

THE BLACK CANYON OF THE GUNNISON.

The Lord. He smote a racecourse here, two hundred fathoms deep. All lined with frowning crags of black, piled granite heap on heap, and then he loosed the waterway and bade his horses leap.

And so they rush with snow white manes where sun's rays seldom glance; Ah, how their foam flecked heads are tossed, and how those white manes dance!

And he who seeks to ride those steeds has not a feather's chance.

The ages come, the ages go, and cities dot the plain, And then the cities vanish, as the dust yields to the rain.

But still the Lord's white horses race between those black walls twain. —Arthur Chapman, in the Denver Republican.

The Wooing of Victoria

By BARBARA CARUS-WILSON.

"Lord Scarsleigh is coming this afternoon," remarked Mrs. Winstanley as she arranged herself carefully in the chair she usually occupied on her "days." She looked across at her daughter meaningly.

"Very well, mother."

Victoria spoke quite unconcernedly. She was accustomed to Lord Scarsleigh's visits, and they did not interest her in the least. Besides, her mind was extremely busy over other matters just now.

She went on quietly with her embroidery without even looking up.

"He remarked this morning that your color was pretty and natural looking."

"Very kind of him, I'm sure."

Victoria was still engrossed in her fancy work. Her own private affairs were reaching a crisis.

Mrs. Winstanley put up her lorgnettes and surveyed her daughter critically.

"He seems to have a curious prejudice against anything in the way of what he calls 'make-up'; I have heard him talk of other girls. I wish, love, you would run upstairs and wipe the powder off your face before he comes. It might make him suspicious of your coloring."

Victoria hesitated. She had had to return from her morning trysting place in rather a hurry lest she should be late for luncheon, and was hot and tired. It was two flights of stairs up to her bedroom, and her mother had made her use powder since she was seventeen, and always told her she looked unfinished and gauche without it. An expression of mild annoyance crossed her pretty face.

"Don't you think you had better take the same precaution?"

"Don't be rude, Victoria."

Victoria's slim figure rose, and a smile quickly replaced the frown. It had suddenly occurred to her that Lord Scarsleigh's frequent visits might help to expedite her own little plans.

"Very well, mummy, I'll do my best to make your environment all that his lordship would approve of."

Lord Scarsleigh had arrived when she reached the drawing room again. He was an elderly man, tall, with a military aspect. He sat down near Victoria and watched her and played with his mustache.

Her mother was at the other side and talked gayly to him across her.

"I suppose you will soon be leaving town now. London is beginning to get a cheap, second-hand appearance that is quite unpleasant; isn't it? The best people are all going."

"I—er—hadn't noticed it."

"Oh, everybody is making their plans for the autumn now. Next week sees the last of the opera. I saw dear Lady Flora this morning; she is just off to Cowes."

Mrs. Winstanley leaned back and fanned herself pensively. It was rather fatiguing making all the conversation this hot afternoon.

Lord Scarsleigh left off fingering his mustache for a few seconds.

"Does—er—Miss Winstanley like yachting?"

"Intensely."

Victoria started slightly. Her mother must surely have forgotten what a pitiful sailor she was and how she loathed the water, but she restrained an exclamation and went on quietly with her embroidery. She did not wish to spoil any one else's plans.

"The sea has a great fascination for us both," Mrs. Winstanley added serenely. "My dear father was an admiral. No doubt Victoria and I inherit it from him."

"I have a yacht."

"How delightful! It has always been one of the dreams of my life to possess a yacht. How lucky some people are."

Mrs. Winstanley sighed softly and waited expectantly.

His lordship's next remark was not quite what she hoped for, but it contained latent possibilities.

"I will have it painted."

Tea was brought up and other callers arrived. Lord Scarsleigh promptly departed, but graciously signified his intention of coming again the following afternoon.

When Mrs. Winstanley told Victoria they must stay at home again she was as much annoyed as could an amiable, well-brought-up girl could be.

"But surely I need not stay, too?"

"Nonsense! Of course you must."

"But, mother, it's very tiresome. I promised to go to tea with Mary Lester. How long is this going on? I shall be glad when something is settled."

"So shall I," returned her mother fervently.

The next afternoon Lord Scarsleigh sat at one side of Victoria again and fondled his mustache and watched her pretty head bending over her embroidery, and Mrs. Winstanley sat at the other and talked to him.

She did not sew; she leaned back and waved a fan gracefully to and fro and wondered what she could do to expedite matters.

"Are you going abroad for the winter?" she asked pleasantly.

"It depends on circumstances." "Circumstances" might mean anything. Mrs. Winstanley felt quite hopeful.

"I do not wish to be unduly inquisitive," she laughed, "but one likes to hear what one's friends are doing. I am still very uncertain in my own mind where Victoria and I will go."

She paused. It was as well to give him opportunities for making suggestions if he wished to.

Apparently he did not.

"Of course, Scotland is very pleasant next month—I hear your place is perfectly lovely. I suppose most people will move north at first, but for myself I feel the cold so I shall soon be in a hurry to get south again."

Lord Scarsleigh only caressed his mustache and watched Victoria.

Mrs. Winstanley wished desperately she could think of some washable excuse for leaving the room.

"Your daughter is—er—very fond of needlework?" he remarked while she ruminated.

"She's devoted to it."

The opportunity being given for airing Victoria's womanly virtues, Mrs. Winstanley did not hesitate to make the most of it.

Victoria is a most sweet, domesticated girl altogether," she purred, "fond of quiet, feminine occupations. She does not care for rough, outdoor sports like so many young women of the present day; a needle and piano, or book, are her chief delights."

Victoria hardly recognized herself from this description, but remained dutifully silent.

"I like a lady to be able to sew," Lord Scarsleigh remarked, rising. "Good afternoon."

"How abrupt he is and how slow," sighed Mrs. Winstanley as he had gone.

Victoria, on the contrary, felt extremely cheerful. It was only 5 o'clock. She flew upstairs, put on her hat, whistled for a taxicab, and had a second tea with Mary Lester and, incidentally, her brother.

Next morning there was a note from Lord Scarsleigh asking if they would give him the pleasure of sharing his box at the opera.

Mrs. Winstanley was rapturous.

"It will be almost equivalent to a public announcement."

"Make Adele do your hair very nicely, mummy, and do be careful about your complexion," was Victoria's sage advice.

Mrs. Winstanley was visibly excited after they reached home again.

"He has asked if he may call tomorrow morning; a morning call always means business."

Victoria was very much interested, too.

"He is coming between twelve and one—he must mean to propose."

Mrs. Winstanley's voice positively trembled with triumph.

"You darling! I'm so glad. A coronet and plenty of money are really very desirable possessions."

"Darling girl!"

When Lord Scarsleigh arrived at 12 o'clock she was walking at the further end of the park with Freddy Lester. She returned home at luncheon time.

"What is the meaning of this, Victoria?" her mother gasped. "Where have you been?"

"Why, you haven't been anxious, have you, mummy? I knew you would like me out of the way this morning. I met a friend and we had a lovely time together."

Victoria was getting a little reckless.

"But I thought, my love, that you quite understood you would be wanted at home. Lord Scarsleigh has been waiting nearly two hours and is in a hurry."

"I really do think you are a very lucky woman. I'm pleased, mummy, though I shall hate sharing you with any one else. Perhaps now you are both so happy I may as well tell you of my own happiness. I am engaged to Freddy Lester, and if you don't mind, mummy, we think it would be very nice to have a double wedding."

Five minutes later Lord Scarsleigh left the house in a violent hurry, while Mrs. Winstanley collapsed panting on to the sofa.—The Tatler.

A Long Walk.

He entered a Columbus car at the City Hall, and, not finding a seat, grasped a strap near the door. He was an East Side New Yorker such as is met with on Houston street or Grand street. His shoulders were broad and set square on a broad back.

A block further along Broadway the car stopped to take on another passenger.

"Move forward!" yelled the conductor.

And he of the East Side obediently moved forward.

At the next corner there were more passengers to board the car, and again came the demand: "Move forward!"

This command issued so often that after a time, by moving forward the space of one strap at a time, the East Sider found himself at the front door of the car. The car was then at Fourteenth street.

Some one there boarded the car at the front door and the conductor walked thither. At that time he spied the East Sider.

"Say, I didn't collect your fare for this ride, did I?" he asked.

"An' you ain't goin' to!" exclaimed the man. "D'ye call that a ride? Why, I walked all the way from the City Hall to here!"—New York Times.

The Real Thing.

"What's doing in the way of amusements?" asks the newcomer of the old inhabitant of Hades.

"Baseball game every afternoon," answers the old inhabitant.

"Baseball? You don't mean it! That's great! I was a fan from 'way back on earth. On the square, do you have baseball every day?"

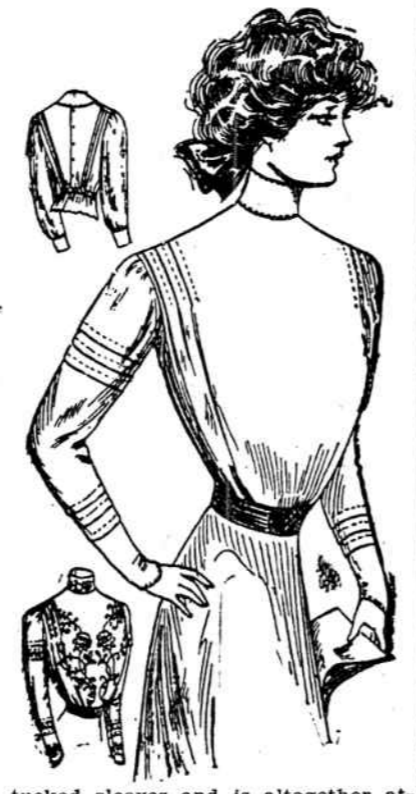
"Sure thing."

"By ginger! This place suits me Baseball! Say this can't be Hades, then."

"Yes, it is. The home team always loses."—Life.

Fashions

New York City.—The blouse that is tucked over the shoulders yet plain at the front is a favorite one just now, for it allows most effective use of embroidery, soutache and trimming of the sort. This one is designed for young girls and includes the new



Jabots on Plaistrons.
Jabots are usually worn on the transparent plaistrons of the shawl-fashioned costumes.

Pretty Belts.

Ribbons of various kinds are used with handsome buckles for belts, though the fashionable ones show the printed flowers over-stitched with silk floss. The idea is good in trimming and brings out the flower in an embossed effect.

Misses' Skirt.

The skirt that is made with a pleated flounce at the sides and back is always a pretty one and is greatly in vogue, while it can be counted upon to be absolutely smart for the coming season. This one, designed for young girls, is adapted to almost every seasonable material. The full length panel at the front gives the long lines that are always desirable, while the flounce provides flare and fullness. The back is plain, finished in habit style. In the illustration serge is stitched in tailor fashion, but banding of any sort can be used above the flounce if a more elaborate effect is wanted; the panel could be either braided or embroidered, and, as the flounce is straight, the skirt becomes well adapted to all bordered materials, so that it is susceptible of many treatments in spite of its simplicity.

The skirt is made in five gores with the straight pleated flounce, which is joined to the side and the back portions and to the front gore. The closing is made invisibly at the centre.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is six and

tucked sleeves and is altogether attractive. In the illustration it is shown made plain in one instance, with an embroidered front in the other, and it is equally smart treated in both ways. It is adapted both to the odd waist and to the entire dress



and to any seasonable material. The tucks provide just becoming fullness and if the plain tucked sleeves are not liked the new ones in bishop style can be substituted. Also there is a choice allowed of the stock or Dutch collar.

The blouse is made with front and backs, which are laid in tucks over the shoulders. When the stock collar is used it is joined to the neck edge, but if the Dutch collar is desired it can be finished separately. Both the tucked and the bishop sleeves are cut in one piece each and the bishop sleeves are gathered into bands.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is three and seven-eighths yards twenty-four, two and five-eighths yards thirty-two or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.

Braiding.

A smarter way of employing braiding nowadays than as a regular trimming is to use it as if it were embroidery, very fine braid, closely set, forming applied placements, pocket flaps, deep hems to long stoles, elbow cuffs and quaintly shaped supple buckles or simulated clasps.

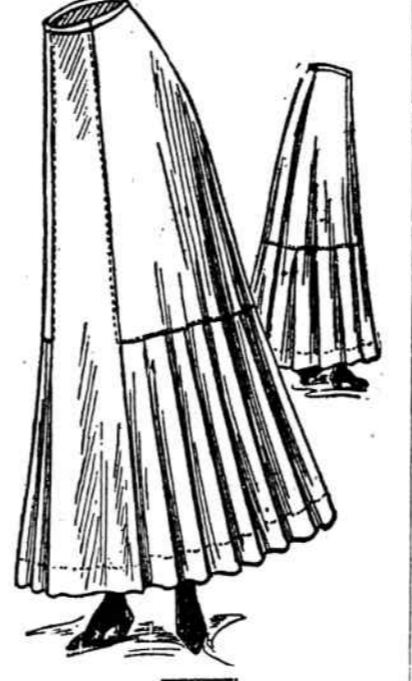
Dress Trimmings.

Jet and spangled robes used to be sufficient in themselves without being trimmed or made elaborate in any way. Now they must not only be combined with lace and satin, but the paillettes themselves must be used with hand embroidery and pearls or jet.

White and Black.

White serge is one of the suit materials that is being smartly lined with black satin.

one-half yards twenty-four, six yards twenty-seven, three and three-fourths yards forty-four or three yards fifty-two inches wide.



Seersucker Again.

With the advent of crepe for the gown there has been a revival of all materials of that class. Seersucker has been called back, and, standing out from among the less expensive qualities, there is the East Indian seersucker, which may be got through the importer.

Proportions Considered.

The proportions of the wearer must always be taken into consideration when deciding upon a model.

THE RIGHT GOODS IN THE WRONG PLACE.

One grocery salesman, traveling out of Chicago, has for years made a specialty of picking up "the right goods in the wrong place." Towns have their own trade peculiarities, and goods which sell readily in one place may prove to be dead stock in a town twenty miles distant.

Cigars afford a good example of this peculiarity. The merchant buys a certain brand of cigars because he likes it, perhaps, or because it contains superior stock for the price and he thinks he can make a "leader" of it. The stock is good, but it does not hit the taste of the town and it will not sell. The alert commercial traveler who has an eye for bargains on the shelves of his customers, buys the entire stock at a "knockdown price"—say twenty-five per cent. of what the merchant paid. He then takes it to another town, where the public taste is different, and sells it for a little under the regular price.

Perhaps groceries and drugs offer the best opportunities to the shrewd traveling man for this traffic in "dead stocks," but there is scarcely a line of trade which is devoid of these chances for the turning of an honest penny. One salesman, traveling out of Chicago, received a regular salary of \$1800 a year, but made double that amount in the rehandling of misfit goods. He is now worth \$65,000.

Instead of buying from a merchant only his stock of a certain brand of cigars or canned goods, the trading commercial traveler often buys the entire store and puts it in charge of some energetic and capable clerk whose abilities have attracted his notice. There are hundreds of instances in which this has been done with great success, the "silent partner" still continuing to "follow the road" and pick up goods adapted to his own trade from the dead stock of the merchants whom he visits in the capacity of commercial traveler. —Forrest Crissey, in Everybody's.

Profitable Protective Forests.

From her State forests France derives an annual income of approximately \$5,000,000, or \$1.75 an acre. Approximately 6,000,000 acres are managed by the State, the annual cost of management being ninety-five cents an acre. The great achievement of France in forestry has been the establishment of protective forests where much destruction has been caused by floods. Toward the close of the eighteenth century about 2,500,000 acres comprised in the department of the Landes were little more than shifting sand dunes and disease-breeding marshes. This section is now one of the richest, most productive and healthful in France. This change has been brought about by the intelligent cultivation of pine forests. Immense forests now cover the country, the sand dunes and marshes have long since disappeared, and the wood, charcoal, turpentine, resin and kindred industries have brought prosperity to the department, which was formerly the most barren and miasmatic in France. The climate is now mild and balmy, the great change being wrought by the forests.—Science.

Hens That Think.

If the average man were asked if hens had any memory he would probably say "No," but he would be wrong, according to the experiments of two German scientists. The plan they adopted was to gum twenty grains of rice on a piece of cardboard and between them to place ten grains of loose corn. At first the hens, of course, pecked at both rice and corn, but soon they learned to leave the rice alone, thus very clearly showing that they remembered that the rice was stuck down.

A very remarkable thing about the experiment was that the longer the time between the trials the better was the hens' memory. When the experiments were made consecutively it took them six times to learn that the rice was not worth touching, but when the experiments were made at intervals of an hour they learned the lesson at the third try, thus showing not only that they had memories, but that they thought the matter over in the intervals.—Chicago Journal.

To Bring Sturgeon.

Horace G. Knowles, recently United States Minister to Rumania, Servia and Bulgaria, is leading a movement to reintroduce sturgeon into the rivers of the Atlantic Coast. He obtained the consent of the Rumanian Government to the shipment of a carload of fry of the Black Sea sturgeon, the best in the world, to the United States. The United States Fish Commissioner has told Mr. Knowles that he believes the abandoned sturgeon fisheries can be revived. The Black Sea sturgeon grow to enormous size. In the old days, before the sturgeon were routed, a 600-pound sturgeon in the Delaware River was a monster. In the Danube 700 and 800-pound fish are the average. These yield between 200 and 300 pounds of caviar each. Some of the Danube sturgeon weigh 2000 pounds.—Argonaut.

Legislature Favors a Woman.

Miss Nellie Philbrick, of East Cambridge, Mass., has had a special law made for her. For eighteen years she has been chief clerk in the East Cambridge Probate Court, but could not be made assistant because of the law limiting the office to males. For her benefit a law was rushed through the Legislature making women eligible to the position, and she was immediately promoted.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Got the Worst of It.

"Did you have a pleasant time at the picnic, Ronald? I trust that you remembered to fletcherize, and masticated each mouthful 100 times."

"Yes'm, an' while I was chewin' my first bite the other boys set up all the grub."—From Life.

To build a tunnel under the English Channel, according to present project, would entail an expenditure of \$75,000,000.

RELAXATION.

I always like the freakish verse;
The kind that runs down stairs;
Or does its turn in squares.
It's fun to see the poets' stunts,
Helped by the typo men;
Just see the way they runs up
the way they runs down hill
again.

I do not think that people ought
To keep the same old gait;
They ought to break loose now and then
And keep an evening "late."
A long straight line, without a break,
Is bad for verse or men;
Just see the way they runs up
the way they runs down again.
—Boston Herald.



"What does your husband like for his breakfast?" "Anything I haven't got in the house."—Cleveland Leader.

Bess—"That's a quaint ring you're wearing. Is it an heirloom?" Tess—"Well, it dates from the Conquest."—Cleveland Leader.

My sense of sight is very keen,
My sense of hearing weak;
One time I saw a mountain pass
But could not hear its peak.
—Oliver Herford.

Diner (to innkeeper's wife)—
"What Schiller is in poetry and
Raphael in painting, so are you in
pancake-making." —Megendorfer
Blatter.

Fat Man—"What! Are you going to let this small boy shave me?"
Barber—"Let the boy have his fun for once. It is his birthday, sir."—
Fliegende Blatter.

Lady—"What makes these peaches so unusually high, my man?"
Rooney, the Peddler—"Well, 'tis this way, mem—they come from the top o' the tree."—Puck.

Wife—"Here's another invitation to dine at the Flatleys. What a bore those occasions are." Hub—"Yes; even their dinner knives are dull."—
Boston Transcript.

The Flower Girl—"Yus, the pore dear gal fell down-stairs and broke 'er leg, an' now it's flew to 'er ear, an' she's got orsefriction of the celluloid cavity."—The Sketch.

A young man in Pratt said to the divine object of his adoration: "Do you think your father would object to me marrying you?" She replied: "I don't know. If he's anything like me he would."—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Hayseed (indignantly)—
"Here's an article, Hiram, that sez in Formosa a wife costs \$5." Mr. Hayseed (after some thought)—"Wa-ald, I reckon a good wife's worth it."—
Judge.

She smuggled in a set of furs,
She smuggled in a gown;
And oh, what righteous wrath was hers
The day they called her down!
—Public Ledger.

"I see that royal blood has been discovered in an old American family." "Don't believe it. Some gossip is always making a slam at our old families."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Here is a telegram from papa," says the eloping bride. "He says for us to come right home and live with him and mamma." "I didn't think he would be so vindictive as all that," sighs the eloping bridegroom.—From Life.

Macdougall—"Yon's an awfu' like sight to see on the Sawbeth, Angus!" Angus—"And what awfu' like sight do ye see, Macdougall?" Macdougall—"There's Archie an' his lass smiling and hurrying as if it was a week day just."

Vicar (who does a little stock raising)—
"How are you, Mrs. Jenkins? I'm sorry to say that I haven't seen you at church lately." Mrs. Jenkins—"Yes, sir, that's so. I haven't been so reg'lar as I used, but—(confidentially)—I don't 'ardly dare, for I no sooner see you a-comin' out of the vestry after the choir but I think of that there pig as I owes you for."—
Punch.

Mexico's Troubles.

"There is more trouble brewing in Mexico than appears on the surface and in the press dispatches," declared Colonel Nelson Graham, of Dallas, Tex., at the New Willard.

"I have been in Northern Mexico several times during the last year, and there is a great deal of unrest and turbulence in that section of the Republic—more than ever gets into the papers. President Diaz has ruled for so long that people are saying, and have said for a long time, especially in the northern part of the country, that it is time for him to step aside for a younger man. Then there are a great many disappointed office-seekers in the country who would gladly welcome a revolution, with the hope that the turn of the wheel would give them good, fat jobs. Others hate Diaz for penalties he has inflicted on their friends, and there are several thousand malcontents along the Mexican border on the Texas line, who dare not return to Mexico for fear they will be imprisoned or executed. These people, especially, are ready for any desperate revolutionary venture to overthrow the Diaz administration."—Washington Post.

Fixed All Right.

He made the acquaintance of the young woman at the home of a friend, and was severely smitten.

"May I call on you? he found the courage to ask her.

The girl looked troubled.

"I—I'm afraid not," she replied. Then she noticed his look of deep disappointment, and hastily added: "We live in a flat, you see, and mamma and sister always sit in the parlor, and papa and the boys play checkers in the dining room, and the kitchen is so awfully small and hot. Would you—would you mind sitting on the fire escape?"

Of course he hurriedly told her he wouldn't mind it at all, and the course of true love ran smooth again. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Poison from eating vanilla sauces or ice cream thus flavored is not unknown. Vanilla favors the growth of certain poisonous germs. Vanilla sauces and ice cream should be eaten when first cooked or frozen.

YEARS OF IT.

A Dark Picture to Look Back Upon.

John Corey, Constable, Attica, N. Y., says: "From September, 1896, to March, 1897, I was confined to the house, an invalid, from kidney trouble. For months I had tottered about on crutches, a discouraged and despairing man. I was practically crippled with lumbago. I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills and a short while after I began using them I was able to walk. After taking seven boxes I threw away my crutches and the lumbago has not returned from that day to this. Through using Doan's Kidney Pills I am to-day a healthy man."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Mermaid For Breakfast.

A stranger meal than any ever partaken by Frank Buckland or the most hardened and cosmopolitan traveler is described by Juan Francisco de St. Antonio in his account of his travels and adventures in the Philippine Islands, published at Manila in 1738. In this curious little work the author tells us that he once breakfasted off a mermaid, and he further gravely describes its flavor as being like fresh fat pork.

Verrazano and the Hudson.

It is quite true that Verrazano saw the Hudson before Henry Hudson did, but he "discovered" it in about the same way that the Northmen discovered America. There is no doubt whatever, says one of the most level headed of our American historians, about the fact that, in 1524—eighty-five years before the coming of the Half Moon—Verrazanosailed through the "Narrows" into the waters of the "Grand River," but it was Hudson who really gave the river to the world.