat, but he lay fair in her course and beat the water into acres of foam and rolled this way and that until the seas he kicked up made the Mary Ann dance. The boat came to a sudden stop. It looked as if the whale had a chip on his shoulder and was aching for a row. After ten minutes of delay the boat put about for the frigate.

"By Josh and by Josh!" whispered the captain.

"Have I gone squint eyed, or has the boat put back?" demanded the mate.

"Elisha Hopewell, d'ye see the wind comin'?" asked Nancy as she pointed to the northwest. "Better make good use of it to git out of this."

The sails of the Mary Ann were spread, and she made a good two miles' headway before the frigate felt the first puff. A chase followed, but what was a good sailing breeze for a small brig was a slow pace for a heavy frigate, and by and by the pursuer hauled off and went his way. A few hours later the cargo was landed, and the brave General Greene had the munitions to fight the gallant action of Eutaw Springs. When the last barrel of powder and the last pound of lead were out of the brig Captain Elisha descended to the cabin and kissed his wife with a resounding smack.

"La, now, but what's come over you, Elisha?" she asked in surprise.

"You saved the Mary Ann, and, by Josh, I'll kiss you again!"

"Git out and don't act like a boy! I never saved the brig 't all. All I did was to tell you to hang on and trust in that whale and Providence, and I hope it'll be a lesson to you fur the rest of your days not to holler before you're hurt."

A WONDERFUL MONSTER.

Description of a New Battleship In the Seventeenth Century.

Is it true that our ram battleships are but old inventions in new forms? It looks like it. Some one has unearthed a curious announcement which appeared in the Mercurius Politicus for Dec. 6, 1653, to the effect, as stated by the Dundee Advertiser, that "the famous monster called a ship built at Rotterdam by a French engineer is now launched." In a description of the vessel its capabilities are thus detailed:

"(1) To sail by means of certain instruments and wheels (without masts and sails) as swift as the moon or at least thirty miles every hour. (2) Both ends are made alike, and the ship can be stopped at pleasure and turned as easily as a bird can turn. (3) In time of war it can with one bounce make a hole under water in the greatest man-of-war as big as a table and in an hour's time will be able to sink fifteen or sixteen ships and in three or four hours will destroy a whole fleet. (4) She will be able to go to the East Indies and back again in eight or nine weeks. (5) She may be used to kill whales in Greenland, so that a hundred ships may be laden in fourteen days. (6) She may be used to break down any pier or wooden work with great ease."

A wonderful "monster" this must have been. What, one is curious to know, was her fate?

WOMAN'S WORLD

MISS BEULAH LOGAN.

An American Girl Who Labors For the South Sea Islanders.

Miss Beulah Logan of Micronesia has without doubt lived one of the most interesting and noble lives of any American girl in the twentieth century. Miss Logan was born in San Francisco. When two weeks old she was taken by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Logan, who went as missionaries to the Caroline islands. The natives of these islands are Malay and are classed in the lowest scale of civilization. Miss Logan and a younger brother remained with her parents here until she was twelve years old, enduring untold hardships and sufferings.

On her return to this country Miss Logan was educated in New York city and later graduated from Oberlin college. In 1896 she returned to the islands, feeling more confident to undertake the great life work which she had planned for herself.

MISS BEULAH LOGAN.

The Logans were among the first white people to land on the Caroline islands. Mr. Logan reduced the native language to writing. Today his grave is a sacred spot on one of the islands, and his memory is still held dear in the hearts of the people for whom he lived and among whom he died. The mother was soon to follow.

The young girl, left alone with a task before her which might well stagger the heart of a strong man, took up a work which we in civilized America can hardly realize.

In 1904, while Miss Logan was touring the islands, a storm came up, the boat was capsized, and all were thrown out. Miss Logan, although an expert swimmer, was injured by a blow from a spar, but was rescued by some natives. For nine months she lay without medical attention. When she became stronger she was taken to Australia, where, with good medical attention, she recovered sufficiently to travel to America. Realizing that she cannot yet endure the heat of the islands, Miss Logan is making a tour of the states under the auspices of the women's board of foreign missions of Chicago, thinking with her lectures to arouse an interest in "her people" and still be working for them, although not in the midst.—Detroit Tribune.

Cleaning Pillows.

The New England way of cleaning pillows at home is probably as good as any. Put the pillows out on the line during a hard rain. Fasten them securely by one end, using three or four clothespins to each pillow. Turn them end for end every three or four hours. Unless very dirty, one day's hard rain will clean the ticks. Let them dry on the line, turning as before. When dry and the feathers beaten up they are as good as new.

Scratched Furniture.

A scratch which goes no deeper than the varnish on furniture may be healed by holding a redhot poker an inch above it for half a minute. When the place cools rub it well with a mixture of alcohol, olive oil and cider vinegar in equal quantities. This also makes a cheap and excellent furniture polish and will remove white spots from varnished furniture.

Soda and the Skin.

When one washes dirty dishes in strong soda water it will be seen that the water becomes more or less black. This is especially the case when greasy dishes have been soiled with meat juices, as after an ordinary dinner. Now, soda in any form will act particularly on the complexion, although in a milder manner. It turns the skin sallow.

Marble Statues.

Marble statues should never be washed with soap. Instead dissolve a large lump of Spanish whiting and a teaspoonful of washing soda in enough water to moisten the whiting and form a paste. Rub this into the marble with a flannel cloth and after an hour wash it off with warm water, dry well and polish.

To Serve Ices.

A charming way of serving ices at a child's party is to line common flowerpots two inches and a half in diameter at the top with paraffin paper, afterward filling nearly full with ice cream. Sprinkle with grated sweet chocolate to represent earth and stick a flower in the top.

The French widow looks very unwidowlike to American eyes, the veil being the only distinguishing mark of her mourning. This is worn over the face and is attached to the hat at the side, the back being free.

Do not allow white gloves to become too soiled before having them cleaned. They have to be rubbed so hard to remove the soil that the kid becomes roughened and stiff.

A teaspoonful of pulverized borax or one of ammonia in a washbowl of tepid water makes a good cleansing bath for the sick.